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CONTAINING

Almorán and Hamet,
Joseph Andrews,
and Amelia.



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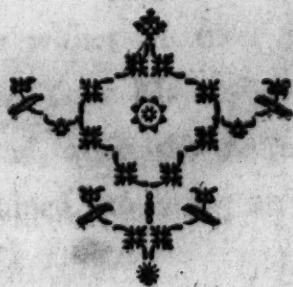
H A M E T.

AN

O R I E N T A L T A L E

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY DR. HAWKESWORTH.



L O N D O N :

Printed for HARRISON and Co. No. 18, Paternoster-Row.

M DCC LXXX.

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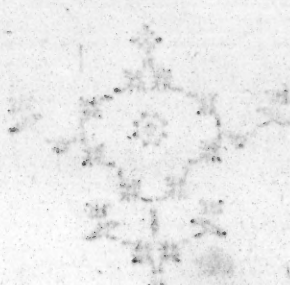
O R I E N T A L

IN TWO VOLUMES

W O R T H



BY DR.



L O N D O N

Printed for H. Smith and Co. No. 12, Strand, London.

M DCC LXXX

DEDICATION



TO THE

K I N G.

S I R,

AMIDST the congratulations and praises of a free, a joyful, and now united people, who are ambitious to express their duty and their wishes in their various classes; I think myself happy to have Your Majesty's most gracious permission to approach You, and, after the manner of the people whose character I have assumed, to bring an humble offering in my hand.

As some part of my subject led me to consider the advantages of our excellent constitution in comparison of others; my thoughts were naturally turned to Your Majesty, as it's warmest friend and

DEDICATION.

most powerful protector: and as the whole is intended, to recommend the practice of virtue, as the means of happiness; to whom could I address it with so much propriety, as to a Prince, who illustrates and enforces the precepts of the moralist by his life!

I am,

May it please Your MAJESTY,

Your MAJESTY'S

Most faithful, most obliged,

And most obedient

Subject and Servant,

JOHN HAWKESWORTH.

ALMORAN AND HAMET.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CHAP. I.



WHO is he among the children of the earth, that repines at the power of the wicked? and who is he, that would change the lot of the righteous?

He, who has appointed to each his portion, is God; the Omniscent and the Almighty, who fills eternity, and whose existence is from himself! but he who murmurs, is man; who yesterday was not, and who to-morrow shall be forgotten: let him listen in silence to the voice of knowledge, and hide the blushes of confusion in the dust.

Solyman, the mighty and the wise, who, in the one hundred and second year of the Hegyra, sat upon the throne of Persia, had two sons, Almorán and Hamet, and they were twins. Almorán was the first born, but Solyman divided his affection equally between them: they were both lodged in the same part of the seraglio, both were attended by the same servants, and both received instructions from the same teacher.

One of the first things that Almorán learnt, was the prerogative of his birth; and he was taught very early to set a high value upon it, by the terms in which those about him expressed their sense of the power, the splendor, and the delights of royalty. As his mind gradually opened, he naturally considered these as the objects of universal desire, and the means of supreme felicity: he was often re-

minded, that the time was coming, when the sole possession of sovereign power would enable him to fulfil all his wishes, to determine the fate of dependent nations with a nod, and dispense life and death, and happiness and misery, at his will: he was flattered by those who hoped to draw wealth and dignity from his favour; and interest prompted all who approached him, to administer to his pleasures with a zeal and assiduity, which had the appearance of reverence to his merit, and affection to his person.

Hamet, on the contrary, soon became sensible of a subordinate station: he was not, indeed, neglected; but he was not much caressed. When the gratification of Hamet came in competition with that of Almorán, he was always obliged to give it up, except when Solyman interposed: his mind was, therefore, naturally led to seek for happiness in objects very different from those which had fixed the attention of Almorán. As he knew not to how narrow a sphere caprice or jealousy might confine him, he considered what pleasures were least dependent upon external advantages; and as the first popular commotion which should happen after his brother's accession to the throne, might probably cost him his life, he was very inquisitive about the state into which his spirit would be dismissed by the Angel of Death, and very diligent to do whatever might secure him a share of the permanent and unchangeable felicity of paradise.

This

This difference in the situation of Almorán and Hamet, produced great dissimilarity in their dispositions, habits, and characters; to which, perhaps, nature might also in some degree contribute. Almorán was haughty, vain, and voluptuous; Hamet was gentle, courteous, and temperate: Almorán was volatile, impetuous, and irascible; Hamet was thoughtful, patient, and forbearing. Upon the heart of Hamet also were written the instructions of the prophet; to his mind futurity was present by habitual anticipation; his pleasure, his pain, his hopes, and his fears, were perpetually referred to the invisible and almighty Father of Life, by sentiments of gratitude or resignation, complacency or confidence; so that his devotion was not periodical but constant.

But the views of Almorán were terminated by nearer objects: his mind was perpetually busied in the anticipation of pleasures and honours, which he supposed to be neither uncertain nor remote; these excited his hopes, with a power sufficient to fix his attention; he did not look beyond them for other objects, nor enquire how enjoyments more distant were to be acquired; and as he supposed these to be already secured to him by his birth, there was nothing he was solicitous to obtain as the reward of merit, nor any thing that he considered himself to possess as the bounty of Heaven. If the sublime and disinterested rectitude that produces and rewards itself, dwells indeed with man, it dwelt not with Almorán: with respect to God, therefore, he was not impressed with a sense either of duty or dependence; he felt neither reverence nor love, gratitude nor resignation: in abstaining from evil, he was not intentionally good; he practised the externals of morality without virtue, and performed the rituals of devotion without piety.

Such were Almorán and Hamet, when Solyman their father, full of days and full of honour, slept in peace the sleep of death. With this event they were immediately acquainted. The emotions of Almorán were such as it was impossible to conceal: the joy that he felt in secret was so great, that the mere dread of disappointment for a moment suspended his belief of what he heard: when his fears and

his doubts gave way, his cheeks were suffused with sudden blushes, and his eyes sparkled with exultation and impatience: he looked eagerly about him, as if in haste to act; yet his looks were embarrassed, and his gestures irresolute, because he knew not what to do: he uttered some incoherent sentences, which discovered at once the joy that he felt, and his sense of it's impropriety; and his whole deportment expressed the utmost tumult and perturbation of mind.

Upon Hamet, the death of his father produced a very different effect: as soon as he heard it, his lips trembled and his countenance grew pale; he stood motionless a moment, like a pilgrim transfixed by lightning in the desert; he then smote his breast, and looking upward, his eyes by degrees overflowed with tears, and they fell, like dew distilling from the mountain, in a calm and silent shower. As his grief was thus mingled with devotion, his mind in a short time recovered it's tranquility, though not it's cheerfulness, and he desired to be conducted to his brother.

He found him surrounded by the lords of his court, his eye still restless and ardent, and his deportment elate and assuming. Hamet pressed hastily through the circle, and prostrated himself before him: Almorán received the homage with a tumultuous pleasure; but at length raised him from the ground, and assured him of his protection, though without any expressions either of kindness or of sorrow: 'Hamet,' says he, 'if I have no cause to complain of you as a subject, you shall have no cause to complain of me as a king.' Hamet, whose heart was again pierced by the cold and distant behaviour of his brother, suppressed the sigh that struggled in his bosom, and secretly wiped away the tear that started to his eye: he retired, with his looks fixed upon the ground, to a remote corner of the apartment; and though his heart yearned to embrace his brother, his modest diffidence restrained him from intruding upon the king.

In this situation were Almorán and Hamet, when Omar entered the apartment. Omar, upon whose head the hand of time became heavy, had from his youth acquainted himself with wisdom:

dom: to him nature had revealed herself in the silence of the night, when his lamp was burning alone, and his eyes only were open: to him was known the power of the Seal of Solomon; and to him the knowledge of things invisible had been revealed. Nor was the virtue of Omar inferior to his knowledge; his heart was a fountain of good, which though it flowed through innumerable streams was never dry: yet was the virtue of Omar clothed with humility; and he was still pressing nearer to perfection, by a devotion which though elevated was rational, and though regular was warm. From the council of Omar, Solyman had derived glory and strength; and to him he had committed the education of his children.

When he entered the apartment, the crowd, touched at once with reverence and love, drew back; every eye was cast downward, and every tongue was silent. The full of days approached the king, and kneeling before him he put into his hand a sealed paper: the king received it with impatience, seeing it superscribed with the hand of his father; and Omar looking round, and perceiving Hamet, beckoned him to come forward. Hamet, whose obedience to Omar had been so long habitual that it was now almost spontaneous, instantly drew near, though with a slow and irresolute pace; and Almorán, having broken the seal of the paper, began to read it to himself, with a look that expressed the utmost anxiety and impatience. Omar kept his eye fixed upon him, and soon perceived that his countenance was disfigured by confusion and trouble, and that he seemed preparing to put up the paper in his bosom: he then produced another paper from under his robe, and gave it to Hamet: 'This,' says he, 'is a copy of the will of Solyman, your father; the original is in the hand of Almorán: read it, and you will find that he has bequeathed his kingdom between you.'

The eyes of all present were now turned upon Hamet, who stood silent and motionless with amazement, but was soon roused to attention by the homage that was paid him. In the mean time, Almorán's confusion increased every moment: his disappointment was aggravated by the sudden attention of those

who were present to his brother; and his jealousy made him think himself neglected, while those acts of duty were performed to Hamet, which were now known to be his right, and which he had himself received before him.

Hamet, however, regarded but little what so much excited the envy of Almorán; his mind was employed upon superior objects, and agitated by nobler passions: the coldness of his brother's behaviour, though it had grieved had not quenched his affection; and as he was now no longer restrained by the deference due from a subject to his king, he ran to him, and catching him to his breast attempted to speak; but his heart was too full, and he could express his affection and joy only by his tears. Almorán rather suffered than received the embrace; and after a few ceremonies, to which neither of them could much attend, they retired to separate apartments.

CHAP. II.

WHEN Almorán was alone, he immediately locked the door; and throwing himself upon a sofa in an agony of vexation and disappointment, of which he was unwilling there should be any witness, he revolved in his mind all the pleasures and honours of supreme dominion which had now suddenly been snatched from him, with a degree of anguish and regret, not proportioned to their real, but their imaginary value.

Of future good, that which we obtain is found to be less than our expectations; but that of which we are disappointed, we suppose would have been more: thus do the children of hope extract evil, both from what they gain, and from what they lose.

But Almorán, after the first tumult of his mind had subsided, began to consider as well what was left him, as what had been taken away. He was still without a superior, though he had an equal; he was still a king, though he did not govern alone: and with respect to every individual in his dominions, except one, his will would now be a law; though with respect to the public, the concurrence of his brother would be necessary to give it force. 'Let me then,' says he, 'make the most

‘most of the power that is now put into my hand, and wait till some favourable opportunity shall offer to increase it. Let me dissemble my jealousy and disappointment, that I may not alarm suspicion, or put the virtues of Hamet upon their guard against me; and let me contrive to give our joint administration such a form, as may best favour my design.’

Such were the reflections, with which Almorán soothed the anguish of his mind; while Hamet was busied in speculations of a very different kind. If he was pleased at reflecting, that he was raised from a subject to a prince; he was pleased still more, when he considered his elevation as a test of his father’s affection to his person, and approbation of his conduct: he was also delighted with the thought, that his brother was associated with him in the arduous task which he was now called to perform. ‘If I had been appointed to govern alone,’ said he, ‘I should have had no equal; and he who has no equal, though he may have faithful servants, can have no friend: there cannot be that union of interests, that equal participation of good, that unrestrained intercourse of mind, and that mutual dependence, which constitutes the pure and exalted happiness of friendship. With Almorán, I shall share the supreme delight of wresting the innocent and the helpless from the iron hand of oppression; of animating merit by reward, and restraining the unworthy by fear: I shall share, with Almorán, the pleasures of governing a numerous, a powerful, and a happy people; pleasures which, however great, are, like all others, increased by participation.’

While Hamet was thus enjoying the happiness, which his virtue derived from the same source, from which the vices of Almorán had filled his breast with anguish and discontent; Omar was contriving in what manner their joint government could best be carried into execution.

He knew that Solyman, having considered the dispositions of his sons, was of opinion, that if they had been blended in one person, they would have produced a character more fit to govern in his stead, than either of them alone: Almorán, he thought, was too volatile and warm; but he suspected, that Ha-

met would sink into inactivity for want of spirit: he feared alike Almorán’s love of enterprize, and Hamet’s fondness for retirement: he observed, in Hamet, a placid easiness of temper, which might suffer the reins of government to lie too loose; and, in Almorán, a quickness of resentment, and jealousy of command, which might hold them too tight: he hoped, therefore, that by leaving them a joint dominion, he should blend their dispositions, at least in their effects, in every act of government that should take place; or that, however they should agree to administer their government, the public would derive benefit from the virtues of both, without danger of suffering from their imperfections, as their imperfections would only operate against each other, while, in whatever was right, their minds would naturally concur, as the coincidence of rectitude with rectitude is necessary and eternal. But he did not consider, that different dispositions operating separately upon two different wills, would appear in effects very unlike those which they would concur to produce in one: that two wills, under the direction of dispositions so different, would seldom be brought to coincide; and that more mischiefs would probably arise from the contest, than from the imperfections of either alone.

But Solyman had so long applauded himself for his project before he revealed it to Omar, that Omar found him too much displeased with any objection, to consider it’s weight: and knowing that peculiar notions are more rarely given up, than opinions received from others, and made our own only by adoption, he at length acquiesced, lest he should by farther opposition lose his influence, which on other occasions he might still employ to the advantage of the public; and took a solemn oath, that he would, as far as was in his power, see the will carried into execution.

To this, indeed, he consented without much reluctance, as he had little less reason to fear the sole government of Almorán, than a joint administration; and if a struggle for superiority should happen, he hoped the virtues of Hamet would obtain the suffrages of the people in his favour, and establish him upon the throne alone. But as change

change is itself an evil, and as changes in government are seldom produced without great confusion and calamity, he applied himself to consider in what manner the government of Almorán and Hamet could be administered, so as most effectually to blend their characters in their administration, and prevent the conduct of one from exciting jealousy in the other.

After much thought, he determined that a system of laws should be prepared, which the sons of Solyman should examine and alter till they perfectly approved, and to which they should then give the sanction of their joint authority: that when any addition or alteration should be thought necessary, it should be made in the same manner; and that when any insuperable difference of sentiment happened, either in this or in any act of prerogative independent of the laws for regulating the manners of the people, the kings should refer it to some person of approved integrity and wisdom, and abide by his determination. Omar easily foresaw, that when the opinion of Almorán and Hamet should differ, the opinion of Almorán would be established; for there were many causes that would render Almorán inflexible, and Hamet yielding: Almorán was naturally confident and assuming, Hamet diffident and modest; Almorán was impatient of contradiction, Hamet was attentive to argument, and solicitous only for the discovery of truth. Almorán also conceived, that by the will of his father, he had suffered wrong; Hamet, that he had received a favour: Almorán, therefore, was disposed to resent the first appearance of opposition; and Hamet, on the contrary, to acquiesce, as in his share of government, whatever it might be, he had more than was his right by birth, and his brother had less. Thus, therefore, the will of Almorán would probably predominate in the state: but as the same cause which conferred this superiority, would often prevent contention, Omar considered it, upon the whole, rather as good than evil.

When he had prepared his plan, therefore, he sent a copy of it, by different messengers at the same time, both to Almorán and Hamet, inclosed in a letter, in which he expressed his sense of obligation to their father, and

his zeal and affection for them: he mentioned the promise he had made, to devote himself to their service; and the oath he had taken, to propose whatever he thought might facilitate the accomplishment of their father's design, with honour to them, and happiness to their people. These motives, which he could not resist without impiety, he hoped would absolve him from presumption; and trusting in the rectitude of his intentions, he left the issue to God.

CHAP. III.

THE receipt of this letter threw Almorán into another agony of indignation: he felt again the loss of his prerogative; the offer of advice he disdained as an insult, to which he had been injuriously subjected by the will of his father; and he was disposed to reject whatever was suggested by Omar, even before his proposal was known. With this temper of mind he began to read, and at every paragraph took new offence; he determined, however; not to admit Omar to the honour of a conference upon the subject, but to settle a plan of government with his brother, without the least regard to his advice.

A supercilious attention to minute formalities, is a certain indication of a little mind, conscious to the want of innate dignity, and solicitous to derive from others what it cannot supply to itself: as the scrupulous exaction of every trifling tribute discovers the weakness of the tyrant, who fears his claim should be disputed; while the prince, who is conscious of superior and indisputable power, and knows that the states he has subjugated do not dare to revolt, scarce enquires whether such testimonies of allegiance are given or not.

Thus, the jealousy of Almorán already enslaved him to the punctilios of state; and the most trifling circumstances involved him in perplexity, or fired him with resentment: the friendship and fidelity of Omar stung him with rage, as insolent and intrusive; and though it determined him to an immediate interview with his brother, yet he was embarrassed how to procure it. At first he rose, and was about to

go to him; but he stopped short with disdain, upon reflecting, that it was an act of condescension which might be deemed an acknowledgment of superiority: he then thought of sending for Hamet to come to him; but this he feared might provoke him, as implying a denial of his equality: at length he determined to propose a meeting in the chamber of council, and was just dispatching an officer with the message, when Hamet entered the apartment.

The countenance of Hamet was flushed with joy, and his heart was warmed with the pleasing sensations of affection and confidence, by the same letter, from which Almorán had extracted the bitterness of jealousy and resentment; and as he had no idea that an act of courtesy to his brother could derogate from his own dignity or importance, he indulged the honest impatience of his heart to communicate the pleasure with which it overflowed: he was, indeed, somewhat disappointed, to find no traces of satisfaction in the countenance of Almorán, when he saw the same paper in his hand, which had impressed so much upon his own.

He waited some time after the first salutations, without mentioning the scheme of government he was come to concert; because having observed that Almorán was embarrassed and displeased, he expected that he would communicate the cause, and pleased himself with the hope that he might remove it: finding, however, that this expectation was disappointed, he addressed him to this effect:

‘How happy are we, my dear brother, in the wisdom and fidelity of Omar! how excellent is the system of government that he has proposed! how easy and honourable will it be to us that govern, and how advantageous to the people that obey!’

‘The advantages,’ said Almorán, ‘which you seem to have discovered, are not evident to me: tell me, then, what you imagine they are, and I will afterwards give you my opinion.’

‘By establishing a system of laws as the rules of government,’ said Hamet, ‘many evils will be avoided, and many benefits procured. If the law is the will only of the sovereign, it can never certainly be known to

the people: many, therefore, may violate that rule of right, which the hand of the Almighty has written, upon the living tablets of the heart, in the presumptuous hope, that it will not subject them to punishment; and those, by whom that rule is fulfilled, will not enjoy the consciousness of security, which they would derive from the protection of a prescribed law, which they have never broken. If neither the offence is ascertained, nor the punishment prescribed, one motive to probity will be wanting; which ought to be supplied, as well for the sake of those who may be tempted to offend, as of those who may suffer by the offence. Besides, he who governs not by a written and a public law, must either administer that government in person, or by others: if in person, he will sink under a labour which no man is able to sustain; and if by others, the inferiority of their rank must subject them to temptations which it cannot be hoped they will always resist, and to prejudices which it will perhaps be impossible for them to surmount. But to administer government by a law which ascertains the offence, and directs the punishment, integrity alone will be sufficient; and as the sentence will, in this case, depend not upon opinion but upon facts, justice will seldom be perverted, even when integrity is wanting, because, as it cannot be imputed to error, it will always incur the infamy and danger of notorious guilt.’

Almorán, who had heard the opinions of Hamet with impatience and scorn, now started from his seat with a proud and contemptuous aspect: he first glanced his eyes upon his brother; and then looking disdainfully downward, he threw back his robe, and stretching out his hand from him, ‘Shall the son of Solyman,’ said he, ‘upon whose will the fate of nations was suspended, whose smiles and frowns were alone the criterions of right and wrong, before whom the voice of wisdom itself was silent, and the pride even of virtue humbled in the dust; shall the son of Solyman be harnessed, like a mule, in the trammels of law? shall he become a mere instrument to execute

‘what

what others have devised? shall he only declare the determinations of a statute, and shall his ear be affronted by claims of right? It is the glory of a prince, to punish for what and whom he will; to be the sovereign, not only of property, but of life; and to govern alike without prescription or appeal.

Hamet, who was struck with astonishment at this declaration, and the vehemence with which it was uttered, after a short recollection made this reply: 'It is the glory of a prince, to govern others, as he is governed by him, who is alone most merciful and almighty! It is his glory to prevent crimes, rather than to display his power in punishment; to diffuse happiness, rather than enforce subjection; and rather to animate with love, than depress by fear. Has not he that shall judge us, given us a rule of life by which we shall be judged? is not our reward and punishment already set before us? are not his promises and threatenings, motives to obedience? and have we not confidence and joy, when we have obeyed? to God, his own divine perfections are a law; and these he has transcribed as a law to us. Let us, then, govern, as we are governed; let us seek our happiness in the happiness that we bestow, and our honour in emulating the benevolence of Heaven.'

As Almorán feared, that to proceed in this argument would too far disclose his sentiments, and put Hamet too much upon his guard; he determined for the present to dissemble: and as he perceived, that Hamet's opinion, and an administration founded upon it, would render him extremely popular, and at length possibly establish him alone; he was now solicitous only to withdraw him from public notice, and persuade him to leave the government, whatever form it should receive, to be administered by others: returning, therefore, to his seat, and assuming an appearance of complacency and tranquility, with which he could not form his language perfectly to agree; 'Let us then,' said he, 'if a law must be set up in our stead, leave the law to be executed by our slaves: and as nothing will be left for us to do, that is worthy

of us, let us devote ourselves to the pleasures of ease; and if there are any enjoyments peculiar to royalty, let us secure them as our only distinction from the multitude.'

'Not so,' says Hamet; 'for there is yet much for a prince to do, after the best system of laws has been established: the government of a nation as a whole, the regulation and extent of its trade, the establishment of manufactories, the encouragement of genius, the application of the revenues, and whatever can improve the arts of peace and secure superiority in war, is the proper object of a king's attention.'

'But in these,' said Almorán, 'it will be difficult for two minds to concur; let us, then, agree to leave these also to the care of some other, whom we can continue as long as we approve, and displace when we approve no longer: we shall, by this expedient, be able to avert the odium of any unpopular measure; and by the sacrifice of a slave, we can always satisfy the people, and silence public discontent.'

'To trust implicitly to another,' says Hamet, 'is to give up a prerogative, which it is at once our highest duty and interest to keep; it is to betray our trust, and to sacrifice our honour to another. The prince, who leaves the government of his people implicitly to a subject, leaves it to one, who has many more temptations to betray their interest than himself. A vicegerent is in a subordinate station; he has, therefore, much to fear, and much to hope: he may also acquire the power of obtaining what he hopes, and averting what he fears, at the public expence; he may stand in need of dependents, and may be able no otherwise to procure them, than by conniving at the fraud or the violence which they commit; he may receive, in bribes, an equivalent for his share, as an individual, in the public prosperity; for his interest is not essentially connected with that of the state; he has a separate interest, but the interest of the state, and of the king, are one; he may even be corrupted to betray the councils, and give up the interests of the nation, to a foreign power; but this is impossible to the

king; for nothing equivalent to what he would give up, could be offered him. But as a king has not equal temptations to do wrong, neither is he equally exposed to opposition, when he does right: the measures of a substitute are frequently opposed, merely from interest; because the leader of a faction against him, hopes, that if he can remove him by popular clamour, he shall succeed to his power; but it can be no man's interest to oppose the measures of a king, if his measures are good, because no man can hope to supplant him. Are not these the precepts of the Prophet, whose wisdom was from above?—"Let not the eye of expectation be raised to another, for that which thyself only should bestow: suffer not thy own shadow to obscure thee; nor be content to derive that glory, which it is thy prerogative to impart."

"But is the prince," said Almorán, "always the wisest man in his dominions? Can we not find, in another, abilities and experience, which we do not possess? and is it not the duty of him who presides in the ship, to place the helm in that hand which can best steer it?"

"A prince," said Hamet, "who sincerely intends the good of his people, can scarce fail to effect it; all the wisdom of the nation will be at once turned to that object: whatever is his principal aim, will be that of all who are admitted to his council; for to concur with his principal aim, must be the surest recommendation to his favour. Let us, then, hear others; but let us act ourselves."

As Almorán now perceived, that the longer this conversation continued, the more he should be embarrassed; he put an end to it, by appearing to acquiesce in what Hamet had proposed. Hamet withdrew, charmed with the candour and flexibility which he imagined he had discovered in his brother; and not without some exultation in his own rhetoric, which he supposed had gained no inconsiderable victory. Almorán, in the mean time, applauded himself for having thus far practised the arts of dissimulation with success; fortified himself in the resolutions he had before taken; and conceived new malevolence and jealousy against Hamet.

CHAP. IV.

WHILE Hamet was exulting in his conquest, and his heart was overflowing at once with self-complacency, and affection to his brother; he was told, that Omar was waiting without, and desired admittance. Hamet ordered that he should be immediately introduced; and when Omar entered, and would have prostrated himself before him, he caught him in his arms in a transport of affection and esteem; and having ordered that none should interrupt them, compelled him to sit down on a sofa.

He then related, with all the joy of a youthful and an ardent mind, the conversation he had had with Almorán, intermixed with expressions of the highest praise and the most cordial esteem. Omar was not without suspicion, that the sentiments which Almorán had first expressed with such vehemence of passion, were still predominant in his mind: but of these suspicions he did not give the least hint to Hamet; not only because to communicate suspicions is to accuse without proof, but because he did not think himself at liberty to make an ill report of another, though he knew it to be true. He approved the sentiments of Hamet, as they had indeed been infused by his own instructions; and some precepts and cautions were now added, which the accession of Hamet to a share of the imperial power made particularly necessary.

"Remember," said Omar, "that the most effectual way of promoting virtue, is to prevent occasions of vice. There are, perhaps, particular situations, in which human virtue has always failed: at least, temptation often repeated, and long continued, has seldom been finally resisted. In a government so constituted as to leave the people exposed to perpetual seduction, by opportunities of dissolute pleasure or iniquitous gain, the multiplication of penal laws will only tend to depopulate the kingdom, and disgrace the state; to devote to the scymitar and the bow-string, those who might have been useful to society, and to leave the rest dissolute, turbulent, and factious. If the streets not only abound with women, who inflame

* inflame the passenger by their appearance, their gesture, and their solicitations; but with houses, in which every desire which they kindle may be gratified with secrecy and convenience; it is in vain that "the feet of the prostitute go down to death, and that her steps take hold on hell:" what then can be hoped from any punishment, which the laws of man can superadd to disease and want, to rottenness and perdition? If you permit opium to be publickly sold at a low rate; it will be folly to hope, that the dread of punishment will render idleness and drunkenness strangers to the poor. If a tax is so collected, as to leave opportunities to procure the commodity, without paying it; the hope of gain will always surmount the fear of punishment. If, when the veteran has served you at the risque of life, you withhold his hire; it will be in vain to threaten usury and extortion with imprisonment and fines. If, in your armies, you suffer it to be any man's interest, rather to preserve the life of a horse than a man; be assured, that your own sword is drawn for your enemy: for there will always be some, in whom interest is stronger than humanity and honour. Put no man's interest, therefore, in the balance against his duty; nor hope that good can often be produced, but by preventing opportunities of evil.

To these precepts of Omar, Hamet listened as to the instructions of a father; and having promised to keep them as the treasure of life, he dismissed him from his presence. The heart of Hamet was now expanded with the most pleasing expectations; but Almorán was pining with solicitude, jealousy, and distrust: he took every opportunity to avoid both Omar and Hamet; but Hamet still retained his confidence, and Omar his suspicions.

CHAP. V.

IN the mean time, the system of government was established which had been proposed by Omar, and in which Hamet concurred from principle, and Almorán from policy. The views of Almorán terminated in the gratification of his own appetites and

passions; those of Hamet, in the discharge of his duty: Hamet, therefore, was indefatigable in the business of the state; and as his sense of honour, and his love of the public, made this the employment of his choice, it was to him the perpetual source of a generous and sublime felicity. Almorán also was equally diligent, but from another motive: he was actuated, not by love of the public, but by jealousy of his brother; he performed his task as the drudge of necessity, with reluctance and ill will; so that to him it produced pain and anxiety, weariness and impatience.

To atone for this waste of time, he determined to crowd all that remained with delight: his gardens were an epitome of all nature, and on his palace were exhausted all the treasures of art; his seraglio was filled with beauties of every nation, and his table supplied with dainties from the remotest corners of his dominions. In the songs that were repeated in his presence, he listened at once to the voice of adulation and music; he breathed the perfumes of Arabia, and he tasted the forbidden pleasure of wine. But as every appetite is soon satiated by excess, his eagerness to accumulate pleasure deprived him of enjoyment. Among the variety of beauty that surrounded him, the passion, which, to be luxurious, must be delicate and refined, was degraded to a mere instinct, and exhausted in endless dissipation; the cares was not endeared by a consciousness of reciprocal delight, and was immediately succeeded by indifference or disgust. By the dainties that perpetually urged him to intemperance, that appetite, which alone could make even dainties tasteful, was destroyed. The splendor of his palace and the beauty of his gardens, became at length so familiar to his eye, that they were frequently before him, without being seen. Even flattery and music lost their power, by too frequent a repetition: and the broken slumbers of the night, and the languor of the morning, were more than equivalent to the transient hilarity that was inspired by wine. Thus passed the time of Almorán, divided between painful labours which he did not dare to shun, and the search of pleasure which he could never find.

Hamet,

Hamet, on the contrary, did not seek pleasure, but pleasure seemed to seek him: he had a perpetual complacency and serenity of mind, which rendered him constantly susceptible of pleasing impressions; every thing that was prepared to refresh or entertain him in his seasons of retirement and relaxation, added something to the delight which was continually springing in his breast, when he reviewed the past, or looked forward to the future. Thus, the pleasures of sense were heightened by those of the mind, and the pleasures of the mind by those of sense: he had, indeed, as yet no wife; for as yet no woman had fixed his attention, or determined his choice.

Among the ambassadors whom the monarchs of Asia sent to congratulate the sons of Solyman upon their accession to the throne, there was a native of Circassia, whose name was Abdallah. Abdallah had only one child, a daughter, in whom all his happiness and affection centred; he was unwilling to leave her behind, and therefore brought her to the court of Persia. Her mother died while she was yet an infant; she was now in the sixteenth year of her age, and her name was Almeida. She was beautiful as the daughters of Paradise, and gentle as the breezes of the spring; her mind was without stain, and her manners were without art.

She was lodged with her father in a palace that joined to the gardens of the seraglio; and it happened that a lamp which had one night been left burning in a lower apartment, by some accident set fire to the net-work of cotton that surrounded a sofa, and the whole room was soon after in a flame. Almorán, who had been passing the afternoon in riot and debauchery, had been removed from his banqueting room asleep; but Hamet was still in his closet, where he had been regulating some papers that were to be used the next day. The windows of this room opened towards the inner apartments of the house in which Abdallah resided; and Hamet, having by accident looked that way, was alarmed by the appearance of an unusual light, and starting up to see whence it proceeded, he discovered what had happened.

Having hastily ordered the guard of

the night to assist in quenching the flame, and removing the furniture, he ran himself into the garden. As soon as he was come up to the house, he was alarmed by the shrieks of a female voice; and the next moment, Almeida appeared at the window of an apartment directly over that which was on fire. Almeida he had till now never seen, nor did he so much as know that Abdallah had a daughter: but though her person was unknown, he was strongly interested in her danger, and called out to her to throw herself into his arms. At the sound of his voice she ran back into the room, such is the force of inviolate modesty, though the smoke was then rising in curling spires from the windows: she was, however, soon driven back; and part of the floor at the same instant giving way, she wrapt her veil round her, and leaped into the garden. Hamet caught her in his arms; but though he broke her fall, he sunk down with her weight: he did not, however, quit his charge; but perceiving she had fainted, he made haste with her into his apartment, to afford her such assistance as he could procure.

She was covered only with the light and loose robe in which she slept, and her veil had dropped off by the way. The moment he entered his closet, the light discovered to him such beauty as before he had never seen: she now began to revive; and before her senses returned, she pressed the prince with an involuntary embrace, which he returned by straining her closer to his breast, in a tumult of delight, confusion, and anxiety, which he could scarce sustain. As he still held her in his arms, and gazed silently upon her, she opened her eyes, and instantly relinquishing her hold, shrieked out, and threw herself from him. As there were no women nearer than that wing of the palace in which his brother resided, and as he had many reasons not to leave her in their charge; he was in the utmost perplexity what to do. He assured her, in some hasty and incoherent words, of her security; he told her, that she was in the royal palace, and that he who had conveyed her thither was Hamet. The habitual reverence of sovereign power, now surmounted all other passions in the bosom of Almeida:

meida: she was instantly covered with new confusion; and hiding her face with her hands, threw herself at his feet: he raised her with a trepidation almost equal to her own, and endeavoured to sooth her into confidence and tranquility.

Hitherto her memory had been wholly suspended by violent passions, which had crouded upon her in a rapid and uninterrupted succession, and the first gleam of recollection threw her into a new agony: having been silent a few moments, she suddenly smote her hands together, and bursting into tears, cried out, 'Abdallah! my father! my father!'---Hamet not only knew but felt all the meaning of the exclamation, and immediately ran again into the garden: he had advanced but a few paces, before he discerned an old man sitting upon the ground, and looking upward in silent anguish, as if he had exhausted the power of complaint. Hamet, upon a nearer approach, perceived by the light of the flame that it was Abdallah; and instantly calling him by his name, told him, that his daughter was safe. At the name of his daughter, Abdallah suddenly started up, as if he had been roused by the voice of an angel from the sleep of death: Hamet again repeated, that his daughter was in safety; and Abdallah looking wistfully at him, knew him to be the king. He was then struck with an awe that restrained him from enquiry: but Hamet directing him where he might find her, went forward, that he might not lessen the pleasure of their interview, nor restrain the first transports of duty and affection by his presence. He soon met with other fugitives from the fire, which had opened a communication between the gardens and the street; and among them some women belonging to Almeida, whom he conducted himself to their mistress. He immediately allotted to her and to her father, an apartment in his division of the palace; and the fire being now nearly extinguished, he retired to rest.

CHAP. VI.

THOUGH the night was far advanced, yet the eyes of Hamet were strangers to sleep: his fancy incessantly repeated the events that had

just happened; the image of Almeida was ever before him; and his breast throbbed with a disquietude, which, though it prevented rest, he did not wish to lose.

Almorán, in the mean time, was slumbering away the effects of his intemperance; and in the morning, when he was told what had happened, he expressed no passion but curiosity: he went hastily into the garden; but when he had gazed upon the ruins, and enquired how the fire began, and what it had consumed, he thought of it no more.

But Hamet suffered nothing that regarded himself, to exclude others from his attention: he went again to the ruins, not to gratify his curiosity, but to see what might yet be done to alleviate the misery of the sufferers, and secure for their use what had been preserved from the flames. He found that no life had been lost, but that many persons had been hurt; to these he sent the physicians of his own household: and having rewarded those who had assisted them in their distress, not forgetting even the soldiers who had only fulfilled his own orders, he returned, and applied himself to dispatch the public business in the chamber of council, with the same patient and diligent attention as if nothing had happened. He had, indeed, ordered enquiry to be made after Almeida; and when he returned to his apartment, he found Abdallah waiting to express his gratitude for the obligations he had received.

Hamet accepted his acknowledgements with a peculiar pleasure, for they had some connection with Almeida; after whom he again enquired, with an ardour uncommon even to the benevolence of Hamet. When all his questions had been asked and answered, he appeared still unwilling to dismiss Abdallah, though he seemed at a loss how to detain him; he wanted to know, whether his daughter had yet received an offer of marriage, though he was unwilling to discover his desire by a direct enquiry: but he soon found, that nothing could be known, which was not directly asked, from a man whom reverence and humility kept silent before him, except when something was said which amounted to a command to speak. At length, however, he said, not without some hesitation, 'Is there

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‘no one, Abdallah, who will thank me for the preservation of thy daughter, with a zeal equal to thy own?’— ‘Yes,’ replied Abdallah, ‘that daughter whom thou hast preserved.’ This reply, though it was unexpected, was pleasing: for Hamet was not only gratified to hear that Almeida had expressed herself warmly in his behalf, at least as a benefactor; but he judged, that if any man had been interested in her life as a lover, the answer which Abdallah had given him would not so readily have occurred to his mind.

As this reflection kept Hamet a few moments silent, Abdallah withdrew; and Hamet, as he observed some marks of haste and confusion in his countenance, was unwilling longer to continue him in a situation, which he had now reason to think gave him pain. But Abdallah, who had conceived a sudden thought that Hamet’s question was an indirect reproach of Almeida, for not having herself solicited admission to his presence; went in haste to her apartment, and ordered her immediately to make ready to attend him to the king.

Almeida, from whose mind the image of Hamet had not been absent a moment since she first saw him, received this order with a mixture of pain and pleasure; of wishes, hopes, and apprehensions, that filled her bosom with emotion, and covered her face with blushes. She had not courage to ask the reason of the command, which she instantly prepared to obey; but the tenderness of Abdallah, who perceived and pitied her distress, anticipated her wish. In a short time, therefore, he returned to the chamber of presence, and having received permission, he entered with Almeida in his hand. Hamet rose in haste to receive her, with a glow of pleasure and impatience in his countenance; and having raised her from the ground, supported her in his arms, waiting to hear her voice; but though she made many attempts, she could not speak. Hamet, who knew not to what he owed this sudden and unexpected interview, which, though he wished, he could contrive no means to obtain; imagined that Almeida had some request, and therefore urged her tenderly to make it; but as she still remained silent, he

looked at Abdallah, as expecting to hear it from him. ‘We have no wish,’ said Abdallah, ‘but to atone for our offence; nor any request, but that my lord would now accept the thanks of Almeida for the life which he has preserved, and impute the delay, not to ingratitude, but to inadvertence: let me now take her back, as thy gift; and let the light of thy favour be upon us.’— ‘Take her then,’ said Hamet; ‘for I would give her only to thee.’

These words of Hamet did not escape the notice either of Abdallah or Almeida; but neither of them mentioned their conjectures to the other. Almeida, who was inclined to judge of Hamet’s situation by her own, and who recollected many little incidents, known only to herself, which favoured her wishes; indulged the hope, that she should again hear of Hamet, with more confidence than her father; nor were her expectations disappointed. Hamet reflected with pleasure, that he had prepared the way for a more explicit declaration; and as his impatience increased with his passion every hour, he sent for Abdallah the next morning, and told him, that he wished to be more acquainted with his daughter, with a view to make her his wife: ‘As neither you nor your daughter are my subjects,’ says Hamet, ‘I cannot command you; and if you were, upon this occasion I would not. I do not want a slave, but a friend; not merely a woman, but a wife. If I find Almeida such as my fancy has feigned her; if her mind corresponds with her form; and if I have reason to think, that she can give her heart to Hamet, and not merely her hand to the king; I shall be happy.’ To this declaration, Abdallah replied with expressions of the profoundest submission and gratitude; and Hamet dismissed him, to prepare Almeida to receive him in the afternoon of the same day.

C H A P. VII.

AS eight moons only had passed since the death of Solyman, and as the reverence of Hamet for the memory of his father would not suffer him to marry till the year should be com-



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completed; he determined not to mention Almeida to his brother, till the time when he could marry her was near. The fierce and haughty deportment of Almorán had now left Hamet no room to doubt of his character; and though he had no apprehension that he would make any attempts upon Almeida, after she should be his wife; yet he did not know how much might justly be feared from his passion, if he should see her and become enamoured of her, while she was yet a virgin in the house of her father.

Almeida had not only unfulfilled purity of mind, but principles of refined and exalted virtue; and as the life of Hamet was an example of all that was either great or good, Abdallah felt no anxiety upon leaving them together, except what arose from his fears, that his daughter would not be able to secure the conquest she had made.

As it was impossible for Hamet to have such an acquaintance with Almeida as he desired, till he could enter into conversation with her upon terms of equality; it was his first care to soothe her into confidence and familiarity, and by degrees he succeeded: he soon found, in the free intercourse of mind with mind, which he established instead of the implicit submission which only echoed his own voice, how little of the pleasure that women were formed to give can be enjoyed, when they are considered merely as slaves to a tyrant's will, the passive subjects of transient dalliance and casual enjoyment. The pleasure which he took in the youthful beauty of Almeida, was now endeared, exalted, and refined, by the tender sensibility of her heart, and by the reflection of his own felicity from her eyes: when he admired the gracefulness of her motion, the elegance of her figure, the symmetry of her features, and the bloom of her complexion, he considered them as the decorations only of a mind, capable of mixing with his own in the most exquisite delight, of reciprocating all his ideas, and catching new pleasure from his pleasure. Desire was no longer appetite; it was imagination, it was reason; it included remembrance of the past, and anticipation of the future; and its object was not the sex, but Almeida.

As Hamet never withheld any pleasure that it was in his power to impart,

he soon acquainted Abdallah, that he waited only for a proper time to place Almeida upon the throne; but that he had some reasons for keeping a resolution, which he thought himself obliged to communicate to him, concealed from others.

It happened, however, that some of the women who attended upon Almeida, met with some female slaves belonging to the seraglio of Almorán, at the public baths, and related to them all the particulars of Almeida's preservation by Hamet; that he had first conveyed her to his own apartments, and had since been frequently with her in that which he had assigned her in his palace: they were also lavish in the praise of her beauty, and free in their conjectures what might be the issue of her intercourse with Hamet.

Thus the situation of Hamet and Almeida became the subject of conversation in the seraglio of Almorán, who learnt it himself in a short time from one of his women.

He had hitherto professed great affection for Hamet, and Hamet was deceived by his professions: for, notwithstanding the irregularities of his life, he did not think him capable of concealed malice, or of offering injury to another, except when he was urged by impetuous passions to immediate pleasure. As there was, therefore, an appearance of mutual affection between them, Almorán, though the report of Almeida's beauty had fired his imagination and fixed him in a resolution to see her, did not think proper to attempt it without asking Hamet's consent, and being introduced by his order; as he made no doubt of there being a connection between them which would make him resent a contrary conduct.

He took an opportunity, therefore, when they were alone in a summer pavilion that was built on a lake behind the palace, to reproach him, with an air of mirth, for having concealed a beauty near his apartments, though he pretended to have no seraglio. Hamet instantly discovered his surprise and emotion by a blush, which the next moment left his countenance paler than the light clouds that pass by night over the moon. Almorán took no notice of his confusion; but, that he might more effectually conceal his sentiments and prevent suspicion, he suddenly
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adverted

adverted to another subject, while Hamet was hesitating what to reply. By this artifice Hamet was deceived; and concluded, that whatever Almorán had heard of Almeida, had passed slightly over his mind, and was remembered but by chance; he, therefore, quickly recovered that ease and cheerfulness, which always distinguished his conversation.

Almorán observing the success of his artifice, soon after, as if by a sudden and casual recollection, again mentioned the lady; and told him, he would congratulate Abdallah upon having resigned her to his bed. As Hamet could not bear to think of Almorán's mentioning Almeida to her father as his mistress, he replied, that he had no such intimacy with Almeida as he supposed; and that he had so high an opinion of her virtue, as to believe, that if he should propose it she would not consent. The imagination of Almorán caught new fire from beauties which he found were yet unenjoyed, and virtue which stamped them with superior value by rendering them more difficult of access; and as Hamet had renounced a connection with her as a mistress, he wanted only to know whether he intended her for a wife.

This secret he was contriving to discover, when Hamet, having reflected, that if he concealed this particular, Almorán might think himself at liberty to make what attempts he should think fit upon Almeida, without being accountable to him, or giving him just cause of offence, put an end to his doubts, by telling him, he had such a design; but that it would be some time before he should carry it into execution. This declaration increased Almorán's impatience: still, however, he concealed his interest in the conversation, which he now suffered to drop.

He parted from his brother, without any farther mention of Almeida; but while he was yet near him, turned hastily back, and, as if merely to gratify his curiosity, told him with a smile, that he must indulge him with a sight of his Circassian; and desired he might accompany him in his next visit, or at some more convenient time: with this request, Hamet, as he knew not how to refuse it, complied; but it filled his mind with anxiety and trouble.

He went immediately to Almeida, and told her all that had happened; and as she saw that he was not without apprehensions of mischief from his brother's visit, she gently reproached him for doubting the fidelity of her affection, as she supposed no power could be exerted by Almorán to injure him, who in power was his equal. Hamet, in a transport of tenderness, assured her that he doubted neither her constancy nor her love: but, as to interrupt the comfort of her mind, would only double his own distress, he did not tell her whence his apprehensions proceeded; nor indeed had they any determinate object, but arose in general from the character of his brother, and the probability of his becoming a competitor for what was essential to the happiness of his life.

But if the happiness of Hamet was lessened, the infelicity of Almorán was increased. All the enjoyments that were in his power he neglected, his attention being wholly fixed upon that which was beyond his reach: he was impatient to see the beauty, who had taken intire possession of his mind; and the probability that he would be obliged to resign her to Hamet, tormented him with jealousy, envy, and indignation.

Hamet, however, did not long delay to fulfil his promise to his brother; but having prepared Almeida to receive him, he conducted him to her apartment. The idea which Almorán had formed in his imagination, was exceeded by the reality, and his passion was proportionably increased; yet he found means not only to conceal it from Hamet, but from Almeida, by affecting an air of levity and merriment, which is not less incompatible with the pleasures than the pains of love. After they had been regaled with coffee and sherbet, they parted; and Hamet congratulated himself, that his apprehensions of finding in Almorán a rival for Almeida's love, were now at an end.

But Almorán, whose passions were become more violent by restraint, was in a state of mind little better than distraction: one moment he determined to seize upon the person of Almeida in the night, and secrete her in some place accessible only to himself; and the next to assassinate his brother, that

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he might at once destroy a rival both in empire and in love. But these designs were no sooner formed by his wishes, than they were rejected by his fears: he was not ignorant, that in any contest between him and Hamet, the voice of the public would be against him; especially in a contest, in which it would appear, that Hamet had suffered wrong.

Many other projects, equally rash, violent, and injurious, were by turns conceived and rejected: and he came at last to no other determination, than still carefully to conceal his passion, till he should think of some expedient to gratify it; lest Hamet should have a just reason for refusing to let him see the lady again, and remove her to some place which he might never be able to discover.

C H A P. VIII.

IN the mean time, Omar, to whom Hamet had from time to time disclosed the minutest particulars of his situation and design, kept his eye almost continually upon Almorán; and observed him with an attention and sagacity, which it was difficult either to elude or deceive. He perceived, that he was more than usual restless and turbulent; that in the presence of Hamet he frequently changed countenance; that his behaviour was artificial and inconsistent, frequently shifting from gloomy discontent and furious agitation, to forced laughter and noisy merriment. He had also remarked, that he seemed most discomposed after he had been with Hamet to Almeida, which happened generally once in a week; that he was become fond of solitude, and was absent several days together from the apartment of his women.

Omar, who from this conduct of Almorán had begun to suspect his principles, determined to introduce such topics of discourse, as might lead him to discover the state of his mind; and enable him to enforce and confirm the principles he had taught him, by new proofs and illustrations.

Almorán, who, since the death of his father, had nothing to apprehend from the discovery of sentiments which before he had been careful to conceal;

now urged his objections against religion, when Omar gave him opportunity, without reserve. 'You tell me,' says he, 'of beings that are immortal, because they are immaterial; beings which do not consist of parts, and which, therefore, can admit no solution, the only natural cause of corruption and decay: but that which is not material, can have no extension; and what has no extension, possesses no space; and of such beings, the mind itself, which you pretend to be such a being, has no conception.'

'If the mind,' says Omar, 'can perceive that there is in itself any single property of such a being, it has irrefragable evidence that it is such a being; though its mode of existence, as distinct from matter, cannot now be comprehended.'—'And what property of such a being,' said Almorán, 'does the mind of man perceive in itself?'—'That of acting,' said Omar, 'without motion. You have no idea, that a material substance can act, but in proportion as it moves: yet to think, is to act; and with the idea of thinking, the idea of motion is never connected: on the contrary, we always conceive the mind to be fixed, in proportion to the degree of ardour and intenseness with which the power of thinking is exerted. Now, if that which is material cannot act without motion; and if man is conscious, that, to think, is to act and not to move; it follows, that there is, in man, somewhat that is not matter; somewhat that has no extension, and that possesses no space; somewhat which, having no contexture or parts that can be dissolved or separated, is exempted from all the natural causes of decay.'

Omar paused; and Almorán having stood some moments without reply, he seized this opportunity to impress him with an awful sense of the power and presence of the Supreme and Eternal Being, from whom his own existence was derived: 'Let us remember,' said he, 'that to every act of this immaterial and immortal part, the Father of spirits, from whom it proceeds, is present: when I behold the busy multitudes that crowd the metropolis of Persia, in the pursuit of business and projects infinitely compli-

‘ cated and various ; and consider that
 ‘ every idea which passes over their
 ‘ minds, every conclusion, and every
 ‘ purpose, with all that they remember
 ‘ of the past, and all that they imagine
 ‘ of the future, is at once known to
 ‘ the Almighty, who without labour
 ‘ or confusion weighs every thought
 ‘ of every mind in His balance, and
 ‘ reserves it to the day of retribution ;
 ‘ my follies cover me with confusion,
 ‘ and my soul is humbled in the dust.’

Almorán, though he appeared to listen with attention, and offered nothing against the reasoning of Omar, yet secretly despised it as sophistry, which cunning only had rendered specious ; and which he was unable to confute, merely because it was subtle, and not because it was true : he had been led, by his passions, first to love, and then to adopt different opinions ; and as every man is inclined to judge of others by himself, he doubted, whether the principles which Omar had thus laboured to establish, were believed even by Omar himself.

Thus was the mind of Almorán to the instructions of Omar, as a rock slightly covered with earth, is to the waters of heaven : the crags are left bare by the rain that washes them ; and the same showers that fertilize the field, can only discover the sterility of the rock.

Omar, however, did not yet disclose his suspicions to Hamet, because he did not yet see that it could answer any purpose. To remove Almeida from her apartment, would be to shew a distrust, for which there would not appear to be any cause ; and to refuse Almorán access to her when he desired it, might precipitate such measures as he might meditate, and engage him in some desperate attempt : he, therefore, contented himself with advising Hamet, to conceal the time of his marriage till the evening before he intended it should take place, without assigning the reason on which his advice was founded.

To the council of Omar, Hamet was implicitly obedient, as to the revelations of the Prophet ; but, like his instructions, it was neglected by Almorán, who became every moment more wretched. He had a graceful person, and a vigorous mind ; he was in the bloom of youth, and had a constitution that promised him length of days ;

he had power which princes were emulous to obey, and wealth by which whatever could administer to luxury might be bought ; for every passion, and every appetite, it was easy for him to procure a perpetual succession of new objects : yet was Almorán, not only without enjoyment, but without peace ; he was by turns pining with discontent, and raving with indignation ; his vices had extracted bitter from every sweet ; and having exhausted nature for delight in vain, he was repining at the bounds in which he was confined, and regretting the want of other powers as the cause of his misery.

Thus the year of mourning for Solymán was completed, without any act of violence on the part of Almorán, or of caution on the part of Hamet ; but on the evening of the last day, Hamet, having secretly prepared every thing for performing the solemnity in a private manner, acquainted Almorán by a letter, which Omar undertook to deliver, that he should celebrate his marriage on the morrow. Almorán, who never doubted but he should have notice of this event much longer before it was to happen, read the letter with a perturbation that it was impossible to conceal : he was alone in his private apartment, and taking his eye hastily from the paper, he crushed it together in his hand, and thrusting it into his bosom, turned from Omar without speaking ; and Omar, thinking himself dismissed, withdrew.

The passions which Almorán could no longer suppress, now burst out in a torrent of exclamation : ‘ Am I
 ‘ then,’ said he, ‘ blasted for ever with
 ‘ a double curse, divided empire and
 ‘ disappointed love ! What is domination, if it is not possessed alone !
 ‘ and what is power, which the dread
 ‘ of rival power perpetually controuls !
 ‘ is it for me to listen in silence to the
 ‘ wrangling of slaves, that I may at
 ‘ last apportion to them what, with a
 ‘ clamorous insolence, they demand
 ‘ as their due ! as well may the sun
 ‘ linger in his course, and the world
 ‘ mourn in darkness for the day, that
 ‘ the glow-worm may still be seen to
 ‘ glimmer upon the earth, and the
 ‘ owls and bats that haunt the sepulchres
 ‘ of the dead enjoy a longer
 ‘ night. Yet this have I done, be-
 ‘ cause

'cause this has been done by Hamet: and my heart sickens in vain with the desire of beauty, because my power extends not to Almeida. With dominion undivided and Almeida, I should be Almorán; but without them, I am less than nothing.'

Omar, who, before he had passed the pavilion, heard a sound which he knew to be the voice of Almorán, returned hastily to the chamber in which he left him, believing he had withdrawn too soon, and that the king, as he knew no other was present, was speaking to him: he soon drew near enough to hear what was said; and while he stood doubting and irresolute, dreading to be discovered, and not knowing how to retire, Almorán turned about.

At first, both stood motionless with confusion and amazement; but Almorán's pride soon surmounted his other passions, and his disdain of Omar gave his guilt the firmness of virtue.

'It is true,' said he, 'that thou hast stolen the secret of my heart; but do not think, that I fear it should be known: though my poignant could take it back with thy life, I leave it with thee. To reproach, or curse thee, would do thee honour, and lift thee into an importance which otherwise thou canst never reach.'

Almorán then turned from him with a contemptuous frown: but Omar caught him by the robe; and prostrating himself upon the ground, intreated to be heard. His importunity at length prevailed; and he attempted to exculpate himself, from the charge of having insidiously intruded upon the privacy of his prince; but Almorán sternly interrupted him:

'And what art thou,' said he, 'that I should care, whether thou art innocent or guilty?'—'If not for my sake,' said Omar, 'listen for thy own; and though my duty is despised, let my affection be heard. That thou art not happy, I know; and I now know the cause. Let my lord pardon the presumption of his slave: he that seeks to satisfy all his wishes, must be wretched; he only can be happy, by whom some are suppressed.' At these words Almorán snatched his robe from the hand of Omar, and spurned him in a transport

of rage and indignation: 'The suppression of desire,' said he, 'is such happiness, as that of the deaf who do not remember to have heard. If it is virtue, know, that, as virtue, I despise it; for though it may secure the obedience of the slave, it can only degrade the prerogative of a prince. I cast off all restraint, as I do thee: be gone, therefore, to Hamet, and see me no more.'

Omar obeyed without reply: and Almorán being again alone, the conflict in his mind was renewed with greater violence than before. He felt all that he had disguised to Omar, with the keenest sensibility; and anticipated the effects of his detection, with unutterable anguish and regret. He walked backward and forward with a hasty but interrupted pace; sometimes stopping short, and pressing his hand hard upon his brow; and sometimes by violent gestures shewing the agitation of his mind: he sometimes stood silent with his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his arms folded together; and sometimes a sudden agony of thought forced him into loud and tumultuous exclamations: he cursed the impotence of mind that had suffered his thoughts to escape from him unawares, without reflecting that he was even then repeating the folly; and while he felt himself the victim of vice, he could not suppress his contempt of virtue: 'If I must perish,' said he, 'I will at least perish undaunted: I will quench no wish that nature kindles in my bosom; nor shall my lips utter any prayer, but for new powers to feed the flame.'

As he uttered this expression, he felt the palace shake; he heard a rushing, like a blast in the desert; and a Being of more than human appearance stood before him. Almorán, though he was terrified, was not humbled; and he stood expecting the event, whether evil or good, rather with obduracy than courage.

'Thou seest,' says the Appearance, 'a Genius, whom the daring purpose of thy mind has convoked from the middle region, where he was appointed to wait the signal; and who is now permitted to act in concert with thy will. Is not this the language of thy heart: "Whatever pleasure I can snatch from the hand

" of

"of time, as he passes by me, I will secure for myself: my passions shall be strong, that my enjoyments may be great; for what is the portion allotted to man, but the joyful madness that prolongs the hours of festivity, the fierce delight that is extorted from injury by revenge, and the sweet succession of varied pleasures which the wish that is ever changing prepares for love?"

'Whatever thou art,' said Almorán, 'whose voice has thus disclosed the secret of my soul, accept my homage; for I will worship thee: and be thou henceforth my wisdom and my strength.'

'Arise,' said the Genius, 'for therefore am I sent. To thy own powers, mine shall be superadded: and if, as weak only, thou hast been wretched; henceforth thou shalt be happy. Take no thought for to-morrow; to-morrow my power shall be employed in thy behalf. Be not affrighted at any prodigy; but put thy confidence in me.' While he was yet speaking, and the eyes of Almorán were fixed upon him, a cloud gathered round him; and the next moment, dissolving again into air, he disappeared.

C H A P. IX.

ALMORAN, when he recovered from his astonishment, and had reflected upon the prodigy, determined to wait the issue, and refer all his hopes to the interposition of the Genius, without attempting any thing to retard the marriage; at which he resolved to be present, that he might improve any supernatural event which might be produced in his favour.

Hamet, in the mean time, was anticipating the morrow with a mixture of anxiety and pleasure; and though he had no reason to think any thing could prevent his marriage, yet he wished it was over, with an impatience that was considerably increased by fear.

Though the anticipation of the great event that was now so near, kept him waking the greatest part of the night, yet he rose early in the morning; and while he waited till Almeida should be ready to see him, he was told that

Omar was without, and desired admittance. When he came in, Hamet, who always watched his countenance as a mariner the stars of heaven, perceived that it was obscured with perplexity and grief. 'Tell me,' said Hamet, 'whence is the sorrow that I discover in thy face?'—'I am sorrowful,' said Omar, 'not for myself, but for thee.' At these words Hamet stepped backward, and fixed his eyes upon Omar, without power to speak. 'Consider,' said Omar, 'that thou art not a man only, but a prince: consider also, that immortality is before thee; and that thy felicity, during the endless ages of immortality, depends upon thyself: fear not, therefore, what thou canst suffer from others; the evil and the good of life are transient as the morning dew, and over these only the hand of others can prevail.'

Hamet, whose attachment to life was strong, and whose expectations of immediate enjoyment were high, did not feel the force of what Omar had said, though he assented to it's truth. 'Tell me,' said he, 'at once, what thou fearest for me; deliver me from the torments of uncertainty, and trust my own fortitude to save me from despair.'—'Know then,' said Omar, 'that thou art hated by Almorán, and that he loves Almeida.' At this declaration, the astonishment of Hamet was equal to his concern; and he was in doubt whether to believe or disbelieve what he heard: but the moment he recollected the wisdom and integrity of Omar, his doubts were at an end; and having recovered from his surprize, he was about to make such enquiries as might gratify the anxious and tumultuous curiosity which was excited in his breast; when Omar, lifting up his hand, and beginning again to speak, Hamet remained silent.

'When my cheeks,' said Omar, 'were yet ruddy with youth, and my limbs were braced by vigour, mine eye was guided to knowledge by the lamp that is kindled at midnight; and much of what is hidden in the innermost recesses of nature, was discovered to me: my prayer ascended in secret to Him, with whom there is wisdom from everlasting to everlasting, and He illuminated my darkness with his light. I know, by such

‘such sensations as the world either feels not at all, or feels unnoticed without knowledge of their use, when the powers that are invifible are permitted to mingle in the walks of men; and well I know, that some Being, who is more than mortal, has joined with Almorán againft thee, fince the veil of night was laft spread upon the earth.’

Hamet, whofe blood was chilled with horror, and whofe nerves were no longer obedient to his will, after feveral ineffectual attempts to fpeak, looked up at Omar; and ftriking his hand upon his breaft, cried out, in an earneft, but faltering voice, ‘What fhall I do?’—

‘Thou muft do,’ faid Omar, ‘that which is RIGHT. Let not thy foot be drawn by any allurements, or driven by any terror, from the path of virtue. While thou art there, thou art in fafety: and though the world fhould unite againft thee, by the united world thou canft not be hurt.’

‘But what friendly power,’ faid Hamet, ‘fhall guard even the path of virtue from grief and pain; from the fíent fhaf of difappointed love, or the fíounding fíourge of outrageous jealoufy? Thefe, fíurely, have overtaken the foot of perfeverance; and by thefe, though I fhould perfevere, may my feet be overtaken.’—‘What thou fayeft,’ replied Omar, ‘is true; and it is true alfo, that the tempeft which roots up the foreft, is driven over the mountain with unabated rage: but from the mountain, what can it take more than the vegetable duft, which the hand of nature has fíattered upon the mofs that covers it? As the duft is to the mountain, fo is all that the fíorms of life can take from virtue, to the fum of good which the Omnipotent has appointed for it’s reward.’ Hamet, whofe eye now expreffed a kind of doubtful confidence, a hope that was repressed by fear, remained fíill fíilent; and Omar, perceiving the fíate of his mind, proceeded to fortify it by new precepts: ‘If heaven,’ faid he, ‘fhould vanifh like a vapour, and this fíirm orb of earth fhould crumble into duft, the virtuous mind would fíand fíecure amidft the ruins of nature: for He, who has appointed the heavens and the earth to fail, has fíaid to virtue, “Fear not; for thou canft neither pe-

“rifh, nor be wretched.” Call up thy fítrength, therefore, to the fíight in which thou art fíure of conquelt: do thou only that which is RIGHT, and leave the event to Heaven.’

Hamet, in this conference with Omar, having gradually recovered his fortitude; and the time being now near, when he was to conduct Almeida to the court of the palace, where the marriage ceremony was to be performed; they parted with mutual benedictions, each recommending the other to the protection of the Moft High.

At the appointed hour, the princes of the court being afsembled, the Mufti and the Imans being ready, and Almorán feated upon his throne; Hamet and Almeida came forward, and were placed one on the right-hand, and the other on the left. The Mufti was then advancing, to hear and to record the mutual promise which was to unite them; Almorán was execrating the appearance of the Genius, as a delufive dream, in all the tumults of anguifh and defpair; and Hamet began to hope, that the fíufpitions of Omar had been ill founded; when a fíroke of thunder fhook the palace to it’s foundations, and a cloud rofe from the ground, like a thick fímoke, between Hamet and Almeida.

Almorán, who was infpired with new confidence and hope, by that which had fítruck the ref of the afsembly with terror, fítarted from his feat with an ardent and furious look; and at the fame moment, a voice, that ifíffed from the cloud, pronounced with a loud but hollow tone,

‘Fate has decreed, to Almorán, Almeida.’

At thefe words, Almorán ruíhed forward, and placing himfíelf by the fíide of Almeida, the cloud difappeared; and he cried out, ‘Let me now proclaim to the world the fíecret, which to this moment I have hidden in my bofom: I love Almeida. The Being who alone knew my love, has now by miracle approved it. Let his decree be accomplifhed.’ He then commanded that the ceremony fhould proceed; and feizing the hand of the lady, began to repeat that part of it which was to have been repeated by Hamet. But Almeida infítantly drew her hand from him in an agony of diftreífs; and Hamet, who till then had fítood motionleífs with amazement and horror, fítarted from his

his trance, and springing forward rushed between them. Almorán turned fiercely upon him; but Hamet, who having been warned by Omar, imputed the prodigy to some evil Being whom it was virtue to resist, laid his hand upon his scymitar, and, with a frown of indignation and defiance, commanded him to stand off: 'I now know thee,' said he, 'as a man; and, therefore, as a brother I know thee not.'

Almorán reflecting, that the foundation of this reproach was unknown to all who were present, and that to them he would therefore appear to be injured; looked round with an affected smile of wonder and compassion, as appealing to them from a charge that was thus fiercely and injuriously brought against him, and imputing it to the violence of sudden passions by which truth and reason were overborne. The eye of Hamet at once detected the artifice, which he disdained to expose; he therefore commanded the guard that attended, to carry off Almeida to her apartment. The guard was preparing to obey, when Almorán, who thought he had now such an opportunity to get her into his own power as would never return, ordered them to see her safely lodged in his own seraglio.

The men, who thus received opposite commands from persons to whom they owed equal obedience, stood still, not knowing which to prefer: Almorán then reproached them with want of obedience, not to him, but to God, appealing to the prodigy for the justification of his claim. Hamet, on the contrary, repeated his order, with a look and emphasis scarce less commanding than the thunder and the voice. But the priests interposing in favour of Almorán, upon presumption that his right had been decided by a superior power; the guard rushed between Hamet and Almeida, and with looks that expressed the utmost reluctance and regret, attempted to separate their hands, which were clasped in each other. She was affrighted at the violence, but yet more at the apprehension of what was to follow; she, therefore, turned her eyes upon Hamet, conjuring him not to leave her, in a tone of tenderness and distress which it is impossible to describe: he replied with a vehemence that was worthy of

passion, 'I will not leave thee,' and immediately drew his sabre. At the same moment they forced her from him; and a party having interposed to cover those that were carrying her off, Hamet lifted up his weapon to force his passage through them; but was prevented by Omar, who, having pressed through the crowd, presented himself before him. 'Stop me not,' said Hamet, 'it is for Almeida.'—'If thou wouldst save Almeida,' said Omar, 'and thyself, do that only which is RIGHT. What have these done who oppose thee, more than they ought? and what end can their destruction answer, but to stain thy hands with unavailing murder? Thou canst only take the life of a few faithful slaves; who will not lift up their hands against thee: thou canst not rescue Almeida from thy brother; but thou canst preserve thyself from guilt.'

These words of Omar suspended the rage of Hamet, like a charm; and returning his scymitar in its sheath, 'Let me then,' said he, 'suffer, and be guiltless. It is true, that against these ranks my single arm must be ineffectual; but if my wrongs can rouse a nation to repress the tyranny, that will shortly extend over it the injuries that now reach only to me; justice shall be done to Hamet.' Then turning to Almorán, 'Henceforth,' said he, 'the kingdom shall be mine or thine. To govern in concert with thee, is to associate with the powers of hell. The Beings that are superior to evil, are the friends of Hamet; and if these are thy enemies, what shall be thy defence?' Almorán replied only by a contemptuous smile; and the assembly being dismissed, he retired to his apartment: but Hamet and Omar went out to the people, who had gathered in an incredible multitude about the palace.

CHAP. X.

A Rumour of what had happened within had reached them, which some believed and some doubted: but when they saw Omar and Hamet return together, and observed that their looks were full of resentment and trouble, they became silent with attention in a moment; which Omar observing, ad-

addressed them with an eloquence of which they had often acknowledged the force, and of which they never repented the effect.

He told them the tender connection between Hamet and Almeida, and disclosed the subtle hypocrisy of Almorán; he expatiated upon the folly of supposing, that the Power that was supreme in goodness and truth, should command a violation of vows that had been mutually interchanged, and often repeated; and devote to Almorán the beauties, which could only be voluntarily surrendered to Hamet. They heard him with a vacant countenance of surprize and wonder; and while he waited for their reply, they agreed among themselves, that no man could avoid the destiny that was written upon his head; and that if Almeida had thus been taken from Hamet, and given to Almorán, it was an event that by an unchangeable decree was appointed to happen; and that, therefore, it was their duty to acquiesce. Omar then beckoned with his hand for audience a second time; and told them, that Almorán had not only practised the arts of sorcery to deprive Hamet of Almeida, but that he meditated a design to usurp the sole dominion, and deprive him of the share of the government to which he had a right by the will of Solyman his father. This also they heard with the same sentiments of wonder and acquiescence: If it is decreed, said they, that Almorán shall be king alone, who can prevent it? and if it is not, who can bring it to pass? 'But know ye not,' said Omar, 'that when the end is appointed, the means are appointed also. If it is decreed that one of you shall this night die by poison, is it not decreed also that he shall drink it?'

The crowd now gazed upon each other, without reply, for some minutes: and at last they only said, that no effort of theirs could change the universal appointment of all things; that if Almorán was to be king alone, he would be so notwithstanding all opposition; and that if he was not to be king alone, no attempt of his own, however supported, could make him so. 'I will not,' said Omar, 'contradict your opinion; I will only tell you what I have heard, and leave you

to suffer the calamities which threaten you, with a fortitude and resignation that are suitable to your principles; having no consolation to offer you, but that Hamet, whose destiny it was not to make you happy, will suffer with you the evils, that neither he nor you could prevent: the mournful comfort of this fellowship, he will not be denied; for he loves you too well, to wish even to be happy alone.' The crowd fixed their eyes upon Hamet, for whom their affection was now strongly moved, with looks of much greater intelligence and sensibility; a confused murmur, like the fall of the pebbles upon the beach when the surge retires from the shore, expressed their gratitude to Hamet, and their apprehensions for themselves.

Omar waited till they were again silent, and then improved the advantage he had gained. 'Almorán,' said he, 'considers you as the slaves of his power; Hamet as the objects of his benevolence: your lives and your properties, in the opinion of Almorán, are below his notice; but Hamet considers his own interest as connected with yours. When Almorán, therefore, shall be unchecked by the influence of Hamet; he will leave you to the mercy of some delegated tyrant, whose whole power will be exerted to oppress you, that he may enrich himself.'

A new fire was now kindled in their eyes, and their cheeks glowed with indignation at the wrongs that threatened them; they were no longer disposed to act upon the principles of fatality, as they had perversely understood them; and they argued at once like reasonable and free beings, whose actions were in their choice, and who had no doubt but that their actions would produce adequate effects. They recollected that Omar had, in the reign of Solyman, often rescued them from such oppression, as now threatened them; and that the power of Hamet had since interposed in their behalf, when Almorán would have stretched his prerogative to their hurt, or have left them a prey to the farmer of a tax. 'Shall Hamet,' said they, 'be deprived of the power, that he employs only for our benefit; and shall it center in Almorán, who will

'abuse it to our ruin? Shall we rather support Almorán in the wrong he has done to Hamet, than Hamet to obtain justice of Almorán? Hamet is our king; let him command us, and we will obey.' This was uttered with a shout that echoed from the mountains beyond the city, and continued near a full hour. In the mean time, the multitude was increasing every moment; and the troops that lay in and near the city having taken arms, fell in with the stream: they were secretly attached to Hamet, under whose eye they had been formed, and of whose bounty they had often partaken; and their fear being removed by the general cry, which left them no room to apprehend an opposition in favour of Almorán, they were now at full liberty to follow their inclinations.

In the mean time, Almorán, who had retired to the innermost court of the palace, had heard the tumult, and was alarmed for his safety: he ran from room to room, confused and terrified, without attempting or directing any thing either for his defence or escape; yet he sent every moment to know the state of the insurrection, and to what end it's force would be directed.

Among those whom accident rather than choice had attached to the interest of Almorán, were Osmyn and Caled: they were both distinguished by his favour; and each had conceived hopes that, if he should possess the throne alone, he would delegate his authority to him. Almorán now ordered them to take the command of the troops that were appointed to attend his person as their peculiar duty, with as many others as had not declared for Hamet, and to secure all the avenues that led to his *seraglio*.

Omar and Hamet were now on horseback, and had begun to form the troops that had joined them, and as many others as were armed, which were before mingled together in a confused multitude. An account of this was brought to Almorán by Osmyn; and threw him into a perturbation and perplexity, that disgraced his character, and confounded his attendants. He urged Osmyn, in whom he most confided, to dispatch, without giving him any orders to execute; then turning from him, he uttered, in a low and inarticulate voice, the most passionate

exclamations of distress and terror, being struck with the thought that his guard might betray him: when he recollected himself, and perceived that Osmyn was still present, he burst into a rage, and snatching out his poignard, he swore by the soul of the Prophet, that if he did not instantly attempt something, he would stab him to the heart. Osmyn drew back trembling and confused; but having yet received no orders, he would have spoken, but Almorán drove him from his presence with menaces and execrations.

The moment that Osmyn left him, his rage subsided in his fears, and his fears were mingled with remorse: 'Which way soever I turn,' said he, 'I see myself surrounded by destruction. I have incensed Osmyn by unreasonable displeasure, and causeless menaces. He must regard me at once with abhorrence and contempt: and it is impossible, but he should revolt to Hamet.'

In this agony, the terrors of futurity rushed upon his mind with all their force; and he started as if at the bite of a scorpion: 'To me,' said he, 'death, that now approaches, will be but the beginning of sorrow. I shall be cut off at once from enjoyment, and from hope; and the dreadful moment is now at hand.' While he was speaking, the palace again shook, and he stood again in the presence of the Genius.

'Almorán,' said the inhabitant of the unapparent world, 'the evil which thou fearest shall not be upon thee. Make haste, and shew thyself from the gallery to the people, and the tumult of faction shall be still before thee: tell them, that their rebellion is not against thee only, but against Him by whom thou reignest: appeal boldly to that power for a confirmation of thy words, and rely for the attesting sign upon me.' Almorán, who had stooped with his face to the ground, now looked upward, and found himself alone: he hastened, therefore, to follow the directions he had received; and hope was again kindled in his bosom.

Osmyn, in the mean time, made a proper disposition of the troops now under his command; and had directed a select company to remain near the person

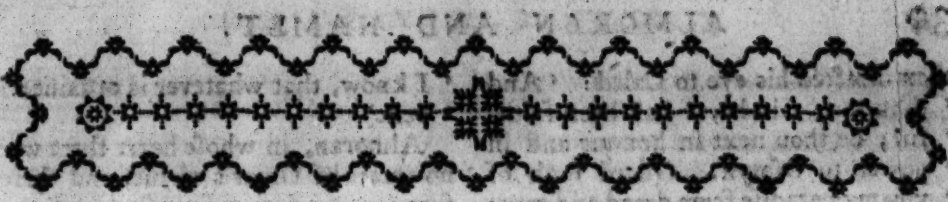
person of the king, that they might at least make good his retreat. While he was waiting at his post, and revolving in his mind the total disappointment of his hopes, and considering what he should do if Hamet should establish himself alone, he was joined by Caled.

Caled had a secret enmity against Osmyn, as his rival in the favour of Almorán; but as he had concealed his own pretensions from Osmyn, Osmyn had no ill will against Caled. As they were now likely to be involved in one common calamity, by the ruin of the prince whose party they had espoused; Caled's enmity subsided, and the indifference of Osmyn was warmed into kindness: mutual distress produced mutual confidence; and Caled, after condoling with Osmyn on their present hopeless situation, proposed that they should draw off their forces, and revolt to Hamet. This proposition Osmyn rejected, not only from principle, but from interest: 'Now we have accepted of a trust,' said he, 'we ought not

to betray it. If we had gone over to Hamet, when he first declared against his brother, he would have received us with joy, and probably have rewarded our service; but I know, that his virtue will abhor us for treachery, though practised in his favour: treachery, under the dominion of Hamet, will not only cover us with dishonour, but will probably devote us to death.'

In this reasoning, Caled could not but acquiesce; he felt himself secretly but forcibly reprov'd, by the superior virtue of Osmyn: and while he regretted his having made a proposal, which had been rejected not only as imprudent but infamous; he concluded, that Osmyn would ever after suspect and despise him; and he, therefore, from a new cause, conceived new enmity against him. They parted, however, without any appearance of suspicion or disgust; and, in a short time, they were in circumstances very different from their expectations.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



ALMORAN AND HAMET.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CHAP. XI.



LMORAN had now reached the gallery; and when the multitude saw him, they shouted as in triumph, and demanded that he should surrender.

Hamet, who also perceived him at a distance, and was unwilling that any violence should be offered to his person, pressed forward, and when he was come near, commanded silence. At this moment Almorán, with a loud voice, reproached them with impiety and folly; and appealing to the power, whom in his person they had offended, the air suddenly grew dark, a flood of lightning descended from the sky, and a peal of thunder was articulated into these words:

Divided sway, the God who reigns alone
Abhors; and gives to Almorán the throne.

The multitude stood aghast at the prodigy; and hiding their faces with their hands, every one departed in silence and confusion, and Hamet and Omar were left alone. Omar was taken by some of the soldiers who had adhered to Almorán, but Hamet made his escape.

Almorán, whose wishes were thus far accomplished by the intervention of a power superior to his own, exulted in the anticipation of that happiness which he now supposed to be secured; and was fortified in his opinion, that he had been wretched only because he had

been weak, and that to multiply and not to suppress his wishes was the way to acquire felicity.

As he was returning from the gallery, he was met by Osmyn and Caled, who had heard the supernatural declaration in his behalf, and learned its effects. Almorán, in that hasty flow of unbounded but capricious favour, which, in contracted minds, is the effect only of unexpected good fortune, raised Osmyn from his feet to his bosom: 'As in the trial,' said he, 'thou hast been faithful, I now invest thee with a superior trust. The toils of state shall from this moment devolve upon thee; and from this moment, the delights of empire unallayed shall be mine: I will recline at ease, remote from every eye but those that reflect my own felicity; the felicity that I shall taste in secret, surrounded by the smiles of beauty, and the gaities of youth. Like Heaven, I will reign unseen; and like Heaven, though unseen, I will be adored.' Osmyn received this delegation with a tumultuous pleasure, that was expressed only by silence and confusion. Almorán remarked it; and exulting in the pride of power, he suddenly changed his aspect, and regarding Osmyn, who was yet blushing, and whose eyes were swimming in tears of gratitude, with a stern and ardent countenance; 'Let me, however,' said he, 'warn thee to be watchful in thy trust: beware, that no rude commotion violate my peace by thy fault; lest my anger sweep thee in a moment to destruction.' He then

then directed his eye to Caled: 'And thou too,' said he, 'hast been faithful; be thou next in honour and in power to Osmyn. Guard both of you my paradise from dread and care; fulfil the duty that I have assigned you, and live.'

He was then informed by a messenger, that Hamet had escaped, and that Omar was taken. As he now despised the power both of Hamet and Omar, he expressed neither concern nor anger that Hamet had fled; but he ordered Omar to be brought before him.

When Omar appeared bound and disarmed, he regarded him with a smile of insult and derision; and asked him, what he had now to hope. 'I have,' indeed, said Omar, 'much less to hope, than thou hast to fear.'—'Thy insolence,' said Almorán, 'is equal to thy folly: what power on earth is there, that I should fear?'—'Thy own,' said Omar. 'I have not leisure now,' replied Almorán, 'to hear the paradoxes of thy philosophy explained: but to shew thee, that I fear not thy power, thou shalt live. I will leave thee to hopeless regret; to wiles that have been scorned and defeated; to the unheeded petulance of dotage; to the fondness that is repayed with neglect; to restless wishes, to credulous hopes, and to derided command: to the slow and complicated torture of despised old age; and that, when thou shalt long have abhorred thy being, shall destroy it.'—'The misery,' said Omar, 'which thou hast menaced, it is not in thy power to inflict. As thou hast taken from me all that I possessed by the bounty of thy father, it is true that I am poor; it is true also, that my knees are now feeble, and bend with the weight of years that is upon me. I am, as thou art, a man; and therefore I have erred: but I have still kept the narrow path in view with a faithful vigilance, and to that I have soon returned: the past, therefore, I do not regret; and the future, I have no cause to fear. In Him who is most merciful, I have hope; and in that hope even now I rejoice before thee. My portion in the present hour, is adversity: but I receive it, not only with humility, but thankfulness; for

'I know, that whatever is ordained is best.'

Almorán, in whose heart there were no traces of Omar's virtue, and therefore no foundation for his confidence; sustained himself against their force, by treating them as hypocrisy and affectation: 'I know,' said he, 'that thou hast long learned to echo the specious and pompous sounds, by which hypocrites conceal their wretchedness, and excite the admiration of folly and the contempt of wisdom: yet thy walk in this place shall be still unrestrained. Here the splendor of my felicity shall fill thy heart with envy, and cover thy face with confusion; and from thee shall the world be instructed, that the enemies of Almorán can move no passion in his breast but contempt, and that most to punish them is to permit them to live.'

Omar, whose eye had till now been fixed upon the ground, regarded Almorán with a calm but steady countenance: 'Here then,' said he, 'will I follow thee, constant as thy shadow; though, as thy shadow, unnoticed or neglected: here shall mine eye watch those evils that were appointed from everlasting to attend upon guilt; and here shall my voice warn thee of their approach. From thy breast may they be averted by righteousness; for without this, though all the worlds that roll above thee should, to aid thee, unite all their power, that power can aid thee only to be wretched.'

Almorán, in all the pride of gratified ambition, invested with dominion that had no limits, and allied with powers that were more than mortal; was overawed by this address, and his countenance grew pale. But the next moment, disdainful to be thus controuled by the voice of a slave, his cheeks were suffused with the blushes of indignation: he turned from Omar, in scorn, anger, and confusion, without reply; and Omar departed with the calm dignity of a benevolent and superior being, to whom the smiles and frowns of terrestrial tyranny were alike indifferent, and in whom abhorrence of the turpitude of vice was mingled with compassion for its folly.

C H A P. XII.

IN the mean time, Almeida, who had been conveyed to an apartment in Almorán's seraglio, and delivered to the care of those who attended upon his women, suffered all that grief and terror could inflict upon a generous, a tender, and a delicate mind; yet in this complicated distress, her attention was principally fixed upon Hamet. The disappointment of his hope, and the violation of his right, were the chief objects of her regret and her fears, in all that had already happened, and in all that was still to come; every insult that might be offered to herself, she considered as an injury to him. Yet the thoughts of all that he might suffer in her person, gave way to her apprehensions of what might befall him in his own: in his situation, every calamity that her imagination could conceive, was possible; her thoughts were, therefore, bewildered amidst an endless variety of dreadful images, which started up before them which way soever they were turned; and it was impossible that she could gain any certain intelligence of his fate, as the splendid prison in which she was now confined, was surrounded by mutes and eunuchs, of whom nothing could be learned, or in whose report no confidence could be placed.

While her mind was in this state of agitation and distress, she perceived the door open, and the next moment Almorán entered the apartment. When she saw him, she turned from him with a look of unutterable anguish; and hiding her face in her veil, she burst into tears. The tyrant was moved with her distress; for unfeeling obduracy is the vice only of the old, whose sensibility has been worn away by the habitual perpetration of reiterated wrongs.

He approached her with looks of kindness, and his voice was involuntarily modulated to pity; she was, however, too much absorbed in her own sorrows, to reply. He gazed upon her with tenderness and admiration; and taking her hand into his own, he pressed it ardently to his bosom: his compassion soon kindled into desire, and from soothing her distress, he began to solicit her love. This instantly roused her attention, and her grief gave way

to resentment: she turned from him with a firm and haughty step, and instead of answering his professions, reproached him with her wrongs. Almorán, that he might at once address her virtue and her passions, observed, that though he had loved her from the first moment he had seen her, yet he had concealed his passion even from her, till it had received the sanction of an invisible and superior power; that he came, therefore, the messenger of Heaven; and that he offered her unrivalled empire and everlasting love. To this she answered only by an impatient and fond enquiry after Hamet. 'Think not of Hamet,' said Almorán; 'for why should he who is rejected of Heaven, be still the favourite of Almeida?'—'If thy hand,' said Almeida, 'could quench in everlasting darkness, that vital spark of intellectual fire, which the word of the Almighty has kindled in my breast to burn for ever, then might Almeida cease to think of Hamet; but while that shall live, what ever form it shall inhabit, or in what ever world it shall reside, his image shall be for ever present, and to him shall my love be for ever true.' This glowing declaration of her love for Hamet, was immediately succeeded by a tender anxiety for his safety; and a sudden reflection upon the probability of his death, and the danger of his situation if alive, threw her again into tears.

Almorán, whom the ardour and impetuosity of her passions kept sometimes silent, and sometimes threw into confusion, again attempted to soothe and comfort her: she often urged him to tell her what was become of his brother, and he as often evaded the question. As she was about to renew her enquiry, and reflected that it had before been often made, and had not yet been answered, she thought that Almorán had already put him to death: this threw her into a new agony, of which he did not immediately discover the cause; but as he soon learned it from her reproaches and exclamations, he perceived that he could not hope to be heard, while she was in doubt about the safety of Hamet. In order, therefore, to soothe her mind, and prevent it's being longer possessed with an image that excluded every other; he assumed a look of concern and astonishment at the imputation of a crime, which was at once so horrid and

so unnecessary. After a solemn deprecation of such enormous guilt, he observed, that as it was now impossible for Hamet to succeed as his rival, either in empire or in love, without the breach of a command, which he knew his virtue would implicitly obey; he had no motive either to desire his death, or to restrain his liberty: 'His walk,' says he, 'is still uncircumscribed in Persia; and except, this chamber, there is no part of the palace to which he is not admitted.'

To this declaration Almeida listened, as to the music of paradise; and it suspended for a while every passion, but her love: the sudden ease of her mind made her regardless of all about her; and she had in this interval suffered Almorán to remove her veil, without reflecting upon what he was doing. The moment she recollected herself, she made a gentle effort to recover it, with some confusion, but without anger. The pleasure that was expressed in her eyes; the blush that glowed upon her cheek; and the contest about the veil, which to an amorous imagination had an air of dalliance, concurred to heighten the passion of Almorán almost to phrensy: she perceived her danger in his looks, and her spirits instantly took the alarm. He seized her hand, and gazing ardently upon her, he conjured her, with a tone and emphasis that strongly expressed the tumultuous vehemence of his wishes, that she would renounce the rites which had been forbidden above; and that she would receive him to whom by miracle she had been allotted.

Almeida, whom the manner and voice of Almorán had terrified into silence, answered him at first only with a look that expressed aversion and disdain, over-awed by fear. 'Wilt thou not,' said Almorán, 'fulfil the decrees of Heaven? I conjure thee, by Heaven, to answer.' From this solemn reference to Heaven, Almeida derived new fortitude: she instantly recollected, that she stood in the presence of Him, by whose permission only every other power, whether visible or invisible, can dispense evil or good: 'Urge no more,' said she, 'as the decree of Heaven, that which is inconsistent with divine perfection. Can He, in whose hand my heart is, command me to wed the man whom he has not enabled me to love? Can the Pure,

the Just, the Merciful, have ordained that I should suffer embraces which I loath, and violate vows which His laws permitted me to make? Can He have ordained a perfidious, a loveless, and a joyless prostitution? What if a thousand prodigies should concur to enforce it a thousand times, the deed itself would be a stronger proof that those prodigies were the works of darkness; than those prodigies that the deed was commanded by the Father of light.'

Almorán, whose hopes were now blasted to the root, who perceived that the virtue of Almeida could neither be deceived nor overborne; that she at once contemned his power, and abhorred his love; gave way to all the furies of his mind, which now slumbered no more: his countenance expressed at once anger, indignation, and despair; his gesture became furious, and his voice was lost in menaces and execrations. Almeida beheld him with an earnest yet steady countenance, till he vowed to revenge the indignity, he had suffered, upon Hamet. At the name of Hamet, her fortitude forsook her; the pride of virtue gave way to the softness of love; her cheeks became pale, her lips trembled, and taking hold of the robe of Almorán, she threw herself at his feet. His fury was at first restrained by hope and expectation; but when from her words, which grief and terror had rendered scarce articulate, he could learn only that she was pleading for Hamet, he burst from her in an extasy of rage; and forcing his robe from her hand, with a violence that dragged her after it, he rushed out of the chamber, and left her prostrate upon the ground.

As he passed through the gallery with a hasty and disordered pace, he was seen by Omar; who knowing that he was returned from an interview with Almeida, and conjecturing from his appearance what had happened, judged that he ought not to neglect this opportunity to warn him once more of the delusive phantoms, which, under the appearance of pleasure, were leading him to destruction: he, therefore, followed him unperceived, till he had reached the apartment in which he had been used to retire alone, and heard again the loud and tumultuous exclamations, which were wrung from his heart

heart by the anguish of disappointment: 'What have I gained,' said he, 'by absolute dominion! The slave who, secluded from the gales of life and from the light of heaven, toils without hope in the darkness of the mine, riots in the delights of paradise compared with me. By the caprice of one woman, I am robbed not only of enjoyment but of peace, and condemned for ever to the torment of unsatisfied desire.'

Omar, who was impatient to apprise him that he was not alone, and to prevent his disclosing sentiments which he wished to conceal, now threw himself upon the ground at his feet. 'Presumptuous slave!' said Almorán, 'from whence, and wherefore art thou come?'—'I am come,' said Omar, 'to tell thee, that not the caprice of a woman, but the wishes of Almorán, have made Almorán wretched.' The king, stung with the reproach, drew back, and with a furious look laid his hand upon his poignard; but was immediately restrained from drawing it, by his pride. 'I am come,' said Omar, 'to repeat that truth, upon which, great as thou art, thy fate is suspended. Thy power extends not to the mind of another; exert it, therefore, upon thy own: suppress the wishes, which thou canst not fulfil; and secure the happiness that is within thy reach.'

Almorán, who could bear no longer to hear the precepts which he disdained to practise, sternly commanded Omar to depart; 'Be gone,' said he, 'lest I crush thee like a noisome reptile, which men cannot but abhor, though it is too contemptible to be feared.'—'I go,' said Omar, 'that my warning voice may yet again recal thee to the path of wisdom and of peace, if yet again I shall behold thee while it is to be found.'

CHAP. XIII.

ALMORAN was now left alone; and throwing himself upon a sofa, he sat some time motionless and silent. He revolved in his mind the wishes that had been gratified, and the happiness of which he had been disappointed: 'I desired,' said he, 'the pomp and power of undivided dominion; and Hamet was driven from the throne

which he shared with me, by a voice from heaven: I desired to break off his marriage with Almeida, and it was broken off by a prodigy, when no human power could have accomplished my desire. It was my wish also to have the person of Almeida in my power, and this wish also has been gratified; yet I am still wretched. But I am wretched, only because the means have not been adequate to the end: what I have hitherto obtained, I have not desired for itself; and of that, for which I desired it, I am not possessed: I am, therefore, still wretched, because I am weak. With the soul of Almorán, I should have the form of Hamet: then my wishes would indeed be filled; then would Almeida bless me with consenting beauty, and the splendor of my power should distinguish only the intervals of my love; my enjoyments would then be certain and permanent, neither blasted by disappointment, nor withered by satiety.' When he had uttered these reflections with the utmost vehemence and agitation, his face was again obscured by gloom and despair; his posture was again fixed; and he was falling back into his former state of silent abstraction; when he was suddenly roused by the appearance of the Genius, the sincerity of whose friendship he began to distrust.

'Almorán,' said the Genius, 'if thou art not yet happy, know that my powers are not yet exhausted: fear me not, but let thine ear be attentive to my voice.' The Genius then stretched out his hand towards him, in which there was an emerald of great lustre, cut into a figure that had four and twenty sides, on each of which was engraven a different letter. 'Thou seest,' said he, 'this talisman: on each side of it is engraven one of those mysterious characters, of which are formed all the words of all the languages that are spoken by angels, genii, and men. This shall enable thee to change thy figure: and what, under the form of Almorán, thou canst not accomplish; thou shalt still be able to effect, if it can be effected by thee, in the form of any other. Point only to the letters that compose the name of him whose appearance thou wouldst assume, and it is done. Remember only, that upon

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him,

‘him, whose appearance thou shalt assume, thine shall be imprest, till thou restorest his own. Hide the charm in thy bosom, and avail thyself of it’s power.’ Almorán received the talisman in a transport of gratitude and joy, and the Genius immediately disappeared.

The use of this talisman was so obvious, that it was impossible to overlook it. Almorán instantly conceived the design with which it was given, and determined instantly to put it in execution: ‘I will now,’ said he, ‘assume the figure of Hamet; and my love, in all it’s ardour, shall be returned by Almeida.’ As his fancy kindled at the anticipation of his happiness, he stood musing in a pleasing suspense, and indulged himself in the contemplation of the several gradations, by which he should ascend to the summit of his wishes.

Just at this moment, Osmyn, whom he had commanded to attend him at this hour, approached his apartment: Almorán was roused by the sound of his foot, and supposed it to be Omar, who had again intruded upon his privacy; he was enraged at the interruption which had broken a series of imaginations so flattering and luxurious; he snatched out his poignard, and lifting up his arm for the stroke, hastily turned round to have stabbed him; but seeing Osmyn, he discovered his mistake just in time to prevent the blow.

Osmyn, who was not conscious of any crime, nor indeed of any act that could have given occasion of offence; started back terrified and amazed, and stood trembling in doubt whether to remain or to withdraw. Almorán, in the mean time, sheathed the instrument of death, and bid him fear nothing, for he should not be hurt. He then turned about; and putting his hand to his forehead, stood again silent in a musing posture: he recollected, that if he assumed the figure of Hamet, it was necessary he should give orders for Hamet to be admitted to Almeida, as he would otherwise be excluded by the delegates of his own authority; turning, therefore, to Osmyn, ‘Remember,’ said he, ‘that whenever Hamet shall return, it is my command, that he be admitted to Almeida.’

Osmyn, who was pleased with an opportunity of recommending himself

to Almorán, by praising an act of generous virtue which he supposed him now to exert in favour of his brother, received the command with a look, that expressed not only approbation but joy: ‘Let the sword of destruction,’ said he, ‘be the guard of the tyrant; the strength of my lord shall be the bonds of love: those, who honour thee as Almorán, shall rejoice in thee as the friend of Hamet.’ To Almorán, who was conscious to no kindness for his brother, the praise of Osmyn was a reproach: he was offended at the joy which he saw kindled in his countenance, by a command to shew favour to Hamet; and was fired with sudden rage at that condemnation of his real conduct, which was implied by an encomium on the generosity of which he assumed the appearance for a malevolent and perfidious purpose: his brow was contracted, his lip quivered, and the hilt of his dagger was again grasped in his hand. Osmyn was again overwhelmed with terror and confusion; he had again offended, but knew not his offence. In the mean time, Almorán recollecting that to express displeasure against Osmyn was to betray his own secret, endeavoured to suppress his anger; but his anger was succeeded by remorse, regret, and disappointment. The anguish of his mind broke out in imperfect murmurs: ‘What I am,’ said he, ‘is, to this wretch, the object not only of hatred but of scorn; and he commends only what I am not, in what to him I would seem to be.’

These sounds, which, though not articulate, were yet uttered with great emotion, were still mistaken by Osmyn for the overflowings of capricious and causeless anger: ‘My life,’ said he to himself, ‘is even now wavering in a doubtful balance. Whenever I approach this tyrant, I tread the borders of the grave: like a hood-winked wretch, who is left to wander near the brink of a precipice, I know my danger; but which way soever I turn, I know not whether I shall incur or avoid destruction.’

In these reflections, did the sovereign and the slave pass those moments, in which the sovereign intended to render the slave subservient to his pleasure or his security, and the slave intended to express a zeal which he really felt, and a homage

a homage which his heart had already paid. Osmyn was at length, however, dismissed, with an assurance that all was well; and Almorán was again left to reflect with anguish upon the past, to regret the present, and to anticipate the future with solicitude, anxiety, and perturbation.

He was, however, determined to assume the figure of his brother, by the talisman which had been put into his power by the Genius: but just as he was about to form the spell, he recollected, that by the same act he would impress his own likeness upon Hamet, who would consequently be invested with his power, and might use it to his destruction. This held him some time in suspense; but reflecting that Hamet might not, perhaps, be apprized of his advantage, till it was too late to improve it; that he was now a fugitive, and probably alone, leaving Persia behind him with all the speed he could make; and that, at the worst, if he should be still near, if he should know the transformation as soon as it should be made, and should instantly take the most effectual measures to improve it; yet as he could dissolve the charm in a moment, whenever it should be necessary for his safety, no formidable danger could be incurred by the experiment, to which he, therefore, proceeded without delay.

CHAP. XIV.

IN the mean time, Hamet, to whom his own safety was of no importance but for the sake of Almeida, resolved, if possible, to conceal himself near the city. Having, therefore, reached the confines of the desert, by which it was bounded on the east, he quitted his horse, and determined to remain there till the multitude was dispersed, and the darkness of the evening might conceal his return, when in less than an hour he could reach the palace.

He sat down at the foot of the mountain Kabessed, without considering, that in this place he was most likely to be found, as those who travel the desert seldom fail to enter the cave that winds its way under the mountain, to drink of the water that issues there from a clear and copious spring.

He reviewed the scenes of the day

that was now nearly passed, with a mixture of astonishment and distress, to which no description can be equal. The sudden and amazing change that a few hours had made in his situation, appeared like a wild and distressful dream, from which he almost doubted whether he should not wake to the power and the felicity that he had lost. He sat some time bewildered in the hurry and multiplicity of his thoughts, and at length burst out into passionate exclamations: 'What,' says he, 'and where am I? Am I, indeed, Hamet; that son of Solyman who divided the dominion of Persia with his brother, and who possessed the love of Almeida alone? Dreadful vicissitude! I am now an outcast, friendless and forlorn; without an associate, and without a dwelling: for me the cup of adversity overflows, and the last dregs of sorrow have been wrung out for my portion: the powers not only of the earth, but of the air, have combined against me; and how can I stand alone before them? But is there no Power that will interpose in my behalf? If He, who is supreme, is good, I shall not perish. But wherefore am I thus? Why should the desires of vice be accomplished by superior powers; and why should superior powers be permitted to disappoint the expectations of virtue? Yet let me not rashly question the ways of Him, in whose balance the world is weighed: by Him, every evil is rendered subservient to good; and by His wisdom, the happiness of the whole is secured. Yet I am but a part only, and for a part only I can feel. To me, what is that goodness of which I do not partake? In my cup the gall is unmingled; and have I not, therefore, a right to complain? But what have I said? Let not the gloom that surrounds me, hide from me the prospect of immortality. Shall not eternity atone for time? Eternity, to which the duration of ages is but as an atom to a world; Shall I not, when this momentary separation is past, again meet Almeida to part no more? and shall not a purer flame than burns upon the earth, unite us? Even at this moment, her mind, which not the frauds of sorcery can taint or alienate, is mine: that plea-

‘ sure which she reserved for me, cannot be taken by force; it is in the consent alone that it subsists; and from the joy that she feels, and from that only, proceeds the joy she can bestow.’

With these reflections he soothed the anguish of his mind, till the dreadful moment arrived, in which the power of the talisman took place, and the figure of Almorán was changed into that of Hamet, and the figure of Hamet into that of Almorán.

At the moment of transformation, Hamet was seized with a sudden languor, and his faculties were suspended as by the stroke of death. When he recovered, his limbs still trembled, and his lips were parched with thirst: he rose, therefore, and entering the cavern, at the mouth of which he had been sitting, he stooped over the well to drink; but glancing his eyes upon the water, he saw, with astonishment and horror, that it reflected, not his own countenance, but that of his brother. He started back from the prodigy; and supporting himself against the side of the rock, he stood some time like a statue, without the power of recollection: but at length the thought suddenly rushed into his mind, that the same forcery which had prevented his marriage, and driven him from the throne, was still practised against him; and that the change of his figure to that of Almorán, was the effect of Almorán’s having assumed his likeness, to obtain, in this disguise, whatever Almeida could bestow. This thought, like a whirlwind of the desert, totally subverted his mind; his fortitude was borne down, and his hopes were rooted up; no principles remained to regulate his conduct, but all was phrensy, confusion, and despair. He rushed out of the cave with a furious and distracted look; and went in haste towards the city, without having formed any design, or considered any consequence that might follow.

The shadows of the mountains were now lengthened by the declining sun; and the approach of evening had invited Omar to meditate in a grove, that was adjacent to the gardens of the palace. From this place he was seen at some distance by Hamet, who came up to him with a hasty and disordered pace; and Omar drew back with a

cold and distant reverence, which the power and the character of Almorán concurred to excite. Hamet, not reflecting upon the cause of this behaviour, was offended, and reproached him with the want of that friendship he had so often professed; the vehemence of his expression and demeanor, suited well with the appearance of Almorán; and Omar, as the best proof of that friendship which had been impeached, took this opportunity to repeat his admonitions in the behalf of Hamet; ‘ Whatever evil,’ said he, ‘ thou canst bring upon Hamet, will be doubled to thyself: to his virtues, the Power that fills infinitude is a friend, and he can be afflicted only till they are perfect; but thy sufferings will be the punishment of vice, and as long as thou art vicious they must increase.’

Hamet, who instantly recollected for whom he was mistaken, and the anguish of whose mind was for a moment suspended by this testimony of esteem and kindness, which could not possibly be feigned, and which was paid him at the risk of life, when it could not be known that he received it; ran forward to embrace the hoary sage, who had been the guide of his youth, and cried out, in a voice that was broken by contending passions, ‘ The face is the face of Almorán; but the heart is the heart of Hamet.’

Omar was struck dumb with astonishment; and Hamet, who could not bear to be longer mistaken, related all the circumstances of his transformation, and reminded him of some particulars which could be known only to themselves: ‘ Canst thou not yet believe,’ said he, ‘ that I am Hamet? when thou hast this day seen me banished from my kingdom; when thou hast now met me a fugitive returning from the desert; and when I learnt from thee, since the sun was risen which is not yet set, that more than mortal powers were combined against me.’—‘ I now believe,’ said Omar, ‘ that thou indeed art Hamet.’—‘ Stay me not then,’ said Hamet; ‘ but come with me to revenge.’—‘ Beware,’ said Omar, ‘ lest thou endanger the loss of more than empire and Almeida.’—‘ If not to revenge,’ said Hamet, ‘ I may at least be permitted to punish.’—‘ Thy mind,’ says

says Omar, 'is now in such a state, that to punish the crime by which thou hast been wronged, will dip thee in the guilt of blood. Why else are we forbidden to take vengeance for ourselves? and why is it reserved as the prerogative of the Most High? In Him, and in Him alone, it is goodness guided by wisdom: He approves the means, only as necessary to the end; he wounds only to heal, and destroys only to save; He has complacency, not in the evil, but in the good only which it is appointed to produce. Remember, therefore, that he, to whom the punishment of another is sweet; though his act may be just with respect to others, with respect to himself it is a deed of darkness, and abhorred by the Almighty.' Hamet, who had stood abstracted in the contemplation of the new injury he had suffered, while Omar was persuading him not to revenge it, started from his posture in all the wildness of distraction; and bursting away from Omar, with an ardent and furious look, halted toward the palace, and was soon out of sight.

CHAP. XV.

IN the mean time, Almorán, after having effected the transformation, was met, as he was going to the apartment of Almeida, by Osmyn. Osmyn had already experienced the misery of dependent greatness, that kept him continually under the eye of a capricious tyrant, whose temper was various as the gales of summer, and whose anger was sudden as the bolt of heaven; whose purpose and passions were dark and impetuous as the midnight storm, and at whose command death was inevitable as the approach of time. When he saw Almorán, therefore, in the likeness of Hamet, he felt a secret desire to apprise him of his situation, and offer him his friendship.

Almorán, who with the form assumed the manners of Hamet, addressed Osmyn with a mild though mournful countenance: 'At length,' said he, 'the will of Almorán alone is law; does it permit me to hold a private rank in this place, without molestation?'—'It permits,' said Osmyn, 'yet more; he has commanded, that you should

have admittance to Almeida.' Almorán, whose vanity betrayed him to flatter his own power in the person of Hamet, replied with a smile: 'I know, that Almorán, who presides like a god in silent and distant state, reveals the secrets of his will to thee; I know that thou art—' 'I am,' said Osmyn, 'of all thou seest, most wretched.' At this declaration, Almorán turned short, and fixed his eyes upon Osmyn with a look of surprize and anger: 'Does not the favour of Almorán,' said he, 'whose smile is power, and wealth, and honour, shine upon thee?'—'My lord,' said Osmyn, 'I know so well the severity of thy virtue, that if I should, even for thy sake, become perfidious to thy brother'—Almorán, who was unable to preserve the character of Hamet with propriety, interrupted him with a fierce and haughty tone: 'How!' said he, 'perfidious to my brother! to Almorán perfidious!'

Osmyn, who had now gone too far to recede, and who still saw before him the figure of Hamet, proceeded in his purpose: 'I knew,' said he, 'that in thy judgment I should be condemned; and yet, the preservation of life is the strongest principle of nature, and the love of virtue is her proudest boast.'—'Explain thyself,' said Almorán, 'for I cannot comprehend thee.'—'I mean,' said Osmyn, 'that he, whose life depends upon the caprice of a tyrant, is like the wretch whose sentence is already pronounced; and who, if the wind does but rush by his dungeon, imagines that it is the bow-string and the mute.'—'Fear not,' said Almorán, who now affected to be again calm; 'be still faithful, and thou shalt still be safe.'—'Alas!' said Osmyn, 'there is no diligence, no toil, no faith, that can secure the slave from the sudden phrensy of passion, from the causeless rage either of drunkenness or lust. I am that slave; the slave of a tyrant whom I hate.' The confusion of Almorán was now too great to be concealed, and he stood silent with rage, fear and indignation. Osmyn, supposing that his wonder made him doubt the truth of what he had heard, confirmed his declaration by an oath.

Whoever thou art, to whose mind Almorán, the mighty and the proud,

is present; before whom, the lord of absolute dominion stands trembling and rebuked; who seest the possessor of power by which nature is controuled, pale and silent with anguish and disappointment: if, in the fury of thy wrath, thou hast aggravated weakness into guilt; if thou hast chilled the glow of affection, when it flushed the cheek in thy presence, with the frown of displeasure, or repressed the ardour of friendship with indifference or neglect; now, let thy heart smite thee: for, in thy folly, thou hast cast away that gem, which is the light of life; which power can never seize, and which gold can never buy!

The tyrant fell at once from his pride, like a star from Heaven; and Osmyn, still addressing him as Hamet, at once increased his misery and his fears: 'O,' said he, 'that the throne of Persia was thine! then should innocence enjoy her birth-right of peace, and hope should bid honest industry look upward. There is not one to whom Almorán has delegated power, nor one on whom his transient favour has bestowed any gift, who does not already feel his heart throb with the pangs of boding terror. Nor is there one who, if he did not fear the displeasure of the invisible power by whom the throne has been given to thy brother, would not immediately revolt to thee.'

Almorán, who had hitherto remained silent, now burst into a passionate exclamation of self pity: 'What can I do?' said he; 'and whither can I turn?' Osmyn, who mistook the cause of his distress, and supposed that he deplored only his want of power to avail himself of the general disposition in his favour, endeavoured to fortify his mind against despair: 'Your state,' said he, 'indeed is distressful, but not hopeless.' The king, who, though addressed as Hamet, was still betrayed by his confusion to answer as Almorán, smote his breast, and replied in an agony, 'It is hopeless!' Osmyn remarked his emotion and despair, with a concern and astonishment that Almorán observed, and at once recollected his situation. He endeavoured to retract such expressions of trouble and dependency, as did not suit the character he had assumed; and telling Osmyn, that he thanked him for his friendship,

and would improve the advantages it offered him, he directed him to acquaint the eunuchs that they were to admit him to Almeida. When he was left alone, his doubts and perplexity held him long in suspense; a thousand expedients occurred to his mind by turns, and by turns were rejected.

His first thought was to put Osmyn to death: but he considered, that by this he would gain no advantage, as he would be in equal danger from whoever should succeed him: he considered also, that against Osmyn he was upon his guard; and that he might at any time learn, from him, whatever design might be formed in favour of Hamet, by assuming Hamet's appearance: that he would thus be the confident of every secret, in which his own safety was concerned; and might disconcert the best contrived project at the very moment of its execution, when it would be too late for other measures to be taken: he determined, therefore, to let Osmyn live; at least, till it became more necessary to cut him off. Having in some degree soothed and fortified his mind by these reflections, he entered the apartment of Almeida.

His hope was not founded upon a design to marry her under the appearance of Hamet; for that would be impossible, as the ceremony must have been performed by the priests who supposed the marriage with Hamet to have been forbidden by a divine command; and who, therefore, would not have consented, even supposing they would otherwise have ventured, at the request of Hamet, to perform a ceremony which they knew would be displeasing to Almorán: but he hoped to take advantage of her tenderness for his brother, and the particular circumstances of her situation, which made the solemnities of marriage impossible, to seduce her to gratify his desires, without the sanction which alone rendered the gratification of them lawful: if he succeeded in this design, he had reason to expect, either that his love would be extinguished by enjoyment; or that, if he should still desire to marry Almeida, he might, by disclosing to her the artifice by which he had effected his purpose, prevail upon her to consent, as her connection with Hamet, the chief obstacle to her marriage with him, would then be broken for ever; and as
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she might, perhaps, wish to sanctify the pleasure which she might be not unwilling to repeat, or at least to make that lawful which it would not be in her power to prevent.

In this disposition, and with this design, he was admitted to Almeida; who, without suspicion of her danger, was exposed to the severest trial, in which every passion concurred to oppose her virtue: she was solicited by all the powers of subtilty and desire, under the appearance of a lover whose tenderness and fidelity had been long tried, and whose passion she returned with equal constancy and ardour; and she was thus solicited, when the rites which alone could consecrate their union, were impossible, and were rendered impossible by the guilty designs of a rival, in whose power she was, and from whom no other expedient offered her a deliverance. Thus deceived and betrayed, she received him with an excess of tenderness and joy, which flattered all his hopes, and for a moment suspended his misery. She enquired, with a fond and gentle solicitude, by what means he had gained admittance, and how he had provided for his retreat. He received and returned her caresses with a vehemence, in which, to less partial eyes, desire would have been more apparent than love; and in the tumult of his passion, he almost neglected her enquiries: finding, however, that she would be answered, he told her, that being by the permission of Almorán admitted to every part of the palace, except that of the women, he had found means to bribe the eunuch who kept the door; who was not in danger of detection, because Almorán, wearied with the tumult and fatigue of the day, had retired to sleep, and given order to be called at a certain hour. She then complained of the solicitations to which she was exposed, expressed her dread of the consequences she had reason to expect from some sudden sally of the tyrant's rage, and related with tears the brutal outrage she had suffered when he last left her: 'Though I abhorred him,' said she, 'I yet kneeled before him for thee. Let me bend in reverence to that Power, at whose look the whirlwinds are silent, and the seas are calm, that his fury has hitherto been restrained from hurting thee!'

At these words, the face of Almorán was again covered with the blushes of confusion: to be still beloved only as Hamet, and as Almorán to be still hated; to be thus reproached without anger, and wounded by those who knew not that they struck him; was a species of misery peculiar to himself, and had been incurred only by the acquisition of new powers, which he had requested and received as necessary to obtain that felicity which the parsimony of nature had placed beyond his reach. His emotions, however, as by Almeida they were supposed to be the emotions of Hamet, she imputed to a different cause: 'As Heaven,' says she, 'has preserved thee from death; so has it, for thy sake, preserved me from violation.' Almorán, whose passion had in this interval again surmounted his remorse, gazed eagerly upon her, and catching her to his bosom; 'Let us at least,' says he, 'secure the happiness that is now offered; let not these inestimable moments pass by us unimproved; but to shew that we deserve them, let them be devoted to love.'—'Let us then,' said Almeida, 'escape together.'—'To escape with thee,' said Almorán, 'is impossible. I shall retire, and, like the shaft of Arabia, leave no mark behind me; but the flight of Almeida will at once be traced to him by whom I was admitted, and I shall thus retaliate his friendship with destruction.'—'Let him then,' said Almeida, 'be the partner of our flight.'—'Urge it not now,' said Almorán; 'but trust to my prudence and my love, to select some hour that will be more favourable to our purpose. And yet,' said he, 'even then, we shall, as now, sigh in vain for the completion of our wishes: by whom shall our hands be joined, when in the opinion of the priests it has been forbidden from above?'—'Save thyself then,' said Almeida, 'and leave me to my fate.'—'Not, so,' said Almorán. 'What else,' replied Almeida, 'is in our power?'—'It is in our power,' said Almorán, 'to seize that joy, to which a public form can give us no new claim; for the public form can only declare that right by which I claim it now.'

As they were now reclining upon a sofa,

a sofa, he threw his arm round her; but she suddenly sprung up, and burst from him: the tear started to her eye, and she gazed upon him with an earnest but yet tender look: 'Is it?' said she;—'no sure, it is not the voice of Hamet!'—'O! yes,' said Almorán, 'what other voice should call thee to cancel at once the wrongs of Hamet and Almeida; to secure the treasures of thy love from the hand of the robber; to hide the joys, which if now we lose we may lose for ever, in the sacred and inviolable stores of the past, and place them beyond the power not of Almorán only but of fate?' With this wild effusion of desire, he caught her again to his breast, and finding no resistance his heart exulted in his success; but the next moment, to the total disappointment of his hopes, he perceived that she had fainted in his arms. When she recovered, she once more disengaged herself from him, and turning away her face, she burst into tears. When her voice could be heard, she covered herself with her veil, and turning again towards him 'All but this,' said she, 'I had learnt to bear; and how has this been deserved by Almeida of Hamet? You was my only solace in distress; and when the tears have stolen from my eyes in silence and in solitude, I thought on thee; I thought upon the chaste ardour of thy sacred friendship, which was softened, refined, and exalted into love. This was my hoarded treasure; and the thoughts of possessing this, soothed all my anguish with a miser's happiness, who, blest in the consciousness of hidden wealth, despises cold and hunger, and rejoices in the midst of all the miseries that make poverty dreadful: this was my last retreat; but I am now desolate and forlorn, and my soul looks round, with terror, for that refuge, which it can never find.—'Find that refuge,' said Almorán, 'in me.'—'Alas!' said Almeida, 'can he afford me refuge from my sorrows, who, for the guilty pleasures of a transient moment, would for ever sully the purity of my mind, and aggravate misfortune by the consciousness of guilt!'

As Almorán now perceived, that it was impossible, by any importunity, to induce her to violate her principles;

he had nothing more to attempt, but to subvert them. 'When,' said he, 'shall Almeida awake, and these dreams of folly and superstition vanish? That only is virtue, by which happiness is produced: and whatever produces happiness, is therefore virtue; and the forms, and words, and rites, which priests have pretended to be required by Heaven, are the fraudulent arts only by which they govern mankind.'

Almeida, by this impious insult, was roused from grief to indignation: 'As thou hast now dared,' said she, 'to deride the laws, which thou wouldst first have broken; so hast thou broken for ever the tender bonds, by which my soul was united to thine. Such as I fondly believed thee, thou art not; and what thou art, I have never loved. I have loved a delusive phantom only, which, while I strove to grasp it, has vanished from me.' Almorán attempted to reply; but on such a subject, neither her virtue nor her wisdom would permit debate. 'That prodigy,' said she, 'which I thought was the slight of cunning, or the work of sorcery, I now revere as the voice of Heaven; which, as it knew thy heart, has in mercy saved me from thy arms. To the will of Heaven shall my will be obedient; and my voice also shall pronounce, to Almorán Almeida.'

Almorán, whose whole soul was now suspended in attention, conceived new hopes of success; and foresaw the certain accomplishment of his purpose, though by an effect directly contrary to that which he had laboured to produce. Thus to have incurred the hatred of Almeida in the form of Hamet, was more fortunate than to have taken advantage of her love; the path that led to his wishes was now clear and open; and his marriage with Almeida in his own person, waited only till he could resume it. He, therefore, instead of soothing, provoked her resentment: 'If thou hast loved a phantom,' said he, 'which existed only in imagination; on such a phantom my love also has been fixed: thou hast, indeed, only the form of what I called Almeida; my love thou hast rejected, because thou hast never loved;

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To this injurious reproach, Almeida made no reply; and Almorán immediately quitted her apartment, that he might re-assume his own figure, and take advantage of the disposition which, under the appearance of Hamet, he had produced in favour of himself. But Osmyn, who supposing him to be Hamet, had intercepted and detained him as he was going to Almeida, now intercepted him a second time at his return, having placed himself near the door of the apartment for that purpose.

Osmyn was by no means satisfied with the issue of their last interview: he had perceived a perturbation in the mind of Almorán, for which, imagining him to be Hamet, he could not account; and which seemed more extraordinary upon a review, than when it happened; he, therefore, again entered into conversation with him, in which he farther disclosed his sentiments and designs. Almorán, notwithstanding the impatience natural to his temper and situation, was thus long detained listening to Osmyn, by the united influence of his curiosity and his fears; his enquiries still alarmed him with new terrors, by discovering new objects of distrust, and new instances of disaffection: still, however, he resolved, not yet to remove Osmyn from his post, that he might give no alarm by any appearance of suspicion, and consequently learn with more ease, and detect with more certainty, any project that might be formed against him.

CHAP. XVI.

ALMEIDA, as soon as she was left alone, began to review the scene that had just past; and was every moment affected with new wonder, grief, and resentment. She now deplored her own misfortune; and now conceived a design to punish the author of it, from whose face she supposed the hand of adversity had torn the mask

under which he had deceived her: it appeared to her very easy, to take a severe revenge upon Hamet for the indignity which she supposed he had offered her, by complaining of it to Almorán; and telling him, that he had gained admittance to her by bribing the eunuch who kept the door. The thought of thus giving him up, was one moment rejected, as arising from a vindictive spirit; and the next indulged, as an act of justice to Almorán, and a punishment due to the hypocrisy of Hamet: it was rejected, when her grief, which was still mingled with a tender remembrance of the man she loved, was predominant; and indulged, when her grief gave way to indignation.

Thus are we inclined to consider the same action, either as a virtue, or a vice, by the influence of different passions, which prompt us either to perform or to avoid it. Almeida, from deliberating whether she should accuse Hamet to Almorán, or conceal his fault, was led to consider what punishment he would either incur or escape in consequence of her determination; and the images that rushed into her mind, the moment this became the object of her thoughts, at once determined her to be silent: 'Could I bear to see,' said she, 'that hand, which has so often trembled with delight when it unfolded mine, convulsed and black! those eyes, that as often as they gazed upon me were dissolved in tears of tenderness and love, start from the sockets! and those lips that breathed the softest sighs of elegant desire, distorted and gasping in the convulsions of death!'

From this image, her mind recoiled in an agony of terror and pity; her heart sunk within her; her limbs trembled; she sunk down upon the sofa, and burst into tears.

By this time, Hamet, on whose form the likeness of Almorán was still impressed, had reached the palace. He went instantly towards the apartment of the women. Instead of that cheerful alacrity, that mixture of zeal and reverence and affection, which his eye had been used to find wherever it was turned, he now observed confusion, anxiety and terror; whoever he met, made haste to prostrate themselves before him, and feared to look up till he

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was past. He went on, however, with a hasty pace; and coming up to the eunuch's guard, he said, with an impatient tone; 'To Almeida.' The slave immediately made way before him, and conducted him to the door of the apartment, which he would not otherwise have been able to find, and for which he could not directly enquire.

When he entered, his countenance expressed all the passions that his situation had roused in his mind. He first looked sternly round him, to see whether Almorán was not present; and then fetching a deep sigh he turned his eyes, with a look of mournful tenderness, upon Almeida. His first view was to discover, whether Almorán had already supplanted him; and for this purpose he collected the whole strength of his mind: he considered that he appeared now, not as Hamet, but as Almorán; and that he was to question Almeida concerning Almorán, while she had mistaken him for Hamet; he was therefore to maintain the character, at whatever expence, till his doubts were resolved, and his fears either removed or confirmed: he was so firmly persuaded, that Almorán had been there before him, that he did not ask the question, but supposed the fact; he restrained alike both his tenderness and his fears; and looking earnestly upon Almeida, who had risen up in his presence with blushes and confusion, 'To me,' says he, 'is Almeida still cold? and has she lavished all her love upon Hamet?'

At the name of Hamet, the blushes and confusion of Almeida increased: her mind was still full of the images, which had risen from the thought of what Hamet might suffer, if Almorán should know that he had been with her; and though she feared that their interview was discovered, yet she hoped it might be only suspected, and in that case the removal or confirmation of the suspicions, on which the fate of Hamet depended, would devolve upon her.

In this situation, she, who had but a few moments before doubted, whether she should not voluntarily give him up, when nothing more was necessary for his safety than to be silent; now determined, with whatever reluctance, to secure him, though it could not be done without dissimulation, and though it was probable that in this dissimulation

she would be detected. Instead, therefore, of answering the question, she repeated it: 'On whom,' said she, 'my lord; on Hamet?' Hamet, whose suspicions were increased by the evasion, replied with great emotion, 'Aye, on Hamet; did he not this moment leave you?'—'Leave me this moment?' said Almeida, with yet greater confusion, and deeper blushes. Hamet, in the impatience of his jealousy, concluded, that the passions which he saw expressed in her countenance, and which arose from the struggle between her regard to truth and her tenderness for Hamet, proceeded from the consciousness of what he had most reason to dread, and she to conceal, a breach of virtue, to which she had been betrayed by his own appearance united with the vices of his brother: he, therefore, drew back from her with a look of inexpressible anguish, and stood some time silent. She observed, that in his countenance there was more expression of trouble, than rage; she, therefore, hoped to divert him from pursuing his enquiries, by at once removing his jealousy; which she supposed would be at an end, as soon as she should disclose the resolution she had taken in his favour. Addressing him, therefore, as Almorán, with a voice which though it was gentle and soothing, was yet mournful and tremulous; 'Do not turn from me,' said she, 'with those unfriendly and frowning looks; give me now that love which so lately you offered, and with all the future I will atone the past.'

Upon Hamet, whose heart involuntarily answered to the voice of Almeida, these words had irresistible and instantaneous force; but recollecting, in a moment, whose form he bore, and to whom they were addressed, they struck him with new astonishment, and increased the torments of his mind. Supposing what he at first feared had happened, and that Almorán had seduced her as Hamet; he could not account for her now addressing him, as Almorán, with words of favour and compliance: he, therefore, renewed his enquiries concerning himself, with apprehensions of a different kind. She, who was still solicitous to put an end to the enquiry, as well for the sake of Hamet, as to prevent her own embarrassment, replied with a sigh, 'Let not thy

thy peace be interrupted by one thought of Hamet; for of Hamet Almeida shall think no more.' Hamet, who, though he had fortified himself against whatever might have happened to her person, could not bear the alienation of her mind, cried out, with looks of distraction and a voice scarcely human, 'Not think of Hamet! Almeida, whose astonishment was every moment increasing, replied, with a tender and interesting enquiry, 'Is Almorán then offended, that Almeida should think of Hamet no more?' Hamet, being thus addressed by the name of his brother, again recollected his situation; and now first conceived the idea, that the alteration of Almeida's sentiments with respect to himself, might be the effect of some violence offered her by Almorán in his likeness; he, therefore, recurred to his first purpose, and determined, by a direct enquiry, to discover, whether she had seen him under that appearance. This enquiry he urged with the utmost solemnity and ardour, in terms suitable to his present appearance and situation: 'Tell me,' said he, 'have these doors been open to Hamet? Has he obtained possession of that treasure, which, by the voice of Heaven, has been allotted to me?'

To this double question, Almeida answered by a single negative; and her answer, therefore, was both false and true: it was true that her person was still inviolate, and it was true also that Hamet had not been admitted to her; yet her denial of it was false, for she believed the contrary; Almorán only had been admitted, but she had received him as his brother. Hamet, however, was satisfied with the answer, and did not discover its fallacy. He looked up to heaven, with an expression of gratitude and joy; and then turning to Almeida, 'Swear then,' said he, 'that thou hast granted to Hamet, no pledge of thy love which should be reserved for me.' Almeida, who now thought nothing more than the asseveration necessary to quiet his mind, immediately complied: 'I swear,' said she, 'that to Hamet I have given nothing, which thou wouldst wish me to withhold: the power that has devoted my person to thee, has disjoined my heart from

Hamet, whom I renounce in thy presence for ever.'

Hamet, whose fortitude and recollection were again overborne, was thrown into an agitation of mind, which discovered itself by looks and gestures very different from those which Almeida had expected, and overwhelmed her with new confusion and disappointment: that he, who had so lately solicited her love with all the vehemence of a desire impatient to be gratified, should now receive a declaration that she was ready to comply, with marks of distress and anger, was a mystery which she could not solve. In the mean time, the struggle in his breast became every moment more violent: 'Where then,' said he, 'is the constancy which you vowed to Hamet; and for what instance of his love is he now forsaken?'

Almeida was now more embarrassed than before: she felt all the force of the reproof, supposing it to have been given by Almorán; and she could be justified only by relating the particular, which at the expence of her sincerity she had determined to conceal. Almorán was now exalted in her opinion, while his form was animated by the spirit of Hamet; as much as Hamet had been degraded, while his form was animated by the spirit of Almorán. In his resentment of her perfidy to his rival, though it favoured his fondest and most ardent wishes, there was an abhorrence of vice, and a generosity of mind, which she supposed to have been incompatible with his character. To his reproach, she could reply only by complaint; and could no otherwise evade his question, than by observing the inconsistency of his own behaviour: 'Your words,' said she, 'are daggers to my heart. You condemn me for a compliance with your own wishes; and for obedience to that voice, which you supposed to have revealed the will of Heaven. Has the caprice of desire already wandered to a new object? and do you now seek a pretence to refuse, when it is freely offered, what so lately you would have taken by force?'

Hamet, who was now fired with resentment against Almeida, whom yet he could not behold without desire; and who, at the same moment, was

impatient to revenge his wrongs upon Almorán; was suddenly prompted to satisfy all his passions, by taking advantage of the wiles of Almorán, and the perfidy of Almeida, to defeat the one, and to punish the other. It was now in his power instantly to consummate his marriage, as a priest might be procured without a moment's delay, and as Almeida's consent was already given; he would then obtain the possession of her person, by the very act in which she perfidiously resigned it to his rival; to whom he would then leave the beauties he had already possessed; and cast from him in disdain, as united with a mind that he could never love. As his imagination was fired with the first conception of this design, he caught her to his breast with a fury, in which all the passions in all their rage were at once concentrated: 'Let the priest,' said he, 'instantly unite us. Let us comprize, in one moment, in this instant, now, our whole of being, and exclude alike the future and the past!' Then grasping her still in his arms, he looked up to heaven: 'Ye powers,' said he, 'invisible but yet present, who mould my changing and unresisting form; prolong, but for one hour, that mysterious charm, that is now upon me, and I will be ever after subservient to your will!'

Almeida, who was terrified at the furious ardour of this unintelligible address, shrunk from his embrace, pale and trembling, without power to reply. Hamet gazed tenderly upon her; and recollecting the purity and tenderness with which he had loved her, his virtues suddenly recovered their force; he dismissed her from his embrace; and turning from her, he dropped in silence the tear that started to his eye, and expressed, in a low and faltering voice, the thoughts that rushed upon his mind: 'No,' said he; 'Hamet shall still disdain the joy, which is at once fordid and transient: in the breast of Hamet, lust shall not be the pander of revenge. Shall I, who have languished for the pure delight which can arise only from the interchange of soul with soul, and is endeared by mutual confidence and complacency; shall I snatch under this disguise, which belyes my features and degrades my virtue, a casual posses-

sion of faithless beauty, which I despise and hate? Let this be the portion of those that hate me without a cause; but let this be far from me!' At this thought, he felt a sudden elation of mind; and the conscious dignity of virtue, that in such a conflict was victorious, rendered him, in this glorious moment, superior to misfortune: his gesture became calm, and his countenance sedate; he considered the wrongs he suffered, not as a sufferer, but as a judge; and he determined at once to discover himself to Almeida, and to reproach her with her crime. He remarked her confusion without pity, as the effect not of grief but of guilt; and fixing his eyes upon her, with the calm severity of a superior and offended being, 'Such,' said he, 'is the benevolence of the Almighty to the children of the dust, that our misfortunes are, like poisons, antidotes to each other.'

Almeida stood fixed in wonder and expectation, and looked earnestly at him, but continued silent. 'Thy looks,' said Hamet, 'are full of wonder; but as yet thy wonder has no cause, in comparison of that which shall be revealed. Thou knowest the prodigy, which so lately parted Hamet and Almeida: I am that Hamet, thou art that Almeida.' Almeida would now have interrupted him; but Hamet raised his voice, and demanded to be heard: 'At that moment,' said he, 'wretched as I am, the child of error and disobedience, my heart repined in secret at the destiny which had been written upon my head; for I then thought thee faithful and constant: but if our hands had been then united, I should have been more wretched than I am; for I now know that thou art fickle and false. To know thee, though it has pierced my soul with sorrow, has yet healed the wound which was inflicted when I lost thee: and though I am now compelled to wear the form of Almorán, whose vices are this moment disgracing mine, yet in the balance I shall be weighed as Hamet, and I shall suffer only as I am found wanting.'

Almeida, whose mind was now in a tumult that bordered upon distraction, bewildered in a labyrinth of doubt and wonder, and alike dreading the consequence

quence of what she heard, whether it was false or true, was yet impatient to confute or confirm it; and as soon as she had recovered her speech, urged him for some token of the prodigy he asserted, which he might easily have given, by relating any of the incidents which themselves only could know. But just at this moment, Almorán, having at last disengaged himself from Osmyñ, by whom he had been long detained, resumed his own figure: and while the eyes of Almeida were fixed upon Hamet, his powers were suddenly taken from him, and restored in an instant; and she beheld the features of Almorán vanish, and gazed with astonishment upon his own: 'Thy features change!' said she, 'and thou indeed art Hamet.'—'The sudden trance,' said he, 'has restored me to myself; and from my wrongs where shalt thou be hidden?' This reproach was more than she could sustain; but he caught her as she was falling, and supported her in his arms. This incident renewed in a moment all the tenderness of his love: while he beheld her distress, and pressed her by the embrace that sustained her to his bosom, he forgot every injury which he supposed she had done him; and perceived her recover with a pleasure, that for a moment obliterated the sense of his misfortunes.

Her first reflection was upon the snare, in which she had been taken; and her first sensation was joy that she had escaped: she saw at once the whole complication of events that had deceived and distressed her; and nothing more was now necessary, than to explain them to Hamet; which, however, she could not do, without discovering the insincerity of her answers to the enquiries which he had made, while she mistook him for his brother: 'If in my heart,' says she, 'thou hast found any virtue, let it incline thee to pity the vice that is mingled with it: by the vice I have been ensnared, but I have been delivered by the virtue. Almorán, for now I know that it was not thee, Almorán, when he possessed thy form, was with me: he profaned thy love, by attempts to supplant my virtue; I resisted his importunity, and escaped perdition; but the guilt of Almorán drew my resentment upon Hamet. I thought

the vices which, under thy form, I discovered in his bosom, were thine; and in the anguish of grief, indignation and disappointment, my heart renounced thee: yet, as I could not give thee up to death, I could not discover to Almorán the attempt which I imputed to thee; when you questioned me, therefore, as Almorán, I was betrayed to dissimulation, by the tenderness which still melted my heart for Hamet.'—'I believe thee,' said Hamet, catching her in a transport to his breast: 'I love thee for thy virtue; and may the pure and exalted beings, who are superior to the passions that now throb in my heart, forgive me, if I love thee also for thy fault. Yet, let the danger to which it betrayed thee, teach us still to walk in the strait path, and commit the keeping of our peace to the Almighty: for he that wanders in the maze of falsehood, shall pass by the good that he would meet, and shall meet the evil that he would shun. I also was tempted; but I was strengthened to resist: if I had used the power, which I derived from the arts that have been practised against me, to return evil for evil; if I had not disdained a secret and unavowed revenge, and the unhallowed pleasures of a brutal appetite; I might have possessed thee in the form of Almorán, and have wronged irreparably myself and thee: for how could I have been admitted, as Hamet, to the beauties which I enjoyed as Almorán? and how couldst thou have given to Almorán, what in reality had been appropriated by Hamet?'

CHAP. XVII.

BUT while Almeida and Hamet were thus congratulating each other upon the evils which they had escaped, they were threatened by others, which, however obvious, they had overlooked.

Almorán, who was now exulting in the prospect of success that had exceeded his hopes, and who supposed the possession of Almeida before the end of the next hour was as certain as that the next hour would arrive, suddenly entered the apartment; but upon discovering Hamet,

Hamet, he started back astonished and disappointed. Hamet stood unmoved; and regarded him with a fixed and steady look, that at once reproached and confounded him. 'What treachery,' said Almorán, 'has been practised against me? What has brought thee to this place; and how hast thou gained admittance?'—'Against thy peace,' said Hamet, 'no treachery has been practised; but by thyself. By those arts in which thy vices have employed the powers of darkness, I have been brought hither; and by those arts I have gained admittance: thy form which they have imposed upon me, was my passport; and by the restoration of my own, I have detected and disappointed the fraud, which the double change was produced to execute. Almeida, whom, as Hamet, thou couldst teach to hate thee, it is now impossible that, as Almorán, thou shouldst teach to love.'

Almeida, who perceived the storm to be gathering which the next moment would burst upon the head of Hamet, interposed between them, and addressed each of them by turns; urging Hamet to be silent, and conjuring Almorán to be merciful. Almorán, however, without regarding Almeida, or making any reply to Hamet, struck the ground with his foot, and the messengers of death, to whom the signal was familiar, appeared at the door. Almorán then commanded them to seize his brother, with a countenance pale and livid, and a voice that was broken by rage. Hamet was still unmoved; but Almeida threw herself at the feet of Almorán, and embracing his knees was about to speak, but he broke from her with sudden fury: 'If the world should sue,' said he, 'I would spurn it off. There is no pang that cunning can invent, which he shall not suffer: and when death at length shall disappoint my vengeance, his mangled limbs shall be cast out unburied, to feed the beasts of the desert and the fowls of heaven.' During this menace, Almeida sunk down without signs of life; and Hamet struggling in vain for liberty to raise her from the ground, she was carried off by some women who were called to her assistance.

In this awful crisis, Hamet, who felt his own fortitude give way, looked

up; and though he conceived no words, a prayer ascended from his heart to heaven, and was accepted by Him, to whom our thoughts are known while they are yet afar off. For Hamet, the fountain of strength was opened from above; his eyes sparkled with confidence, and his breast was dilated by hope. He commanded the guard that were leading him away to stop, and they implicitly obeyed; he then stretched out his hand towards Almorán, whose spirit was rebuked before him: 'Hear me,' said he, 'thou tyrant! for it is thy genius that speaks by my voice. What has been the fruit of all thy guilt, but accumulated misery? What joy hast thou derived from undivided empire? what joy from the prohibition of my marriage with Almeida? what good from that power, which some evil dæmon has added to thy own? what, at this moment, is thy portion, but rage and anguish, disappointment, and despair? Even I, whom thou seest the captive of thy power, whom thou hast wronged of empire, and yet more of love; even I am happy, in comparison of thee. I know that my sufferings, however multiplied, are short; for they shall end with life, and no life is long: then shall the everlasting ages commence; and through everlasting ages thy sufferings shall increase. The moment is now near, when thou shalt tread that line which alone is the path to heaven, the narrow path that is stretched over the pit, which smokes for ever, and for ever! When thine aching eye shall look forward to the end that is far distant, and when behind thou shalt find no retreat; when thy steps shall falter, and thou shalt tremble at the depth beneath, which thought itself is not able to fathom; then shall the angel of distribution lift his inexorable hand against thee: from the irremediable way shall thy feet be smitten; thou shalt plunge in the burning flood; and though thou shalt live for ever, thou shalt rise no more.'

As the words of Hamet struck Almorán with terror, and over-awed him by an influence which he could not surmount; Hamet was forced from his presence, before any other orders had been given about him, than were implied

plied in the menace that was addressed to Almeida: no violence, therefore, was yet offered him; but he was secured, till the king's pleasure should be known, in a dungeon not far from the palace, to which he was conducted by a subterraneous passage; and the door being closed upon him, he was left in silence, darkness, and solitude, such as may be imagined before the voice of the Almighty produced light and life.

When Almorán was sufficiently recollected to consider his situation, he despaired of prevailing upon Almeida to gratify his wishes, till her attachment to Hamet was irreparably broken; and he, therefore, resolved to put him to death. With this view, he repeated the signal, which convened the ministers of death to his presence; but the sound was lost in a peal of thunder that instantly followed it, and the Genius, from whom he received the talisman, again stood before him.

'Almorán,' said the Genius, 'I am now compelled into thy presence by the command of a superior power; whom, if I should dare to disobey, the energy of his will might drive me, in a moment, beyond the limits of nature and the reach of thought, to spend eternity alone, without comfort, and without hope.'—'And what,' said Almorán, 'is the will of this mighty and tremendous being?'—'His will,' said the Genius, 'I will reveal to thee. Hitherto, thou hast been enabled to lift the rod of adversity against thy brother, by powers which nature has not entrusted to man: as these powers, and these only, have put him into thy hand, thou art forbidden to lift it against his life; if thou hadst prevailed against him by thy own power, thy own power would not have been restrained: to afflict him thou art still free; but thou art not permitted to destroy. At the moment, in which thou shalt conceive a thought to cut him off by violence, the punishment of thy disobedience shall commence, and the pangs of death shall be upon thee.'—'If then,' said Almorán, 'this awful power is the friend of Hamet; what yet remains, in the stores of thy wisdom, for me? Till he dies, I am at once precluded from peace, and safety, and enjoyment.'—'Look up,' said the Genius, 'for the iron

hand of despair is not yet upon thee. Thou canst be happy, only by his death; and his life thou art forbidden to take away: yet mayest thou still arm him against himself; and if he dies by his own hand, thy wishes will be full.'—'O name,' said Almorán, 'but the means, and it shall this moment be accomplished!'—'Selest,' said the Genius, 'some friend—

At the name of friend, Almorán started and looked round in despair. He recollected the perfidy of Osmyn; and he suspected that, from the same cause, all were perfidious: 'While Hamet has yet life,' said he, 'I fear the face of man, as of a savage that is prowling for his prey.'—'Relinquish not yet thy hopes,' said the Genius; 'for one, in whom thou wilt joyfully confide, may be found. Let him secretly obtain admittance to Hamet, as if by stealth; let him profess an abhorrence of thy reign, and compassion for his misfortunes; let him pretend that the rack is even now preparing for him: that death is inevitable, but that torment may be avoided: let him then give him a poignard, as the instrument of deliverance; and, perhaps, his own hand may strike the blow, that shall give thee peace.'—'But who,' said Almorán, 'shall go upon this important errand?'—'Who,' replied the Genius, 'but thyself? Hast thou not the power to assume the form of whomsoever thou wouldst have sent?'—'I would have sent Osmyn,' said Almorán, 'but that I know him to be a traitor.'—'Let the form of Osmyn then,' said the Genius, 'be thine. The shadows of the evening have now stretched themselves upon the earth: command Osmyn to attend thee alone in the grove, where Solyman, thy father, was used to meditate by night; and when thy form shall be impressed upon him, I will there seal his eyes in sleep, till the charm shall be broken; so shall no evil be attempted against thee, and the transformation shall be known only to thyself.'

Almorán, whose breast was again illuminated by hope, was about to express his gratitude and joy; but the Genius suddenly disappeared. He began, therefore, immediately to follow the instructions that he had received;

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he commanded Osmyn to attend him in the grove, and forbade every other to approach; by the power of the talisman he assumed his appearance, and saw him sink down in the supernatural slumber before him: he then quitted the place, and prepared to visit Hamet in the prison.

C H A P. XVIII.

THE officer who commanded the guard that kept the gate of the prison, was Caled. He was now next in trust and power to Osmyn: but as he had proposed a revolt to Hamet, in which Osmyn had refused to concur, he knew that his life was now in his power; he dreaded lest, for some slight offence, or in some fit of causeless displeasure, he should disclose the secret to Almorán, who would then certainly condemn him to death. To secure this fatal secret, and put an end to his inquietude, he resolved, from the moment that Almorán was established upon the throne, to find some opportunity secretly to destroy Osmyn: in this resolution, he was confirmed by the enmity, which inferior minds never fail to conceive against that merit which they cannot but envy without spirit to emulate, and by which they feel themselves disgraced without an effort to acquire equal honour; it was confirmed also by the hope which Caled had conceived, that, upon the death of Osmyn, he should succeed to his post: his apprehensions likewise were increased, by the gloom which he remarked in the countenance of Osmyn; and which not knowing that it arose from fear, he imputed to jealousy and malevolence.

When Almorán, who had now assumed the appearance of Osmyn, had passed the subterranean avenue to the dungeon in which Hamet was confined, he was met by Caled; of whom he demanded admittance to the prince, and produced his own signet, as a testimony that he came with the authority of the king. As it was Caled's interest to secure the favour of Osmyn till an opportunity should offer to cut him off, he received him with every possible mark of respect and reverence; and when he was gone into the dungeon, he commanded a beverage to be pre-

pared for him against he should return, in which such spices were infused, as might expel the malignity which, in that place, might be received with the breath of life; and taking himself the key of the prison, he waited at the door.

When Almorán entered the dungeon, with a lamp which he had received from Caled, he found Hamet sitting upon the ground: his countenance was impressed with the characters of grief; but it retained no marks either of anger or fear. When he looked up, and saw the features of Osmyn, he judged that the mutes were behind him; and, therefore, rose up, to prepare himself for death. Almorán beheld his calmness and fortitude with the involuntary praise of admiration; yet persisted in his purpose without remorse. 'I am come,' said he, 'by the command of Almorán, to denounce that fate, the bitterness of which I will enable thee to avoid.'—'And what is there,' said Hamet, 'in my fortunes, that has prompted thee to the danger of this attempt?'—'The utmost that I can give thee,' said Almorán, 'I can give thee without danger to myself: but though I have been placed, by the hand of fortune, near the person of the tyrant, yet has my heart in secret been thy friend. If I am the messenger of evil, impute it to him only by whom it is devised. The rack is now preparing to receive thee; and every art of ingenious cruelty will be exhausted to protract and to increase the agonies of death.'—'And what,' said Hamet, 'can thy friendship offer me?'—'I can offer thee,' said Almorán, 'that which will at once dismiss thee to those regions, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary rest for ever.' He then produced the poignard from his bosom; and presenting it to Hamet, 'Take this,' said he, 'and sleep in peace.'

Hamet, whose heart was touched with sudden joy at the sight of so unexpected a remedy for every evil, did not immediately reflect, that he was not at liberty to apply it: he snatched it in a transport from the hand of Almorán, and expressed his sense of the obligation by clasping him in his arms, and shedding the tears of gratitude in his breast.

breast. 'Be quick,' said Almorán: 'this moment I must leave thee; and in the next, perhaps, the messengers of destruction may bind thee to the rack.'—'I will be quick,' said Hamet; 'and the sigh that shall last linger upon my lips, shall bless thee.' They then bid each other farewell: Almorán retired from the dungeon, and the door was again closed upon Hamet.

Caled, who waited at the door till the supposed Osmyn should return, presented him with the beverage which he had prepared, of which he recounted the virtues; and Almorán received it with pleasure, and having eagerly drank it off, returned to the palace. As soon as he was alone, he resumed his own figure, and fate, with a confident and impatient expectation, that in a short time a messenger would be dispatched to acquaint him with the death of Hamet. Hamet, in the meantime, having grasped the dagger in his hand, and raised his arm for the blow, 'This,' said he, 'is my passport to the realms of peace, the immediate and only object of my hope.' But at these words, his mind instantly took the alarm: 'Let me reflect,' said he, 'a moment: from what can I derive hope in death?—from that patient and persevering virtue, and from that alone, by which we fulfil the task that is assigned us upon the earth. Is it not our duty to suffer, as well as to act? If my own hand consigns me to the grave, what can it do but perpetuate that misery, which, by disobedience, I would shun? what can it do, but cut off my life and hope together?' With this reflection he threw the dagger from him; and stretching himself again upon the ground, resigned himself to the disposal of the Father of man, most Merciful and Almighty.

Almorán, who had now resolved to send for the intelligence which he longed to hear, was dispatching a messenger to the prison, when he was told that Caled desired admittance to his presence. At the name of Caled, he started up in an extasy of joy; and not doubting but that Hamet was dead, he ordered him to be instantly admitted. When he came in, Almorán made no enquiry about Hamet, because he would not appear to expect the event,

which yet he supposed he had brought about; he, therefore, asked him only upon what business he came. 'I come, my lord,' said he, 'to apprise thee of the treachery of Osmyn.'—'I know,' said Almorán, 'that Osmyn is a traitor; but of what dost thou accuse him?'—'As I was but now,' said he, 'changing the guard which is set upon Hamet, Osmyn came up to the door of the prison, and producing the royal signet demanded admittance. As the command which I received, when he was delivered to my custody, was absolute, that no foot should enter, I doubted whether the token had not been obtained, by fraud, for some other purpose; yet, as he required admittance only, I complied: but that if any treachery had been contrived, I might detect it; and that, no artifice might be practised to favour an escape; I waited myself at the door, and listening to their discourse, I overheard the treason that I suspected.'—'What then,' said Almorán, 'didst thou hear?'—'A part of what was said,' replied Caled, 'escaped me: but I heard Osmyn, like a perfidious and presumptuous slave, call Almorán a tyrant; I heard him profess an inviolable friendship for Hamet, and assure him of deliverance. What were the means, I know not; but he talked of speed, and supposed that the effect was certain.'

Almorán, though he was still impatient to hear of Hamet; and discovered, that if he was dead, his death was unknown to Caled; was yet notwithstanding rejoiced at what he heard; and as he knew what Caled told him to be true, as the conversation he related had passed between himself and Hamet, he exulted, in the pleasing confidence that he had yet a friend; the glooms of suspicion, which had involved his mind, were dissipated, and his countenance brightened with complacency and joy. He had delayed to put Osmyn to death, only because he could appoint no man to succeed him, of whom his fears did not render him equally suspicious: but having now found, in Caled, a friend, whose fidelity had been approved when there had been no intention to try it; and being impatient to reward his zeal, and to invest his fidelity with that power,

which would render his services most important; he took a ring from his own finger, and putting it upon that of Caled, 'Take this,' said he, 'as a pledge, that to-morrow Osmyn shall lose his head; and that, from this moment, thou art invested with his power.'

Caled having, in the conversation between Almorán and Hamet, discerned indubitable treachery, which he imputed to Osmyn whose appearance Almorán had then assumed, eagerly seized the opportunity to destroy him; he, therefore, not trusting to the event of his accusation, had mingled poison in the bowl which he presented to Almorán when he came out from Hamet: this, however, at first he had resolved to conceal.

In consequence of his accusation, he supposed Osmyn would be questioned upon the rack; he supposed also, that the accusation, as it was true, would be confirmed by his confession; that whatever he should then say to the prejudice of his accuser, would be disbelieved; and that when after a few hours the poison should take effect, no inquisition would be made into the death of a criminal, whom the bowstring or the scimitar would otherwise have been employed to destroy. But he now hoped to derive new merit from an act of zeal, which Almorán had approved before it was known, by condemning his rival to die, whose death he had already insured: 'May the wishes of my lord,' said he, 'be always anticipated; and may it be found, that whatever he ordains is already done: may he accept the zeal of his servant, whom he has delighted to honour; for, before the light of the morning shall return, the eyes of Osmyn shall close in everlasting darkness.'

At these words, the countenance of Almorán changed; his cheeks became pale, and his lips trembled: 'What then,' said he, 'hast thou done?' Caled, who was terrified and astonished, threw himself upon the ground, and was unable to reply. Almorán, who now, by the utmost effort of his mind, restrained his confusion and his fear, that he might learn the truth from Caled without dissimulation or disguise, raised him from the ground, and repeated his enquiry. 'If I have

erred,' said Caled, 'impute it not: when I had detected the treachery of Osmyn, I was transported by my zeal for thee. For proof that he is guilty, I appeal now to himself; for he yet lives: but that he might not escape the hand of justice, I mingled, in the bowl I gave him, the drugs of death.'

At these words, Almorán, striking his hands together, looked upward in an agony of despair and horror, and fell back upon a sofa that was behind him. Caled, whose astonishment was equal to his disappointment and his fears, approached him with a trembling though hasty pace; but as he stooped to support him, Almorán suddenly drew his dagger and stabbed him to the heart; and repeated the blow with reproaches and execrations, his strength failed him.

In this dreadful moment, the Genius once more appeared before him; at the sight of whom he waved his hand, but was unable to speak. 'Nothing,' said the Genius, 'that has happened to Almorán, is hidden from me. Thy peace has been destroyed alike by the defection of Osmyn, and by the zeal of Caled: thy life may yet be preserved; but it can be preserved only by a charm, which Hamet must apply.' Almorán, who had raised his eyes, and conceived some languid hope, when he heard that he might yet live; cast them again down in despair, when he heard that he could receive life only from Hamet. 'From Hamet,' said he, 'I have already taken the power to save me; I have, by thy counsel, given him the instrument of death, which by thy counsel also, I urged him to use: he received it with joy, and he is now doubtless numbered with the dead.' — 'Hamet,' said the Genius, 'is not dead; but from the fountain of virtue he drinks life and peace. If what I shall propose, he refuses to perform, not all the powers of earth, and sea, and air, if they should combine, can give thee life: but if he complies, the death, that is now suspended over thee, shall fall upon his head; and thy life shall be again delivered to the hand of time.' — 'Make haste then,' said Almorán, 'and I will here wait the event.' — 'The event,' said the Genius, 'is not distant;

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‘distant; and it is the last experiment which my power can make; either upon him or thee: when the star of the night, that is now near the horizon, shall set, I will be with him.’

When Almorán was alone, he reflected, that every act of supernatural power which the Genius had enabled him to perform, had brought upon him some new calamity, though it always promised him some new advantage. As he would not impute this disappointment to the purposes for which he employed the power that he had received, he indulged a suspicion, that it proceeded from the perfidy of the Being by whom it was bestowed; in his mind, therefore, he thus reasoned with himself: ‘The Genius, who has pretended to be the friend of Almorán, has been secretly in confederacy with Hamet: why else do I yet sigh in vain for Almeida? and why else did not Hamet perish, when his life was in my power? By his counsel, I persuaded Hamet to destroy himself; and, in the very act, I was betrayed to drink the potion, by which I shall be destroyed: I have been led on, from misery to misery, by ineffectual expedients, and fallacious hopes. In this crisis of my fate, I will not trust, with implicit confidence, in another: I will be present at the interview of this powerful, but suspected Being, with Hamet; and who can tell, but that if I detect a fraud, I may be able to disappoint it: however powerful, he is not omniscient; I may, therefore, be present, unknown and unsuspected even by him, in a form that I can chuse by a thought, to which he cannot be conscious.’

CHAP. XIX.

IN consequence of this resolution, Almorán, having commanded one of the soldiers of the guard that attended upon Hamet into an inner room of the palace, he ordered him to wait there till his return: then making fast the door, he assumed his figure, and went immediately to the dungeon; where producing his signet, he said, he had received orders from the king to remain with the prisoner, till the watch expired.

As he entered without speaking, and without a light, Hamet continued

stretched upon the ground; with his face towards the earth; and Almorán, having silently retired to a remote corner of the place, waited for the appearance of the Genius.

The dawn of the morning now broke; and, in a few minutes, the prison shook, and the Genius appeared. He was visible by a lambent light that played around him; and Hamet, starting from the ground, turned to the vision with reverence and wonder: but as the Omnipotent was ever present to his mind, to whom all beings in all worlds are obedient, and on whom alone he relied for protection, he was neither confused nor afraid. ‘Hamet,’ said the Genius, ‘the crisis of thy fate is near.—’ ‘Who art thou,’ said Hamet, ‘and for what purpose art thou come?’—‘I am,’ replied the Genius, ‘an inhabitant of the world above thee; and to the will of thy brother, my powers have been obedient: upon him they have not conferred happiness, but they have brought evil upon thee. It was my voice, that forbade thy marriage with Almeida; and my voice, that decreed the throne to Almorán: I gave him the power to assume thy form; and, by me, the hand of oppression is now heavy upon thee. Yet I have not decreed, that he should be happy, nor that thou shouldst be wretched: darkness as yet rests upon my purpose; but my heart in secret is thy friend.—’ ‘If thou art indeed my friend,’ said Hamet, ‘deliver me from this prison; and preserve Hamet for Almeida.’—‘Thy deliverance,’ said the Genius, ‘must depend upon thyself. There is a charm, of which the power is great; but it is by thy will only, that this power can be exerted.’

The Genius then held out towards him a scroll, on which the seal of seven powers was impressed. ‘Take,’ said he, ‘this scroll, in which the mysterious name of Orosinades is written. Invoke the spirits, that reside westward from the rising of the sun; and northward, in the regions of cold and darkness: then stretch out thy hand, and a lamp of sulphur, self-kindled, shall burn before thee. In the fire of this lamp, consume that which I now give thee; and as the smoke, into which it changes,

‘ shall mix with the air, a mighty charm shall be formed, which shall defend thee from all mischief: from that instant, no poison, however potent, can hurt thee; nor shall any prison confine: in one moment, thou shalt be restored to the throne, and to Almeida; and the angel of death shall lay his hand upon thy brother; to whom, if I had confided this last best effort of my power, he would have secured the good to himself, and have transferred the evil to thee.’

Almorán, who in a borrowed form had listened to this address of the Genius to Hamet, was now confirmed in his suspicions, that evil had been ultimately intended against him; and that he had been entangled in the toils of perfidy, while he believed himself to be assisted by the efforts of friendship: he was also convinced, that by the Genius he was not known to be present. Hamet, however, stood still doubtful, and Almorán was kept silent by his fears. ‘Whoever thou art,’ said Hamet, ‘the condition of the advantages which thou hast offered me, is such as it is not lawful to fulfil: these horrid rites, and this commerce with unholy powers, are prohibited to mortals in the law of life.’—‘See thou to that,’ said the Genius: ‘good and evil are before thee; that which I now offer thee, I will offer no more.’

Hamet, who had not fortitude to give up at once the possibility of securing the advantages that had been offered, and who was seduced by human frailty to deliberate at least upon the choice; stretched out his hand, and receiving the scroll, the Genius instantly disappeared. That which had been proposed as a trial of his virtue, Almorán believed indeed to be an offer of advantage; he had no hope, therefore, but that Hamet would refuse the conditions, and that he should be able to obtain the talisman, and fulfil them himself: he judged that the mind of Hamet was in suspense, and was doubtful to which side it might finally incline; he, therefore, instantly assumed the voice and the person of Omar, that by the influence of his council he might be able to turn the scale.

When the change was effected, he

called Hamet by his name; and Hamet, who knew the voice, answered him in a transport of joy and wonder:

‘My friend,’ said he, ‘my father! in this dreary solitude, in this hour of trial, thou art welcome to my soul as liberty and life! Guide me to thee by thy voice; and tell me, while I hold thee to my bosom, how and wherefore thou art come?’—‘Do not now ask me,’ said Almorán: ‘it is enough that I am here, and that I am permitted to warn thee of the precipice, on which thou standest. It is enough, that I have overheard the specious guile, which some evil being has practised upon thee.’—‘Is it then certain,’ said Hamet, ‘that this being is evil?’—‘Is not that being evil,’ said Almorán, ‘who proposes evil, as the condition of good?’—‘Shall I then,’ said Hamet, ‘renounce my liberty and life? The rack is now ready; and, perhaps, the next moment, it’s tortures will be inevitable.’—‘Let me ask thee then,’ said Almorán, ‘to preserve thy life, wilt thou destroy thy soul?’—‘O! stay,’ said Hamet—‘Let me not be tried too far! Let the strength of Him who is Almighty, be manifested in my weakness!’ Hamet then paused a few moments; but he was no longer in doubt: and Almorán, who disbelieved and despised the arguments, by which he intended to persuade him to renounce what, upon the same condition, he was impatient to secure for himself, conceived hopes that he should succeed; and those hopes were instantly confirmed.—‘Take then,’ said Hamet, ‘this unholy charm; and remove it far from me, as the sands of Alai from the trees of Oman; lest, in some dreadful moment, my virtue may fail me, and thy counsel may be wanting!’—‘Give it me then,’ said Almorán; and feeling for the hands of each other, he snatched it from him in an ecstasy of joy, and instantly resuming his own voice and figure, he cried out, ‘At length I have prevailed: and life and love, dominion and revenge, are now at once in my hand!’

Hamet heard and knew the voice of his brother, with astonishment; but it was too late to wish that he had withheld the charm, which his virtue would not permit him to use. ‘Yet a few

moments

'moments pass,' said Almorán, 'and
'thou art nothing.' Hamet, who
doubted not of the power of the talis-
man, and knew that Almorán had no
principles which would restrain him
from using it to his destruction, re-
signed himself to death, with a sacred
joy that he had escaped from guilt.
Almorán then, with an elation of mind
that sparkled in his eyes, and glowed
upon his cheek, stretched out his hand,
in which he held the scroll; and a
lamp of burning sulphur was imme-
diately suspended in the air before him:
he held the mysterious writing in the
flame; and as it began to burn, the
place shook with reiterated thunder, of
which every peal was more terrible
and more loud. Hamet, wrapping
his robe round him, cried out, 'In the
'Fountain of Life that flows for ever,
'let my life be mingled! Let me not
'be, as if I had never been; but still
'conscious of my being, let me still
'glorify Him from whom it is derived,
'and be still happy in His love!'

Almorán, who was absorbed in the
anticipation of his own felicity, heard
the thunder without dread, as the pro-
clamation of his triumph: 'Let thy
'hopes,' said he, 'be thy portion;
'and the pleasures that I have secured,
'shall be mine.' As he pronounced
these words, he started as at a sudden
pang; his eyes became fixed, and his
posture immovable; yet his senses still
remained, and he perceived the Genius
once more to stand before him. 'Al-
'morán,' said he, 'to the last sounds
'which thou shalt hear, let thine ear
'be attentive! Of the spirits that re-
'joice to fulfil the purpose of the Al-
'mighty, I am one. To Hamet, and

to Almorán, I have been commis-
sioned from above: I have been ap-
pointed to perfect virtue, by adver-
sity; and in the folly of her own pro-
jects, to entangle vice. The charm,
which could be formed only by guilt,
has power only to produce misery:
of every good, which thou, Almo-
rán, wouldst have secured by disobe-
dience, the opposite evil is thy por-
tion; and of every evil, which thou,
Hamet, wast, by obedience, willing
to incur, the opposite good is bestow-
ed upon thee. To thee, Hamet, are
now given the throne of thy father,
and Almeida. And thou, Almo-
rán, who, while I speak, art incor-
porating with the earth, shalt remain,
through all generations, a memorial
of the truths which thy life has
taught!'

At the words of the Genius, the
earth trembled beneath, and above the
walls of the prison disappeared: the fi-
gure of Almorán, which was harden-
ed into stone, expanded by degrees;
and a rock, by which his form and at-
titude are still rudely expressed, be-
came at once a monument of his pu-
nishment and his guilt.

Such are the events recorded by
Acmet, the descendent of the Prophet,
and the preacher of righteousness! for,
to Acmet, that which passed in secret
was revealed by the Angel of instruc-
tion, that the world might know, that,
to the wicked, increase of power is in-
crease of wretchedness; and that those
who condemn the folly of an attempt
to defeat the purpose of a Genius,
might no longer hope to elude the ap-
pointment of the Most High.

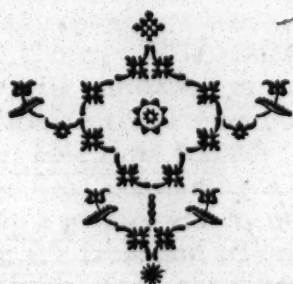
F I N I S.

THE
H I S T O R Y
OF THE
A D V E N T U R E S
OF
JOSEPH ANDREWS,
AND OF
HIS FRIEND MR. ABRAHAM ADAMS.

WRITTEN
IN IMITATION OF THE MANNER OF CERVANTES,
AUTHOR OF DON QUIXOTE.

BY HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.



L O N D O N :

Printed for HARRISON and Co. No. 18, Paternoster-Row.

M DCC LXXX.

THE
FIRST

ADVENTURES

OF

HIS FRIEND MR. ARTHUR ADAMS

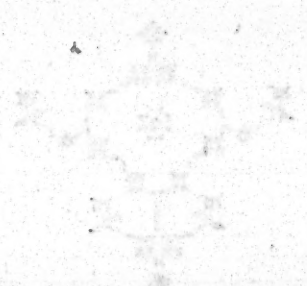
IN IMITATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE"



BY HENRY

IN TWO VOLUMES



LONDON

Printed for H. Baillière and Co. No. 12, Pall Mall, N.Y.

MDCCLXXX

THE
P R E F A C E.

AS it is possible the mere English reader may have a different idea of romance from the author of these little volumes; and may consequently expect a kind of entertainment not to be found, nor which was even intended in the following pages; it may not be improper to premise a few words concerning this kind of writing, which I do not remember to have seen hitherto attempted in our language.

The *epic*, as well as the *drama*, is divided into tragedy and comedy. Homer, who was the father of this species of poetry, gave us a pattern of both these, though that of the latter kind is entirely lost; which Aristotle tells us, bore the same relation to comedy which his *Iliad* bears to tragedy. And, perhaps, that we have no more instances of it among the writers of antiquity, is owing to the loss of this great pattern, which, had it survived, would have found it's imitators equally with the other poems of this great original.

And farther, as this poetry may be tragic or comic, I will not scruple to say, it may be likewise either in verse or prose: for though it wants one particular, which the critic enumerates in the constituent parts of an epic poem, namely, metre; yet, when any kind of writing contains all it's other parts, such as fable, action, characters, sentiments, and diction, and is deficient in metre only; it seems, I think, reasonable to refer it to the epic; at least, as no critic hath thought proper to range it under any other head, or to assign it a particular name to itself.

Thus the *Telemachus* of the Archbishop of Cambray appears to me of the epic kind, as well as the *Odyssey* of Homer; indeed, it is much fairer and more reasonable to give it a name common with that species from which it differs only in a single instance, than to confound it with those which it resembles in no other. Such are those voluminous works commonly called *romances*, namely, *Celia*, *Cleopatra*, *Astrea*, *Cassandra*, the *Grand Cyrus*, and innumerable others, which contain, as I apprehend, very little instruction or entertainment.

Now a comic romance is a comic epic-poem in prose; differing from comedy, as the serious epic from tragedy: it's action being more extended and comprehensive; containing a much larger circle of incidents, and introducing a greater variety of characters. It differs from the serious romance in it's fable and action, in this; that as in the one these are grave and solemn, so in the other, they are light and ridiculous; it differs in it's characters, by introducing persons of inferior rank, and consequently of inferior manners, whereas the graveromance sets the highest before us; lastly, in it's sentiments and diction; by preserving the ludicrous instead of the sublime. In the diction, I think, burlesque itself may be sometimes admitted; of which many instances will occur in this work, as in the description of the battles, and some other places, not necessary to be pointed out to the classical reader, for whose

entertainment those parodies or burlesque imitations are chiefly calculated.

But though we have sometimes admitted this in our diction, we have carefully excluded it from our sentiments and characters: for there it is never properly introduced, unless in writings of the burlesque kind, which this is not intended to be. Indeed, no two species of writing can differ more widely than the comic and the burlesque: for as the latter is ever the exhibition of what is monstrous and unnatural, and where our delight, if we examine it, arises from the surprising absurdity, as in appropriating the manners of the highest to the lowest, or *à converſo*; so in the former, we should ever confine ourselves strictly to nature, from the just imitation of which will flow all the pleasure we can this way convey to a sensible reader. And perhaps there is one reason why a comic writer should of all others be the least excused for deviating from nature; since it may not be always so easy for a serious poet to meet with the great and the admirable, but life every where furnishes an accurate observer with the ridiculous.

I have hinted this little concerning burlesque; because, I have often heard that name given to performances which have been truly of the comic kind, from the author's having sometimes admitted it in his diction only; which, as it is the dress of poetry, doth, like the dress of men, establish characters, (the one of the whole poem, and the other of the whole man) in vulgar opinion, beyond any of their greater excellencies: But surely, a certain drollery in style, where the characters and sentiments are perfectly natural, no more constitutes the burlesque, than an empty pomp and dignity of words, where every thing else is mean and low, can entitle any performance to the appellation of the true sublime.

And I apprehend, my Lord Shaftesbury's opinion of mere burlesque agrees with mine, when he asserts, "There is no such thing to be found in the writings of the ancients." But, perhaps, I have less abhorrence than he professes for it: and that not because I have had some little success on the stage this way; but rather, as it contributes more to exquisite mirth and laughter than any other; and these are probably more wholesome physic for the mind, and conduce better to purge away spleen, melancholy, and ill affections, than is generally imagined. Nay, I will appeal to common observation, whether the same companies are not found more full of good humour and benevolence, after they have been sweetened for two or three hours with entertainments of this kind, than when soured by a tragedy, or a grave lecture.

But to illustrate all this by another science, in which, perhaps, we shall see the distinction more clearly and plainly: let us examine the works of a comic history-painter, with those performances which the Italians call *caricatura*; where we shall find the true excellence of the former to consist in the exactest copying of nature; inasmuch that a judicious eye instantly rejects any thing *outré*; any liberty which the painter hath taken with the features of that *alma mater*.—Whereas in the caricatura we allow all licence. It's aim is to exhibit monsters, not men; and all distortions and exaggerations whatever are within it's proper province.

Now what caricatura is in painting, burlesque is in writing; and in the same manner the comic writer and painter correlate to each other. And here I shall observe, that as in the former the painter seems to have

P R E F A C E

have the advantage; so it is in the latter infinitely on the side of the writer; for the *monstrous* is much easier to paint than describe, and the *ridiculous* to describe than paint.

And though perhaps this latter species doth not in either science so strongly affect and agitate the muscles as the other; yet it will be owned, I believe, that a more rational and useful pleasure arises to us from it. He who should call the ingenious Hogarth a burlesque painter, would, in my opinion, do him very little honour: for sure it is much easier, much less the subject of admiration, to paint a man with a nose or any other feature of a preposterous size, or to expose him in some absurd or monstrous attitude, than to express the affections of men on canvass. It hath been thought a vast commendation of a painter, to say his figures *seem to breathe*; but surely it is a much greater and nobler applause, *that they appear to think*.

But to return.—The ridiculous only, as I have before said, falls within my province in the present work.—Nor will some explanation of this word be thought impertinent by the reader, if he considers how wonderfully it hath been mistaken, even by writers who have professed it: For to what but such a mistake, can we attribute the many attempts to ridicule the blackest villainies; and, what is yet worse, the most dreadful calamities? What could exceed the absurdity of an author, who should write *the comedy of Nero, with the merry incident of ripping up his mother's belly*; or what would give a greater shock to humanity, than an attempt to expose the miseries of poverty and distress to ridicule? And yet, the reader will not want much learning to suggest such instances to himself.

Besides, it may seem remarkable, that Aristotle, who is so fond and free of definitions, hath not thought proper to define the ridiculous. Indeed, where he tells us it is proper to comedy, he hath remarked, that villainy is not it's object: but he hath not, as I remember, positively asserted what is. Nor doth the Abbé Bellegarde, who hath writ a treatise on this subject, though he shews us many species of it, once trace it to it's fountain.

The only source of the true ridiculous (as it appears to me) is affectation. But though it arises from one spring only, when we consider the infinite streams into which this one branches, we shall presently cease to admire at the copious field it affords to an observer. Now affectation proceeds from one of these two causes; vanity or hypocrisy: for as vanity puts us on affecting false characters, in order to purchase applause; so hypocrisy sets us on an endeavour to avoid censure, by concealing our vices under an appearance of their opposite virtues. And though these two causes are often confounded (for there is some difficulty in distinguishing them) yet, as they proceed from very different motives, so they are as clearly distinct in their operations: for indeed the affectation which arises from vanity is nearer to truth than the other; as it hath not that violent repugnancy of nature to struggle with, which that of the hypocrite hath. It may be likewise noted, that affectation doth not imply an absolute negation of those qualities which are affected: and therefore, though when it proceeds from hypocrisy, it be nearly allied to deceit; yet when it comes from vanity only, it partakes of the nature of ostentation: for instance, the affectation of liberality in a vain man differs visibly from the same affectation in the avaricious; for though the vain man is not what he would appear, or hath not the

virtue he affects, to the degree he would be thought to have it; yet it sits less awkwardly on him than on the avaricious man, who is the very reverse of what he would *seem* to be.

From the discovery of this affectation arises the ridiculous—which always strikes the reader with surprize and pleasure; and that in a higher and stronger degree when the affectation arises from hypocrisy, than when from vanity: for to discover any one to be the exact reverse of what he affects, is more surprizing, and consequently more ridiculous, than to find him a little deficient in the quality he desires the reputation of. I might observe, that our Ben Johnson, who of all men understood the *ridiculous* the best, hath chiefly used the hypocritical affectation.

Now from affectation only, the misfortunes and calamities of life, or the imperfections of nature, may become the objects of ridicule. Surely he hath a very ill-framed mind, who can look on ugliness, infirmity, or poverty, as ridiculous in themselves: nor do I believe any man living who meets a dirty fellow riding through the streets in a cart, is struck with an idea of the ridiculous from it; but if he should see the same figure descend from his coach and fix, or bolt from his chair, with his hat under his arm, he would then begin to laugh, and with justice. In the same manner, were we to enter a poor house, and behold a wretched family shivering with cold, and languishing with hunger, it would not incline us to laughter; (at least, we must have very diabolical natures if it would:) but should we discover there a grate, instead of coals, adorned with flowers, empty plate or china dishes on the side-board, or any other affectation of riches and finery, either on their persons or in their furniture; we might then indeed be excused for ridiculing so fantastical an appearance. Much less are natural imperfections the objects of derision: but when ugliness aims at the applause of beauty, or lameness endeavours to display agility; it is then that these unfortunate circumstances, which at first moved our compassion, tend only to raise our mirth.

The poet carries this very far:

None are for being what they are in fault,
But for not being what they would be thought.

Where, if the metre would suffer the word *ridiculous* to close the first rules, the thought would be rather more proper. Great vices are the proper objects of our detestation, smaller faults of our pity: but affectation appears to me the only true source of the ridiculous.

But perhaps it may be objected to me, that I have against my own rules introduced vices, and of a very black kind, into this work. To which I shall answer: First, That it is very difficult to pursue a series of human actions and keep clear from them. Secondly, That the vices to be found here, are rather the accidental consequences of some human frailty or foible, than causes habitually existing in the mind. Thirdly, That they are never set forth as the objects of ridicule, but detestation. Fourthly, That they are never the principal figure at that time on the scene; and lastly, They never produce the intended evil.

Having thus distinguished Joseph Andrews from the productions of romance writers on the one hand, and burlesque writers on the other, and given some very few short hints (for I intended no more) of this species

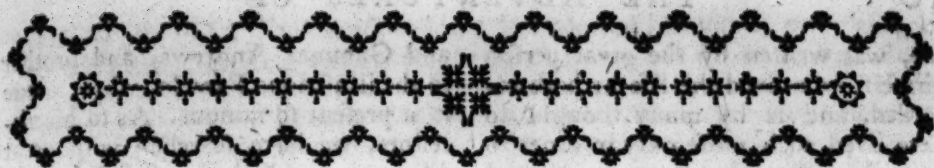
species of writing, which I have affirmed to be hitherto unattempted in our language; I shall leave to my good-natured reader to apply my piece to my observations, and will detain him no longer than with a word concerning the characters in this work.

And here I solemnly protest, I have no intention to vilify or asperse any one: for though every thing is copied from the book of nature, and scarce a character or action produced which I have not taken from my own observations and experience; yet I have used the utmost care to obscure the persons by such different circumstances, degrees, and colours, that it will be impossible to guess at them with any degree of certainty; and if it ever happens otherwise, it is only where the failure characterized is so minute, that it is a foible only which the party himself may laugh at as well as any other.

As to the character of Adams, as it is the most glaring in the whole, so I conceive it is not to be found in any book now extant. It is designed a character of perfect simplicity; and as the goodness of his heart will recommend him to the good-natured; so I hope it will excuse me to the gentlemen of his cloth; for whom, while they are worthy of their sacred order, no man can possibly have a greater respect. They will therefore excuse me, notwithstanding the low adventures in which he is engaged, that I have made him a clergyman; since no other office could have given him so many opportunities of displaying his worthy inclinations.

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THE
ADVENTURES
OF
JOSEPH ANDREWS.
VOLUME THE FIRST.
BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

OF WRITING LIVES IN GENERAL,
AND PARTICULARLY OF PAME-
LA; WITH A WORD BY THE
BYE OF COLLEY CIBBER, AND
OTHERS.



It is a trite but true ob-
servation, that examples
work more forcibly on
the mind than precepts:
and if this be just in
what is odious and
blameable, it is more strongly so in
what is amiable and praise-worthy.
Here emulation most effectually op-
erates upon us, and inspires our imita-
tion in an irresistible manner. A good
man therefore is a standing lesson to all
his acquaintance, and of far greater
use in that narrow circle than a good
book.

But as it often happens that the best
men are but little known, and conse-
quently cannot extend the usefulness of
their examples a great way; the writer
may be called in aid to spread their hi-
story farther, and to present the amiable
pictures to those who have not the hap-
piness of knowing the originals; and
so, by communicating such valuable
patterns to the world, he may perhaps
do a more extensive service to mankind

than the person whose life originally af-
forded the pattern.

In this light I have always regarded
those biographers, who have recorded
the actions of great and worthy persons
of both sexes. Not to mention those
ancient writers which of late days are
little read, being written in obsolete,
and, as they are generally thought, un-
intelligible languages, such as Plutarch,
Nepos, and others which I heard of in
my youth; our own language affords
many of excellent use and instruction,
finely calculated to sow the seeds of vir-
tue in youth, and very easy to be com-
prehended by persons of moderate ca-
pacity. Such are the history of John
the Great, who, by his brave and he-
roic actions against men of large and
athletic bodies, obtained the glorious
appellation of the Giant-killer; that
of an Earl of Warwick, whose chris-
tian name was Guy; the lives of Ar-
galus and Parthenia, and above all,
the history of those seven worthy per-
sonages, the Champions of Christen-
dom. In all these, delight is mixed
with instruction, and the reader is al-
most as much improved as entertained.

But I pass by these and many others,
to mention two books lately published,
which represent an admirable pattern
of the amiable in either sex. The for-
mer of these, which deals in male vir-
tue,

ture, was written by the great person himself, who lived the life he hath recorded, and is by many thought to have lived such a life only in order to write it. The other is communicated to us by an historian who borrows his lights, as the common method is, from authentic papers and records. The reader, I believe, already conjectures, I mean the lives of Mr. Colley Cibber, and of Mrs. Pamela Andrews. How artfully doth the former, by insinuating that he *escaped* being promoted to the highest stations in church and state, teach us a contempt of worldly grandeur! How strongly doth he inculcate an absolute submission to our superiors! Lastly, how completely doth he arm us against so uneasy, so wretched a passion as the fear of shame! How clearly doth he expose the emptiness and vanity of that phantom, reputation!

What the female readers are taught by the memoirs of Mrs. Andrews, is so well set forth in the excellent essays or letters prefixed to the second and subsequent editions of that work, that it would be here a needless repetition. The authentic history with which I now present the public, is an instance of the great good that book is likely to do, and of the prevalence of example which I have just observed: since it will appear that it was by keeping the excellent pattern of his sister's virtues before his eyes, that Mr. Joseph Andrews was chiefly enabled to preserve his purity in the midst of such great temptations. I shall only add, that this character of male chastity, though doubtless as desirable and becoming in one part of the human species, as in the other, is almost the only virtue which the great apologist hath not given himself for the sake of giving the example to his readers.

CHAP. II.

OF MR. JOSEPH ANDREWS'S BIRTH PARENTAGE, EDUCATION, AND GREAT ENDOWMENTS; WITH A WORD OR TWO CONCERNING ANCESTORS.

MR. Joseph Andrews, the hero of our ensuing history, was esteemed to be the only son of Gaffar

and Gammar Andrews, and brother to the illustrious Pamela, whose virtue is at present so famous. As to his ancestors, we have searched with great diligence, but little success; being unable to trace them farther than his great grandfather, who, as an elderly person in the parish remembers to have heard his father say, was an excellent cudgel-player. Whether he had any ancestors before this, we must leave to the opinion of our curious reader, finding nothing of sufficient certainty to rely on. However, we cannot omit inserting an epitaph which an ingenious friend of ours hath communicated:

Stay, traveller, for underneath this pew
Lies fast asleep that merry man Andrew;
When the last day's great sun shall gild the
 skies,
Then he shall from his tomb get up and rise.
Be merry while thou canst: for surely thou
Shall shortly be as sad as he is now.

The words are almost out of the stone with antiquity. But it is needless to observe, that Andrew here is writ without an *s*, and is besides a christian name. My friend moreover conjectures this to have been the founder of that sect of laughing philosophers, since called Merry Andrews.

To wave therefore a circumstance, which, though mentioned in conformity to the exact rules of biography, is not greatly material; I proceed to things of more consequence. Indeed it is sufficiently certain, that he had as many ancestors as the best man living; and perhaps if we look five or six hundred years backwards, might be related to some persons of very great figure at present, whose ancestors within half the last century are buried in as great obscurity. But suppose for argument's sake we should admit that he had no ancestors at all, but had sprung up, according to the modern phrase, out of a dunghill, as the Athenians pretended they themselves did from the earth, would not this *autokopros** have been justly entitled to all the praise arising from his own virtues? Would it not be hard, that a man who hath no ancestors, should therefore be rendered incapable of acquiring honour! when we see so many who have no virtues, enjoying the honour of their forefathers? At ten

* In English, sprung from a dunghill.

years old (by which time his education was advanced to writing and reading) he was bound an apprentice, according to the statute, to Sir Thomas Booby, an uncle of Mr. Booby's by the father's side. Sir Thomas having then an estate in his own hands, the young Andrews was at first employed in what in the country they call *keeping birds*. His office was to perform the part the ancients assigned to the god Priapus, which deity the moderns call by the name of Jack-o-Lent: but his voice being so extremely musical, that it rather allured the birds than terrified them, he was soon transplanted from the fields into the dog-kennel, where he was placed under the huntsman, and made what the sportsmen term a *whipper-in*. For this place likewise the sweetness of his voice disqualified him; the dogs preferring the melody of his chiding to all the alluring notes of the huntsman, who soon became so incensed at it, that he desired Sir Thomas to provide otherwise for him; and constantly laid every fault the dogs were at, to the account of the poor boy, who was now transplanted to the stable. Here he soon gave proofs of strength and agility, beyond his years, and constantly rode the most spirited and vicious horses to water with an intrepidity which surprized every one. While he was in this station, he rode several races for Sir Thomas, and this with such expertness and success, that the neighbouring gentlemen frequently solicited the knight, to permit little Joey (for so he was called) to ride their matches. The best gamesters, before they laid their money, always enquired which horse little Joey was to ride; and the bets were rather proportioned by the rider than by the horse himself; especially after he had scornfully refused a considerable bribe to play booty on such an occasion. This extremely raised his character; and so pleased the Lady Booby, that she desired to have him (being now seventeen years of age) for her own foot-boy.

Joey was now preferred from the stable to attend on his lady, to go on her errands, stand behind her chair, wait at her tea-table, and carry her prayer-book to church; at which place, his voice gave him an opportunity of distinguishing himself by singing psalms:

He behaved likewise in every other respect so well at divine service, that it recommended him to the notice of Mr. Abraham Adams the curate, who took an opportunity one day, as he was drinking a cup of ale in Sir Thomas's kitchen, to ask the young man several questions concerning religion; with his answers to which he was wonderfully pleased.

CHAP. III.

OF MR. ABRAHAM ADAMS THE CURATE, MRS. SLIPSLOP THE CHAMBERMAID, AND OTHERS.

MR. Abraham Adams was an excellent scholar. He was a perfect master of the Greek and Latin languages; to which he added a great share of knowledge in the oriental tongues, and could read and translate French, Italian and Spanish. He had applied many years to the most severe study, and had treasured up a fund of learning rarely to be met with in a university. He was besides a man of good sense, good parts, and good nature; but was at the same time as entirely ignorant of the ways of this world, as an infant just entered into it could possibly be. As he had never any intention to deceive, so he never suspected such a design in others. He was generous, friendly, and brave to an excess; but simplicity was his characteristic: he did, no more than Mr. Colley Cibber, apprehend any such passions as malice and envy to exist in mankind, which was indeed less remarkable in a country parson than in a gentleman who has past his life behind the scenes, a place which hath been seldom thought the school of innocence; and where a very little observation would have convinced the great apologist, that those passions have a real existence in the human mind.

His virtue and his other qualifications, as they rendered him equal to his office, so they made him an agreeable and valuable companion; and had so much endeared and well recommended him to a bishop, that at the age of fifty, he was provided with a handsome income of twenty-three pounds a year: which, however, he

B

could

could not make any great figure with; because he lived in a dear country, and was a little incumbered with a wife and six children.

It was this gentleman, who having, as I have said, observed the singular devotion of young Andrews, had found means to question him concerning several particulars; as how many books there were in the New Testament? which were they? how many chapters they contained? and such like: to all which, Mr. Adams privately said, he answered much better than Sir Thomas, or two other neighbouring justices of the peace, could probably have done.

Mr. Adams was wonderfully solicitous to know at what time, and by what opportunity, the youth became acquainted with these matters. Joey told him, that he had very early learnt to read and write by the goodness of his father, who, though he had not interest enough to get him into a charity-school, because a cousin of his father's landlord did not vote on the right side for a churchwarden in a borough-town, yet had been himself at the expence of six-pence a week for his learning. He told him likewise, that ever since he was in Sir Thomas's family, he had employed all his hours of leisure in reading good books; that he had read the Bible, the Whole Duty of Man, and Thomas à Kempis; and that as often as he could, without being perceived, he had studied a great good book which lay open in the hall-window, where he had read, *as how the devil carried away half a church in sermon-time, without hurting one of the congregation; and as how a field of corn ran away down a hill with all the trees upon it, and covered another man's meadow.* This sufficiently assured Mr. Adams, that the good book meant could be no other than Baker's Chronicle.

The curate, surprized to find such instances of industry and application in a young man who had never met with the least encouragement, asked him, if he did not extremely regret the want of a liberal education, and the not having been born of parents who might have indulged his talents and desire of knowledge? To which he answered, He hoped he had profited somewhat better from the books he had read,

than to lament his condition in this world. That for his part, he was perfectly content with the state to which he was called; that he should endeavour to improve his talent, which was all required of him, but not repine at his own lot, nor envy those of his betters. 'Well said, my lad,' replied the curate; 'and I wish some who have read many more good books, nay, and some who have written good books themselves, had profited so much by them.'

Adams had no nearer access to Sir Thomas or my lady, than through the waiting-gentlewoman: for Sir Thomas was too apt to estimate men merely by their dress and fortune; and my lady was a woman of gaiety, who had been blessed with a town-education, and never spoke of any of her country neighbours by any other appellation than that of *the brutes*. They both regarded the curate as a kind of domestic only, belonging to the parson of the parish, who was at this time at variance with the knight; for the parson had for many years lived in a constant state of civil war, or, which is perhaps as bad, of civil law, with Sir Thomas himself and the tenants of his manor. The foundation of this quarrel was a modus, by setting which aside, an advantage of several shillings *per annum* would have accrued to the rector: but he had not yet been able to accomplish his purpose, and had reaped hitherto nothing better from the suits than the pleasure (which he used indeed frequently to say was no small one) of reflecting that he had utterly undone many of the poor tenants, though he had at the same time greatly impoverished himself.

Mrs. Slipslop the waiting-gentlewoman, being herself the daughter of a curate, preserved some respect for Adams; she professed great regard for his learning, and would frequently dispute with him on points of theology; but always insisted on a deference to be paid to her understanding, as she had been frequently at London, and knew more of the world than a country parson could pretend to.

She had in these disputes a particular advantage over Adams: for she was a mighty affecter of hard words, which she used in such a manner, that the par-

son, who durst not offend her by calling her words in question, was frequently at some loss to guess her meaning, and would have been much less puzzled by an Arabian manuscript.

Adams therefore took an opportunity one day, after a pretty long discourse with her on the *essence* (or, as she pleased to term it, the *incense*) of matter, to mention the case of young Andrews; desiring her to recommend him to her lady as a youth very susceptible of learning, and one whose instruction in Latin he would himself undertake; by which means he might be qualified for a higher station than that of a footman: and added, she knew it was in his master's power easy to provide for him in a better manner. He therefore desired, that the boy might be left behind under his care.

'La, Mr. Adams,' said Mrs. Slip-slop, 'do you think my lady will suffer any *preambles* about any such matter? She is going to London very *concisely*, and I am *confidous* would not leave Joey behind her on any account; for he is one of the genteelest young fellows you may see in a summer's day, and I am *confidous* she would as soon think of parting with a pair of her grey mares; for she values herself as much on one as the other.' Adams would have interrupted, but she proceeded: 'And why is *Latin* more *neccessitous* for a footman than a gentleman? It is very proper that you clergymen must learn it, because you can't preach without it; but I have heard gentlemen say in London, that it is fit for nobody else. I am *confidous* my lady would be angry with me for mentioning it; and I shall draw myself into no such *de-lemy*.' At which words her lady's bell rung, and Mr. Adams was forced to retire; nor could he gain a second opportunity with her before their London journey, which happened a few days afterwards. However, Andrews behaved very thankfully and gratefully to him for his intended kindness, which he told him he never would forget; and at the same time received from the good man many admonitions concerning the regulation of his future conduct, and his perseverance in innocence and industry.

C H A P. IV.

WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THEIR JOURNEY TO LONDON.

NO sooner was young Andrews arrived at London, than he began to scrape an acquaintance with his party-coloured brethren, who endeavoured to make him despise his former course of life. His hair was cut after the newest fashion, and became his chief care: he went abroad with it all the morning in papers, and dressed it out in the afternoon. They could not however teach him to game, swear, drink, nor any other genteel vice the town abounded with. He applied most of his leisure hours to music, in which he greatly improved himself; and became so perfect a connoisseur in that art, that he led the opinion of all the footmen at an opera, and they never condemned or applauded a single song contrary to his approbation or dislike. He was a little too forward in riots at the play-houses and assemblies; and when he attended his lady at church, which was but seldom, he behaved with less seeming devotion than formerly: however, if he was outwardly a pretty fellow, his morals remained entirely uncorrupted, though he was at the same time smarter and genteeler than any of the beaux in town, either in or out of livery.

His lady, who had often said of him that Joey was the handsomest and genteelest footman in the kingdom, but that it was pity he wanted spirit, began now to find that fault no longer; on the contrary, she was frequently heard to cry out, 'Aye, there is some life in this fellow.' She plainly saw the effects which the town air hath on the soberest constitutions. She would now walk out with him into Hyde Park in a morning, and when tired, which happened almost every minute, would lean on his arm, and converse with him in great familiarity. Whenever she stepped out of her coach, she would take him by the hand; and sometimes, for fear of stumbling, press it very hard: she admitted him to deliver messages at her bed-side in a morning, leered at him a table, and indulged him in all those innocent freedoms which women of figure may permit

mit without the least sully of their virtue.

But though their virtue remains unfullied, yet now and then some small arrows will glance on the shadow of it, their reputation; and so it fell out to Lady Booby, who happened to be walking arm-in-arm with Joey one morning in Hyde Park, when Lady Tittle and Lady Tattle came accidentally by in their coach. 'Bless me,' says Lady Tittle, 'can I believe my eyes? Is that Lady Booby?'—'Surely?' says Tattle: 'but what makes you surprized?'—'Why, is not that her footman?' replied Tattle. At which Tattle laughed; and cried, 'An old business, I assure you; is it possible you should not have heard it?' 'The whole town hath known it this half year.' The consequence of this interview was a whisper through a hundred visits, which were separately performed by the two ladies the same afternoon*, and might have had a mischievous effect, had it not been stopt by two fresh reputations which were published the day afterwards, and engrossed the whole talk of the town.

But whatever opinion or suspicion the scandalous inclination of defamers might entertain of Lady Booby's innocent freedoms, it is certain they made no impression on young Andrews, who never offered to encroach beyond the liberties which his lady allowed him: a behaviour which she imputed to the violent respect he preserved for her, and which served only to heighten a something she began to conceive, and which the next chapter will open a little farther.

CHAP. V.

THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS BOOBY, WITH THE AFFECTIONATE AND MOURNFUL BEHAVIOUR OF HIS WIDOW, AND THE GREAT PURITY OF JOSEPH ANDREWS.

AT this time an accident happened which put a stop to these agreeable walks, which probably would have

soon puffed up the cheeks of Fante, and caused her to blow her brazen trumpet through the town; and this was no other than the death of Sir Thomas Booby; who, departing this life, left his disconsolate lady, confined to her house, as closely as if she herself had been attacked by some violent disease. During the first six days the poor lady admitted none but Mrs. Slipslop, and three female friends, who made a party at cards: but on the seventh she ordered Joey, whom, for a good reason we shall hereafter call *Joseph*, to bring up her tea-kettle. The lady being in bed, called Joseph to her, bade him sit down, and having accidentally laid her hand on his, she asked him, if he had ever been in love. Joseph answered, with some confusion, it was time enough for one so young as himself to think on such things. 'As young as you are,' replied the lady, 'I am convinced you are no stranger to that passion. Come, Joey,' says she, 'tell me truly, who is the happy girl whose eyes have made a conquest of you?' Joseph returned, that all the women he had ever seen, were equally indifferent to him. 'O then,' said the lady, 'you are a general lover. Indeed, you handsome fellows, like handsome women, are very long and difficult in fixing: but yet you shall never persuade me that your heart is so unsusceptible of affection: I rather impute what you say to your secrecy; a very commendable quality, and what I am far from being angry with you for. Nothing can be more unworthy in a young man, than to betray any intimacies with the ladies.'—'Ladies, Madam!' said Joseph, 'I am sure I never had the impudence to think of any that deserve that name.'—'Don't pretend to too much modesty,' said she, 'for that sometimes may be impertinent; but pray answer me this question: suppose a lady should happen to like you; suppose she should prefer you to all your sex, and admit you to the same familiarities as you might have hoped for if you had been born her equal; are you certain that no vanity could tempt you to discover her? Answer

* It may seem an absurdity, that Tattle should visit, as she actually did, to spread a known scandal: but the reader may reconcile this, by supposing with me, that, notwithstanding what she says, this was her first acquaintance with it,

‘ me honestly, Joseph, have you so much more sense and so much more virtue than you handsome young fellows generally have; who make no scruple of sacrificing our dear reputation to your pride, without considering the great obligation we lay on you, by our condescension and confidence? Can you keep a secret, my Joey?’— ‘ Madam,’ says he, ‘ I hope your ladyship can’t tax me with ever betraying the secrets of the family; and I hope, if you was to turn me away, I might have that character of you.’— ‘ I don’t intend to turn you away, Joey,’ said she, and sighed; ‘ I am afraid it is not in my power.’ She then raised herself a little in her bed, and discovered one of the whitest necks that ever was seen; at which Joseph blushed. ‘ La!’ says she, in an affected surprize, ‘ what am I doing! I have trusted myself with a man alone, naked in bed; suppose you should have any wicked intentions upon my honour, how should I defend myself?’ Joseph protested that he never had the least evil design against her. ‘ No,’ says she, ‘ perhaps you may not call your designs wicked; and perhaps they are not so.’— He swore they were not. ‘ You misunderstand me,’ says she; ‘ I mean, if they were against my honour, they may not be wicked; but the world calls them so. But then, say you, the world will never know any thing of the matter; yet would not that be trusting to your secrecy? Must not my reputation be then in your power? Would you not then be my master?’ Joseph begged her ladyship to be comforted; for that he would never imagine, the least wicked thing against her, and that he had rather die a thousand deaths than give her any reason to suspect him. ‘ Yes,’ said she, ‘ I must have reason to suspect you. Are you not a man? and, without vanity, I may pretend to some charms. But perhaps you may fear I should prosecute you; indeed I hope you do: and yet, Heaven knows, I should never have the confidence to appear before a court of justice; and you know, Joey, I am of a forgiving temper. Tell me, Joey; don’t you think I should forgive you?’— ‘ Indeed, Madam,’ says Joseph, ‘ I will never do any thing to disoblige your lady-

ship.’— ‘ How!’ says she, ‘ do you think it would not disoblige me? Do you think I would willingly suffer you?’— ‘ I don’t understand you, Madam,’ says Joseph. ‘ Don’t you?’ said she; ‘ then you either are a fool, or pretend to be so: I find I was mistaken in you. So get you down stairs, and never let me see your face again: your pretended innocence cannot impose on me.’— ‘ Madam,’ said Joseph, ‘ I would not have your ladyship think any evil of me. I have always endeavoured to be a dutiful servant both to you and my master.’— ‘ O thou villain!’ answered my lady, ‘ why didst thou mention the name of that dear man, unless to torment me, to bring his precious memory to my mind?’ [And then she burst into a fit of tears.] ‘ Get thee from my sight, I shall never endure thee more.’ At which words she turned away from him; and Joseph retreated from the room in a most disconsolate condition, and writ that letter which the reader will find in the next chapter.

C H A P. VI.

HOW JOSEPH ANDREWS WRIT A LETTER TO HIS SISTER PAMELA.

*‘ To Mrs. Pamela Andrews, living
‘ with Squire Booby.*

‘ DEAR SISTER,

‘ SINCE I received your letter of your good lady’s death, we have had a misfortune of the same kind in our family. My worthy master, Sir Thomas, died about four days ago; and what is worse, my poor lady is certainly gone distracted. None of the servants expected her to take it so to heart, because they quarrelled almost every day of their lives: but no more of that, because you know, Pamela, I never loved to tell the secrets of my master’s family; but to be sure you must have known they never loved one another; and I have heard her ladyship wish his honour dead above a thousand times. But nobody knows what it is to lose a friend till they have lost him.

‘ Don’t

‘ Don’t tell any body what I write, because I should not care to have folks say I discover what passes in our family: but if it had not been so great a lady, I should have thought she had had a mind to me. Dear Pamela, don’t tell any body: but she ordered me to sit down by her bed-side, when she was naked in bed; and she held my hand, and talked exactly as a lady does to her sweetheart in a stage-play, which I have seen in Covent-garden, while she wanted him to be no better than he should.

‘ If Madam be mad, I shall not care for staying long in the family: so I heartily wish you could get me a place, either at the squire’s, or some other neighbouring gentleman’s; unless it be true that you are going to be married to Parson Williams, as folks talk, and then I should be very willing to be his clerk: for which you know I am qualified, being able to read, and to set a psalm.

‘ I fancy I shall be discharged very soon; and the moment I am, unless I hear from you, I shall return to my old master’s country-seat, if it be only to see parson Adams, who is the best man in the world. London is a bad place; and there is so little good fellowship, that the next-door neighbours don’t know one another. Pray give my service to all friends that enquire for me; so I rest

‘ Your loving brother,

‘ JOSEPH ANDREWS.’

As soon as Joseph had sealed and directed this letter, he walked down stairs, where he met Mrs. Slipslop, with whom we shall take this opportunity to bring the reader a little better acquainted. She was a maiden gentlewoman of about forty-five years of age, who having made a small slip in her youth, had continued a good maid ever since. She was not at this time remarkably handsome; being very short, and rather too corpulent in body, and somewhat red, with the addition of pimples in the face. Her nose was likewise rather too large, and her eyes too little; nor did she resemble a cow so much in

her breath, as in two brown globes which she carried before her; one of her legs was also a little shorter than the other, which occasioned her to limp as she walked. This fair creature had long cast the eyes of affection on Joseph, in which she had not met with quite so good success as she probably wished, though besides the allurements of her native charms, she had given him tea, sweetmeats, wine, and many other delicacies, of which, by keeping the keys, she had the absolute command. Joseph, however, had not returned the least gratitude to all these favours, not even so much as a kiss; though I would not insinuate she was so easily to be satisfied; for surely then he would have been highly blameable. The truth is, she was arrived at an age when she thought she might indulge herself in any liberties with a man, without the danger of bringing a third person into the world to betray them. She imagined, that by so long a self-denial, she had not only made amends for the small slip of her youth above hinted at; but had likewise laid up a quantity of merit to excuse any future failings. In a word, she resolved to give a loose to her amorous inclinations, and to pay off the debt of pleasure which she found she owed herself, as fast as possible.

With these charms of person, and in this disposition of mind, she encountered poor Joseph at the bottom of the stairs, and asked him if he would drink a glass of something good this morning. Joseph, whose spirits were not a little cast down, very readily and thankfully accepted the offer; and together they went into a closet, where having delivered him a full glass of ratifia, and desired him to sit down, Mrs. Slipslop thus began:

‘ Sure nothing can be a more simple *contract* in a woman, than to place her affections on a boy. If I had ever thought it would have been my fate, I should have wished to die a thousand deaths rather than live to see that day. If we like a man, the lightest hint *sophisticates*. Whereas a boy *proposes* upon us to break through all the *regulations* of modesty, before we can make any *profession* upon him.’ Joseph, who did

did not understand a word she said, answered, 'Yes, Madam.'—'Yes, Madam!' replied Mrs. Sliplop with some warmth; 'do you intend to *result* my passion? Is it not enough, ungrateful as you are, to make no return to all the favours I have done you; but you must treat me with *ironing*? Barbarous monster! how have I deserved that my passion should be *resulted* and treated with *ironing*?—'Madam,' answered Joseph, 'I don't understand your hard words; but I am certain, you have no occasion to call me ungrateful: for, so far from intending you any wrong, I have always loved you as well as if you had been my own mother.'—'How, sirrah!' says Mrs. Sliplop, in a rage: 'your own mother? Do you *affirm* that I am old enough to be your mother? I don't know what a stripling may think: but I believe a man would *refer* me to any green-sickness silly girl *whatsoever*: but I ought to despise you, rather than be angry with you, for *referring* the conversation of girls to that of a woman of sense.'—'Madam,' says Joseph, 'I am sure I have always valued the honour you did me by your conversation; for I know you are a woman of learning.'—'Yes but, Joseph,' said she, a little softened by the compliment to her learning, 'if you had a value for me, you certainly would have found some method of shewing it me; for I am *convinced* you must see the value I have for you. Yes; Joseph, my eyes, whether I would or no, must have declared a passion I cannot conquer.—'Oh, Joseph!'

As when a hungry tigress, who long has traversed the woods in fruitless search, sees within the reach of her claws a lamb, she prepares to leap on her prey; or as a voracious pike, of immense size, surveys through the liquid element a roach or gudgeon, which cannot escape her jaws, opens them wide to swallow the little fish: so did Mrs. Sliplop prepare to lay her violent amorous hands on the poor Joseph; when luckily her mistress's bell rung, and delivered the intended martyr from her clutches. She was obliged to leave him abruptly, and to de-

fer the execution of her purpose till some other time. We shall therefore return to the Lady Booby, and give our reader some account of her behaviour, after she was left by Joseph in a temper of mind not greatly different from that of the inflamed Sliplop.

C H A P. VII.

SAYINGS OF WISE MEN. A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE LADY AND HER MAID; AND A PANGYRIC, OR RATHER SATIRE, ON THE PASSION OF LOVE, IN THE SUBLIME STYLE.

IT is the observation of some ancient sage, whose name I have forgot, that passions operate differently on the human mind, as diseases on the body, in proportion to the strength or weakness, soundness or rottenness, of the one and the other.

We hope, therefore, a judicious reader will give himself some pains to observe, what we have so greatly laboured to describe, the different operations of this passion of love, in the gentle and cultivated mind of the Lady Booby, from those which it effected in the less polished and coarser disposition of Mrs. Sliplop.

Another philosopher, whose name also at present escapes my memory, hath somewhere said, that resolutions taken in the absence of the beloved object are very apt to vanish in its presence; on both which wise sayings the following chapter may serve as a comment.

No sooner had Joseph left the room in the manner we have before related, than the lady, enraged at her disappointment, began to reflect with severity on her conduct. Her love was now changed to disdain, which pride assisted to torment her. She despised herself for the meanness of her passion, and Joseph for its ill success. However, she had now got the better of it in her own opinion, and determined immediately to dismiss the object. After much tossing and turning in her bed, and many soliloquies, which, if we had no better matter for our reader, we would give him; she at last rung the bell as abovementioned, and was pre-

presently attended by Mrs. Sliplop, who was not much better pleased with Joseph than the lady herself.

'Sliplop,' said Lady Booby, 'when did you see Joseph?' The poor woman was so surprized at the unexpected sound of his name, at so critical a time, that she had the greatest difficulty to conceal the confusion she was under, from her mistress; whom she answered, nevertheless, with pretty good confidence, though not entirely void of fear of suspicion, that she had not seen him that morning. 'I am afraid,' said Lady Booby, 'he is a wild young fellow.'—'That he is,' said Sliplop, 'and a wicked one too. To my knowledge he games, drinks, swears, and fights eternally; besides, he is horribly *indicted* to wenching.'—'Ay!' said the lady, 'I never heard that of him.'—'O, Madam,' answered the other, 'he is so lewd a rascal, that if your ladyship keeps him much longer, you will not have one virgin in your house except myself. And yet I can't conceive what the wenches see in him, to be so foolishly fond as they are: in my eyes he is as ugly a scarecrow as I ever *upheld*.'—'Nay,' said the lady, 'the boy is well enough.'—'La, Ma'am,' cries Sliplop, 'I think him the *ragmatical* left fellow in the family.'—'Sure,' Sliplop, says she, 'you are mistaken: but which of the women do you most suspect?'—'Madam,' says Sliplop, 'there is Betty the chambermaid, I am almost *convicted*, is with child by him.'—'Ay!' says the lady, 'then pray pay her her wages instantly: I will keep no such sluts in my family. And as for Joseph, you may discard him too.'—'Would your ladyship have him paid off immediately?' cries Sliplop, 'for perhaps, when Betty is gone, he may mend; and really the boy is a good servant, and a strong healthy *luscious* boy enough.'—'This morning!' answered the lady, with some vehemence. 'I wish, Madam,' cries Sliplop, 'your ladyship would be so good as to try him a little longer.'—'I will not have my commands disputed,' said the lady; 'sure you are not fond of him yourself.'—'I, Madam?' cries Sliplop, reddening, if not blushing, 'I should be sorry to think your ladyship had any reason

'to *respect* me of fondness for a fellow; and if it be your pleasure, I shall fulfil it with as *much* reluctance as possible.'—'As little, I suppose you mean,' said the lady; 'and so about it instantly.' Mrs. Sliplop went out; and the lady had scarce taken two turns, before she fell to knocking and ringing with great violence. Sliplop, who did not travel post-haste, soon returned, and was countermanded as to Joseph, but ordered to send Betty about her business without delay. She went out a second time with much greater alacrity than before; when the lady began immediately to accuse herself of want of resolution, and to apprehend the return of her affection with its pernicious consequences. She therefore applied herself again to the bell, and resummoned Mrs. Sliplop into her presence; who again returned, and was told by her mistress, that she had considered better of the matter, and was absolutely resolved to turn away Joseph; which she ordered her to do immediately. Sliplop, who knew the violence of her lady's temper, and would not venture her place for any Adonis or Hercules in the universe, left her a third time; which she had no sooner done, than the little god Cupid, fearing he had not yet done the lady's business, took a fresh arrow with the sharpest point out of his quiver, and shot it directly into her heart: in other and plainer language, the lady's passion got the better of her reason. She called back Sliplop once more, and told her, she had resolved to see the boy, and examine him herself; therefore bid her send him up. This wavering in her mistress's temper, probably put something into the waiting-gentlewoman's head, not necessary to mention to the sagacious reader.

Lady Booby was going to call her back again, but could not prevail with herself. The next consideration therefore was, how she should behave to Joseph when he came in. She resolved to preserve all the dignity of the woman of fashion to her servant, and to indulge herself in this last view of Joseph (for that she was most certainly resolved it should be) at his own expence, by first insulting, and then discarding him.

O love, what monstrous tricks dost thou

thou play with thy votaries of both sexes! How dost thou deceive them, and make them deceive themselves! Their follies are thy delight, their sighs make thee laugh, and their pangs are thy merriment!

Not the great Rich, who turns men into monkeys, wheelbarrows, and whatever else best humours his fancy, has so strangely metamorphosed the human shape; nor the great Cibber, who confounds all number, gender, and breaks through every rule of grammar at his will, hath so distorted the English language, as thou dost metamorphose and distort the human senses!

Thou puttest out our eyes, stoppest up our ears, and takest away the power of our nostrils; so that we can neither see the largest object, hear the loudest noise, nor smell the most poignant perfume. Again, when thou pleasest, thou canst make a mole-hill appear as a mountain; a Jew's harp sound like a trumpet; and a daisy smell like a violet. Thou canst make cowardice brave, avarice generous, pride humble, and cruelty tender-hearted. In short, thou turnest the heart of man inside out, as a juggler doth a petticoat, and bringest whatsoever pleaseth thee out from it. If there be any one who doubts all this, let him read the next chapter.

C H A P. VIII.

IN WHICH, AFTER SOME VERY FINE WRITING, THE HISTORY GOES ON, AND RELATES THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE LADY AND JOSEPH; WHERE THE LATTER HATH SET AN EXAMPLE, WHICH WE DESPAIR OF SEEING FOLLOWED BY HIS SEX, IN THIS VICIOUS AGE.

NOW the rake Hesperus had called for his breeches, and having well rubbed his drowsy eyes, prepared to dress himself for all night; by whose example his brother rakes on earth likewise leave those beds, in which they had slept away the day. Now Thetis the good housewife began to put on the pot, in order to regale the good man Phœbus, after his daily labours were over. In vulgar language,

it was in the evening when Joseph attended his lady's orders.

But as it becomes us to preserve the character of this lady, who is the heroine of our tale; and as we have naturally a wonderful tenderness for that beautiful part of the human species, called the fair-sex; before we discover too much of her frailty to our reader, it will be proper to give him a lively idea of the vast temptation, which overcame all the efforts of a modest and virtuous mind; and then we humbly hope his good-nature will rather pity than condemn the imperfection of human virtue.

Nay, the ladies themselves will, we hope, be induced, by considering the uncommon variety of charms which united in this young man's person, to bridle their rampant passion for chastity, and be at least as mild as their violent modesty and virtue will permit them, in censuring the conduct of a woman, who, perhaps, was in her own disposition as chaste as those pure and sanctified virgins, who, after a life innocently spent in the gaieties of the town, begin about fifty to attend twice *per diem* at the polite churches and chapels, to return thanks for the grace which preserved them formerly amongst beaus, from temptations perhaps less powerful than what now attacked the Lady Booby.

Mr. Joseph Andrews was now in the one and twentieth year of his age. He was of the highest degree of middle stature. His limbs were put together with great elegance, and no less strength. His legs and thighs were formed in the exactest proportion. His shoulders were broad and brawny; but yet his arms hung so easily, that he had all the symptoms of strength without the least clumsiness. His hair was of a nut-brown colour, and was displayed in wanton ringlets down his back. His forehead was high, his eyes dark, and as full of sweetness as of fire. His nose a little inclined to the Roman. His teeth white and even. His lips full, red, and soft. His beard was only rough on his chin and upper lip; but his cheeks, in which his blood glowed, were overspread with a thick down. His countenance had a tenderness joined with a sensibility inexpressible. Add to this, the most

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perfect neatness in his dress, and an air, which to those who have not seen many noblemen, would give an idea of nobility.

Such was the person who now appeared before the lady. She viewed him some time in silence, and twice or thrice before she spoke, changed her mind as to the manner in which she should begin. At length she said to him: 'Joseph, I am sorry to hear such complaints against you; I am told you behave so rudely to the maids, that they cannot do their business in quiet; I mean, those who are not wicked enough to hearken to your solicitations. As to others, they may, perhaps, not call you rude: for there are wicked sluts who make one ashamed of one's own sex; and are as ready to admit any nauseous familiarity as fellows to offer it; nay, there are such in my family; but they shall not stay in it. That impudent trollop, who is with child by you, is discharged by this time.'

As a person who is struck through the heart with a thunderbolt, looks extremely surprised; nay, and perhaps is so too! thus the poor Joseph received the false accusation of his mistress: he blushed and looked confounded; which she misinterpreted to be symptoms of his guilt, and thus went on.

'Come hither, Joseph: another mistress might discard you for these offences; but I have compassion for your youth, and if I could be certain you would be no more guilty—consider child, [laying her hand carelessly upon his] you are a handsome young fellow, and might do better; you might make your fortune.'—'Madam,' said Joseph, 'I do assure your ladyship, I don't know whether any maid in the house is man or woman.'—'O fie, Joseph!' answered the lady, 'don't commit another crime in denying the truth. I could pardon the first, but I hate a liar.'—'Madam,' cries Joseph, 'I hope your ladyship will not be offended at my asserting my innocence; for, by all that is sacred, I have never offered more than kissing.'—'Kissing!' said the lady, with great discomposure of countenance, and more redness in her cheeks than anger in her eyes, 'do you call that no crime? Kissing, Joseph, is as a prologue to

a play. Can I believe a young fellow of your age and complexion will be content with kissing? No, Joseph, there is no woman who grants that, but will grant more; and I am deceived greatly in you, if you would not put her closely to it. What would you think, Joseph, if I admitted you to kiss me?' Joseph replied, he would sooner die than have any such thought. 'And yet, Joseph,' returned she, 'ladies have admitted their footmen to such familiarities; and footmen, I confess to you, much less deserving them; fellows without half your charms, for such might almost excuse the crime. Tell me, therefore, Joseph, if I should admit you to such freedom, what would you think of me? tell me freely?'—'Madam,' said Joseph, 'I should think your ladyship condescended a great deal below yourself.'—'Pugh!' said she, 'that I am to answer to myself: but would not you insist on more? Would you be contented with a kiss? Would not your inclinations be all on fire rather by such a favour?'—'Madam,' said Joseph, 'if they were, I hope I should be able to controul them, without suffering them to get the better of my virtue.'—You have heard, reader, poets talk of the Statue of Surprise; you have heard likewise, or else you have heard very little, how surprise made one of the sons of Croesus speak though he was dumb; you have seen the faces, in the eighteen-penny gallery, when through the trap-door, to soft or no musick, Mr. Bridgewater, Mr. William Mills, or some other of ghostly appearance, hath ascended with a face all pale with powder, and a shirt all bloody with ribbands; but from none of these, nor from Phidias or Praxiteles, if they should return to life—no, not from the inimitable pencil of my friend Hogarth, could you receive such an idea of surprise, as would have entered in at your eyes, had they beheld the Lady Booby, when those last words issued out from the lips of Joseph.—'Your virtue!' (said the lady, recovering after a silence of two minutes) 'I shall never survive it. Your virtue! Intolerable confidence! Have you the assurance to pretend, that when a lady demeans herself to throw aside the rules of decency, in order



Heath sculp.

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order to honour you with the highest favour in her power, your virtue should resist her inclination? That when she had conquered her own virtue, she should find an obstruction in yours?—'Madam,' said Joseph, 'I can't see why her having no virtue should be a reason against my having any: or why, because I am a man, or because I am poor, my virtue must be subservient to her pleasures,—— I am out of patience!' cried the lady. 'Did ever mortal hear of a man's virtue! Did ever the greatest, or the gravest men, pretend to any of this kind! Will magistrates who punish lewdness, or parsons who preach against it, make any scruple of committing it? And can a boy, a stripling, have the confidence to talk of his virtue?'—'Madam,' says Joseph, 'that boy is the brother of Pamela, and would be ashamed, that the chastity of his family, which is preserved in her, should be stained in him. If there are such men as your ladyship mentions, I am sorry for it; and I wish they had an opportunity of reading over those letters, which my father has sent me of my sister Pamela's; nor do I doubt but such an example would amend them.'—'You impudent villain,' cries the lady in a rage, 'do you insult me with the follies of my relation, who hath exposed himself all over the country upon your sister's account? A little vixen, whom I have always wondered my late Lady Booby ever kept in her house. Sirrah! get out of my sight, and prepare to set out this night: for I will order you your wages immediately, and you shall be stripped and turned away.'—'Madam,' says Joseph, 'I am sorry I have offended your ladyship; I am sure I never intended it.'—'Yes, sirrah,' cries she, 'you have had the vanity to misconstrue the little innocent freedom I took in order to try whether what I had heard was true. O my conscience, you have had the assurance to imagine I was fond of you myself.' Joseph answered, he had only spoke out of tenderness for his virtue; at which words she flew into a violent passion, and refusing to hear more, ordered him instantly to leave the room.

He was no sooner gone, than she

burst forth into the following exclamations: 'Whither doth this violent passion hurry us! what meannesses do we submit to from it's impulse! Wisely we resist it's first and least approaches; for it is then only we can assure ourselves the victory. No woman could ever safely say, "So far only will I go." Have I not exposed myself to the refusal of my footman! I cannot bear the reflection.' Upon which she applied herself to the bell, and rung it with infinitely more violence than was necessary; the faithful Slipslop attending near at hand: to say the truth, she had conceived a suspicion at her last interview with her mistress, and had waited ever since in the antichamber, having carefully applied her ears to the key-hole during the whole time that the preceding conversation passed between Joseph and the lady.

CHAP. IX.

WHAT PASSED BETWEEN THE LADY AND MRS. SLIPSLOP, IN WHICH WE PROPHECY THERE ARE SOME STROKES WHICH EVERY ONE WILL NOT TRULY COMPREHEND AT THE FIRST READING.

SLIPSLOP said the lady, 'I find too much reason to believe all thou hast told me of this wicked Joseph. I have determined to part with him instantly: so go you to the steward, and bid him pay him his wages.' Slipslop, who had preserved hitherto a distance to her lady, rather out of necessity than inclination, and who thought the knowledge of this secret had thrown down all distinction between them, answered her mistress very pertly. She wished she knew her own mind; and that she was certain she would call her back again before she was got half way down stairs. The lady replied, she had taken a resolution, and was resolved to keep it. 'I am sorry for it,' cries Slipslop; 'and if I had known you would have punished the poor lad so severely, you should never have heard a particle of the matter. Here's a fuss indeed, about nothing!'—'Nothing!' returned my lady;

lady; 'do you think I will countenance lewdness in my house?'—'If you will turn away every footman,' said Slipflop, 'that is a lover of the sport, you must soon open the coach door yourself, or get a set of *prostitutes* to wait upon you; and I am sure I hated the sight of them even singing in an opera.'—'Do as I bid you,' says my lady, 'and don't shock my ears with your beastly language.'—'Marry-come-up,' cries Slipflop, 'people's ears are sometimes the nicest part about them!'

The lady, who began to admire the new style in which her waiting-gentlewoman delivered herself, and by the conclusion of her speech, suspected somewhat of the truth, called her back, and desired to know what she meant by the extraordinary degree of freedom in which she thought proper to indulge her tongue. 'Freedom!' says Slipflop, 'I don't know what you call freedom, Madam; servants have tongues as well as their mistresses.'—'Yes, and saucy ones too,' answered the lady: 'but I assure you I shall bear no such impertinence.'—'Impertinence! I don't know that I am impertinent,' says Slipflop. 'Yes, indeed you are,' cries my lady; 'and unless you mend your manners, this house is no place for you.'—'Manners!' cries Slipflop, 'I never was thought to want manners, nor modesty neither: and for places, there are more places than one; and I know what I know.'—'What do you know, mistress?' answered the lady. 'I am not obliged to tell that to every body,' says Slipflop, 'any more than I am obliged to keep it a secret.'—'I desire you would provide yourself,' answered the lady. 'With all my heart!' replied the waiting-gentlewoman: and so departed in a passion, and slapped the door after her.

The lady too plainly perceived that her waiting-gentlewoman knew more than she would willingly have had her acquainted with; and this she imputed to Joseph's having discovered to her what passed at the first interview. This therefore blew up a rage against him, and confirmed her in a resolution of parting with him.

But the dismissing Mrs. Slipflop was a point not so easily to be resolved upon: she had the utmost tenderness for her reputation, as she knew on that depended many of the most valuable blessings of life; particularly cards, making curtseys in public places, and above all, the pleasure of demolishing the reputations of others, in which innocent amusement she had an extraordinary delight. She therefore determined to submit to any insult from a servant, rather than run a risque of losing the title to so many great privileges.

She therefore sent for her steward, Mr. Peter Pounce; and ordered him to pay Joseph his wages, to strip off his livery, and to turn him out of the house that evening.

She then called Slipflop up; and after refreshing her spirits with a small cordial which she kept in her closet, she began in the following manner.

'Slipflop, why will you, who know my passionate temper, attempt to provoke me by your answers? I am convinced you are an honest servant, and should be very unwilling to part with you. I believe, likewise, you have found me an indulgent mistress on many occasions, and have as little reason on your side to desire a change. I can't help being surprised, therefore, that you will take the surest method to offend me: I mean, repeating my words, which you know I have always detested.'

The prudent waiting-gentlewoman had duly weighed the whole matter, and found, on mature deliberation, that a good place in possession was better than one in expectation. As she found her mistress therefore inclined to relent, she thought proper also to put on some small condescension; which was as readily accepted: and so the affair was reconciled, all offences forgiven, and a present of a gown and petticoat made her as an instance of her lady's future favour.

She offered once or twice to speak in favour of Joseph; but found her lady's heart so obdurate, that she prudently dropt all such efforts. She considered there were more footmen in the house, and some as stout fellows, though not quite so handsome as Joseph: besides, the reader hath already seen her tender advances

advances had not met with the encouragement she might have reasonably expected. She thought she had thrown away a great deal of sack and sweetmeats on an ungrateful rascal; and being a little inclined to the opinion of that female sect, who hold one lusty young fellow to be near as good as another lusty young fellow, she at last gave up Joseph and his cause, and with a triumph over her passion highly commendable, walked off with her present, and with great tranquillity paid a visit to a stone bottle, which is of sovereign use to a philosophical temper.

She left not her mistress so easy. The poor lady could not reflect, without agony, that her dear reputation was in the power of her servants. All her comfort, as to Joseph, was, that she hoped he did not understand her meaning; at least, she could say for herself, she had not plainly expressed any thing to him; and as to Mrs. Slipslop, she imagined she could bribe her to secrecy.

But what hurt her most was, that in reality she had not so entirely conquered her passion; the little god lay lurking in her heart, though anger and disdain so hoodwinked her, that she could not see him. She was a thousand times on the very brink of revoking the sentence she had passed against the poor youth. Love became his advocate, and whispered many things in his favour: honour likewise endeavoured to vindicate his crime, and pity to mitigate his punishment; on the other side, pride and revenge spoke as loudly against him; and thus the poor lady was tortured with perplexity, opposite passions distracting and tearing her mind different ways.

So have I seen, in the hall of Westminster, where Serjeant Bramble hath been retained on the right side, and Serjeant Puzzle on the left, the balance of opinion (so equal were their fees) alternately incline to either scale. Now Bramble throws in an argument, and Puzzle's scale strikes the beam; again Bramble shares the like fate, overpowered by the weight of Puzzle. Here Bramble hits, there Puzzle strikes; here one has you, there t'other has you; till at last all becomes one scene of confusion in the tortured minds of the hearers; equal wagers are laid on

the success, and neither judge nor jury can possibly make any thing of the matter; all things are so enveloped by the careful serjeants in doubt and obscurity.

Or as it happens in the conscience, where honour and honesty pull one way, and a bribe and necessity another.—If it was our present business only to make families, we could produce many more to this purpose: but a simile (as well as a word) to the wife. We shall therefore see a little after our hero, for whom the reader is doubtless in some pain.

CHAP. X.

JOSEPH WRITES ANOTHER LETTER. HIS TRANSACTIONS WITH MR. PETER POUNCE, &c. WITH HIS DEPARTURE FROM LADY BOOBY.

THE disconsolate Joseph would not have had an understanding sufficient for the principal subject of such a book as this, if he had any longer misunderstood the drift of his mistress; and indeed that he did not discern it sooner, the reader will be pleased to apply to an unwillingness in him to discover what he must condemn in her as a fault. Having therefore quitted her presence, he retired into his own garret, and entered himself into an ejaculation on the numberless calamities which attended beauty, and the misfortune it was to be handsomer than one's neighbours.

He then sat down and addressed himself to his sister Pamela, in the following words.

‘DEAR SISTER PAMELA.

‘HOPING you are well, what news have I to tell you! O Pamela, my mistress is fallen in love with me.—That is, what great folks call falling in love, she has a mind to ruin me; but I hope, I shall have more resolution and more grace than to part with my virtue to any lady upon earth.

‘Mr. Adams hath often told me, that chastity is as great a virtue in a man as in a woman. He says he never

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‘ ver knew any more than his wife, and I shall endeavour to follow his example. Indeed, it is owing entirely to his excellent sermons and advice, together with your letters, that I have been able to resist a temptation, which he says no man complies with, but he repents in this world, or is damned for it in the next; and why should I trust to repentance on my death-bed, since I may die in my sleep? What fine things are good advice and good examples! But I am glad she turned me out of the chamber as she did: for I had once almost forgotten every word Parson Adams had ever said to me.

‘ I don’t doubt, dear sister, but you will have grace to preserve your virtue against all trials; and I beg you earnestly to pray, I may be enabled to preserve mine; for truly it is very severely attacked by more than one: but I hope I shall copy your example, and that of Joseph, my namesake, and maintain my virtue against all temptations.’

Joseph had not finished his letter, when he was summoned down stairs by Mr. Peter Pounce, to receive his wages: for, besides that out of eight pounds a year he allowed his father and mother four, he had been obliged in order to furnish himself with musical instruments, to apply to the generosity of the aforesaid Peter; who, on urgent occasions, used to advance the servants their wages: not before they were due, but before they were payable; that is, perhaps, half a year after they were due, and this at the moderate *premium* of fifty *per cent.* or a little more; by which charitable methods, together with lending money to other people, and even to his own master and mistress, the honest man had from nothing, in a few years, amassed a small sum of twenty thousand pounds or thereabouts.

Joseph having received his little remainder of wages, and having stripped off his livery, was forced to borrow a frock and breeches of one of the servants: for he was so beloved in the family, that they would all have lent him any thing. And being told by Peter that he must not stay a moment longer in the house than was necessary to pack up

his linen, which he easily did in a very narrow compass; he took a melancholy leave of his fellow-servants, and let out at seven in the evening.

He had proceeded the length of two or three streets before he absolutely determined with himself whether he should leave the town that night; or, procuring a lodging, wait till the morning. At last the moon shining very bright, helped him to come to a resolution of beginning his journey immediately; to which likewise he had some other inducements, which the reader, without being a conjuror, cannot possibly guess, till we have given him those hints, which it may be now proper to open.

CH A P. XI.

OF SEVERAL NEW MATTERS NOT EXPECTED.

IT is an observation sometimes made, that to indicate our idea of a simple fellow, we say, “He is easily to be seen through:” nor do I believe it a more improper denotation of a simple book. Instead of applying this to any particular performance, we chuse rather to remark the contrary in this history; where the scene opens itself by small degrees, and he is a sagacious reader who can see two chapters before him.

For this reason, we have not hitherto mentioned a matter which now seems necessary to be explained; since it may be wondered at, first, that Joseph made such extraordinary haste out of town, which hath been already shewn; and secondly, which will be now shewn, that instead of proceeding to the habitation of his father and mother, or to his beloved sister Pamela, he chose rather to set out full speed to the Lady Booby’s country-seat, which he had left on his journey to London.

Be it known then, that in the same parish where this seat stood, there lived a young girl whom Joseph (though the best of sons and brothers) longed more impatiently to see than his parents or his sister. She was a poor girl, who had formerly been bred up in Sir John’s family; whence, a little before the journey to London, she had been discarded

carded by Mrs. Slipflop on account of her extraordinary beauty; for I never could find any other reason.

This young creature (who now lived with a farmer in the parish) had been always beloved by Joseph, and returned his affection. She was two years only younger than our hero. They had been acquainted from their infancy, and had conceived a very early liking for each other, which had grown to such a degree of affection, that Mr. Adams had with much ado prevented them from marrying; and persuaded them to wait, till a few years service and thrift had a little improved their experience, and enabled them to live comfortably together.

They followed this good man's advice, as indeed his word was little loss than a law in his parish: for as he had shewn his parishioners by an uniform behaviour of thirty-five years duration, that he had their good entirely at heart; so they consulted him on every occasion, and very seldom acted contrary to his opinion.

Nothing can be imagined more tender than was the parting between these two lovers. A thousand sighs heaved the bosom of Joseph; a thousand tears distilled from the lovely eyes of Fanny, (for that was her name;) though her modesty would only suffer her to admit his eager kisses, her violent love made her more than passive in his embraces; and she often pulled him to her breast with a soft pressure, which, though perhaps it would not have squeezed an insect to death, caused more emotion in the heart of Joseph, than the closest Cornish hug could have done.

The reader may perhaps wonder, that so fond a pair should during a twelvemonth's absence never converse with one another: indeed, there was but one reason which did or could have prevented them; and this was, that poor Fanny could neither write nor read; nor could she be prevailed upon to transmit the delicacies of her tender and chaste passion, by the hands of an amanuensis.

They contented themselves therefore with frequent enquiries after each other's health, with a mutual confidence in each other's fidelity, and the prospect of their future happiness.

Having explained these matters to our reader, and, as far as possible,

satisfied all his doubts, we return to honest Joseph, whom we left just set out on his travels by the light of the moon.

Those who have read any romance or poetry, ancient or modern, must have been informed, that love hath wings; by which they are not to understand, as some young ladies by mistake have done, that a lover can fly; the writers, by this ingenious allegory, intended to insinuate no more, than that lovers do not march like horse-guards; in short, that they put the best leg foremost; which our lusty youth, who could walk with any man, did so heartily on this occasion, that within four hours, he reached a famous house of hospitality well known to the western traveller. It presents you a lion on a sign-post; and the master, who was christened Timotheus, is commonly called plain Tim. Some have conceived, that he hath particularly chosen the lion for his sign, as he doth in countenance greatly resemble that magnanimous beast, though his disposition favours more of the sweetness of the lamb. He is a person well received among all sorts of men, being qualified to render himself agreeable to any; as he is well versed in history and politicks, hath a smattering in law and divinity, cracks a good jest, and plays wonderfully well on the French-horn.

A violent storm of hail forced Joseph to take shelter in this inn, where he remembered Sir Thomas had dined in his way to town. Joseph had no sooner seated himself by the kitchen-fire, than Timotheus, observing his livery, began to condole the loss of his late master: who was, he said, his very particular and intimate acquaintance, with whom he had cracked many a merry bottle; aye, many a dozen in his time. He then remarked, that all those things were over now, all past, and just as if they had never been; and concluded with an excellent observation on the certainty of death, which his wife said was indeed very true. A fellow now arrived at the same inn with two horses, one of which he was leading farther down into the country to meet his master; these he put into the stable, and came and took his place by Joseph's side, who immediately knew him to be the servant of a neighbour-
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ing gentleman, who used to visit at their house.

This fellow was likewise forced in by the storm; for he had orders to go twenty miles farther that evening, and luckily on the same road which Joseph himself intended to take. He therefore embraced this opportunity of complimenting his friend with his master's horses, (notwithstanding he had received express commands to the contrary) which was readily accepted; and so, after they had drank a loving pot, and the storm was over, they set out together.

CH A P. XII.

CONTAINING MANY SURPRISING ADVENTURES WHICH JOSEPH ANDREWS MET WITH ON THE ROAD, SCARCE CREDIBLE TO THOSE WHO HAVE NEVER TRAVELLED IN A STAGE-COACH.

NOTHING remarkable happened on the road, till their arrival at the inn to which the horses were ordered; whither they came about two in the morning. The moon then shone very bright; and Joseph making his friend a present of a pint of wine, and thanking him for the favour of his horse, notwithstanding all entreaties to the contrary, proceeded on his journey on foot.

He had not gone above two miles, charmed with the hopes of shortly seeing his beloved Fanny, when he was met by two fellows in a narrow lane, and ordered to stand and deliver. He readily gave them all the money he had, which was somewhat less than two pounds; and told them he hoped they would be so generous as to return him a few shillings, to defray his charges on his way home.

One of the ruffians answered with an oath: 'Yes, we'll give you something presently: but first strip, and be d—n'd to you.'—'Strip,' cry'd the other, 'or I'll blow your brains to the devil.' Joseph, remembering that he had borrowed his coat and breeches of a friend, and that he should be ashamed of making any excuse for not returning them, replied, he hoped they would not insist on his clothes, which were

not worth much, but consider the coldness of the night. 'You are cold, are you, you rascal!' says one of the robbers, 'I'll warm you with a vengeance;' and, damning his eyes, snapt a pistol at his head: which he had no sooner done, than the other levelled a blow at him with a stick, which Joseph, who was expert at cudgel-playing, caught with his, and returned the favour so successfully on his adversary, that he laid him sprawling at his feet; and at the same instant received a blow from behind with the but-end of a pistol from the other villain, which felled him to the ground, and totally deprived him of his senses.

The thief who had been knocked down, had now recovered himself; and both together fell to belabouring poor Joseph with their sticks, till they were convinced they had put an end to his miserable being: they then stripped him entirely naked, threw him into a ditch, and departed with their booty.

The poor wretch, who lay motionless a long time, just began to recover his senses as a stage-coach came by. The postilion hearing a man's groans, stopt his horses, and told the coachman he was certain there was a *dead* man lying in the ditch; for he heard him groan. 'Go on, sirrah,' says the coachman; 'we are confounded late, and have no time to look after dead men.' A lady, who heard what the postilion said, and likewise heard the groan, called eagerly to the coachman, to stop and see what was the matter. Upon which he bid the postilion alight, and look into the ditch. He did so, and returned, that there was a man sitting upright as naked as ever he was born. 'O J—sus,' cry'd the lady, 'a naked man! Dear coachman, drive on, and leave him.' Upon this the gentlemen got out of the coach; and Joseph begged them to have mercy upon him; for that he had been robbed, and almost beaten to death. 'Robbed!' cries an old gentleman; 'let us make all the haste imaginable, or we shall be robbed too.' A young man, who belonged to the law, answered, he wished they had passed by without taking any notice: but that now they might be proved to have been *last in his company*; if he should die,

tle, they might be called to some account for his murder. He therefore thought it adviseable to save the poor creature's life, for their own sakes, if possible: at least, if he died, to prevent the jury's finding *that they fled for it*. He was therefore of opinion, to take the man into the coach, and carry him to the next inn. The lady insisted, that he should not come into the coach: that if they lifted him in, she would herself alight; for she had rather stay in that place to all eternity, than ride with a naked man. The coachman objected, that he could not suffer him to be taken in, unless somebody would pay a shilling for his carriage the four miles: which the two gentlemen refused to do. But the lawyer, who was afraid of some mischief happening to himself if the wretch was left behind in that condition, saying, no man could be too cautious in these matters, and that he remembered very extraordinary cases in the books, threatened the coachman, and bid him deny taking him up at his peril; for that if he died, he should be indicted for his murder; and if he lived, and brought an action against him, he would willingly take a brief in it. These words had a sensible effect on the coachman, who was well acquainted with the person that spoke them; and the old gentleman abovementioned, thinking the naked man would afford him frequent opportunities of shewing his wit to the lady, offered to join with the company in giving a mug of beer for his fare; till partly alarmed by the threats of the one, and partly by the promises of the other, and being perhaps a little moved with compassion at the poor creature's condition, who stood bleeding and shivering with the cold, he at length agreed; and Joseph was now advancing to the coach, where seeing the lady, who held the sticks of her fan before her eyes, he absolutely refused, miserable as he was, to enter, unless he was furnished with sufficient covering, to prevent giving the least offence to decency. So perfectly modest was this young man; such mighty effects had the spotless example of the amiable Pamela, and the excellent sermons of Mr. Adams, wrought upon him.

Though there were several great-coats about the coach, it was not easy

to get over this difficulty which Joseph had started. The two gentlemen complained they were cold, and could not spare a rag; the man of wit saying, with a laugh, that charity began at home; and the coachman, who had two great-coats spread under him, refused to lend either, lest they should be made bloody; the lady's footman desired to be excused for the same reason, which the lady herself, notwithstanding her abhorrence of a naked man, approved: and it is more than probable, poor Joseph, who obstinately adhered to his modest resolution, must have perished, unless the postilion (a lad who hath been since transported for robbing a hen-roost) had voluntarily stript off a great-coat, his only garment, at the same time swearing a great oath (for which he was rebuked by the passengers) that he would rather ride in his shirt all his life, than suffer a fellow-creature to lie in so miserable a condition.

Joseph, having put on the great-coat, was lifted into the coach, which now proceeded on its journey. He declared himself almost dead with the cold, which gave the man of wit an occasion to ask the lady, if she could not accommodate him with a dram. She answered with some resentment, she wondered at his asking her such a question; but assured him she never tasted any such thing.

The lawyer was enquiring into the circumstances of the robbery, when the coach stopt; and one of the ruffians putting a pistol in, demanded their money of the passengers, who readily gave it them; and the lady, in her fright, delivered up a little silver bottle, of about a half-pint size, which the rogue, clapping it to his mouth, and drinking her health, declared held some of the best *wantz* he had ever tasted. This the lady afterwards assured the company was the mistake of her maid; for that she had ordered her to fill the bottle with Hungary water.

As soon as the fellows were departed, the lawyer, who had, it seems, a case of pistols in the seat of the coach, informed the company, that if it had been day-light, and he could have come as his pistols, he would not have submitted to the robbery; he likewise set forth, that he had often met highwaymen when he travelled on horse-

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back,

back, but none ever durst attack him; concluding, that if he had not been more afraid for the lady than for himself, he should not have now parted with his money so easily.

As wit is generally observed to love to reside in empty pockets; so the gentleman, whose ingenuity we have above remarked, as soon as he had parted with his money, began to grow wonderfully facetious. He made frequent allusions to Adam and Eve, and said many excellent things on figs and fig-leaves; which perhaps gave more offence to Joseph than to any other in the company.

The lawyer likewise made several very pretty jests, without departing from his profession. He said, if Joseph and the lady were alone, he would be more capable of making a *conveyance* to her, as his *affairs* were not *fettered* with any *incumbrance*; he'd warrant, he soon suffered a *recovery* by a writ of *entry*, which was the proper way to create *heirs in tail*; that for his own part, he would engage to make *so firm a settlement* in a coach, that there should be no danger of an *ejectment*: with an inundation of the like gibberish, which he continued to vent till the coach arrived at an inn; where one servant-maid only was up in readiness to attend the coachman, and furnish him with cold meat and a dram. Joseph desired to alight, and that he might have a bed prepared for him, which the maid readily promised to perform; and being a good-natured wench, and not so queamish as the lady had been, she clapt a large faggot on the fire, and furnishing Joseph with a great-coat belonging to one of the hostlers, desired him to sit down and warm himself, whilst she made his bed. The coachman, in the mean time, took an opportunity to call up a surgeon, who lived within a few doors: after which, he reminded his passengers how late they were; and, after they had taken leave of Joseph, hurried them off as fast as he could.

The wench soon got Joseph to bed, and promised to use her interest to borrow him a shirt; but imagining, as she afterwards said, by his being so bloody, that he must be a dead man, she ran with all speed to hasten the surgeon, who was more than half drest, apprehending that the coach had been

overturned and some gentleman or lady hurt. As soon as the wench had informed him at his window, that it was a poor foot-passenger, who had been stripped of all he had, and almost murdered; he chid her for disturbing him so early, slipped off his clothes again, and very quietly returned to bed and to sleep.

Aurora now began to shew her blooming cheeks over the hills, whilst ten millions of feathered songsters, in jocund chorus, repeated odes a thousand times sweeter than those of our laureat, and sung both *the day and the song*; when the master of the inn, Mr. Tow-wouse, arose, and learning from his maid an account of the robbery, and the situation of his poor naked guest; he shook his head, and cried, 'Good lack-a-day!' and then ordered the girl to carry him one of his own shirts.

Mrs. Tow-wouse was just awake, and had stretched out her arms in vain to fold her departed husband, when the maid entered the room. 'Who's there? Betty?'—'Yes, Madam.'—'Where's your master?'—'He's with-out, Madam; he hath sent me for a shirt to lend a poor naked man, who hath been robbed and murdered.'—'Touch one, if you dare, you slut,' said Mrs. Tow-wouse; 'your master is a pretty sort of a man to take in naked vagabonds, and clothe them with his own clothes. I shall have no such doings. If you offer to touch any thing, I will throw the chamber-pot at your head. Go, send your master to me.'—'Yes, Madam,' answered Betty. As soon as he came in, she thus began: 'What the devil do you mean by this, Mr. Tow-wouse? Am I to buy shirts to lend to a set of scabby rascals?'—'My dear,' said Mr. Tow-wouse, 'this is a poor wretch.'—'Yes,' says she, 'I know it is a poor wretch; but what the devil have we to do with poor wretches? The law makes us provide for too many already. We shall have thirty or forty poor wretches in red coats shortly.'—'My dear,' cries Tow-wouse, 'this man hath been robbed of all he had.'—'Well, then,' said she, 'where's his money to pay his reckoning? Why doth not such a fellow go to an ale-house? I shall send him packing as soon

'soon as I am up, I assure you.'—
'My dear,' said he, 'common charity won't suffer you to do that.'—
'Common charity, a f—t!' says she; 'common charity teaches us to provide for ourselves, and our families; and I and mine won't be ruin'd by your charity, I assure you.'—'Well,' says he, 'my dear, do as you will when you are up; you know I never contradict you.'—'No,' says she, 'if the devil was to contradict me, I would make the house too hot to hold him.'

With such like discourses they consumed near half an hour, whilst Betty provided a shirt from the hostler, who was one of her sweethearts, and put it on poor Joseph. The surgeon had likewise at last visited him, and washed and dressed his wounds, and was now come to acquaint Mr. Tow-wouse, that his guest was in such extreme danger of his life, that he scarce saw any hopes of his recovery. 'Here's a pretty kettle of fish,' cries Mrs. Tow-wouse, 'you have brought upon us! We are like to have a funeral at our own expense.' Tow-wouse (who, notwithstanding his charity, would have given his vote as freely as ever he did at an election, that any other house in the kingdom should have quiet possession of his guest) answered, 'My dear, I am not to blame: he was brought hither by the stage-coach; and Betty had put him to bed before I was stirring.'—'I'll Betty her!' says she. At which, with half her garments on, the other half under her arm, she sallied out in quest of the unfortunate Betty; whilst Tow-wouse and the surgeon went to pay a visit to poor Joseph, and enquire into the circumstances of this melancholy affair,

CHAP. XIII.

WHAT HAPPENED TO JOSEPH DURING HIS SICKNESS AT THE INN, WITH THE CURIOUS DISCOURSE BETWEEN HIM AND MR. BARNABAS THE PARSON OF THE PARISH.

AS soon as Joseph had communicated a particular history of the robbery, together with a short account of himself and his intended journey,

he asked the surgeon, if he apprehended him to be in any danger: to which the surgeon very honestly answered, he feared he was; for that his pulse was very exalted and feverish, and if his fever should prove more than *symptomatic*, it would be impossible to save him. Joseph, fetching a deep sigh, cried, 'Poor Fanny, I would I could have lived to see thee! but God's will be done.'

The surgeon then advised him, if he had any worldly affairs to settle, that he would do it as soon as possible; for though he hoped he might recover, yet he thought himself obliged to acquaint him he was in great danger; and if the malign concoction of his humours should cause a suscitation of his fever, he might soon grow delirious and incapable to make his will. Joseph answered, that it was impossible for any creature in the universe to be in a poorer condition than himself; for since the robbery, he had not one thing of any kind whatever, which he could call his own. 'I had,' said he, 'a poor little piece of gold which they took away, that would have been a comfort to me in all my afflictions; but surely, Fanny, I want nothing to remind me of thee. I have thy dear image in my heart, and no villain can ever tear it thence.'

Joseph desired paper and pens to write a letter; but they were refused him, and he was advised to use all his endeavours to compose himself. They then left him; and Mr. Tow-wouse sent to a clergyman to come and administer his good offices to the soul of poor Joseph, since the surgeon despaired of making any successful applications to his body.

Mr. Barnabas (for that was the clergyman's name) came as soon as sent for; and having first drank a dish of tea with the landlady, and afterwards a bowl of punch with the landlord, he walked up to the room where Joseph lay: but, finding him asleep, returned to take the other sneaker; which when he had finished, he again crept softly up to the chamber-door, and, having opened it, heard the sick man talking to himself in the following manner:

'O most adorable Pamela! most virtuous sister! whose example could alone enable me to withstand all the

‘temptations of riches and beauty, and to preserve my virtue pure and chaste, for the arms of my dear Fanny, if it had pleased Heaven that I should ever have come unto them; what riches, or honours, or pleasures, can make us amends for the loss of innocence? Doth not that alone afford us more consolation than all worldly acquisitions? What but innocence and virtue could give any comfort to such a miserable wretch as I am? Yet these can make me prefer this sick and painful bed to all the pleasures I should have found in my lady’s. These can make me face death without fear; and though I love my Fanny more than ever man loved a woman, these can teach me to resign myself to the Divine will, without repining. O, thou delightful charming creature! if Heaven had indulged thee to my arms, the poorest, humblest state, would have been a paradise; I could have lived with thee in the lowest cottage, without envying the palaces, the dainties, or the riches of any man breathing. But I must leave thee, leave thee for ever, my dearest angel! I must think of another world; and I heartily pray thou may’st meet comfort in this.’—Barnabas thought he had heard enough; so down stairs he went, and told Tow-wouse he could do his guest no service: for that he was very light-headed, and had uttered nothing but a rhapsody of nonsense all the time he stayed in the room.

The surgeon returned in the afternoon, and found his patient in a higher fever, as he said, than when he left him, though not delirious: for notwithstanding Mr. Barnabas’s opinion, he had not been once out of his senses since his arrival at the inn.

Mr. Barnabas was again sent for, and with much difficulty prevailed on to make another visit. As soon as he entered the room, he told Joseph, he was come to pray by him, and to prepare him for another world: in the first place, therefore, he hoped he had repented of all his sins. Joseph answered, he hoped he had: but there was one thing which he knew not whether he should call a sin; if it was, he feared he should die in the commission of it; and that was the regret of parting with a young woman, whom he loved

as tenderly as he did his heart-strings. Barnabas bade him be assured, that any repining at the Divine will was one of the greatest sins he could commit; that he ought to forget all carnal affections, and think of better things. Joseph said, that neither in this world nor the next, he could forget his Fanny; and that the thought, however grievous, of parting from her for ever, was not half so tormenting, as the fear of what she would suffer when she knew his misfortune. Barnabas said, that such fears argued a diffidence and despondence very criminal; that he must divest himself of all human passions, and fix his heart above. Joseph answered, that was what he desired to do, and should be obliged to him, if he would enable him to accomplish it. Barnabas replied, that must be done by grace. Joseph besought him to discover how he might attain it. Barnabas answered, ‘By prayer and faith.’ He then questioned him concerning his forgiveness of the thieves: Joseph answered, he feared that was more than he could do: for nothing would give him more pleasure than to hear they were taken. ‘That,’ cries Barnabas, ‘is for the sake of justice.’—‘Yes,’ said Joseph; ‘but if I was to meet them again, I am afraid I should attack them, and kill them too, if I could.’—‘Doubtless,’ answered Barnabas, ‘it is lawful to kill a thief: but can you say, you forgive them as a christian ought?’ Joseph desired to know what that forgiveness was. ‘That is,’ answered Barnabas, ‘to forgive them as—as—it is to forgive them as—in short, it is to forgive them as a christian.’ Joseph replied, he forgave them as much as he could. ‘Well, well,’ said Barnabas, ‘that will do.’ He then demanded of him, if he remembered any more sins unrepented of; and if he did, he desired him to make haste and repent of them as fast as he could: that they might repeat over a few prayers together. Joseph answered, he could not recollect any great crimes he had been guilty of, and that those he had committed he was sincerely sorry for. Barnabas said that was enough: and then proceeded to prayer with all the expedition he was master of; some company then waiting for him below in the parlour, where the ingredients for punch were all in readi-

readiness; but no one would squeeze the oranges till he came.

Joseph complained he was dry, and desired a little tea; which Barnabas reported to Mrs. Tow-wouse, who answered, she had just done drinking it, and could not be slopping all day; but ordered Betty to carry up some small-beer.

Betty obeyed her mistress's commands; but Joseph, as soon as he had tasted it, said, he feared it would increase his fever, and that he longed very much for tea: to which the good-natured Betty answered, he should have tea, if there was any in the land. She accordingly went and bought him some herself, and attended him with it; where we will leave her and Joseph together for some time, to entertain the reader with other matters.

CHAP. XIV.

BEING VERY FULL OF ADVENTURES, WHICH SUCCEEDED EACH OTHER AT THE INN.

IT was now the dusk of the evening, when a grave person rode into the inn, and committing his horse to the hostler, went directly into the kitchen; and having called for a pipe of tobacco, took his place by the fire-side, where several other persons were likewise assembled.

The discourse ran altogether on the robbery which was committed the night before, and on the poor wretch, who lay above in the dreadful condition in which we have already seen him. Mrs. Tow-wouse said, she wondered what the devil Tom Whiplow meant by bringing such guests to her house, when there were so many alehouses on the road proper for their reception. But she assured him, if he died, the parish should be at the expence of the funeral. She added, nothing would serve the fellow's turn but tea, she would assure him. Betty, who was just returned from her charitable office, answered, she believed he was a gentleman, for she never saw a finer skin in her life. 'Pox on his skin!' replied Mrs. Tow-

wouse, 'I suppose that is all we are like to have for the reckoning. I desire no such gentlemen should ever call at the Dragon; (which, it seems, was the sign of the inn.)

The gentleman lately arrived discovered a great deal of emotion at the distress of this poor creature, whom he observed to be fallen not into the most compassionate hands. And, indeed, if Mrs. Tow-wouse had given no utterance to the sweetness of her temper, nature had taken such pains in her countenance, that Hogarth himself never gave more expression to a picture.

Her person was short, thin, and crooked. Her forehead projected in the middle, and thence descended in a declivity to the top of her nose, which was sharp and red, and would have hung over her lips, had not nature turned up the end of it. Her lips were two bits of skin, which, whenever she spoke, she drew together in a purse. Her chin was peaked; and at the upper end of that skin which composed her cheeks, stood two bones, that almost hid a pair of small red eyes. Add to this, a voice most wonderfully adapted to the sentiments it was to convey, being both loud and hoarse.

It is not easy to say, whether the gentleman had conceived a greater dislike for his landlady, or compassion for her unhappy guest. He enquired very earnestly of the surgeon, who was now come into the kitchen, whether he had any hopes of his recovery? He begged him to use all possible means towards it, telling him, it was the duty of men of all professions, to apply their skill *gratis* for the relief of the poor and necessitous. The surgeon answered, he should take proper care: but he desired all the surgeons in London to do him any good. 'Pray, Sir,' said the gentleman, 'what are his wounds?' 'Why, do you know any thing of wounds?' says the surgeon, (winking upon Mrs. Tow-wouse.)—'Sir, I have a small smattering in surgery,' answered the gentleman. 'A smattering—ho, ho, ho!' said the surgeon, 'I believe it is a smattering indeed.'

The company were all attentive, expecting

pecting to hear the doctor, who was what they call a dry fellow, expose the gentleman.

He began, therefore, with an air of triumph: 'I suppose, Sir, you have travelled.'—'No really, Sir,' said the gentleman.—'Ho! then you have practised in the hospitals, perhaps.'—'No, Sir.'—'Hum! not that neither? Whence, Sir, then, if I may be so bold to enquire, have you got your knowledge in surgery?'—'Sir,' answered the gentleman, 'I do not pretend to much; but the little I know, I have from books.'—'Books!' cries the doctor: 'what, I suppose you have read Galen and Hippocrates!'—'No, Sir,' said the gentleman. 'How! you understand surgery,' answers the doctor, 'and not read Galen and Hippocrates!'—'Sir,' cries the other, 'I believe there are many surgeons who have never read these authors.'—'I believe so too,' says the doctor, 'more shame for them: but thanks to my education, I have them by heart, and very seldom without them both in my pocket.'—'They are pretty large books,' said the gentleman.—'Aye,' said the doctor, 'I believe I know how large they are better than you.'—(At which he fell a winking, and the whole company burst into a laugh.)

The doctor pursuing his triumph, asked the gentleman, if he did not understand physic as well as surgery. 'Rather better,' answered the gentleman. 'Aye, like enough,' cries the doctor, with a wink. 'Why, I know a little of physic too.'—'I wish I knew half so much,' said Tow-wouse, 'I'd never wear an apron again.'—'Why, I believe, landlord,' cries the doctor, 'there are few men, though I say it, within twelve miles of the place, that handle a fever better. *Veniente accurrite morbo*: that is my method. I suppose, brother, you understand Latin?'—'A little,' says the gentleman. 'Aye, and Greek now I'll warrant you: *Ton dapomibominos polustsboio Thalasses*. But I have almost forgot these things; I could have repeated Homer by heart once.'—'Ifsags! the gentleman has caught a traitor,' says Mrs. Tow-wouse; (at which they all fell a laughing.)

The gentleman, who had not the least affection for joking, very contentedly suffered the doctor to enjoy his victory; which he did with no small satisfaction: and having sufficiently sounded his depth, told him, he was thoroughly convinced of his great learning and abilities; and that he would be obliged to him, if he would let him know his opinion of his patient's case above stairs. 'Sir,' says the doctor, 'his case is that of a dead man.—The contusion on his head has perforated the internal membrane of the occiput, and dilacerated that radical small minute invisible nerve which coheres to the pericranium; and this was attended with a fever at first symptomatic, then pneumatic; and he is at length grown delirious; or delirious, as the vulgar express it.'

He was proceeding in this learned manner, when a mighty noise interrupted him. Some young fellows in the neighbourhood had taken one of the thieves, and were bringing him into the inn. Betty ran up stairs with this news to Joseph; who begged they might search for a little piece of broken gold, which had a ribband tied to it, and which he could swear to amongst all the hoards of the richest men in the universe.

Notwithstanding the fellow's persisting in his innocence, the mob were very busy in searching him, and presently, among other things, pulled out the piece of gold just mentioned; which Betty no sooner saw than she laid violent hands on it, and conveyed it up to Joseph, who received it with raptures of joy, and hugging it in his bosom, declared, he could now die contented.

Within a few minutes afterwards, came in some other fellows, with a bundle which they had found in a ditch; and which was, indeed, the clothes which had been stript off from Joseph, and the other things they had taken from him.

The gentleman no sooner saw the coat, than he declared he knew the livery; and, if it had been taken from the poor creature above stairs, desired he might see him; for that he was very well acquainted with the family to whom that livery belonged.

He was accordingly conducted up by Betty:—but what, reader, was the surprise on both sides, when he saw Joseph was the person in bed; and when Joseph discovered the face of his good friend Mr. Abraham Adams!

It would be impertinent to insert a discourse which chiefly turned on the relation of matters already well known to the reader: for as soon as the curate had satisfied Joseph concerning the perfect health of his Fanny, he was, on his side, very inquisitive into all the particulars which had produced this unfortunate accident.

To return therefore to the kitchen, where a great variety of company were now assembled from all the rooms of the house, as well as the neighbourhood; so much delight do men take in contemplating the countenance of a thief!

Mr. Tow-wouse began to rub his hands with pleasure, at seeing so large an assembly; who would, he hoped, shortly adjourn into several apartments, in order to discourse over the robbery, and drink a health to all honest men. But Mrs. Tow-wouse, whose misfortune it was commonly to see things a little perversely, began to rail at those who brought the fellow into her house; telling her husband, they were likely to thrive, who kept a house of entertainment for beggars and thieves.

The mob had now finished their search; and could find nothing about the captive likely to prove any evidence: for as to the clothes, though the mob were very well satisfied with that proof; yet, as the surgeon observed, they could not convict him, because they were not found in his custody; to which Barnabas agreed, and added, that these were *bona vacantia*, and belonged to the lord of the manor.

‘How,’ says the surgeon, ‘do you say these goods belong to the lord of the manor?’—‘I do,’ cried Barnabas.—‘Then, I deny it,’ says the surgeon. ‘What can the lord of the manor have to do in the case? Will any one attempt to persuade me what a man finds is not his own?’—‘I have heard,’ says an old fellow in the corner, ‘Justice Wise-one say, that if every man had his right, whatever is found belongs to the King of London.’—‘That may be true,’

says Barnabas, ‘in some sense: for the law makes a difference between things stolen, and things found: for a thing may be stolen that never is found; and a thing may be found that never was stolen. Now goods that are both stolen and found are *quaviata*; and they belong to the lord of the manor.’—‘So the lord of the manor is the receiver of stolen goods,’ says the doctor; (at which there was a universal laugh, being first begun by himself.)

While the prisoner, by persisting in his innocence, had almost (as there was no evidence against him) brought over Barnabas, the surgeon, Tow-wouse, and several others to his side; Betty informed them, that they had over-looked a little piece of gold, which she carried up to the man in bed; and which he offered to swear to amongst a million, aye, amongst ten thousand. This immediately turned the scale against the prisoner; and every one now concluded him guilty. It was resolved, therefore, to keep him secured that night, and early in the morning to carry him before a justice.

CHAP. XV.

SHewing HOW MRS. TOW-WOUSE WAS A LITTLE MOLLIFIED; AND HOW OFFICIOUS MR. BARNABAS AND THE SURGEON WERE TO PROSECUTE THE THIEF: WITH A DISSERTATION ACCOUNTING FOR THEIR ZEAL, AND THAT OF MANY OTHER PERSONS NOT MENTIONED IN THIS HISTORY.

BETTY told her mistress, she believed the man in bed was a greater man than they took him for: for, besides the extreme whiteness of his skin, and the softness of his hands, she observed a very great familiarity between the gentleman and him; and added, she was certain they were intimate acquaintance, if not relations.

This somewhat abated the severity of Mrs. Tow-wouse's countenance. She said, God forbid she should not discharge the duty of a christian, since the poor gentleman was brought to her house. She had a natural anti-

antipathy to vagabonds: but could pity the misfortunes of a christian as soon as another. Tow-wouse said: "If the traveller be a gentleman, though he hath no money about him now, we shall most likely be paid hereafter; so you may begin to score whenever you will."

Mrs. Tow-wouse answered, "Hold your simple tongue, and don't instruct me in my business. I am sure I am sorry for the gentleman's misfortune with all my heart; and I hope the villain who hath used him so barbarously, will be hanged. Betty, go, see what he wants: God forbid he should want any thing in my house."

Barnabas and the surgeon went up to Joseph, to satisfy themselves concerning the piece of gold. Joseph was with difficulty prevailed upon to shew it them; but would by no entreaties be brought to deliver it out of his own possession. He however attested this to be the same which had been taken from him; and Betty was ready to swear to the finding it on the thief.

The only difficulty that remained, was how to produce this gold before the justice: for as to carrying Joseph himself, it seemed impossible; nor was there any great likelihood of obtaining it from him: for he had fastened it with a ribband to his arm, and solemnly vowed, that nothing but irresistible force should ever separate them; in which resolution, Mr. Adams, clenching a fist rather less than the knuckle of an ox, declared he would support him.

A dispute arose on this occasion concerning evidence, not very necessary to be related here; after which the surgeon dressed Mr. Joseph's head; still persisting in the imminent danger in which his patient lay; but concluding, with a very important look, that he began to have some hopes; that he should send him a *sanative soporiferous draught*, and would see him in the morning. After which Barnabas and he departed, and left Mr. Joseph and Mr. Adams together.

Adams informed Joseph of the occasion of this journey which he was making to London, namely, to publish three volumes of sermons: being encouraged, as he said, by an advertisement lately set forth by a society of

booksellers, who proposed to purchase any copies offered to them, at a price to be settled by two persons: but though he imagined he should get a considerable sum of money on this occasion, which his family were in urgent need of, he protested he would not leave Joseph in his present condition: finally, he told him, he had nine shillings and three-pence halfpenny in his pocket, which he was welcome to use as he pleased.

This goodness of parson Adams brought tears into Joseph's eyes; he declared, he had now a second reason to desire life, that he might shew his gratitude to such a friend. Adams bade him be chearful; for that he plainly saw the surgeon, besides his ignorance, desired to make a merit of curing him, though the wounds in his head, he perceived, were by no means dangerous; that he was convinced he had no fever, and doubted not but he would be able to travel in a day or two.

These words infused a spirit into Joseph; he said, he found himself very sore from the bruises, but had no reason to think any of his bones injured, or that he had received any harm in his inside; unless that he felt something very odd in his stomach: but he knew not whether that might not arise from not having eaten one morsel for above twenty-four hours. Being then asked if he had any inclination to eat, he answered in the affirmative. Then parson Adams desired him to name what he had the greatest fancy for; whether a poached egg, or chicken-broth: he answered, he could eat both very well; but that he seemed to have the greatest appetite for a piece of boiled beef and cabbage.

Adams was pleased with so perfect a confirmation that he had not the least fever; but advised him to a lighter diet, for that evening. He accordingly eat either a rabbit or a fowl; I never could with any tolerable certainty discover which; after this, he was by Mrs. Tow-wouse's order conveyed into a better bed, and equipped with one of her husband's shirts:

In the morning early, Barnabas and the surgeon came to the inn, in order to see the thief conveyed before the justice. They had consumed the whole night in debating what measures they should

should take to produce the piece of gold in evidence against him: for they were both extremely zealous in the business, though neither of them were in the least interested in the prosecution; neither of them had ever received any private injury from the fellow, nor had either of them ever been suspected of loving the public well enough, to give them a sermon or a dose of physic for nothing. To help our reader therefore as much as possible to account for this zeal, we must inform him, that, as this parish was so unfortunate as to have no lawyer in it; there had been a constant contention between the two doctors, spiritual and physical, concerning their abilities in a science, in which, as neither of them professed it, they had equal pretensions to dispute each other's opinions. These disputes were carried on with great contempt on both sides, and had almost divided the parish; Mr. Tow-wouse, and one half of the neighbours, inclining to the surgeon, and Mrs. Tow-wouse, with the other half, to the parson. The surgeon drew his knowledge from those inestimable fountains, called the Attorney's Pocket-Companion, and Mr. Jacob's Law-Tables: Barnabas trusted entirely to Wood's Institutes. It happened on this occasion, as was pretty frequently the case, that these two learned men differed about the sufficiency of evidence: the doctor being of opinion, that the maid's oath would convict the prisoner without producing the gold; the parson, *à contra, totis viribus*. To display their parts therefore before the justice and the parish, was the sole motive which we can discover, to this zeal, which both of them pretended to have for public justice.

O vanity! how little is thy force acknowledged, or thy operations discerned! how wantonly dost thou deceive mankind under different disguises! sometimes thou dost wear the face of pity, sometimes of generosity: nay, thou hast the assurance even to put on those glorious ornaments which belong only to heroic virtue. Thou odious, deformed monster! whom priests have railed at, philosophers despised, and poets ridiculed: is there a wretch so abandoned as to own thee for an acquaintance in public? yet, how few will refuse to enjoy thee in private?

nay, thou art the pursuit of most men through their lives. The greatest villainies are daily practised to please thee; nor is the meanest thief below, or the greatest hero above thy notice. Thy embraces are often the sole aim and sole reward of the private robbery, and the plundered province. It is to pamper up thee, thou harlot, that we attempt to withdraw from others what we do not want, or to withhold from them what they do. All our passions are thy slaves. Avarice itself is often no more than thy handmaid, and even lust thy pimp. The bully, fear, like a coward, flies before thee, and joy and grief hide their heads in thy presence.

I know thou wilt think, that whilst I abuse thee, I court thee; and that thy love hath inspired me to write this sarcastical panegyric on thee: but thou art deceived, I value thee not a farthing; nor will it give me any pain, if thou shouldst prevail on the reader to censure this digression as arrant nonsense; for know, to thy confusion, that I have introduced thee for no other purpose than to lengthen out a short chapter; and so I return to my history.

CHAP. XVI.

THE ESCAPE OF THE THIEF.
MR. ADAMS'S DISAPPOINTMENT.
THE ARRIVAL OF TWO VERY
EXTRAORDINARY PERSONAGES,
AND THE INTRODUCTION OF
PARSON ADAMS TO PARSON
BARNABAS.

BARNABAS and the surgeon being returned, as we have said, to the inn, in order to convey the thief before the justice, were greatly concerned to find a small accident had happened, which somewhat disconcerted them; and this was no other than the thief's escape, who had modestly withdrawn himself by night, declining all ostentation, and not chusing, in imitation of some great men, to distinguish himself at the expence of being pointed at.

When the company had retired the evening before, the thief was detained in a room where the constable, and one of the young fellows who took him, were planted as his guard. About the second watch, a general complaint of drowth

drowth was made both by the prisoner and his keepers. Among whom it was at last agreed, that the constable should remain on duty, and the young fellow call up the tapster; in which disposition the latter apprehended not the least danger, as the constable was well armed, and could besides easily summon him back to his assistance, if the prisoner made the least attempt to gain his liberty.

The young fellow had not long left the room, before it came into the constable's head, that the prisoner might leap on him by surprise, and thereby, preventing him of the use of his weapons, especially the long staff, in which he chiefly confided, might reduce the success of a struggle to an equal chance. He wisely therefore, to prevent this inconvenience, slipped out of the room himself, and locked the door, waiting without with his staff in his hand, ready lifted to fell the unhappy prisoner, if by ill fortune he should attempt to break out.

But human life, as hath been discovered by some great man or other, (for I would by no means be understood to affect the honour of making any such discovery) very much resembles a game of chess: for as in the latter, while a gamester is too attentive to secure himself very strongly on one side the board, he is apt to leave an unguarded opening on the other; so doth it often happen in life, and so did it happen on this occasion: for whilst the cautious constable with such wonderful sagacity had possessed himself of the door, he most unhappily forgot the window.

The thief, who played on the other side, no sooner perceived this opening, than he began to move that way; and finding the passage easy, he took with him the young fellow's hat; and without any ceremony stepped into the street, and made the best of his way.

The young fellow returning with a double mug of strong beer, was a little surprised to find the constable at the door; but much more so, when, the door being opened, he perceived the prisoner had made his escape, and which way. He threw down the beer, and without uttering any thing to the constable, except a hearty curse or two, he nimbly leapt out at the win-

dow, and went again in pursuit of his prey; being very unwilling to lose the reward which he had assured himself of.

The constable hath not been discharged of suspicion on this account: it hath been said; that not being concerned in the taking the thief, he could not have been entitled to any part of the reward, if he had been convicted; that the thief had several guineas in his pocket; that it was very unlikely he should have been guilty of such an oversight; that his pretence for leaving the room was absurd; that it was his constant maxim, that a wise man never refused money on any conditions; that at every election he always had sold his vote to both parties, &c.

But notwithstanding these and many other such allegations, I am sufficiently convinced of his innocence; having been positively assured of it, by those who received their informations from his own mouth; which, in the opinion of some moderns, is the best and indeed only evidence.

All the family were now up, and with many others assembled in the kitchen, where Mr. Tow-wouse was in some tribulation; the surgeon having declared that, by law, he was liable to be indicted for the thief's escape, as it was out of his house: he was a little comforted, however, by Mr. Barnabas's opinion, that as the escape was by night, the indictment would not lie.

Mrs. Tow-wouse delivered herself in the following words: 'Sure never was such a fool as my husband! would any other person living have left a man in the custody of such a drunken, drowsy blockhead, as Tom Suckbribe!' (which was the constable's name) 'and if he could be indicted without any harm to his wife and children, I should be glad of it.' (Then the bell rung in Joseph's room :) 'Why, Betty, John, Chamberlain! where the devil are you all? Have you no ears, or no conscience, not to tend the sick better? See what the gentleman wants. Why don't you go yourself, Mr. Tow-wouse! but anyone may die for you; you have no more feeling than a deal board. If a man lived a fortnight

'night in your house without spending a penny, you would never put him in mind of it. See whether he drinks tea or coffee for breakfast.'

— 'Yes, my dear,' cried Tow-wouse. She then asked the doctor and Mr. Barnabas, what morning's draught they chose: who answered, they had a pot of *cyder*-and at the fire; which we will leave them merry over, and return to Joseph.

He had rose pretty early this morning: but though his wounds were far from threatening any danger, he was so sore with the bruises, that it was impossible for him to think of undertaking a journey yet; Mr. Adams therefore, whose stock was visibly decreased with the expences of supper and breakfast, and which could not sur vive that day's scoring, began to consider how it was possible to recruit it. At last he cried, he had luckily hit on a sure method, and though it would oblige him to return himself home together with Joseph, it mattered not much. He then sent for Tow-wouse, and taking him into another room, told him, he wanted to borrow three guineas, for which he would put ample security into his hands. Tow-wouse, who expected a watch, or ring, or something of double the value, answered, he believed he could furnish him. Upon which Adams, pointing to his saddle-bag, told him with a face and voice full of solemnity, that there were in that bag no less than nine volumes of manuscript sermons, as well worth a hundred pounds as a shilling was worth twelve pence; and that he would deposit one of the volumes in his hands by way of pledge; not doubting but that he would have the honesty to return it on his repayment of the money; for otherwise he must be a very great loser, seeing that every volume would at least bring him ten pounds, as he had been informed by a neighbouring clergyman in the country: 'for,' said he, 'as to my own part, having never yet dealt in printing, I do not pretend to ascertain the exact value of such things.'

Tow-wouse, who was a little surprised at the pawn, said, (and not without some truth) that he was no judge of the price of such kind of goods: and as for money, he really was very short. Adams answered,

certainly he would not scruple to lend him three guineas on what was undoubtedly worth at least ten. The landlord replied, he did not believe he had so much money in the house, and besides he was to make up a sum. He was very confident the books were of much higher value, and heartily sorry it did not suit him. He then cried out, 'Coming, Sir!' though nobody called; and ran down stairs without any fear of breaking his neck.

Poor Adams was extremely dejected at this disappointment, nor knew he what farther stratagem to try. He immediately applied to his pipe, his constant friend and comfort in his afflictions; and leaning over the rails, he devoted himself to meditation, assisted by the inspiring fumes of tobacco.

He had on a night-cap drawn over his wig, and a short great-coat, which half covered his cassock: a dress which, added to something comical enough in his countenance, composed a figure likely to attract the eyes of those who were not over-given to observation.

Whilst he was smoking his pipe in this posture, a coach and six, with a numerous attendance, drove into the inn. There alighted from the coach a young fellow, and a brace of pointers, after which another young fellow leapt from the box, and shook the former by the hand; and both, together with the dogs, were instantly conducted by Mr. Tow-wouse into an apartment; whither as they passed, they entertained themselves with the following short facetious dialogue.

'You are a pretty fellow for a coachman, Jack!' says he from the coach; 'you had almost overturned us just now.' — 'Pox take you,' says the coachman, 'if I had only broke your neck, it would have been saving somebody else the trouble: but I should have been sorry for the pointers.' — 'Why, you son of a b—,' answered the other, 'if nobody could shoot better than you, the pointers would be of no use.' — 'D—n me,' says the coachman, 'I will shoot with you five guineas a shot.' — 'You be hanged,' says the other; 'for five guineas you shall shoot at my a—.' — 'Done,' says the coachman, 'I'll pepper you better than ever you was peppered by Jenny Bouncer.' — 'Pepper your grandmother,' says the other;

other; 'here's Tow-wouse, will let you shoot at him for a shilling a time.'—'I know his honour better,' cries Tow-wouse; 'I never saw a surer shoot at a partridge. Every man misses now and then; but if I could shoot half as well as his honour, I would desire no better livelihood than I could get by my gun.'—'Pox on you,' said the coachman, 'you demolish more game now than your head's worth. There's a bitch, Tow-wouse, by G—— she never *blinked** a bird in her life.'—'I have a puppy, not a year old, shall hunt with her for a hundred,' cries the other gentleman. 'Done,' says the coachman; 'but you will be pox'd before you make the bett. If you have a mind for a bett,' cries the coachman, 'I will match my spotted dog with your white bitch for a hundred, play or pay.'—'Done,' says the other, 'and I'll run Baldface against Slouch with you for another.'—'No,' cries he from the box, 'but I'll venture Miss Jenny against Baldface or Hannibal either.'—'Go to the devil,' cries he from the coach; 'I will make every bett your own way, to be sure! I will match Hannibal with Slouch for a thousand, if you dare, and I say done first.'

They were now arrived; and the reader will be very contented to leave them, and repair to the kitchen, where Barnabas, the surgeon, and an exciseman were smoaking their pipes over some *cyder-and*, and where the servants, who attended the two noble gentlemen we have just seen alight, were now arrived.

'Tom,' cries one of the footmen, 'there's Parson Adams smoaking his pipe in the gallery.'—'Yes,' says Tom, 'I pull'd off my hat to him, and the parson spoke to me.'

'Is the gentleman a clergyman then?' says Barnabas: for his cassock had been tied up when first he arrived. 'Yes, Sir,' answered the footman, 'and one there be but few like.'—'Aye,' said Barnabas, 'if I had known it sooner, I should have desired his company; I would always shew a proper respect for the cloth: but what say you, doctor, shall we

adjourn into a room, and invite him to take part of a bowl of punch?'

This proposal was immediately agreed to, and executed; and parson Adams accepting the invitation, much civility passed between the two clergymen, who both declared the great honour they had for the cloth. They had not been long together, before they entered into a discourse on small tithes, which continued a full hour, without the doctor or exciseman's having one opportunity to offer a word.

It was then proposed to begin a general conversation, and the exciseman opened on foreign affairs: but a word unluckily dropping from one of them, introduced a dissertation on the hardships suffered by the inferior clergy; which, after a long duration, concluded with bringing the nine volumes of sermons on the carpet.

Barnabas greatly discouraged poor Adams; he said, the age was so wicked, that nobody read sermons: 'Would you think it, Mr. Adams,' said he, 'I once intended to print a volume of sermons myself, and they had the approbation of two or three bishops: but what do you think a bookseller offered me?'—'Twelve guineas, perhaps,' cried Adams. 'Not twelve-pence, I assure you,' answered Barnabas; 'nay, the dog refused me a Concordance in exchange.—At last I offered to give him the printing them, for the sake of dedicating them to that very gentleman who just now drove his own coach into the inn; and I assure you he had the impudence to refuse my offer: by which means I lost a good living, that was afterwards given away in exchange for a pointer, to one who—but I will not say any thing against the cloth. So you may guess, Mr. Adams, what you are to expect; for if sermons would have gone down, I believe—I will not be vain: but to be concise with you, three bishops said, they were the best that ever were writ: but indeed there are a pretty moderate number printed already, and not all sold yet.'—'Pray, Sir,' said Adams, 'to what do you think the numbers may amount to?'—'Sir,' answered

* To *blink*, is a term used to signify the dog's passing by a bird without pointing at it.

Barnabas, 'a bookseller told me, he believed five thousand volumes at least.'—'Five thousand!' quoth the surgeon, 'what can they be writ upon? I remember, when I was a boy, I used to read one Tillotson's sermons; and, I am sure, if a man practised half so much as is in one of those sermons, he will go to heaven.'—'Doctor,' cried Barnabas, 'you have a prophane way of talking, for which I must reprove you. A man can never have his duty too frequently inculcated into him. And as for Tillotson, to be sure he was a good writer, and said things very well: but comparisons are odious; another man may write as well as he. I believe there are some of my sermons'—and then he applied the candle to his pipe. 'And I believe there are some of my discourses,' cries Adams, 'which the bishops would not think totally unworthy of being printed; and I have been informed, I might procure a very large sum (indeed an immense one) on them.'—'I doubt that,' answered Barnabas: 'however, if you desire to make some money of them, perhaps you may sell them by advertising the manuscript sermons of a clergyman lately deceased, all warranted originals, and never printed. And now I think of it, I should be obliged to you, if there be ever a funeral one among them to lend it me: for I am this very day to preach a funeral sermon; for which I have not penned a line, though I am to have a double price.' Adams answered, he had but one, which he feared would not serve his purpose, being sacred to the memory of a magistrate, who had exerted himself very singularly in the preservation of the morality of his neighbours, insomuch that he had neither alehouse, nor lewd woman, in the parish where he lived. 'No,' replied Barnabas, 'that will not do quite so well; for the deceased, upon whose virtues I am to harangue, was a little too much addicted to liquor, and publickly kept a mistress. I believe I must take a common sermon, and trust to my memory to introduce something handsome on him.'—'To your invention, rather,' said the doctor; 'your memory will be apter to put you

out: for no man living remembers any thing good of him.'

With such kind of spiritual discourse, they emptied the bowls of punch, paid their reckoning, and separated: Adams and the doctor went up to Joseph, parson Barnabas departed to celebrate the aforesaid deceased, and the exciseman descended into the cellar to gauge the vessels.

Joseph was now ready to sit down to a loin of mutton, and waited for Mr. Adams, when he and the doctor came in. The doctor having felt his pulse, and examined his wounds, declared him much better, which he imputed to *that sanative soporiferous draught*, a medicine, whose virtues, he said, were never to be sufficiently extolled. And great indeed they must be, if Joseph was so much indebted to them as the doctor imagined; since nothing more than those effluvia which escaped the cork, could have contributed to his recovery: for the medicine had stood untouched in the window ever since it's arrival.

Joseph passed that day and the three following with his friend Adams, in which nothing so remarkable happened as the swift progress of his recovery. As he had an excellent habit of body, his wounds were now almost healed; and his bruises gave him so little uneasiness, that he pressed Mr. Adams to let him depart, told him he should never be able to return sufficient thanks for all his favours; but begged that he might no longer delay his journey to London.

Adams, notwithstanding the ignorance, as he conceived it, of Mr. Tow-wouse, and the envy (for such he thought it) of Mr. Barnabas, had great expectations from his sermons: seeing therefore Joseph in so good a way, he told him he would agree to his setting out the next morning in the stage-coach; that he believed he should have sufficient after the reckoning paid, to procure him one day's conveyance in it, and afterwards he would be able to get on, on foot, or might be favoured with a lift in some neighbour's waggon, especially as there was then to be a fair in the town whither the coach would carry him, to which numbers from his parish resorted. And as to himself, he agreed to proceed to the great city.

They

They were now walking in the inn-yard, when a fat, fair, short person, rode in, and alighting from his horse, went directly up to Barnabas, who was smoking his pipe on a bench. The parson and the stranger shook one another very lovingly by the hand, and went into a room together.

The evening now coming on, Joseph retired to his chamber, whither the good Adams accompanied him; and took this opportunity to expatiate on the great mercies God had lately shewn him, of which he ought not only to have the deepest inward sense, but likewise to express outward thankfulness for them. They therefore fell both on their knees, and spent a considerable time in prayer and thanksgiving.

They had just finished, when Betty came in, and told Mr. Adams, Mr. Barnabas desired to speak to him on some business of consequence below stairs. Joseph desired, if it was likely to detain him long, he would let him know it, that he might go to bed, which Adams promised, and in that case they wished one another a good night.

CHAP. XVII.

A PLEASANT DISCOURSE BETWEEN THE TWO PARSONS AND THE BOOKSELLER, WHICH WAS BROKE OFF BY AN UNLUCKY ACCIDENT HAPPENING IN THE INN, WHICH PRODUCED A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MRS. TOWHOUSE AND HER MAID, OF NO GENTLE KIND.

AS soon as Adams came into the room, Mr. Barnabas introduced him to the stranger, who was, he told him, a bookseller, and would be as likely to deal with him for his sermons as any man whatever. Adams, saluting the stranger, answered Barnabas, that he was very much obliged to him; that nothing could be more convenient; for he had no other business to the great city, and was heartily desirous of returning with the young man who was just recovered of his misfortune. He then snapt his fingers, (as was usual with him) and took two or three turns about the room in an ex-

tasy. And to induce the bookseller to be as expeditious as possible, as likewise to offer him a better price for his commodity, he assured him their meeting was extremely lucky to himself; for that he had the most pressing occasion for money at that time, his own being almost spent, and having a friend then in the same inn who was just recovered from some wounds he had received from robbers, and was in a most indigent condition. 'So that nothing,' says he, 'could be so opportune, for the supplying both our necessities, as my making an immediate bargain with you.'

As soon as he had seated himself, the stranger began in these words: 'Sir, I do not care absolutely to deny engaging in what my friend Mr. Barnabas recommends: but sermons are mere drugs. The trade is so vastly stocked with them, that really, unless they come out with the name of Whitefield or Wesley, or some other such great men, as a bishop, or those sort of people, I don't care to touch, unless now it was a sermon preached on the 30th of January, or we could say in the title page, published at the earnest request of the congregation, or the inhabitants: but truly, for a dry piece of sermons, I had rather be excused; especially as my hands are so full at present. However, Sir, as Mr. Barnabas mentioned them to me, I will, if you please, take the manuscript with me to town, and send you my opinion of it in a very short time.'

'O,' said Adams, 'if you desire it, I will read two or three discourses as a specimen.' This Barnabas, who loved sermons no better than a grocer doth figs, immediately objected to, and advised Adams to let the bookseller have his sermons; telling him, if he gave him a direction, he might be certain of a speedy answer: adding, he need not scruple trusting them in his possession. 'No,' said the bookseller, 'if it was a play that had been acted twenty nights together, I believe it would be safe.'

Adams did not at all relish the last expression; he said, he was sorry to hear sermons compared to plays. 'Not by me, I assure you,' cried the bookseller, 'though I don't know whether the licensing act may not shortly bring

bring them to the same footing: but I have formerly known a hundred guineas given for a play. — More shame for those who gave it,' cried Barnabas. 'Why so?' said the bookseller; 'for they got hundreds by it.'

— But is there no difference between conveying good or ill instructions to mankind?' said Adams; 'would not an honest mind rather lose money by the one, than gain it by the other?'

— If you can find any such, I will not be their hindrance, answered the bookseller; 'but I think those persons who get by preaching sermons, are the properest to lose by printing them: for my part, the copy that sells best, will be always the best copy in my opinion; I am no enemy to sermons, but because they don't sell: for I would as soon print one of Whitefield's, as any farce whatever.'

'Whoever prints such heterodox stuff ought to be hanged,' says Barnabas. 'Sir,' said he, turning to Adams, 'this fellow's writings (I know not whether you have seen them) are levelled at the clergy. He would reduce us to the example of the primitive ages, forsooth! and would insinuate to the people, that a clergyman ought to be always preaching and praying. He pretends to understand the scripture literally, and would make mankind believe, that the poverty and low estate, which was recommended to the church in it's infancy, and was only a temporary doctrine adapted to her under persecution, was to be preserved in her flourishing and established state. Sir, the principles of Toland, Woolaston, and all the free-thinkers, are not calculated to do half the mischief, as those professed by this fellow and his followers.'

'Sir,' answered Adams, 'if Mr. Whitefield had carried this doctrine no farther than you mention, I should have remained, as I once was, his well-wisher. I am myself as great an enemy to the luxury and splendour of the clergy as he can be. I do not, more than he, by the flourishing estate of the church, understand the palaces, equipages, dress, furniture, rich distaffs, and vast fortunes of her ministers. Surely those things, which favour so strongly of this world, become not the servants of one

who professed his kingdom was not of it: but when he began to call nonsense and enthusiasm to his aid, and set up the detestable doctrine of faith against good works, I was his friend no longer; for surely, that doctrine was coined in hell, and one would think none but the devil himself could have the confidence to preach it. For can any thing be more derogatory to the honour of God, than for men to imagine that the All-wise Being will hereafter say to the good and virtuous, *Notwithstanding the purity of thy life, notwithstanding that constant rule of virtue and goodness in which you walked upon earth, still as thou didst not believe every thing in the true orthodox manner, thy want of faith shall condemn thee?* Or, on the other side, can any doctrine have a more pernicious influence on society, than a persuasion, that it will be a good plea for the villain at the last day; *Lord, it is true, I never obeyed one of thy commands, yet punish me not, for I believe them all?* — I suppose, Sir,' said the bookseller, 'your sermons are of a different kind.'

— Aye, Sir,' said Adams, 'the contrary, I thank Heaven, is inculcated in almost every page, or I should believe my own opinion, which hath always been, that a virtuous and good Turk, or heathen, are more acceptable in the sight of their Creator, than a vicious and wicked christian, though his faith was as perfectly orthodox as St. Paul's himself.' — I wish you success,' says the bookseller, 'but must beg to be excused, as my hands are so very full at present; and indeed I am afraid you will find a backwardness in the trade, to engage in a book which the clergy would be certain to cry down.'

'God forbid,' says Adams, 'any books should be propagated which the clergy would cry down: but if you mean by the clergy, some few designing factious men, who have it at heart to establish some favourite schemes at the price of the liberty of mankind, and the very essence of religion, it is not in the power of such persons to decry any book they please; witness that excellent book called, *A plain Account of the Nature and End of the Sacrament*; a book, written (if I may venture on

the

the expression) with the pen of an angel, and calculated to restore the true use of christianity, and of that sacred institution: for what could tend more to the noble purposes of religion, than frequent cheerful meetings among the members of a society, in which they should, in the presence of one another, and in the service of the Supreme Being, make promises of being good, friendly and benevolent, to each other? Now this excellent book was attacked by a party, but unsuccessfully. At these words Barnabas fell a ringing with all the violence imaginable; upon which a servant attending, he bid him bring a bill immediately: for that he was in company, for aught he knew, with the devil himself; and he expected to hear the Alcoran, the Leviathan, or Woolaston commended, if he staid a few minutes longer. Adams desired, as he was so much moved at his mentioning a book, which he did without apprehending any possibility of offence, that he would be so kind to propose any objections he had to it, which he would endeavour to answer. 'I propose objections!' said Barnabas: 'I never read a syllable in any such wicked book; I never saw it in my life, I assure you.' Adams was going to answer, when a most hideous uproar began in the inn. Mrs. Tow-wouse, Mr. Tow-wouse, and Betty, all lifting up their voices together: but Mrs. Tow-wouse's voice, like a bass-viol in a concert, was clearly and distinctly distinguished among the rest, and was heard to articulate the following sounds: 'O you d——d villain, is this the return to all the care I have taken of your family? this the reward of my virtue? is this the manner in which you behave to one who brought you a fortune, and preferred you to so many matches, all your betters? to abuse my bed, my own bed, with my own servant: but I'll maul the slut, I'll tear her nasty eyes out. Was ever such a pitiful dog, to take up with such a mean trollop? if she had been a gentlewoman like myself, it had been some excuse; but a beggarly saucy dirty servant-maid. Get you out of my house, you whore.' To which she added another name, which

we do not care to stain our paper with. It was a monosyllable beginning with a b—, and indeed was the same as if she had pronounced the words, *she-dog*. Which term, we shall, to avoid offence, use on this occasion, though indeed both the mistress and maid uttered the abovementioned b—, a word, extremely disgusting to females of the lower sort. Betty had borne all hitherto with patience, and had uttered only lamentations: but the last appellation stung her to the quick; 'I am a woman as well as yourself,' she roared out, 'and no she-dog; and if I have been a little naughty, I am not the first. If I have been no better than I should be,' cries she, sobbing, 'that's no reason you should call me out of my name; my be-betters are worse than me.'—'Husley, husley,' says Mrs. Tow-wouse, 'have you the impudence to answer me? did I not catch you, you saucy——' and then again repeated the terrible word so odious to female ears. 'I can't bear that name,' answered Betty; 'if I have been wicked, I am to answer for it myself in the other world: but I have done nothing that's unnatural; and I will go out of your house this moment: for I will never be called *she-dog* by any mistress in England.' Mrs. Tow-wouse then armed herself with the spit; but was prevented from executing any dreadful purpose by Mr. Adams, who confined her arms with the strength of a wrist which Hercules would not have been ashamed of. Mr. Tow-wouse being caught, as our lawyers express it, with the manner, and having no defence to make, very prudently withdrew himself, and Betty committed herself to the protection of the hostler, who, though she could not conceive him pleased with what had happened, was in her opinion rather a gentler beast than her mistress.

Mrs. Tow-wouse, at the intercession of Mr. Adams, and finding the enemy vanished, began to compose herself, and at length recovered the usual serenity of her temper, in which we will leave her, to open to the reader the steps which led to a catastrophe, common enough, and comical enough too, perhaps, in modern history, yet often fatal to the repose and well-being of families, and the sub-

set of many tragedies both in life and on the stage.

C H A P. XVIII.

THE HISTORY OF BETTY THE CHAMBERMAID, AND AN ACCOUNT OF WHAT OCCASIONED THE VIOLENT SCENE IN THE PRECEDING CHAPTER.

BETTY, who was the occasion of all this hurry, had some good qualities. She had good-nature, generosity and compassion, but unfortunately her constitution was composed of those warm ingredients, which though the purity of courts or nunneries might have happily controuled them, were by no means able to endure the ticklish situation of a chambermaid at an inn, who is daily liable to the solicitations of lovers of all complexions, to the dangerous addresses of fine gentlemen of the army, who sometimes are obliged to reside with them a whole year together; and above all are exposed to the caresses of footmen, stage-coachmen, and drawers; all of whom employ the whole artillery of kissing, flattering, bribing, and every other weapon which is to be found in the whole armoury of love, against them.

Betty, who was but one and twenty, had now lived three years in this dangerous situation, during which she had escaped pretty well. An ensign of foot was the first person who made an impression on her heart; he did indeed raise a flame in her, which required the care of a surgeon to cool.

While she burnt for him, several others burnt for her. Officers of the army, young gentlemen travelling the western circuit, inoffensive squires, and some of graver character, were set afire by her charms!

At length, having perfectly recovered the effects of her first unhappy passion, she seemed to have vowed a state of perpetual chastity. She was long deaf to all the sufferings of her lovers; till one day at a neighbouring fair, the rhetoric of John the hostler, with a new straw-hat, and a pint of wine, made a second conquest over her. She did not however feel any of those flames on this occasion, which

had been the consequence of her former amour; nor indeed those other ill effects, which prudent young women very justly apprehend from too absolute an indulgence to the pressing endearments of their lovers. This latter, perhaps, was a little owing to her not being entirely constant to John, with whom she permitted Tom Whipwell the stage-coachman, and now and then a handsome young traveller, to share her favours.

Mr. Tow-wouse had for some time cast the languishing eyes of affection on this young maiden. He had laid hold on every opportunity of saying tender things to her, squeezing her by the hand, and sometimes kissing her lips: for as the violence of his passion had considerably abated to Mrs. Tow-wouse; so, like water which is stopt from it's usual current in one place, it naturally sought a vent in another. Mrs. Tow-wouse is thought to have perceived this abatement, and probably it added very little to the natural sweetness of her temper; for though she was as true to her husband as the dial to the sun, she was rather more desirous of being shone on, as being more capable of feeling his warmth.

Ever since Joseph's arrival, Betty had conceived an extraordinary liking to him, which discovered itself more and more, as he grew better and better; till that fatal evening when, as she was warming his bed, her passion grew to such a height, and so perfectly mastered both her modesty and her reason, that after many fruitless hints and sly insinuations, she at last threw down the warming-pan, and embracing him with great eagerness, swore he was the handsomest creature she had ever seen.

Joseph in great confusion leapt from her, and told her, he was sorry to see a young woman cast off all regard to modesty: but she had gone too far to recede, and grew so very indecent, that Joseph was obliged, contrary to his inclination, to use some violence to her, and taking her in his arms, he shut her out of the room, and locked the door.

How ought man to rejoice, that his chastity is always in his own power; that if he hath sufficient strength of mind, he hath always a competent strength of body to defend himself,

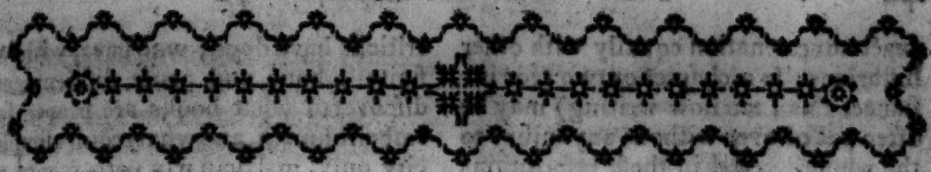
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and cannot, like a poor weak woman, be ravished against his will!

Betty was in the most violent agitation at this disappointment, rage and lust pulled her heart, as with two strings, two different ways; one moment she thought of stabbing Joseph, the next, of taking him in her arms and devouring him with kisses; but the latter passion was far more prevalent. Then she thought of revenging his refusal on herself: but whilst she was engaged in this meditation, happily death presented himself to her in so many shapes of drowning, hanging, poisoning, &c. that her distracted mind could resolve on none. In this perturbation of spirit, it accidentally occurred to her memory, that her master's bed was not made: she therefore went directly to his room; where he happened at that time to be engaged at his bureau. As soon as she saw him, she attempted to retire: but he called her back, and taking her by the hand, squeezed her so tenderly, at the same time whispering so many soft things into her ears, and then pressed her so closely with his kisses, that the van-

quished fair-one, whose passions were already raised, and which were not so whimsically capricious that one man only could lay them, though perhaps she would have rather preferred that one: the vanquished fair-one quietly submitted, I say, to her master's will, who had just attained the accomplishment of his bliss, when Mrs. Tow-wouse unexpectedly entered the room, and caused all that confusion which we have before seen, and which it is not necessary at present to take any farther notice of; since without the assistance of a single hint from us, every reader of any speculation, or experience, though not married himself, may easily conjecture, that it concluded with the discharge of Betty, the submission of Mr. Tow-wouse, with some things to be performed on his side by way of gratitude for his wife's goodness in being reconciled to him, with many hearty promises never to offend any more in the like manner; and lastly, his quietly and contentedly bearing to be reminded of his transgressions, as a kind of penance, once or twice a day, during the residue of his life.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
JOSEPH ANDREWS.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

OF DIVISIONS IN AUTHORS.

THERE are certain mysteries or secrets in all trades from the highest to the lowest, from that of *prime-ministering* to this of *authoring*, which are seldom discovered, unless to members of the same calling. Among those used by us gentlemen of the latter occupation, I take this of dividing our works into books and chapters to be none of the least considerable. Now for want of being truly acquainted with this secret, common readers imagine, that by this art of dividing, we mean only to swell our works to a much larger bulk than they would otherwise be extended to. These several places therefore in our paper, which are filled with our books and chapters, are understood as so much buckram, stays, and stay-tape, in a taylor's bill, serving only to make up the sum total, commonly found at the bottom of our first page, and of his last.

But in reality the case is otherwise, and in this, as well as all other instances, we consult the advantage of our reader, not our own; and indeed many notable uses arise to him from this method; for first, those little

spaces between our chapters may be looked upon as an inn or resting-place, where he may stop and take a glass, or any other refreshment, as it pleases him. Nay, our fine readers will, perhaps, be scarce able to travel farther than through one of them in a day. As to those vacant pages which are placed between our books, they are to be regarded as those stages, where, in long journeys, the traveller stays some time to repose himself, and consider of what he hath seen in the parts he hath already passed through; a consideration which I take the liberty to recommend a little to the reader: for however swift his capacity may be, I would not advise him to travel through these pages too fast: for if he doth, he may probably miss the seeing some curious productions of nature, which will be observed by the slower and more accurate reader. A volume without any such places of rest, resembles the opening of wilds or seas, which tires the eye and fatigues the spirit when entered upon.

Secondly, What are the contents prefixed to every chapter, but so many inscriptions over the gates of inns (to continue the same metaphor) informing the reader what entertainment he is to expect, which if he like not, he may travel on to the next: for in biography, as we are not tied down to an

exact concatenation equally with other historians; so a chapter or two (for instance, this I am now writing) may be often passed over without any injury to the whole. And in these inscriptions I have been as faithful as possible: not imitating the celebrated Montaigne, who promises you one thing and gives you another; nor some title-page authors, who promise a great deal, and produce nothing at all.

There are, besides these more obvious benefits, several others which our readers enjoy from this art of dividing; though perhaps most of them too mysterious to be presently understood by any who are not initiated into the science of *authoring*. To mention therefore but one which is most obvious, it prevents spoiling the beauty of a book by turning down it's leaves, a method otherwise necessary to those readers, who (though they read with great improvement and advantage) are apt, when they return to their study, after half an hour's absence, to forget where they left off.

These divisions have the sanction of great antiquity. Homer not only divided his great work into twenty-four books, (in compliment perhaps to the twenty-four letters, to which he had very particular obligations) but according to the opinion of some very sagacious criticks, hawked them all separately, delivering only one book at a time, (probably by subscription.) He was the first inventor of the art which hath so long lain dormant, of publishing by numbers; an art now brought to such perfection, that even Dictionaries are divided and exhibited piece-meal to the public; nay, one bookseller hath (*to encourage learning and ease the public*) contrived to give them a Dictionary in this divided manner, for only fifteen shillings more than it would have cost entire.

Virgil hath given us his poem in twelve books; an argument of his modesty: for by that doubtless he would insinuate, that he pretends to no more than half the merit of the Greek. For the same reason our Milton went originally no farther than ten; till being puffed up by the praise of his friends, he put himself on the same footing with the Roman poet.

I shall not, however, enter so deep into this matter as some very learned

criticks have done; who have, with infinite labour and acute discernment, discovered what books are proper for embellishment, and what require simplicity only, particularly with regard to similies; which, I think, are now generally agreed to become any book but the first.

I will dismiss this chapter with the following observation: That it becomes an author generally to divide a book, as it does a butcher to joint his meat; for such assistance is of great help to both the reader and the carver. And now having indulged myself a little, I will endeavour to indulge the curiosity of my reader, who is, no doubt, impatient to know what he will find in the subsequent chapters of this book.

CHAP. II.

A SURPRISING INSTANCE OF MR. ADAMS'S SHORT MEMORY, WITH THE UNFORTUNATE CONSEQUENCES WHICH IT BROUGHT ON JOSEPH.

MR. Adams and Joseph were now ready to depart different ways, when an accident determined the former to return with his friend, which Tow-wouse, Barnabas, and the book-seller, had not been able to do. This accident was, that those sermons, which the parson was travelling to London to publish, were, O my good reader, left behind! what he had mistaken for them in the saddle-bags being no more than three shirts, a pair of shoes, and some other necessaries, which Mrs. Adams, who thought her husband would want shirts more than sermons on his journey, had carefully provided him.

This discovery was now luckily owing to the presence of Joseph at the opening the saddle-bags; who having heard his friend say, he carried with him nine volumes of sermons, and not being of that sect of philosophers, who can reduce all the matter of the world into a nut-shell, seeing there was no room for them in the bags, where the parson had said they were deposited, had the curiosity to cry out, 'Bless me, Sir, where are your sermons?' The parson answered, 'There,

'There, there, child; there they are, under my shirts.' Now it happened that he had taken forth his last shirt, and the vehicle remained visibly empty. 'Sure, Sir,' says Joseph, 'there is nothing in the bags.' Upon which Adams, starting, and testifying some surprise, cried, 'Hey! fie, fie upon it; they are not here sure enough. Aye, they are certainly left behind.'

Joseph was greatly concerned at the uneasiness which he apprehended his friend must feel from this disappointment. He begged him to pursue his journey, and promised he would himself return with the books to him, with the utmost expedition. 'No thank you, child,' answered Adams, 'it shall not be so. What would it avail me, to tarry in the great city, unless I had my discourses with me, which are, *ut ita dicam*, the sole cause, the *aitia monotata* of my peregrination. No, child, as this accident hath happened, I am resolved to turn back to my cure, together with you; which indeed my inclination sufficiently leads me to. This disappointment may perhaps be intended for my good.' He concluded with a verse out of Theocritus, which signifies no more than, *that sometimes it rains, and sometimes the sun shines.*

Joseph bowed with obedience, and thankfulness for the inclination which the parson expressed of returning with him; and now the bill was called for; which, on examination, amounted within a shilling to the sum Mr. Adams had in his pocket. Perhaps the reader may wonder how he was able to produce a sufficient sum for so many days: that he may not be surprised, therefore, it cannot be unnecessary to acquaint him, that he had borrowed a guinea of a servant belonging to the coach and six, who had been formerly one of his parishioners, and whose master, the owner of the coach, then lived within three miles of him: for so good was the credit of Mr. Adams, that even Mr. Peter, the Lady Booby's steward, would have lent him a guinea with very little security.

Mr. Adams discharged the bill, and they were both setting out, having agreed to ride and tie: a method of travelling much used by persons who have but one horse between them, and is thus performed. The two travellers

set out together, one on horseback, the other on foot: now as it generally happens that he on horseback outgoes him on foot, the custom is, that when he arrives at the distance agreed on, he is to dismount, tie the horse to some gate, tree, post, or other thing, and then proceed on foot; when the other comes up to the horse, he unties him, mounts, and gallops on, till having passed by his fellow-traveller, he likewise arrives at the place of tying. And this is that method of travelling so much in use among our prudent ancestors, who knew that horses had mouths as well as legs, and that they could not use the latter without being at the expence of suffering the beasts themselves to use the former. This was the method in use in those days, when, instead of a coach and six, a member of parliament's lady used to mount a pillion behind her husband; and a grave serjeant at law descended to amble to Westminster on an easy pad, with his clerk kicking his heels behind him.

Adams was now gone some minutes, having insisted on Joseph's beginning the journey on horseback; and Joseph had his foot in the stirrup, when the hostler presented him a bill for the horse's board during his residence at the inn. Joseph said Mr. Adams had paid all; but this matter being referred to Mr. Tow-wouse, was by him decided in favour of the hostler, and indeed with truth and justice; for this was a fresh instance of that shortness of memory, which did not arise from want of parts, but that continual hurry in which parson Adams was always involved.

Joseph was now reduced to a dilemma which extremely puzzled him. The sum due for horse-meat was twelve shillings, (for Adams, who had borrowed the beast of his clerk, had ordered him to be fed as well as they could feed him) and the cash in his pocket amounted to six-pence, (for Adams had divided the last shilling with him.) Now, though there have been some ingenious persons who have contrived to pay twelve shillings with six-pence, Joseph was not one of them. He had never contracted a debt in his life, and was consequently the less ready at an expedient to extricate himself. Tow-wouse was willing to give him

him credit till next time; to which Mrs. Tow-wouse would probably have consented: for such was Joseph's beauty, that it had made some impression even on that piece of flint which that good woman wore in her bosom by way of heart. Joseph would have found, therefore, very likely, the passage free, had he not, when he honestly discovered the nakedness of his pockets, pulled out that little piece of gold which we have mentioned before. This caused Mrs. Tow-wouse's eyes to water: she told Joseph, she did not conceive a man could want money whilst he had gold in his pocket. Joseph answered, he had such a value for that little piece of gold, that he would not part with it for a hundred times the riches which the greatest esquire in the country was worth. 'A pretty way, indeed!' said Mrs. Tow-wouse; 'to run in debt, and then refuse to part with your money, because you have a value for it. I never knew any piece of gold of more value than as many shillings as it would change for.'— 'Not to preserve my life from starving, nor to redeem it from a robber, would I part with this dear piece,' answered Joseph.— 'What,' says Mrs. Tow-wouse, 'I suppose it was given you by some vile trollop, some misf or other; if it had been the present of a virtuous woman, you would not have had such a value for it. My husband is a fool if he parts with the horse without being paid for him.'— 'No, no, I can't part with the horse, indeed, till I have the money,' cried Tow-wouse. A resolution highly commended by a lawyer then in the yard, who declared Mr. Tow-wouse might justify the detainer.

As we cannot therefore at present get Mr. Joseph out of the inn, we shall leave him in it, and carry our reader on after parson Adams; who, his mind being perfectly at ease, fell into a contemplation on a passage in *Æschylus*, which entertained him for three miles together, without suffering him once to reflect on his fellow-traveller.

At length having spun out his thread, and being now at the summit of a hill, he cast his eyes backwards, and wondered

that he could not see any sign of Joseph. As he left him ready to mount the horse, he could not apprehend any mischief had happened; neither could he suspect that he missed his way, it being so broad and plain. The only reason which presented itself to him, was, that he had met with an acquaintance who had prevailed with him to delay some time in discourse.

He therefore resolved to proceed slowly forwards, not doubting but that he should be shortly overtaken; and soon came to a large water, which filling the whole road, he saw no method of passing unless by wading through, which he accordingly did up to his middle; but was no sooner got to the other side than he perceived, if he had looked over the hedge, he would have found a foot-path capable of conducting him without wetting his shoes.

His surprise at Joseph's not coming up grew now very troublesome: he began to fear he knew not what; and as he determined to move no farther, and, if he did not shortly overtake him, to return back, he wished to find a house of public entertainment, where he might dry his clothes and refresh himself with a pint: but seeing no such, (for no other reason than because he did not cast his eyes a hundred yards forwards) he sat himself down on a stile, and pulled out his *Æschylus*.

A fellow passing presently by, Adams asked him, if he could direct him to an ale-house. The fellow, who had just left it, and perceived the house and sign to be within sight, thinking he had jeered him, and being of a morose temper, bade him follow his nose, and be d—d. Adams told him he was a saucy jackanapes; upon which the fellow turned about angrily: but perceiving Adams clench his fist, he thought proper to go on without taking any farther notice.

A horseman following immediately after, and being asked the same question, answered, 'Friend, there is one within a stone's-throw; I believe you may see it before you.' Adams, lifting up his eyes, cry'd, 'I protest and so there is;' and, thanking his informer, proceeded directly to it.

CHAP. III.

THE OPINION OF THE LAWYERS
CONCERNING THE SAME GEN-
TLEMAN, WITH MR. ADAMS'S
ENQUIRY INTO THE RELIGION
OF HIS HOST.

HE had just entered the house, had called for his pint, and seated himself, when two horsemen came to the door, and fastening their horses to the rails, alighted. They said there was a violent shower of rain coming on, which they intended to weather there; and went into a little room by themselves, not perceiving Mr. Adams.

One of these immediately asked the other, if he had seen a more comical adventure a great while? Upon which the other said, he doubted whether by law, the landlord could justify detaining the horse for his corn and hay. But the former answered, undoubtedly he can; it is an adjudged case, and I have known it tried.

Adams, who, though he was, as the reader may suspect, a little inclined to forgetfulness, never wanted more than a hint to remind him, over-hearing their discourse, immediately suggested to himself that this was his own horse, and that he had forgot to pay for him, which, upon enquiry, he was certified of by the gentlemen; who added, that the horse was likely to have more rest than food, unless he was paid for.

The poor parson resolved to return presently to the inn, though he knew no more than Joseph, how to procure his horse his liberty. He was, however, prevailed on to stay under cover, till the shower, which was now very violent, was over.

The three travellers then sat down together over a mug of good beer; when Adams, who had observed a gentleman's house as he passed along the road, enquired to whom it belonged. One of the horsemen had no sooner mentioned the owner's name, than the other began to revile him in the most opprobrious terms. The English language scarce affords a single reproachful word which he did not vent on this occasion. He charged him likewise with many particular

facts. He said, he no more regarded a field of wheat when he was hunting, than he did the highway; that he had injured several poor farmers, by trampling their corn under his horse's heels; and if any of them begged him with the utmost submission to refrain, his horse-whip was always ready to do them justice. He said, that he was the greatest tyrant to the neighbours in every other instance, and would not suffer a farmer to keep a gun, though he might justify it by law; and in his own family so cruel a master, that he never kept a servant a twelvemonth. 'In his capacity as a justice,' continued he, 'he behaves so partially, that he commits or acquits, just as he is in the humour, without any regard to truth or evidence. The devil may carry any one before him for me: I would rather be tried before some judges than be a prosecutor before him. If I had an estate in the neighbourhood, I would sell it for half the value, rather than live near him.'

Adams shook his head, and said, he was sorry such men were suffered to proceed with impunity, and that riches could set any man above law. The reviler a little after retiring into the yard, the gentleman who had first mentioned his name to Adams, began to assure him, that his companion was a prejudiced person. 'It is true,' says he, 'perhaps, that he may have sometimes pursued his game over a field of corn; but he hath always made the party ample satisfaction.' That so far from tyrannizing over his neighbours, or taking away their guns, he himself knew several farmers not qualified, who not only kept guns, but killed game with them. That he was the best of masters to his servants, and several of them had grown old in his service. That he was the best justice of peace in the kingdom, and to his certain knowledge had decided many difficult points, which were referred to him, with the greatest equity and the highest wisdom. And he verily believed, several persons would give a year's purchase more for an estate near him, than under the wings of any other great man. He had just finished his encomium when his companion returned, and acquainted him the storm was over. Upon which they presently mounted their horses and departed.

Adams,

Adams, who was in the utmost anxiety at those different characters of the same person, asked his host if he knew the gentleman; for he began to imagine they had by mistake been speaking of two several gentlemen. 'No, no, master!' answered the host, a shrewd cunning fellow; 'I know the gentleman very well of whom they have been speaking, as I do the gentlemen who spoke of him. As for riding over other men's corn, to my knowledge he hath not been on horseback these two years. I never heard he did any injury of that kind; and as to making reparation, he is not so free of his money as that comes to neither. Nor did I ever hear of his taking away any man's gun; nay, I know several who have guns in their houses; but as for killing game with them, no man is stricter; and I believe he would ruin any who did. You heard one of the gentlemen say, he was the worst master in the world, and the other that he is the best; but for my own part, I know all his servants, and never heard from any of them that he was either one or the other.'— 'Aye, aye!' says Adams, 'and how doth he behave as a justice, pray?'— 'Faith, friend,' answered the host, 'I question whether he is in the commission. The only cause I have heard he hath decided a great while, was one between those very two persons who just went out of this house; and I am sure he determined that justly; for I heard the whole matter.'— 'Which did he decide it in favour of?' quoth Adams. 'I think I need not answer that question,' cried the host, 'after the different characters you have heard of him. It is not my business to contradict gentlemen, while they are drinking in my house; but I knew neither of them spoke a syllable of truth.'— 'God forbid,' said Adams, 'that men should arrive at such a pitch of wickedness, to belye the character of their neighbour from a little private affection, or, what is infinitely worse, a private spite. I rather believe we have mistaken them, and they mean two other persons; for there are many houses on the road. Why pr'ythee, friend,' cries the host, 'dost thou pretend never to have told

'a lye in thy life?'— 'Never a malicious one, I am certain,' answered Adams; 'nor with a design to injure the reputation of any man living.'— 'Pugh, malicious! No, no,' replied the host; 'not malicious with a design to hang a man, or bring him in to trouble: but surely out of love to one's self, one must speak better of a friend than an enemy.'— 'Out of love to yourself, you should confine yourself to truth,' says Adams; 'for by doing otherwise, you injure the noblest part of yourself, your immortal soul. I can hardly believe any man such an idiot to risque the loss of that by any trifling gain, and the greatest gain in the world is but dirt in comparison of what shall be revealed hereafter.' Upon which the host taking up the cup, with a smile drank a health to hereafter; adding, he was for something present. 'Why,' says Adams, very gravely, 'do you not believe another world?' To which the host answered, 'Yes, he was no atheist.'— 'And you believe you have an immortal soul?' cries Adams. He answered, God forbid he should not.— 'And heaven and hell?' said the parson. The host then bid him not to be profane; for those were things not to be mentioned nor thought of but in church. Adams asked him, why he went to church, if what he learned there had no influence on his conduct in life? 'I go to church,' answered the host, 'to say my prayers, and behave godly.'— 'And dost not thou,' cried Adams, 'believe what thou hearest at church?'— 'Most part of it, master,' returned the host. 'And dost thou not then tremble,' cries Adams, 'at the thought of eternal punishment?'— 'As for that, master,' said he, 'I never once thought about it: but what signifies talking about matters so far off? the mug is out; shall I draw another?'—

Whilst he was gone for that purpose, a stage-coach drove up to the door. The coachman coming into the house, was asked by the mistress, what passengers he had got in his coach? 'A parcel of squinny-gut b——s,' says he: 'I have a good mind to over-turn them; you won't prevail upon them to drink any thing, I assure you.' Adams asked him, if he had not seen a young man on horseback on the road, (describing

Joseph.) 'Aye,' said the coachman, 'a gentlewoman in my coach, that is his acquaintance, redeemed him and his horse; he would have been here before this time, had not the storm driven him to shelter.'—'God bless her!' said Adams in a rapture; nor could he delay walking out to satisfy himself who this charitable woman was: but what was his surprise, when he saw his old acquaintance, Madam Sliplop! her's, indeed, was not so great, because she had been informed by Joseph, that he was on the road. Very civil were the salutations on both sides; and Mrs. Sliplop rebuked the hostess for denying the gentleman to be there when she asked for him: but indeed the poor woman had not erred designedly; for Mrs. Sliplop asked for a clergyman; and she had unhappily mistaken Adams for a person travelling to a neighbouring fair with the thimble and button, or some other such operation: for he marched in a swingeing great, but short, white coat with black buttons, a short wig, and a hat which, so far from having a black hatband, had nothing black about it.

Joseph was now come up, and Mrs. Sliplop would have had him quit his horse to the parson, and come himself into the coach; but he absolutely refused, saying, he thanked Heaven he was well enough recovered to be very able to ride; and added, he hoped he knew his duty better than to ride in the coach, while Mr. Adams was on horseback.

Mrs. Sliplop would have persisted longer, had not a lady in the coach put a short end to the dispute, by refusing to suffer a fellow in a livery to ride in the same coach with herself: so it was at length agreed that Adams should fill the vacant place in the coach, and Joseph should proceed on horseback.

They had not proceeded far before Mrs. Sliplop, addressing herself to the parson, spoke thus: 'There hath been a strange alteration in our family, Mr. Adams, since Sir Thomas's death.'—'A strange alteration indeed!' says Adams, 'as I gather from some hints which have dropped from Joseph.'—'Aye,' says she, 'I could never have believed it; but the longer one lives in the world, the more one sees. So Joseph hath given you hints!'—'But of what nature,

'will always remain a perfect secret with me,' cries the parson; 'he forced me to promise before he would communicate any thing. I am, indeed, concerned to find her ladyship behave in so unbecoming a manner. I always thought her, in the main, a good lady, and should never have suspected her of thoughts so unworthy a christian, and with a young lad her own servant.'—'These things are no secrets to me, I assure you,' cries Sliplop; 'and I believe they will be none any where shortly: for ever since the boy's departure she hath behaved more like a mad woman than any thing else.'—'Truly I am heartily concerned,' says Adams; 'for she was a good sort of a lady: indeed I have often wished she had attended a little more constantly at the service; but she hath done a great deal of good in the parish.'—'O, Mr. Adams!' says Sliplop, 'people that don't see all, often know nothing. Many things have been given away in our family, I do assure you, without her knowledge. I have heard you say in the pulpit we ought not to brag: but indeed I can't avoid saying, if she had kept the keys herself, the poor would have wanted many a cordial which I have let them have. As for my late master, he was as worthy a man as ever lived, and would have done infinite good if he had not been controuled: but he loved a quiet life, heavens rest his soul! I am confident he is there, and enjoys a quiet life, which some folks would not allow him here.' Adams answered, he had never heard this before; and was mistaken, if she herself (for he remembered she used to commend her mistress and blame her master) had not formerly been of another opinion. 'I don't know,' replied she, 'what I might once think: but now I am confident matters are as I tell you. The world will shortly see who hath been deceived; for my part I say nothing, but that it is *wonderful* how some people can carry all things with a grave face.'

Thus Mr. Adams and she discoursed, till they came opposite to a great house which stood at some distance from the road; a lady in the coach spying it, cry'd, 'Yonder lives the unfortunate Leonora, if one may justly call a

‘woman unfortunate, whom we must own at the same time guilty, and the author of her own calamity.’ This was abundantly sufficient to awaken the curiosity of Mr. Adams, as indeed it did that of the whole company, who jointly solicited the lady to acquaint them with Leonora’s history; since it seemed, from what she had said, to contain something remarkable.

The lady, who was perfectly well bred, did not require many intreaties, and having only wished their entertainment might make amends for the company’s attention, she began in the following manner.

CHAP. IV.

THE HISTORY OF LEONORA, OR THE UNFORTUNATE JILT.

Leonora was the daughter of a gentleman of fortune; she was tall and well-shaped, with a sprightliness in her countenance, which often attracts beyond more regular features joined with an insipid air; nor is this kind of beauty less apt to deceive than allure; the good-humour which it indicates being often mistaken for good-nature, and the vivacity for true understanding.

Leonora, who was now at the age of eighteen, lived with an aunt of her’s in a town in the north of England. She was an extreme lover of gaiety, and very rarely missed a ball, or any other public assembly; where she had frequent opportunities of satisfying a greedy appetite of vanity with the preference which was given her by the men to almost every other woman present.

Among many young fellows who were particular in their gallantries towards her, Horatio soon distinguished himself in her eyes beyond all his competitors; she danced with more than ordinary gaiety when he happened to be her partner; neither the fairness of the evening, nor the music of the nightingale, could lengthen her walk like his company. She affected no longer to understand the civilities of others: whilst she inclined so attentive an ear to every compliment of Horatio, that she often smiled even when it was too delicate for her comprehension.

‘Pray, Madam,’ says Adams, ‘who was this Squire Horatio?’

Horatio, says the lady, was a young gentleman of a good family, bred to the law, and had been some few years called to the degree of a barrister. His face and person were such as the generality allowed handsome; but he had a dignity in his air very rarely to be seen. His temper was of the saturnine complexion, but without the least taint of moroseness. He had wit and humour, with an inclination to satire, which he indulged rather too much.

This gentleman, who had contracted the most violent passion for Leonora, was the last person who perceived the probability of it’s success. The whole town had made the match for him, before he himself had drawn a confidence from her actions sufficient to mention his passion to her; for it was his opinion (and perhaps he was there in the right) that it is highly impolitic to talk seriously of love to a woman, before you have made such a progress in her affections, that she herself expects and desires to hear it.

But whatever diffidence the fears of a lover may create, which are apt to magnify every favour conferred on a rival, and to see the little advances towards themselves through the other end of the perspective; it was impossible that Horatio’s passion should so blind his discernment, as to prevent his conceiving hopes from the behaviour of Leonora; whose fondness for him was now as visible to an indifferent person in their company, as his for her.

‘I never knew any of these forward sluts come to good,’ says the lady who refused Joseph’s entrance into the coach; ‘nor shall I wonder at any thing she doth in the sequel.’

The lady proceeded in her story thus: It was in the midst of a gay conversation in the walks one evening, when Horatio whispered Leonora, that he was desirous to take a turn or two with her in private; for that he had something to communicate to her of great consequence. ‘Are you sure it is of consequence?’ said she smiling. ‘I hope,’ answered he, ‘you will think so too; since the whole future happiness of my life must depend on the event.’

Leonora, who very much suspected what was coming, would have deferred it till another time; but Horatio, who had more than half conquered the difficulty of speaking, by the first motion,

was

was so very importunate, that she at last yielded; and leaving the rest of the company, they turned aside into an unfrequented walk.

They had retired far out of the sight of the company, both maintaining a strict silence. At last Horatio made a full stop, and taking Leonora, who stood pale and trembling, gently by the hand, he fetched a deep sigh, and then looking on her eyes with all the tenderness imaginable, he cried out in a faltering accent: 'O Leonora! is it necessary for me to declare to you on what the future happiness of my life must be founded! Must I say, there is something belonging to you which is a bar to my happiness, and which unless you will part with I must be miserable?'—'What can that be?' replied Leonora. 'No wonder,' said he, 'you are surprised that I should make an objection to any thing which is yours; yet sure you may guess, since it is the only one which the riches of the world, if they were mine, should purchase of me. O, it is that which you must part with to bestow all the rest? Can Leonora, or rather will she, doubt longer? Let me then whisper it in her ears. It is your name, Madam. It is by parting with that, by your condescension to be for ever mine, which must at once prevent me from being the most miserable, and will render me the happiest of mankind.'

Leonora, covered with blushes, and with as angry a look as she could possibly put on, told him, that had she suspected what his declaration would have been, he should not have decoyed her from her company; that he had so surprised and frightened her, that she begged him to convey her back as quick as possible; which he, trembling very near as much as herself, did.

'More fool he!' cried Slipslop; 'it is a sign he knew very little of our *secrets*.—'Truly, Madam,' said Adams, 'I think you are in the right; I should have insisted to know a piece of her mind, when I had carried matters so far.' But Mrs. Grave-airs desired the lady to omit all such fulsome stuff in her story; for that it made her sick.

'Well then, Madam, to be as concise as possible,' said the lady,

'many weeks had not passed after this interview, before Horatio and Leonora were what they call on a good footing together. All ceremonies, except the last, were now over; the writings were now drawn, and every thing was in the utmost forwardness preparative to the putting Horatio in possession of all his wishes. I will, if you please, repeat you a letter from each of them, which I have got by heart, and which will give you no small idea of their passion on both sides.'

Mrs. Grave-airs objected to hearing these letters: but being put to the vote, it was carried against her by all the rest in the coach; parson Adams contending for it with the utmost vehemence.

'HORATIO TO LEONORA,

HOW vain, most adorable creature, is the pursuit of pleasure in the absence of an object to which the mind is entirely devoted, unless it have some relation to that object! I was last night condemned to the society of men of wit and learning, which, however agreeable it might have formerly been to me, now only gave me a suspicion that they imputed my absence in conversation to the true cause. For which reason, when your engagements forbid me the extatic happiness of seeing you, I am always desirous to be alone; since my sentiments for Leonora are so delicate, that I cannot bear the apprehension of another's prying into those delightful endearments with which the warm imagination of a lover will sometimes indulge him, and which I suspect my eyes then betray. To fear this discovery of our thoughts, may perhaps appear too ridiculous a nicety to minds not susceptible of all the tenderness of this delicate passion. And surely we shall suspect there are few such, when we consider that it requires every human virtue, to exert itself in its full extent. Since the beloved, whose happiness it ultimately respects, may give us charming opportunities of being brave in her defence, generous to her wants, compassionate to her afflictions, grateful

to her kindness; and, in the same manner, of exercising every other virtue, which he who would not do to any degree, and that with the utmost rapture, can never deserve the name of a lover: it is therefore with a view to the delicate modesty of your mind that I cultivate it so purely in my own; and it is that which will sufficiently suggest to you the uneasiness I bear from those liberties, which men, to whom the world allows politeness, will sometimes give themselves on these occasions.

Can I tell you with what eagerness I expect the arrival of that blest day, when I shall experience the falshood of a common assertion, That the greatest human happiness consists in hope! a doctrine which no person had ever stronger reason to believe than myself at present, since none ever tasted such bliss as fires my bosom with the thoughts of spending my future days with such a companion, and that every action of my life will have the glorious satisfaction of conducing to your happiness.

* LEONORA TO HORATIO.

THE refinement of your mind has been so evidently proved by every word and action ever since I had the first pleasure of knowing you, that I thought it impossible my good opinion of Horatio could have been heightened by any additional proof of merit. This very thought was my amusement when I received your last letter; which, when I opened, I confess I was surpris'd to find the delicate sentiments expressed there, so far exceeded what I thought could come even from you, (although I know all the generous principles human nature is capable of, are centered in your breast) that words cannot paint what I feel on the reflection, that my happiness shall be the ultimate end of all your actions.

Oh, Horatio! what a life must that be, where the meanest domestic cares are sweetened by the pleasing consideration, that the man on earth who best deserves, and to whom you

are most inclined to give your affections, is to reap either profit or pleasure from all you do! in such a case, toils must be turned into diversions, and nothing but the unavoidable inconveniencies of life can make us remember that we are mortal.

If the solitary turn of your thoughts, and the desire of keeping them undiscovered, makes even the conversation of men of wit and learning tedious to you, what anxious hours must I spend who am condemned by custom to the conversation of women, whose natural curiosity leads them to pry into all my thoughts, and whose envy can never suffer Horatio's heart to be possessed by any one without forcing them into malicious designs against the person who is so happy as to possess it: but indeed, if ever envy can possibly have any excuse, or even alleviation, it is in this case, where the good is so great, that it must be equally natural to all to wish it for themselves, nor am I ashamed to own it: and to your merit, Horatio, I am obliged, that prevents my being in that most uneasy of all the situations I can figure in my imagination, of being led by inclination to love the person whom my own judgment forces me to condemn.

Matters were in so great forwardness between this fond couple, that the day was fixed for their marriage, and was now within a fortnight, when the sessions chanced to be held for that county in a town about twenty miles distance from that which is the scene of our story. It seems, it is usual for the young gentlemen of the bar to repair to these sessions, not so much for the sake of profit, as to shew their parts, and learn the law of the justices of peace; for which purpose one of the wisest and gravest of all the justices is appointed speaker or chairman, as they modestly call it, and he reads them a lecture, and instructs them in the true knowledge of the law.

You are here guilty of a little mistake,' says Adams, 'which if you please I will correct. I have attended at one of these quarter-sessions,

* This letter was written by a young lady, on reading the former.

‘where I observed the counsel taught the justices, instead of learning any thing of them.’

‘It is not very material,’ said the lady. Hither repaired Horatio, who, as he hoped by his profession to advance his fortune, which was not at present very large, for the sake of his dear Leonora, he resolved to spare no pains, nor lose any opportunity of improving or advancing himself in it.

The same afternoon in which he left the town, as Leonora stood at her window, a coach and six passed by; which she declared to be the completest, genteelst, prettiest equipage she ever saw; adding these remarkable words: ‘O, I am in love with that equipage!’ which, though her friend Florella at that time did not greatly regard, she hath since remembered.

In the evening an assembly was held which Leonora honoured with her company: but intended to pay her dear Horatio the compliment of refusing to dance in his absence.

O why have not women as good resolution to maintain their vows, as they have often good inclinations in making them!

The gentleman who owned the coach and six came to the assembly. His clothes were as remarkably fine as his equipage could be. He soon attracted the eyes of the company; all the smarts, all the silk waistcoats with silver and gold edgings, were eclipsed in an instant.

‘Madam,’ said Adams, ‘if it be not impertinent, I should be glad to know how this gentleman was dressed.’

‘Sir,’ answered the lady, ‘I have been told he had on a cut-velvet coat of a cinnamon colour, lined with a pink sattin, embroidered all over with gold; his waistcoat, which was cloth of silver, was embroidered with gold likewise. I cannot be particular as to the rest of his dress: but it was all in the French fashion; for Bellarmine (that was his name) was just arrived from Paris.’

This fine figure did not more entirely engage the eyes of every lady in the assembly than Leonora did his. He had scarce beheld her, but he stood motionless and fixed as a statue, or at least would have done so, if good-breeding had permitted him. However, he carried it so far, before he had

power to correct himself, that every person in the room easily discovered where his admiration was settled. The other ladies began to single out their former partners, all perceiving who would be Bellarmine’s choice; which they however endeavoured, by all possible means, to prevent: many of them saying to Leonora, ‘O Madam, I suppose we shan’t have the pleasure of seeing you dance to-night;’ and then crying out in Bellarmine’s hearing, ‘O Leonora will not dance, I assure you; her partner is not here.’ One maliciously attempted to prevent her, by sending a disagreeable fellow to ask her, that so she might be obliged either to dance with him, or sit down: but this scheme proved abortive.

Leonora saw herself admired by the fine stranger, and envied by every woman present. Her little heart began to flutter within her, and her head was agitated with a convulsive motion; she seemed as if she would speak to several of her acquaintance, but had nothing to say; for as she would not mention her present triumph; so she could not disengage her thoughts one moment from the contemplation of it: she had never tasted any thing like this happiness. She had before known what it was to torment a single woman; but to be hated and secretly cursed by a whole assembly, was a joy reserved for this blessed moment. As this vast profusion of extasy had confounded her understanding; so there was nothing so foolish as her behaviour: she played a thousand childish tricks, distorted her person into several shapes, and her face into several laughs, without any reason. In a word, her carriage was as absurd as her desires, which were, to affect an insensibility of the stranger’s admiration, and at the same time a triumph, from that admiration, over every woman in the room.

In this temper of mind, Bellarmine, having enquired who she was, advanced to her, and with a low bow, begged the honour of dancing with her, which she with as low a curtsy immediately granted. She danced with him all night, and enjoyed perhaps the highest pleasure that she was capable of feeling.

At these words Adams fetched a deep groan, which frightened the ladies, who told him, they hoped he was not ill.

ill. He answered, he groaned only for the folly of Leonora.

Leonora retired, continued the lady, about six in the morning, but not to rest. She tumbled and tossed in her bed, with very short intervals of sleep, and those entirely filled with dreams of the equipage and fine clothes she had seen, and the balls, operas and ridottos, which had been the subject of their conversation.

In the afternoon Bellarmine, in the dear coach and six, came to wait on her. He was indeed charmed with her person, and was, on enquiry, so well pleased with the circumstances of her father, (for he himself, notwithstanding all his finery, was not quite so rich as a Croesus, or an Attalus.) 'Attalus,' says Mr. Adams: 'But pray how came you acquainted with these names?' The lady smiled at the question, and proceeded—He was so pleased, I say, that he resolved to make his addresses to her directly. He did so accordingly, and that with so much warmth and briskness, that he quickly baffled her weak repulses, and obliged the lady to refer him to her father, who she knew would quickly declare in favour of a coach and six.

Thus, what Horatio had by sighs and tears, love and tenderness, been so long obtaining, the French-English Bellarmine with gaiety and gallantry possessed himself of in an instant. In other words, what modesty had employed a full year in raising, impudence demolished in twenty-four hours.

Here Adams groaned a second time; but the ladies, who began to smoke him, took no notice.

From the opening of the assembly till the end of Bellarmine's visit, Leonora had scarce once thought of Horatio: but he now began, though an unwelcome guest, to enter into her mind. She wished she had seen the charming Bellarmine, and his charming equipage, before matters had gone so far. 'Yet why,' says she, 'should I wish to have seen him before; or what signifies it that I have seen him now? Is not Horatio my lover? almost my husband? Is he not as handsome, nay handsomer, than Bellarmine? Aye, but Bellarmine is the genteeler and the finer man; yes, that he must be allowed. Yes, yes, he is that certainly. But did not I,

no longer ago than yesterday, love Horatio more than all the world? Aye, but yesterday I had not seen Bellarmine. But doth not Horatio doat on me, and may he not in despair break his heart if I abandon him? Well, and hath not Bellarmine a heart to break too? Yes, but I promised Horatio first: but that was poor Bellarmine's misfortune; if I had seen him first, I should certainly have preferred him. Did not the dear creature prefer me to every woman in the assembly, when every she was laying out for him? When was it in Horatio's power to give me such an instance of affection? Can he give me an equipage, or any of those things which Bellarmine will make me mistress of? How vast is the difference between being the wife of a poor counsellor, and the wife of one of Bellarmine's fortune! If I marry Horatio, I shall triumph over no more than one rival: but by marrying Bellarmine, I shall be the envy of all my acquaintance. What happiness! —But can I suffer Horatio to die? for he hath sworn he cannot survive my loss: but perhaps he may not die; if he should, can I prevent it? must I sacrifice myself to him? besides, Bellarmine may be as miserable for me too.' She was thus arguing with herself, when some young ladies called her to the walks, and a little relieved her anxiety for the present.

The next morning Bellarmine breakfasted with her in presence of her aunt, whom he sufficiently informed of his passion for Leonora: he was no sooner withdrawn, than the old lady began to advise her niece on this occasion. —'You see, child,' says she, 'what fortune hath thrown in your way; and I hope you will not withstand your own preferment.' Leonora sighing, begged her not to mention any such thing, when she knew her engagements to Horatio. 'Engagements to a fig,' cried the aunt; 'you should thank Heaven on your knees, that you have it yet in your power to break them. Will any woman hesitate a moment, whether she shall ride in a coach, or walk on foot all the days of her life? —But Bellarmine drives six, and Horatio not even a pair.' —'Yes, but, Madam, what will the world say?' answered Leonora; 'will not they

‘they condemn me?’—‘The world is always on the side of prudence,’ cries the aunt, ‘and would surely condemn you, if you sacrificed your interest to any motive whatever. O, I know the world very well; and you shew your ignorance, my dear, by your objection. O my conscience! the world is wiser. I have lived longer in it than you; and I assure you there is not any thing worth our regard besides money: nor did I ever know any one person who married from other considerations, who did not afterwards heartily repent it. Besides, if we examine the two men, can you prefer a sneaking fellow, who hath been bred at the university, to a fine gentleman just come from his travels? All the world must allow Bellarmine to be a fine gentleman, positively a fine gentleman, and a handsome man.’—‘Perhaps, Madam, I should not doubt, if I knew how to be handsomely off with the other.’—‘O leave that to me,’ says the aunt. ‘You know your father hath not been acquainted with the affair. Indeed, for my part, I thought it might do well enough, not dreaming of such an offer: but I’ll disengage you; leave me to give the fellow an answer, I warrant you shall have no farther trouble.’

Leonora was at length satisfied with her aunt’s reasoning; and, Bellarmine supping with her that evening, it was agreed he should the next morning go to her father and propose the match, which she consented should be consummated at his return.

The aunt retired soon after supper; and the lovers being left together, Bellarmine began in the following manner: ‘Yes, Madam, this coat I assure you was made at Paris, and I defy the best English taylor even to imitate it. There is not one of them can cut, Madam; they can’t cut. If you observe how this skirt is turned, and this sleeve, a clumsy English rascal can do nothing like it.—Pray how do you like my liveries?’ Leonora answered, she thought them very pretty. ‘All French,’ says he, ‘I assure you, except the great-coats; I never trust any thing more than a great-coat to an Englishman; you know one must encourage our own people what one can, especially as,

‘before I had a place, I was in the country interest; he, he, he! but for myself, I would see the dirty island at the bottom of the sea, rather than wear a single rag of English work about me; and I am sure, after you have made one tour to Paris, you will be of the same opinion with regard to your own clothes. You can’t conceive what an addition a French dress would be to your beauty; I positively assure you, at the first opera I saw since I came over, I mistook the English ladies for chamber-maids; he, he, he!’

With such sort of polite discourse did the gay Bellarmine entertain his beloved Leonora, when the door opened on a sudden, and Horatio entered the room. Here ’tis impossible to express the surprise of Leonora.

‘Poor woman,’ says Mrs. Slipslop, ‘what a terrible quandary she must be in!’—‘Not at all,’ says Miss Graveairs; ‘such sluts can never be confounded.’—‘She must have, then, more than Corinthian assurance,’ said Adams; ‘aye, more than Laïs herself.’

A long silence, continued the lady, prevailed in the whole company: if the familiar entrance of Horatio struck the greatest astonishment into Bellarmine, the unexpected presence of Bellarmine no less surprised Horatio. At length Leonora, collecting all the spirits she was mistress of, addressed herself to the latter, and pretended to wonder at the reason of so late a visit.

‘I should, indeed,’ answered he, ‘have made some apology for disturbing you at this hour, had not my finding you in company assured me I do not break in upon your repose.’ Bellarmine rose from his chair, traversed the room in a minuet step, and hummed an opera tune, while Horatio, advancing to Leonora, asked her in a whisper, if that gentleman was not a relation of her’s; to which she answered with a smile, or rather sneer, ‘No, he is no relation of mine yet;’ adding, she could not guess the meaning of his question. Horatio told her softly, it did not arise from jealousy. ‘Jealousy!’ cries she, ‘I assure you—it would be very strange in a common acquaintance to give himself any of those airs.’ These words a little surprised Horatio; but before he

he had time to answer, Bellarmine danced up to the lady, and told her, he feared he interrupted some business between her and the gentleman. 'I can have no business,' said she, 'with the gentleman, nor any other, which need be any secret to you.'

'You'll pardon me,' said Horatio, 'if I desire to know who this gentleman is, who is to be intrusted with all our secrets.'—'You'll know soon enough,' cries Leonora; 'but I can't guess what secrets can ever pass between us of such mighty consequence.'—'No, Madam!' cries Horatio; 'I'm sure you would not have me understand you in earnest.'—'Tis indifferent to me,' says she, 'how you understand me; but I think so unseasonable a visit is difficult to be understood at all, at least when people find one engaged: though one's servants do not deny one, one may expect a well-bred person should soon take the hint.'—'Madam,' said Horatio, 'I did not imagine any engagement with a stranger, as it seems this gentleman is, would have made my visit impertinent, or that any such ceremonies were to be preserved between persons in our situation.'—'Sure you are in a dream,' said she, 'or would persuade me that I am in one. I know no pretensions a common acquaintance can have to lay aside the ceremonies of good-breeding.'—'Sure,' said he, 'I am in a dream; for it is impossible I should be really esteemed a common acquaintance by Leonora, after what has passed between us!'—'Passed between us! do you intend to affront me before this gentleman?'—'D—n me, affront the lady,' says Bellarmine, cocking his hat and strutting up to Horatio; 'does any man dare affront this lady before me, d—n me!'—'Harkee, Sir,' says Horatio, 'I would advise you to lay aside that fierce air; for I am mightily deceived if this lady has not a violent desire to get your worship a good drubbing.'—'Sir,' said Bellarmine, 'I have the honour to be her protector, and d—n me, if I understand your meaning.'—'Sir,' answered Horatio, 'she is rather your protectress: but give yourself no more airs, for you see I am prepared for you,' (shaking his whip at him.) 'Oh! ser-

viteur tres humble,' says Bellarmine, '*je vous entend parfaitement bien.*' At which time the aunt, who had heard of Horatio's visit, entered the room, and soon satisfied all his doubts. She convinced him that he was never more awake in his life, and that nothing more extraordinary had happened in his three days absence, than a small alteration in the affections of Leonora; who now burst into tears, and wondered what reason she had given him to use her in so barbarous a manner. Horatio desired Bellarmine to withdraw with him: but the ladies prevented it, by laying violent hands on the latter; upon which, the former took his leave without any great ceremony, and departed, leaving the lady with his rival to consult for his safety, which Leonora feared her indiscretion might have endangered: but the aunt comforted her with assurances, that Horatio would not venture his person against so accomplished a cavalier as Bellarmine, and that being a lawyer, he would seek revenge in his own way, and the most they had to apprehend from him was an action.

They at length therefore agreed to permit Bellarmine to retire to his lodgings, having first settled all matters relating to the journey which he was to undertake in the morning, and their preparations for the nuptials at his return.

But alas! as wise men have observed, the seat of valour is not the countenance; and many a grave and plain man will, on a just provocation, betake himself to that mischievous metal, cold iron; while men of a fiercer brow, and sometimes with that emblem of courage, a cockade, will more prudently decline it.

Leonora was waked in the morning, from a visionary coach and six, with the dismal account that Bellarmine was run through the body by Horatio; that he lay languishing at an inn, and the surgeons had declared the wound mortal. She immediately leaped out of the bed, danced about the room in a frantic manner, tore her hair and beat her breast in all the agonies of despair; in which sad condition her aunt, who likewise arose at the news, found her. The good old lady applied her utmost art to comfort her niece. She told her, while there was life, there was

was hope: but that if he should die, her affliction would be of no service to Bellarmine, and would only expose herself, which might probably keep her some time without any future offer; that as matters had happened, her wisest way would be to think no more of Bellarmine, but to endeavour to regain the affections of Horatio.

'Speak not to me,' cried the disconsolate Leonora; 'is it not owing to me, that poor Bellarmine has lost his life? have not these cursed charms' (at which words she looked stedfastly in the glass) 'been the ruin of the most charming man of this age? Can I ever bear to contemplate my own face again?' (with her eyes still fixed on the glass.) 'Am I not the murderer of the finest gentleman? No other woman in the town could have made any impression on him.'—'Never think of things past,' cries the aunt, 'think of regaining the affections of Horatio.'—'What reason,' said the niece, 'have I to hope he would forgive me? No, I have lost him as well as the other, and it was your wicked advice which was the occasion of all; you seduced me, contrary to my inclinations, to abandon poor Horatio,' at which words she burst into tears; 'you prevailed upon me, whether I would or no, to give up my affections for him; had it not been for you, Bellarmine never would have entered into my thoughts; had not his addresses been backed by your persuasions, they never would have made any impression on me; I should have defied all the fortune and equipage in the world; but it was you, it was you, who got the better of my youth and simplicity, and forced me to lose my dear Horatio for ever.'

The aunt was almost borne down with this torrent of words; she however rallied all the strength she could, and drawing her mouth up in a purl, began: 'I am not surprised, niece, at this ingratitude. Those who advise young women for their interest, must always expect such a return: I am convinced my brother will thank me for breaking off your match with Horatio at any rate.'—'That may not be in your power yet,' answered Leonora; 'though it is very ungrateful in you to desire or attempt it, after

'the presents you have received from him.' (For indeed true it is, that many presents, and some pretty valuable ones, had passed from Horatio to the old lady: but as true it is, that Bellarmine when he breakfasted with her and her niece, had complimented her with a brilliant from his finger, of much greater value than all she had touched of the other.)

The aunt's gall was on float to reply, when a servant brought a letter into the room; which Leonora, hearing it came from Bellarmine, with great eagerness opened, and read as follows.

'MOST DIVINE CREATURE,

'THE wound which I fear you have heard I received from my rival, is not like to be so fatal as those shot into my heart, which have been fired from your eyes *tout brillant*. Those are the only cannons by which I am to fall: for my surgeon gives me hopes of being soon able to attend your *ruelle*; till when, unless you will do me an honour which I have scarce the *hardiess* to think of, your absence will be the greatest anguish which can be felt by,

'Madam,

'*Avec toute le respect* in the world,

'Your most obedient,

'most absolute *devoit*,

'BELLARMINE.'

As soon as Leonora perceived such hopes of Bellarmine's recovery, and that the gossip Fame had, according to custom, so enlarged his danger, she presently abandoned all farther thoughts of Horatio, and was soon reconciled to her aunt, who received her again into favour, with a more christian forgiveness than we generally meet with. Indeed it is possible she might be a little alarmed at the hints which her niece had given her concerning the presents. She might apprehend such rumours, should they get abroad, might injure a reputation, which by frequenting church twice a day, and preserving the utmost rigour and strict-

ness in her countenance and behaviour for many years, she had established.

Leonora's passion returned now for Bellarmine with greater force after it's small relaxation than ever. She proposed to her aunt to make him a visit in his confinement, which the old lady, with great and commendable prudence, advised her to decline: 'For,' says she, 'should any accident intervene to prevent your intended match, too forward a behaviour with this lover may injure you in the eyes of others. Every woman, till she is married, ought to consider of and provide against the possibility of the affair's breaking off.' Leonora said, she should be indifferent to whatever might happen in such a case: for she had now so absolutely placed her affections on this dear man, (so she called him) that if it was her misfortune to lose him, she should for ever abandon all thoughts of mankind. She therefore resolved to visit him, notwithstanding all the prudent advice of her aunt to the contrary, and that very afternoon executed her resolution.

The lady was proceeding in her story, when the coach drove into the inn where the company were to dine, solely to the dissatisfaction of Mr. Adams, whose ears were the most hungry part about him; he being, as the reader may perhaps guess, of an insatiable curiosity, and heartily desirous of hearing the end of this amour, though he professed he could scarce wish success to a lady of so inconstant a disposition.

CHAP. V.

A DREADFUL QUARREL WHICH
HAPPENED AT THE INN WHERE
THE COMPANY DINED; WITH
IT'S BLOODY CONSEQUENCES
TO MR. ADAMS.

AS soon as the passengers had alighted from the coach, Mr. Adams, as was his custom, made directly to the kitchen, where he found Joseph sitting by the fire, and the hostess anointing his leg: for the horse which Mr. Adams had borrowed of his clerk, had so violent a propensity to kneeling, that one would have thought it had been his trade as well

as his master's: nor would he always give any notice of such his intention; he was often found on his knees, when the rider least expected it. This foible, however, was of no great inconvenience to the parson, who was accustomed to it, and, as his legs almost touched the ground when he bestrode the beast, had but a little way to fall, and threw himself forward on such occasions with so much dexterity, that he never received any mischief; the horse and he frequently rolling many paces distance, and afterwards both getting up and meeting as good friends as ever.

Poor Joseph, who had not been used to such kind of cattle, though an excellent horseman, did not so happily disengage himself: but falling with his leg under the beast, received a violent contusion, to which the good woman was, as we have said, applying a warm hand, with some camphorated spirits, just at the time when the parson entered the kitchen.

He had scarce expressed his concern for Joseph's misfortune, before the host likewise entered. He was by no means of Mr. Tow-wouse's gentle disposition, and was indeed perfect master of his house, and every thing in it but his guests.

This surly fellow, who always proportioned his respect to the appearance of a traveller, from 'God bleis your honour,' down to plain 'coming presently,' observing his wife on her knees to a footman, cried out, without considering his circumstances, 'What a pox is the woman about? why don't you mind the company in the coach? Go and ask them what they will have for dinner?'—'My dear,' says she, 'you know they can have nothing but what is at the fire, which will be ready presently; and really the poor young man's leg is very much bruised.' At which words, she fell to chafing more violently than before: the bell then happening to ring, he damned his wife, and bid her go in to the company, and not stand rubbing there all day: for he did not believe the young fellow's leg was so bad as he pretended; and if it was, within twenty miles he would find a surgeon to cut it off. Upon these words, Adams fetched two strides across the room; and snapping his fingers over his head, muttered

muttered aloud, he would excommunicate such a wretch for a farthing; for he believed the devil had more humanity. These words occasioned a dialogue between Adams and the host, in which there were two or three sharp replies, till Joseph bade the latter know how to behave himself to his betters. At which the host (having first strictly surveyed Adams) scornfully repeating the word *bettors*, flew into a rage, and telling Joseph he was as able to walk out of his house as he had been to walk into it, offered to lay violent hands on him; which Adams perceiving, dealt him so sound a compliment over his face with his fist, that the blood immediately gushed out of his nose in a stream. The host being unwilling to be out-done in courtesy, especially by a person of Adams's figure, returned the favour with so much gratitude, that the parson's nostrils began to look a little redder than usual. Upon which he again assailed his antagonist, and with another stroke laid him sprawling on the floor.

The hostess, who was a better wife than so furly a husband deserved, seeing her husband all bloody and stretched along, hastened presently to his assistance, or rather to revenge the blow, which, to all appearance, was the last he would ever receive; when lo! a pan full of hog's blood, which unluckily stood on the dresser, presented itself first to her hands. She seized it in her fury, and without any reflection discharged it into the parson's face, and with so good an aim, that much the greater part first saluted his countenance, and trickled thence in so large a current down to his beard, and over his garments, that a more horrible spectacle was hardly to be seen, or even imagined. All which was perceived by Mrs. Sliplop, who entered the kitchen at that instant. This good gentlewoman, not being of a temper so extremely cool and patient as perhaps was required to ask many questions on this occasion, flew with great impetuosity at the hostess's cap, which, together with some of her hair, she plucked from her head in a moment, giving her at the same time several hearty cuffs in the face, which, by frequent practice on the inferior servants, she had learned an excellent knack of delivering with a good grace. Poor Joseph

could hardly rise from his chair; the parson was employed in wiping the blood from his eyes, which had entirely blinded him, and the landlord was but just beginning to stir, whilst Mrs. Sliplop holding down the landlady's face with her left-hand, made so dexterous an use of her right, that the poor woman began to roar in a key which alarmed all the company in the inn.

There happened to be in the inn at this time, besides the ladies who arrived in the stage-coach, the two gentlemen who were present at Mr. Townhouse's when Joseph was detained for his horse's meat, and whom we have before mentioned to have stopt at the alehouse with Adams. There was likewise a gentleman just returned from his travels to Italy; all whom the horrid outcry of murder presently brought into the kitchen, where the several combatants were found in the postures already described.

It was now no difficulty to put an end to the fray, the conquerors being satisfied with the vengeance they had taken, and the conquered having no appetite to renew the fight. The principal figure, and which engaged the eyes of all, was Adams, who was all over covered with blood, which the whole company concluded to be his own; and consequently imagined him no longer for this world. But the host, who had now recovered from his blow, and was risen from the ground, soon delivered them from this apprehension, by damming his wife for wasting the hog's puddings, and telling her all would have been very well, if she had not intermeddled like a b—— as she was; adding, he was very glad the gentlewoman had paid her, though not half what she deserved. The poor woman had indeed fared much the worse, having, besides the unmerciful cuffs received, lost a quantity of hair which Mrs. Sliplop in triumph held in her left-hand.

The traveller, addressing himself to Mrs. Grave-aire, desired her not to be frightened: for here had been only a little boxing, which he said, to their *disgracia*, the English were *accustomed* to; adding, it must be however a sight somewhat strange to him, who was just come from Italy, the Italians not being addicted to the *cuffardo*, but *bastonada*,

says he. He then went up to Adams, and telling him he looked like the ghost of *Otello*, bid him *not shake his gory locks at him, for he could not say he did it*. Adams very innocently answered, 'Sir, I am far from accusing you.' He then returned to the lady, and cried, 'I find the bloody gentleman is *uno insipido del nullo senso*. *Dannato di me*, if I have seen such a *spettacolo* in my way from *Viterbo*.'

One of the gentlemen having learnt from the host the occasion of this bustle, and being assured by him that Adams had struck the first blow, whispered in his ear, he'd warrant he would recover. 'Recover, master!' said the host smiling: 'Yes, yes, I am not afraid of dying with a blow or two; neither; I am not such a chicken as that.'—'Pugh!' said the gentleman, 'I mean you will recover damages in that action which undoubtedly you intend to bring, as soon as a writ can be returned from London; for you look like a man of too much spirit and courage to suffer any one to beat you without bringing your action against him: he must be a scandalous fellow indeed, who would put up a drubbing, whilst the law is open to revenge it; besides, he hath drawn blood from you and spoiled your coat; and the jury will give damages for that too. An excellent new coat, upon my word, and now not worth a shilling!'

'I don't care,' continued he, 'to intermeddle in these cases: but you have a right to my evidence; and if I am sworn, I must speak the truth. I saw you sprawling on the floor, and the blood gushing from your nostrils. You may take your own opinion; but was I in your circumstances, every drop of my blood should convey an ounce of gold into my pocket: remember I don't advise you to go to law; but if your jury were christians, they must give swingeing damages. That's all.'—'Master,' cried the host, scratching his head. 'I have no stomach to law, I thank you. I have seen enough of that in the parish; where two of my neighbours have been at law about a house, till they have both lawed themselves into a gaol.' At which words he turned about, and began to enquire again after his hog's puddings;

nor would it probably have been a sufficient excuse for his wife, that she spilt them in his defence, had not some awe of the company, especially of the Italian traveller, who was a person of great dignity, withheld his rage. Whilst one of the above-mentioned gentlemen was employed as we have seen him, on the behalf of the landlord, the other was no less hearty on the side of Mr. Adams, whom he advised to bring his action immediately. He said, the assault of the wife was, in law, the assault of the husband; for they were but one person; and he was liable to pay damages, which he said must be considerable, where so bloody a disposition appeared. Adams answered, if it was true that they were but one person, he had assaulted the wife; for he was sorry to own he had struck the husband the first blow. 'I am sorry you own it too,' cries the gentleman; 'for it could not possibly appear to the court: for here was no evidence present but the lame man in the chair, whom I suppose to be your friend, and would consequently say nothing but what made for you.'—'How, Sir,' says Adams, 'do you take me for a villain, who would prosecute revenge in cold blood, and use unjustifiable means to obtain it? If you knew me and my order, I should think you affronted both.' At the word order, the gentleman stared, (for he was too bloody to be of any modern order of knights) and turning hastily about said, every man knew his own business.

Matters being now composed, the company retired to their several apartments, the two gentlemen congratulating each other on the success of their good offices, in procuring a perfect reconciliation between the contending parties; and the traveller went to his repast, crying, as the Italian poet says,

*'Je voi very well, que tutta è pace.
So send up dinner, good Boniface.'*

The coachman began now to grow importunate with his passengers, whose entrance into the coach was retarded by Miss Grave-airs insisting, against the remonstrances of all the rest, that she would not admit a footman into the coach; for poor Joseph was too lame to mount a horse. A young lady, who

who was, it seems, an earl's granddaughter, begged it with almost tears in her eyes. Mr. Adams prayed, and Mrs. Slipslop scolded, but all to no purpose. She said, she would not demean herself to ride with a footman; that there were waggons on the road; that if the master of the coach desired it, she would pay for two places; but would suffer no such fellow to come in. 'Madam,' says Slipslop, 'I am sure no one can refuse another coming into a stage-coach.'—'I don't know, Madam,' says the lady; 'I am not much used to stage-coaches, I seldom travel in them.'—'That may be, Madam,' replied Slipslop, 'very good people do, and some people's betters, for aught I know.' Miss Grave-airs said, some folks might sometimes give their tongues a liberty, to some people that were their betters, which did not become them: for her part, she was not used to converse with servants. Slipslop returned, some people kept no servants to converse with: for her part she thanked Heaven she lived in a family where there were a great many; and had more under her own command, than any pauntry little gentlewoman in the kingdom. Miss Grave-airs cried, she believed her mistress would not encourage such sauciness to her betters. 'My betters!' says Slipslop; 'who is my betters, pray?'—'I am your betters,' answered Miss Grave-airs, 'and I'll acquaint your mistress.' At which Mrs. Slipslop laughed aloud, and told her, her lady was one of the great gentry, and such little pauntry gentlewomen, as some folks who travelled in stage-coaches would not easily come at her.

This smart dialogue, between some people, and some folks, was going on at the coach-door, when a solemn person riding into the inn, and seeing Miss Grave-airs, immediately accosted her with, 'Dear child, how do you?' She presently answered, 'O! papa, I am glad you have overtaken me.'—'So am I,' answered he: 'for one of our coaches is just at hand: and there being room for you in it, you shall go no farther in the stage, unless you desire it.'—'How can you imagine I should desire it?' says she: so bidding Slipslop ride with her fellow, if she pleased; she took her father by the hand, who was just alight-

ed, and walked with him into a room.

Adams instantly asked the coachman, in a whisper, if he knew who the gentleman was. The coachman answered, he was now a gentleman, and kept his horse and man: 'But times are altered, master,' said he; 'I remember when he was no better born than myself.'—'Aye! aye!' says Adams. 'My father drove the squire's coach,' answered he, 'when that very man rode postilion: but he is now his steward, and a great gentleman.' Adams then snapped his fingers, and cried, he thought she was some such trollop.

Adams made haste to acquaint Mrs. Slipslop with this good news, as he imagined it; but it found a reception different from what he expected. The prudent gentlewoman, who despised the anger of Miss Grave-airs, whilst she conceived her the daughter of a gentleman of small fortune, now she heard her alliance with the upper-servants of a great family in her neighbourhood, began to fear her interest with the mistress. She wished she had not carried the dispute so far, and began to think of endeavouring to reconcile herself to the young lady before she left the inn; when luckily the scene at London, which the reader can scarce have forgotten, presented itself to her mind, and comforted her with such assurance, that she no longer apprehended any enemy with her mistress.

Every thing being now adjusted, the company entered the coach, which was just on its departure, when one lady recollected she had left her fan, a second her gloves, a third a snuff-box, and a fourth a smelling-bottle behind her: to find all which occasioned some delay, and much swearing to the coachman.

As soon as the coach had left the inn, the women all together fell to the character of Miss Grave-airs, whom one of them declared she had suspected to be some low creature, from the beginning of their journey; and another affirmed, had not even the looks of a gentlewoman; a third warranted she was no better than she should be; and turning to the lady, who had related the story in the coach, said, 'Did you ever hear, Madam, any thing so prudish as her remarks? Well, de-

liver

‘live me from the censoriousness of such a prude.’ The fourth added, ‘O Madam! all these creatures are censorious: but for my part, I wonder where the wretch was bred; indeed I must own I have seldom conversed with these mean kind of people; so that it may appear stranger to me; but to refuse the general desire of a whole company hath something in it so astonishing; that, for my part, I own, I should hardly believe it, if my own ears had not been witnesses to it.—’ ‘Yes, and so handsome a young fellow;’ cries Sliplop: ‘the woman must have no compassion in her; I believe she is more of a Turk than a Christian: I am certain if she had any Christian woman’s blood in her veins, the sight of such a young fellow must have warmed it. Indeed there are some wretched, miserable old objects, that turn one’s stomach: I should not wonder if she had refused such a one; I am as nice as herself, and should have cared no more than herself for the company of *stinking* old fellows: but hold up thy head, Joseph, thou art none of those; and she who hath no *compulsion* for thee is a *Myhummetman*, and I will maintain it.’ This conversation made Joseph uneasy, as well as the ladies; who, perceiving the spirits which Mrs. Sliplop was in, (for indeed she was not a cup too low) began to fear the consequence; one of them therefore desired the lady to conclude the story. ‘Aye, Madam,’ said Sliplop; ‘I beg your ladyship to give us that story you *commensated* in the morning:’ which request that well-bred woman immediately complied with.

CHAP. VI.

CONCLUSION OF THE UNFORTUNATE JILT.

LEONORA having once broke through the bounds which custom and modesty impose on her sex, soon gave an unbridled indulgence to her passion. Her visits to Bellarmine were more constant as well as longer, than his surgeon’s; in a word, she became

absolutely his nurse, made his water-gruel, administered him his medicines, and, notwithstanding the prudent advice of her aunt to the contrary, almost entirely resided in her wounded lover’s apartment.

The ladies of the town began to take her conduct under consideration; it was the chief topic of discourse at their tea-tables, and was very severely censured by the most part; especially by Lindamira, a lady whose discreet and starch carriage, together with a constant attendance at church three times a day, had utterly defeated many malicious attacks on her own reputation: for such was the envy that Lindamira’s virtue had attracted, that, notwithstanding her own strict behaviour, and strict enquiry into the lives of others, she had not been able to escape being the mark of some arrows herself, which however did her no injury; a blessing perhaps owed by her to the clergy, who were her chief male companions, and with two or three of whom she had been barbarously and unjustly calumniated.

‘Not so unjustly neither perhaps,’ says Sliplop, ‘for the clergy are men as well as other folks.’

The extreme delicacy of Lindamira’s virtue was cruelly hurt by those freedoms which Leonora allowed herself; she said, it was an affront to her sex; that she did not imagine it consistent with any woman’s honour to speak to the creature, or to be seen in her company; and that, for her part, she should always refuse to dance at an assembly with her, for fear of contamination, by taking her by the hand.

But to return to my story: as soon as Bellarmine was recovered, which was somewhat within a month from his receiving the wound, he set out according to agreement, for Leonora’s father’s, in order to propose the match, and settle all matters with him, touching settlements, and the like.

A little before his arrival, the old gentleman had received an intimation of the affair by the following letter; which I can repeat *verbatim*, and which they say was written neither by Leonora nor her aunt, though it was in a woman’s hand. The letter was in these words:

SIR,

I Am sorry to acquaint you that your daughter Leonora hath acted one of the basest, as well as most simple parts, with a young gentleman to whom she had engaged herself, and whom she hath (pardon the word) jilted for another of inferior fortune, notwithstanding his superior figure. You may take what measures you please on this occasion: I have performed what I thought my duty; as I have, though unknown to you, a very great respect for your family.

The old gentleman did not give himself the trouble to answer this kind epistle; nor did he take any notice of it after he had read it, till he saw Bellarmine. He was, to say the truth, one of those fathers who look on children as an unhappy consequence of their youthful pleasures; which as he would have been delighted not to have had attended them, so was he no less pleased with any opportunity to rid himself of the incumbrance. He passed, in the world's language, as an exceeding good father, being not only so rapacious as to rob and plunder all mankind to the utmost of his power, but even to deny himself the conveniencies and almost necessities of life; which his neighbours attributed to a desire of raising immense fortunes for his children: but in fact it was not so; he heaped up money for its own sake only, and looked on his children as his rivals, who were to enjoy his beloved mistress, when he was incapable of possessing her, and which he would have been much more charmed with the power of carrying along with him: nor had his children any other security of being his heirs, than that the law would constitute them such without a will, and that he had not affection enough for any one living to take the trouble of writing one.

To this gentleman came Bellarmine on the errand I have mentioned. His person, his equipage, his family, and his estate, seemed to the father to make him an advantageous match for his daughter; he therefore very readily accepted his proposals: but when Bellarmine imagined the principal affair concluded, and began to open the in-

cidental matters of fortune; the old gentleman presently changed his countenance, saying, he resolved never to marry his daughter on a Smithfield match; that whoever had love for her to take her, would, when he died, find her share of his fortune in his coffers: but he had seen such examples of undutifulness happen from the too early generosity of parents, that he had made a vow never to part with a shilling whilst he lived. He commended the saying of Solomon, *He that spareth the rod spoileth the child*: but added, he might have likewise asserted, that *He that spareth the purse, saveth the child*. He then ran into a discourse on the extravagance of the youth of the age; whence he launched into a dissertation on horses; and came at length to commend those Bellarmine drove. That fine gentleman, who, at another season, would have been well enough pleased to dwell a little on that subject, was now very eager to resume the circumstance of fortune. He said, he had a very high value for the young lady, and would receive her with less than he would any other whatever; but that even his love to her made some regard to worldly matters necessary; for it would be a most distracting sight for him to see her, when he had the honour to be her husband, in less than a coach and six. The old gentleman answered, 'Four will do, four will do;' and then took a turn from horses to extravagance, and from extravagance to horses, till he came round to the equipage again; whither he was no sooner arrived, than Bellarmine brought him back to the point; but all to no purpose; he made his escape from that subject in a minute; till at last the lover declared, that in the present situation of his affairs, it was impossible for him, though he loved Leonora more than *tout le monde*, to marry her without any fortune. To which the father answered, he was sorry that his daughter must lose so valuable a match; that if he had an inclination, at present it was not in his power to advance a shilling; that he had had great losses, and been at great expences on projects; which, though he had great expectation from them, had yet produced him nothing: that he did not know what might happen hereafter, as on the birth of a son, or such accident;

dent; but he would make no promise, or enter into any article; for he would not break his vow for all the daughters in the world.

In short, ladies, to keep you no longer in suspense, Bellarmine having tried every argument and persuasion which he could invent, and finding them all ineffectual, at length took his leave, but not in order to return to Leonora; he proceeded directly to his own seat, whence, after a few days stay, he returned to Paris, to the great delight of the French, and the honour of the English nation.

But as soon as he arrived at his home, he presently dispatched a messenger with the following epistle to Leonora.

‘ADORABLE AND CHARMANTE,

‘I Am sorry to have the honour to tell you, I am not the *heureux* person destined for your divine arms. Your papa hath told me so with a *politesse* not often seen on this side Paris. You may perhaps guess his manner of refusing me.—*Ab, mon Dieu!* You will certainly believe me, Madam, incapable myself of delivering this *triste* message, which I intend to try the French air to cure the consequences of.—*A jamais! Cœur! Ange!—Au diable!*—If your papa obliges you to a marriage, I hope we shall see you at Paris; till when, the wind that flows from thence, will be the warmest *dans le monde*; for it will consist almost entirely of my sighs. *Adieu, ma princesse! Ab, l’amour?*

‘BELLARMINE.’

I shall not attempt, ladies, to describe Leonora’s condition, when she received this letter. It is a picture of horror, which I should have as little pleasure in drawing, as you in beholding. She immediately left the place, where she was the subject of conversation and ridicule, and retired to that house I shewed you when I began the story; where she hath ever since led a disconsolate life, and deserves perhaps pity for her misfortunes more than our censure, for a behaviour to which the artifices of her aunt very probably con-

tributed, and to which very young women are often rendered too liable, by that blameable levity in the education of our sex.

‘If I was inclined to pity her,’ said a young lady in the coach, ‘it would be for the loss of Horatio; for I cannot discern any misfortune in her missing such a husband as Bellarmine.’

‘Why, I must own,’ says Slipshod, ‘the gentleman was a little false-hearted: but *howsoever* it was hard to have two lovers, and get never a husband at all—But pray, Madam, what became of *Our-asbo*?’

He remains, said the lady, still unmarried, and hath applied himself so strictly to his business, that he hath raised, I hear, a very considerable fortune. And what is remarkable, they say, he never hears the name of Leonora, without a sigh, nor hath ever uttered one syllable to charge her with her ill conduct towards him.

CHAP. VII.

A VERY SHORT CHAPTER, IN WHICH PARSON ADAMS WENT A GREAT WAY.

THE lady having finished her story, received the thanks of the company; and now Joseph putting his head out of the coach, cried out, ‘Never believe me, if yonder be not our parson Adams walking along without his horse.’—‘On my word, and so he is,’ says Slipshod; ‘and as sure as two-pence, he hath left him behind at the inn.’ Indeed, true it is, the parson had exhibited a fresh instance of his absence of mind: for he was so pleased with having got Joseph into the coach, that he never once thought of the beast in the stable; and finding his legs as nimble as he desired, he sallied out, brandishing a crabstick, and had kept on before the coach, mending and slackening his pace occasionally, so that he had never been much more or less than a quarter of a mile distant from it.

Mrs. Slipshod desired the coachman to overtake him, which he attempted, but in vain: for the faster he drove, the faster ran the parson, often crying out, ‘Aye, aye, catch me if you can:’

till

till at length the coachman swore he would as soon attempt to drive after a greyhound; and giving the parson two or three hearty curses, he cried, 'Softly, softly boys,' to his horses, which the civil beasts immediately obeyed.

But we will be more courteous to our reader, than he was to Mrs. Slipshod; and leaving the coach and its company to pursue their journey, we will carry our reader on after parson Adams, who stretched forwards without once looking behind him; till having left the coach full three miles in his rear, he came to a place, where by keeping the extreme track to the right, it was just barely possible for a human creature to miss his way. This track, however, did he keep, as indeed he had a wonderful capacity at these kinds of bare possibilities; and travelling in it about three miles over the plain, he arrived at the summit of a hill, whence looking a great way backwards, and perceiving no coach in sight, he sat himself down on the turf, and pulling out his *Æschylus*, determined to wait here for its arrival.

He had not sat long here, before a gun going off very near, a little startled him; he looked up, and saw a gentleman within a hundred paces taking up a partridge which he had just shot.

Adams stood up, and presented a figure to the gentleman, which would have moved laughter in many: for his cassock had just again fallen down below his great-coat, that is to say, it reached his knees; whereas, the skirts of his great-coat descended no lower than half way down his thighs: but the gentleman's mirth gave way to his surprise, at beholding such a personage in such a place.

Adams advancing to the gentleman, told him, he hoped he had good sport; to which the other answered, 'Very little.'—'I see, Sir,' says Adams, 'you have *smote* one partridge:' to which the sportsman made no reply, but proceeded to charge his piece.

Whilst the gun was charging, Adams remained in silence, which he at last broke, by observing, that it was a delightful evening. The gentleman, who had at first sight conceived a very distasteful opinion of the parson, began on perceiving a book in his hand,

and smoking likewise the information of the cassock, to change his thoughts, and made a small advance to conversation on his side, by saying, 'Sir, I suppose you are not one of these parts?'

Adams immediately told him, 'No; that he was a traveller, and invited by the beauty of the evening and the place, to repose a little, and amuse himself with reading. 'I may as well repose myself too,' said the sportsman; 'for I have been out this whole afternoon, and the devil a bird have I seen till I came hither.'

'Perhaps then the game is not very plenty hereabouts,' cries Adams. 'No, Sir,' said the gentleman; 'the soldiers, who are quartered in the neighbourhood, have killed it all.'—'It is very probable,' cries Adams; 'for shooting is their profession.'—'Aye, shooting the game,' answered the other; 'but I don't see they are so forward to shoot our enemies. I don't like that affair of Carthage; if I had been there, I believe I should have done other-guessed things, d—n me: what's a man's life when his country demands it? a man who won't sacrifice his life for his country, deserves to be hanged, d—n me.' Which words he spoke with so violent a gesture, so loud a voice, so strong an accent, and so fierce a countenance, that he might have frightened a captain of trained-bands, at the head of his company; but Mr. Adams was not greatly subject to fear: he told him intrepidly, that he very much approved his virtue, but disliked his swearing, and begged him not to addict himself to so bad a custom; without which he said he might fight as bravely as Achilles did. Indeed he was charmed with this discourse; he told the gentleman he would willingly have gone many miles to have met a man of his generous way of thinking: that if he pleased to sit down, he should be greatly delighted to commune with him: for though he was a clergyman, he would himself be ready, if thereto called, to lay down his life for his country.

The gentleman sat down, and Adams by him; and then the latter began, as in the following chapter, a discourse which we have placed by itself, as it is not only the most cu-

dent; but he would make no promise, or enter into any article; for he would not break his vow for all the daughters in the world.

In short, ladies, to keep you no longer in suspense, Bellarmine having tried every argument and persuasion which he could invent, and finding them all ineffectual, at length took his leave, but not in order to return to Leonora; he proceeded directly to his own seat, whence, after a few days stay, he returned to Paris, to the great delight of the French, and the honour of the English nation.

But as soon as he arrived at his home, he presently dispatched a messenger with the following epistle to Leonora.

ADORABLE AND CHARMANTE,

I Am sorry to have the honour to tell you, I am not the *beureux* person destined for your divine arms. Your papa hath told me so with a *politesse* not often seen on this side Paris. You may perhaps guess his manner of refusing me.—*Ab, mon Dieu!* You will certainly believe me, Madam, incapable myself of delivering this *triste* message, which I intend to try the French air to cure the consequences of—*A jamais!* *Cœur! Ange!—Au diable!*—If your papa obliges you to a marriage, I hope we shall see you at Paris; till when, the wind that flows from thence, will be the warmest *dans le monde*; for it will consist almost entirely of my sighs. *Adieu, ma princesse! Ab, l'amour?*

BELLARMINE.

I shall not attempt, ladies, to describe Leonora's condition, when she received this letter. It is a picture of horror, which I should have as little pleasure in drawing, as you in beholding. She immediately left the place, where she was the subject of conversation and ridicule, and retired to that house I shewed you when I began the story; where she hath ever since led a disconsolate life, and deserves perhaps pity for her misfortunes more than our censure, for a behaviour to which the artifices of her aunt very probably con-

tributed, and to which very young women are often rendered too liable, by that blameable levity in the education of our sex.

'If I was inclined to pity her,' said a young lady in the coach, 'it would be for the loss of Horatio; for I cannot discern any misfortune in her missing such a husband as Bellarmine.'

'Why, I must own,' says Slipslop, 'the gentleman was a little false-hearted: but *howsoever* it was hard to have two lovers, and get never a husband at all—But pray, Madam, what became of *Our-ajbo*?'

He remains, said the lady, still unmarried, and hath applied himself so strictly to his business, that he hath raised, I hear, a very considerable fortune. And what is remarkable, they say, he never hears the name of Leonora, without a sigh, nor hath ever uttered one syllable to charge her with her ill conduct towards him.

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The gentleman sat down, and Adams by him; and then the latter began, as in the following chapter, a discourse which we have placed by itself, as it is not only the most cu-

rious in this, but perhaps in any other book.

CHAP. VIII.

A NOTABLE DISSERTATION BY MR. ABRAHAM ADAMS; WHEREIN THAT GENTLEMAN APPEARS IN A POLITICAL LIGHT.

I DO assure you, Sir,' says he, taking the gentleman by the hand, 'I am heartily glad to meet with a man of your kidney: for though I am a poor parson, I will be bold to say, I am an honest man, and would not do an ill thing to be made a bishop: nay, though it hath not fallen in my way to offer so noble a sacrifice, I have not been without opportunities of suffering for the sake of my conscience, I thank Heaven for them; for I have had relations, though I say it, who made some figure in the world; particularly a nephew, who was a shopkeeper, and an alderman of a corporation. He was a good lad, and was under my care when a boy, and I believe would do what I bade him to his dying day. Indeed, it looks like extreme vanity in me, to affect being a man of such consequence, as to have so great an interest in an alderman; but others have thought so too, as manifestly appeared by the rector, whose curate I formerly was, sending for me on the approach of an election, and telling me, if I expected to continue in his cure, that I must bring my nephew to vote for one Colonel Courtly, a gentleman whom I had never heard tidings of till that instant. I told the rector, I had no power over my nephew's vote, (God forgive me for such prevarication!) that I supposed he would give it according to his conscience; that I would by no means endeavour to influence him to give it otherwise. He told me it was in vain to equivocate: that he knew I had already spoke to him in favour of Esquire Fickle my neighbour; and indeed it was true I had: for it was at a season when the church was in danger, and when all good men expected they knew not what would happen to us all. I then answered boldly, if he thought I had given

my promise, he affronted me, in proposing any breach of it. Not to be too prolix: I persevered, and so did my nephew, in the esquire's interest, who was chose chiefly through his means; and so I lost my curacy. Well, Sir, but do you think the esquire ever mentioned a word of the church? *Ne verbum quidem, ut ita dicam*; within two years he got a place, and hath ever since lived in London; where I have been informed, (but God forbid I should believe that) that he never so much as goeth to church. I remained, Sir, a considerable time without any cure, and lived a full month on one funeral sermon, which I preached on the indisposition of a clergyman; but this by the bye. At last, when Mr. Fickle got his place, Colonel Courtly stood again; and who should make interest for him, but Mr. Fickle himself! that very identical Mr. Fickle, who had formerly told me, the colonel was an enemy to both the church and state, had the confidence to solicit my nephew for him; and the colonel himself offered to make me a chaplain to his regiment, which I refused in favour of Sir Oliver Hearty, who told us he would sacrifice every thing to his country: and I believe he would, except his hunting, which he stuck so close to, that in five years together he went but twice up to parliament; and one of those times, I have been told, never was within sight of the house. However, he was a worthy man, and the best friend I ever had: for by his interest with a bishop, he got me replaced into my curacy, and gave me eight pounds out of his own pocket to buy me a gown and cassock, and furnish my house. He had our interest while he lived, which was not many years. On his death, I had fresh applications made to me; for all the world knew the interest I had with my good nephew, who was now a leading man in the corporation; and Sir Thomas Booby buying the estate which had been Sir Oliver's, proposed himself a candidate. He was then a young gentleman just come from his travels; and it did me good to hear him discourse on affairs, which, for my part, I knew nothing of. If I had been

been master of a thousand votes, he should have had them all. I engaged my nephew in his interest; and he was elected, and a very fine parliament-man he was. They tell me he made speeches of an hour long; and I have been told very fine ones: but he could never persuade the parliament to be of his opinion. — *Non omnia possumus omnes*. — He promised me a living, poor man; and I believe I should have had it, but an accident happened; which was, that my lady had promised it before, unknown to him. This, indeed, I never heard till afterwards: for my nephew, who died about a month before the incumbent, always told me I might be assured of it. Since that time, Sir Thomas, poor man, had always so much business that he never could find leisure to see me. I believe it was partly my lady's fault too; who did not think my dress good enough for the gentry at her table. However, I must do him the justice to say, he never was ungrateful; and I have always found his kitchen and his cellar too, open to me; many a time after service on a Sunday, for I preach at four churches, have I recruited my spirits with a glass of his ale. Since my nephew's death the corporation is in other hands; and I am not a man of that consequence I was formerly. I have now no longer any talents to lay out in the service of my country; and to whom nothing is given, of him nothing can be required. However, on all proper seasons, such as the approach of an election, I throw a suitable dash or two into my sermons; which I have the pleasure to hear is not disagreeable to Sir Thomas, and the other honest gentlemen my neighbours, who have all promised me these five years to procure an ordination for a son of mine, who is now near thirty, hath an infinite stock of learning, and is, I thank Heaven, of an unexceptionable life; though, as he was never at an university, the bishop refuses to ordain him. Too much care cannot indeed be taken in admitting any to the sacred office: though I hope he will never act so as to be a disgrace to any order: but will serve his God and his

country to the utmost of his power, as I have endeavoured to do before him; nay, and will lay down his life whenever called to that purpose. I am sure I have educated him in those principles; so that I have acquitted my duty, and shall have nothing to answer for on that account: but I do not distrust him; for he is a good boy; and if Providence should throw it in his way to be of as much consequence in a public light, as his father once was; I can answer for him, he will use his talents as honestly as I have done.

C H A P. IX.

IN WHICH THE GENTLEMAN DESCANTS ON BRAVERY AND HEROIC VIRTUE, TILL AN UNLUCKY ACCIDENT PUTS AN END TO THE DISCOURSE.

THE gentleman highly commended Mr. Adams for his good resolutions, and told him, he hoped his son would tread in his steps; adding, that if he would not die for his country, he would not be worthy to live in it. 'I'd make no more of shooting a man that would not die for his country, than —

'Sir,' said he, 'I have disinherited a nephew who is in the army, because he would not exchange his commission, and go to the West-Indies. I believe the rascal is a coward, though he pretends to be in love, forsooth. I would have all such fellows hanged, Sir; I would have them hanged.' Adams answered, that would be too severe; that men did not make themselves; and if fear had too much ascendance in the mind, the man was rather to be pitied than abhorred: that reason and time might teach him to subdue it. He said, a man might be a coward at one time, and brave at another. 'Homer,' says he, 'who so well understood and comprehended nature, hath taught us this lesson; for Paris fights, and Hector runs away: nay, we have a mighty instance of this in the history of later ages, no longer ago than the 705th year of Rome, when the great Pompey, who had won so many battles, and been honoured

‘with so many triumphs, and of whose valour several authors, especially Cicero and Paterculus, have formed such eulogiums; this very Pompey left the battle of Pharsalia before he had lost it, and retreated to his tent, where he sat like the most pusillanimous rascal in a fit of despair, and yielded a victory which was to determine the empire of the world to Cæsar. I am not much travelled in the history of modern times, that is to say, these last thousand years: but those who are, can; I make no question, furnish you with parallel instances.’ He concluded, therefore, that had he taken any such hasty resolutions against his nephew, he hoped he would consider better, and retract them. The gentleman answered with great warmth, and talked much of courage and his country; till perceiving it grew late, he asked Adams what place he intended for that night. He told him, he waited there for the stage-coach. ‘The stage-coach! Sir,’ said the gentleman, ‘they are all past by long ago. You may see the last yourself almost three miles before us.’—‘I protest and so they are!’ cries Adams; ‘then I must make haste and follow them.’ The gentleman told him he, would hardly be able to overtake them; and that if he did not know his way, he would be in danger of losing himself on the downs; for it would be presently dark; and he might ramble about all night, and perhaps find himself farther from his journey’s end in the morning, than he was now. He advised him therefore to accompany him to his house, which was very little out of his way, assuring him, that he would find some country-fellow in his parish, who would conduct him for six-pence to the city where he was going. Adams accepted this proposal, and on they travelled; the gentleman renewing his discourse on courage, and the infamy of not being ready at all times to sacrifice our lives to our country. Night overtook them much about the same time as they arrived near some bushes: whence, on a sudden, they heard the most violent shrieks imaginable, in a female voice. Adams offered to snatch the gun out of his companion’s hand. ‘What are you doing?’ said he. ‘Doing!’ said Adams: ‘I am haf-

tening to the assistance of the poor creature whom some villains are murdering.’—‘You are not mad enough, I hope,’ says the gentleman trembling: ‘Do you consider this gun is only charged with shot, and that the robbers are most probably furnished with pistols loaded with bullets?’ ‘This is no business of ours; let us make as much haste as possible out of the way, or we may fall into their hands ourselves.’ The shrieks now increasing, Adams made no answer, but snapt his fingers, and brandishing his crabstick, made directly to the place whence the voice issued; and the man of courage made as much expedition towards his own home, whither he escaped in a very short time, without once looking behind him: where we will leave him, to contemplate his own bravery, and to return the want of it in others; and coming up to the place whence the noise proceeded, found a woman struggling with a man, who had thrown her on the ground, and had almost overpowered her. The great abilities of Mr. Adams were not necessary to have formed a right judgment of this affair on the first sight. He did not therefore want the entreaties of the poor wretch to assist her; but lifting up his crabstick, he immediately levelled a blow at that part of the ravisier’s head, where, according to the opinion of the ancients, the brains of some persons are deposited, and which he had undoubtedly let forth, had not nature (who, as wise men have observed, equips all creatures with what is most expedient for them) taken a provident care (as she always doth with those she intends for encounters) to make this part of the head three times as thick as those of ordinary men, who are designed to exercise talents which are vulgarly called rational, and for whomas brains are necessary, she is obliged to leave some room for them in the cavity of the skull: whereas, those ingredients being entirely useless to persons of the heroic calling, she hath an opportunity of thickening the bone, so as to make it less subject to any impression, or liable to be cracked or broken; and, indeed, in some who are predestined to the command of armies and empires,

pires, she is supposed sometimes to make that part perfectly solid.

As a game-cock, when engaged in amorous toying with a hen, if perchance he spies another cock at hand, immediately quits his female, and opposes himself to his rival; so did the ravisher, on the information of the crabstick, immediately leap from the woman, and hasten to assail the man. He had no weapons but what nature had furnished him with. However, he clenched his fist, and presently darted it at that part of Adams's breast where the heart is lodged. Adams staggered at the violence of the blow, when, throwing away his staff, he likewise clenched that fist which we have before commemorated, and would have discharged it full in the breast of his antagonist, had he not dexterously caught it with his left-hand, at the same time darting his head, (which some modern heroes, of the lower class, use like the battering-ram of the ancients, for a weapon of offence; another reason to admire the cunningness of nature, in composing it of those impenetrable materials) dashing his head, I say, into the stomach of Adams, he tumbled him on his back; and not having any regard to the laws of heroism, which would have restrained him from any farther attack on his enemy, till he was again on his legs, he threw himself upon him, and laying hold on the ground with his left-hand, he with his right belaboured the body of Adams till he was weary, and indeed, till he concluded (to use the language of fighting) that he had done his business; or, in the language of poetry, that he had sent him to the shades below; in plain English, that he was dead.

But Adams, who was no chicken, and could bear a drubbing as well as any boxing champion in the universe, lay still only to watch his opportunity; and now perceiving his antagonist to pant with his labours, he exerted his utmost force at once, and with such success, that he overturned him, and became his superior; when fixing one of his knees in his breast, he cried out in an exulting voice, 'It is my turn now:' and after a few minutes constant application, he gave him so dextrous a blow just under his chin, that the fellow no longer retained any

motion, and Adams began to fear he had struck him once too often; for he often asserted, he should be concerned to have the blood of even the wicked upon him.

Adams got up, and called aloud to the young woman: 'Be of good cheer, damsel,' said he, 'you are no longer in danger of your ravisher, who, I am terribly afraid, lies dead at my feet; but God forgive me what I have done in defence of innocence.' The poor wretch, who had been some time in recovering strength enough to rise, and had afterwards, during the engagement, stood trembling, being disabled by fear, even from running away, hearing her champion was victorious, came up to him, but not without apprehensions even of her deliverer; which, however, she was soon relieved from, by his courteous behaviour, and gentle words. They were both standing by the body, which lay motionless on the ground, and which Adams wished to see stir much more than the woman did, when he earnestly begged her to tell him, by what misfortune she came, at such a time of night, into so lonely a place. She acquainted him, she was travelling towards London, and had accidentally met with the person from whom he had delivered her, who told her he was likewise on his journey to the same place, and would keep her company: an offer which, suspecting no harm, she had accepted; that he told her, they were at a small distance from an inn, where she might take up her lodging that evening, and he would shew her a nearer way to it than by following the road. That if she had suspected him, (which she did not, he spoke so kindly to her) being alone on these downs in the dark, she had no human means to avoid him; that therefore she put her whole trust in Providence, and walked on, expecting every moment to arrive at the inn; when on a sudden, being come to those bushes, he desired her to stop, and after some rude kisses, which she resisted, and some intreaties, which she rejected, he laid violent hands on her, and was attempting to execute his wicked will, when, she thanked God, he timely came up, and prevented him. Adams encouraged her for saying she had put her whole trust in Providence,

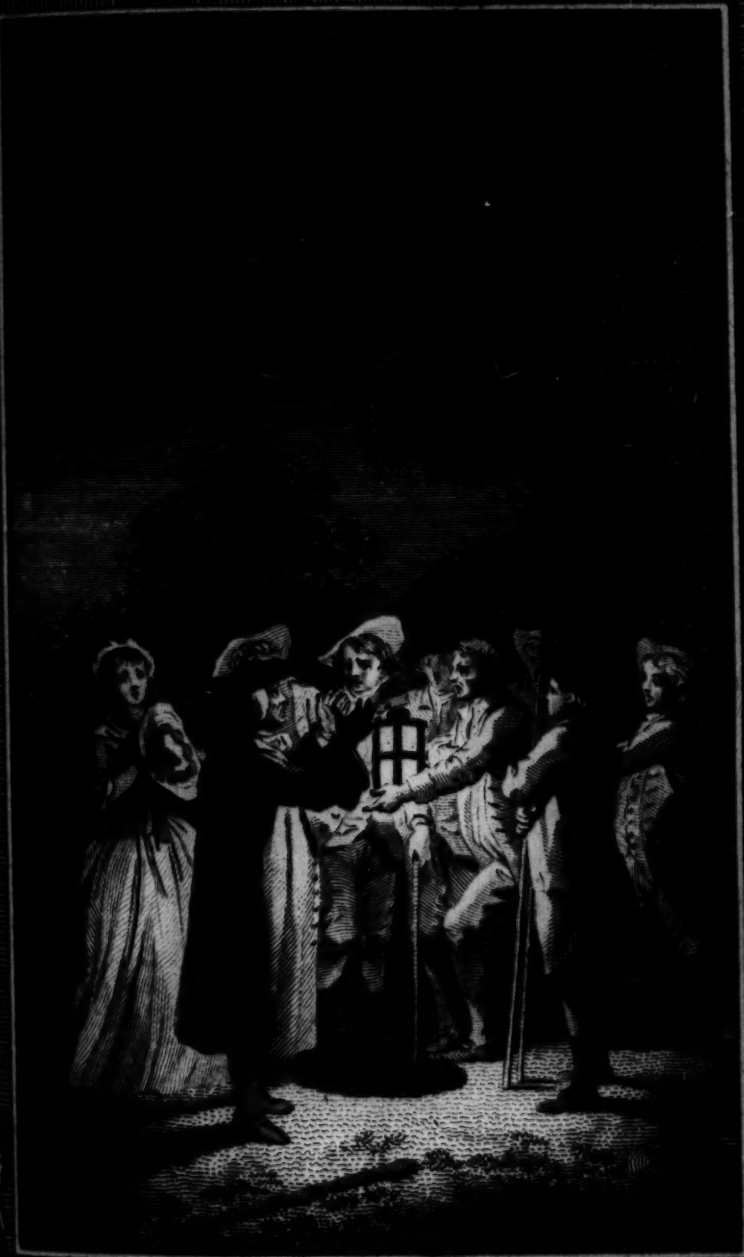
vidence, and told her, he doubted not but Providence had sent him to her deliverance, as a reward for that trust. He wished, indeed, he had not deprived the wicked wretch of life, but 'God's will be done,' he said, he hoped the goodness of his intention would excuse him in the next world, and he trusted in her evidence to acquit him in this. He was then silent, and began to consider with himself, whether it would be properer to make his escape, or to deliver himself into the hands of justice; which meditation ended as the reader will see in the next chapter.

CHAP. X.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE STRANGE CATASTROPHE OF THE PRECEDING ADVENTURE, WHICH DREW POOR ADAMS INTO FRESH CALAMITIES; AND WHO THE WOMAN WAS WHO OWED THE PRESERVATION OF HER CHASTITY TO HIS VICTORIOUS ARM.

THE silence of Adams, added to the darkness of the night and loneliness of the place, struck dreadful apprehensions into the poor woman's mind: she began to fear as great an enemy in her deliverer, as he had delivered her from; and as she had not light enough to discover the age of Adams, and the benevolence visible in his countenance, she suspected he had used her as some very honest men have used their country; and had rescued her out of the hands of one rascal, in order to rifle her himself. Such were the suspicions she drew from his silence; but indeed they were ill-grounded. He stood over his vanquished enemy, wisely weighing in his mind the objections which might be made to either of the two methods of proceeding mentioned in the last chapter, his judgment sometimes inclining to the one, and sometimes to the other; for both seemed to him so equally adviseable, and so equally dangerous, that probably he would have ended his days, at least two or three of them, on that very spot, before he had taken any resolution: at length he lifted up his eyes, and spied a light at a distance, to which he instantly ad-

ressed himself with 'Heus tu, traveller; heus tu! he presently heard several voices, and perceived the light approaching toward him. The persons who attended the light began some to laugh, others to sing, and others to hollow, at which the woman testified some fear, (for she had concealed her suspicions of the parson himself;) but Adams said, 'Be of good cheer, damsel, and repose thy trust in the same Providence which hath hitherto protected thee, and never will forsake the innocent.' These people who now approached were no other, reader, than a set of young fellows, who came to these bushes in pursuit of a diversion which they call bird-batting. This, if you are ignorant of it, (as perhaps if thou hast never travelled beyond Kensington, Islington, Hackney, or the Borough, thou mayest be) I will inform thee, is performed by holding a large clap-net before a lantern, and at the same time beating the bushes: for the birds, when they are disturbed from their places of rest, or roost, immediately make to the light, and so are enticed within the net. Adams immediately told them what had happened, and desired them to hold the lantern to the face of the man on the ground, for he feared he had *snote* him fatally. But indeed his fears were frivolous; for the fellow, though he had been stunned by the last blow he received, had long since recovered his senses, and finding himself quit of Adams, had listened attentively to the discourse between him and the young woman: for whose departure he had patiently waited, that he might likewise withdraw himself, having no longer hopes of succeeding in his desires, which were moreover almost as well cooled by Mr. Adams, as they could have been by the young woman herself, had he obtained his utmost wish. This fellow, who had a readiness at improving any accident, thought he might now play a better part than that of a dead man; and accordingly, the moment the candle was held to his face, he leapt up, and laying hold on Adams, cried out, 'No, villain, I am not dead, though you and your wicked whore might well think me so, after the barbarous cruelties you have exercised on me.—Gentlemen,' said he, 'you are luck-



JOSEPH ANDREWS

Heath's engr.

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‘jily come to the assistance of a poor traveller, who would otherwise have been robbed and murdered by this vile man and woman, who led me hither out of my way from the high road, and both falling on me have used me as you see.’ Adams was going to answer, when one of the young fellows cried, ‘D—n them, let’s carry them both before the justice.’ The poor woman began to tremble, and Adams lifted up his voice, but in vain. Three or four of them laid hands on him, and one holding the lantern to his face, they all agreed, he had the most villainous countenance they ever beheld: and an attorney’s clerk, who was of the company, declared, he was sure he had remembered him at the bar. As to the woman, her hair was dishevelled in the struggle, and her nose had bled, so that they could not perceive whether she was handsome or ugly; but they said her fright plainly discovered her guilt. And searching her pockets, as they did those of Adams, for money which the fellow said he had lost, they found in her pocket a purse, with some gold in it, which abundantly convinced them, especially as the fellow offered to swear to it. Mr. Adams was found to have no more than one halfpenny about him. This the clerk said, was a great presumption that he was an old offender, by cunningly giving all the booty to the woman. To which all the rest readily assented.

This accident promising them better sport, than what they had proposed, they quitted their intention of catching birds, and unanimously resolved to proceed to the justice with the offenders. Being informed what a desperate fellow Adams was, they tied his hands behind him; and having hid their nets among the bushes, and the lantern being carried before them, they placed the two prisoners in their front, and then began their march: Adams not only submitting patiently to his own fate, but comforting and encouraging his companion under her sufferings.

Whilst they were on their way, the clerk informed the rest, that this adventure would prove a very beneficial one; for that they would be all entitled to their proportions of 80 l. for apprehending the robbers. This occasioned

a contention concerning the parts which they had severally borne in taking them; one insisting, he ought to have the greatest share, for he had first laid his hands on Adams; another claiming a superior part, for having first held the lantern to the man’s face on the ground, by which, he said, the whole was discovered. The clerk claimed four fifths of the reward, for having proposed to search the prisoners; and likewise the carrying them before the justice: he said, indeed, in strict justice he ought to have the whole. These claims, however, they at last consented to refer to a future decision, but seemed all to agree that the clerk was entitled to a moiety. They then debated what money should be allotted to the young fellow, who had been employed only in holding the nets. He very modestly said, that he did not apprehend any large proportion would fall to his share; but hoped they would allow him something: he desired them to consider that they had assigned their nets to his care, which prevented him from being as forward as any in laying hold of the robbers; (for so these innocent people were called;) that if he had not occupied the nets, some other must: concluding, however, that he should be contented with the smallest share imaginable, and should think that rather their bounty than his merit. But they were all unanimous in excluding him from any part whatever, the clerk particularly swearing, if they gave him a shilling, they might do what they pleased with the rest; for he would not concern himself with the affair. This contention was so hot, and so totally engaged the attention of all the parties, that a dextrous nimble thief, had he been in Mr. Adams’s situation, would have taken care to have given the justice no trouble that evening. Indeed it required not the art of a Shepherd to escape, especially as the darkness of the night would have so much befriended him: but Adams trusted rather to his innocence than his heels, and without thinking of flight, which was easy, or resistance, which was impossible, (as there were six lusty young fellows, besides the villain himself, present) he walked with perfect resignation the way they thought proper to conduct him.

Adams

Adams frequently vented himself in ejaculations during their journey; at last poor Joseph Andrews occurring to his mind, he could not refrain sighing forth his name; which being heard by his companion in affliction, she cried, with some vehemence, 'Sure I should know that voice; you cannot certainly, Sir, be Mr. Abraham Adams?'—'Indeed, damsel,' says he, 'that is my name; there is something also in your voice, which persuades me I have heard it before.'—'La, Sir,' says she, 'don't you remember poor Fanny?'—'How, Fanny!' answered Adams; 'indeed I very well remember you; what can have brought you hither?'—'I have told you, Sir,' replied she, 'I was travelling towards London; but I thought you mentioned Joseph Andrews, pray what is become of him?'—'I left him, child, this afternoon,' said Adams, 'in the stage-coach, in his way towards our parish, whither he is going to see you.'—'To see me! La, Sir,' answered Fanny, 'sure you jeer me; what should he be going to see me for?'—'Can you ask that?' replied Adams. 'I hope, Fanny, you are not inconstant; I assure you he deserves much better of you.'—'La, Mr. Adams,' said she, 'what is Mr. Joseph to me? I am sure I never had any thing to say to him, but as one fellow-servant might to another.'—'I am sorry to hear this,' said Adams; 'a virtuous passion for a young man, is what no woman need be ashamed of. You either do not tell me truth, or you are false to a very worthy man.' Adams then told her what had happened at the inn, to which she listened very attentively; and a sigh often escaped from her, notwithstanding her utmost endeavours to the contrary, nor could she prevent herself from asking a thousand questions, which would have assured any one but Adams, who never saw farther into people than they desired to let him, of the truth of a passion she endeavoured to conceal. Indeed the fact was, that this poor girl, having heard of Joseph's misfortune by some of the servants belonging to the coach, which we have formerly mentioned to have stopt at the inn while the poor youth was confined to his bed, that instant abandoned the

cow she was milking, and taking with her a little bundle of clothes under her arm, and all the money she was worth in her own purse, without consulting any one, immediately set forward, in pursuit of one, whom, notwithstanding her shyness to the parson, she loved with inexpressible violence, though with the purest and most delicate passion. This shyness, therefore, as we trust it will recommend her character to all our female readers, and not greatly surprize such of our males, as are well acquainted with the younger part of the other sex, we shall not give ourselves any trouble to vindicate.

CHAP. XI.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM WHILE BEFORE THE JUSTICE. A CHAPTER VERY FULL OF LEARNING.

THEIR fellow-travellers were so engaged in the hot dispute concerning the division of the reward for apprehending these innocent people, that they attended very little to their discourse. They were now arrived at the justice's house, and had sent one of his servants in to acquaint his worship, that they had taken two robbers, and brought them before him. The justice, who was just returned from a fox-chace, and had not yet finished his dinner, ordered them to carry the prisoners into the stable, whither they were attended by all the servants in the house, and all the people in the neighbourhood, who flocked together to see them with as much curiosity as if there was something uncommon to be seen, or that a rogue did not look like other people.

The justice now being in the height of his mirth and his cups, bethought himself of the prisoners; and telling his company he believed they should have good sport in their examination, he ordered them into his presence. They had no sooner entered the room, than he began to revile them, saying, that robberies on the highway were now grown so frequent, that people could not sleep safely in their beds, and assured them they both should be made examples of at the ensuing assizes. After he had gone on some time in this manner, he was reminded by

by his clerk, that it would be proper to take the deposition of the witnesses against them. Which he bid him do, and he would light his pipe in the mean time. Whilst the clerk was employed in writing down the depositions of the fellow who had pretended to be robbed, the justice employed himself in cracking jests on poor Fanny; in which he was seconded by all the company at table. One asked, whether she was to be indicted for a *highwayman*? Another whispered in her ear, if she had not provided herself a great belly, he was at her service. A third said, he warranted she was a relation of Turpin. To which one of the company, a great wit, shaking his head, and then his sides, answered, he believed she was nearer related to *turpis*; at which there was an universal laugh. They were proceeding thus with the poor girl, when somebody smoking the callock peeping forth from under the great-coat of Adams, cried out, 'What have we here, a parson?'—'How, sirrah,' says the justice, 'do you go a robbing in the dress of a clergyman? Let me tell you, your habit will not entitle you to the benefit of the clergy.'—'Yes,' said the witty fellow, 'he will have one benefit of clergy, he will be exalted above the heads of the people;' at which there was a second laugh. And now the witty spark, seeing his jokes take, began to rise in spirits; and turning to Adams, challenged him to *cap* verses, and provoking him by giving the first blow, he repeated,

Molle meum levibus corde est vilebile telis.

Upon which Adams, with a look full of ineffable contempt, told him, he deserved scourging for his pronunciation. The witty fellow answered, 'What do you deserve, doctor, for not being able to answer the first time? Why I'll give you one, you blockhead—with an S.

Si licet, in fulvum spectatur in ignibus baurum.

'What can it not with an M neither? Thou art a pretty fellow for a parson. —Why, didst not steal some of the parson's Latin as well as his gown?' Another at the table then answered;

'If he had, you would have been too hard for him; I remember you at the college a very devil at this sport; I have seen you catch a fresh man: for no body that knew you, would engage with you.'—'I have forgot those things now,' cried the wit. 'I believe I could have done pretty well formerly.—Let's see, what did I end with—an M again—aye—

Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.

'I could have done it once.'—'Ah! evil betide you, and so you can now,' said the other; 'nobody in this country will undertake you.' Adams could hold no longer: 'Friend,' said he, 'I have a boy not above eight years old, who would instruct thee, that the last verse runs thus:

Ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.

'I'll hold thee a guinea of that,' said the wit, throwing the money on the table. 'And I'll go your halves,' cries the other. 'Done,' answered Adams; but upon applying to his pocket, he was forced to retract, and own he had no money about him; which set them all a laughing, and confirmed the triumph of his adversary, which was not moderate, any more than the approbation he met with from the whole company, who told Adams he must go a little longer to school, before he attempted to attack that gentleman in Latin.

The clerk having finished the depositions, as well of the fellow himself, as of those who apprehended the prisoners, delivered them to the justice; who having sworn the several witnesses, without reading a syllable, ordered his clerk to make the mittimus.

Adams then said, he hoped he should not be condemned unheard. 'No,' 'no,' cries the justice, 'you will be asked what you have to say for yourself, when you come on your trial: we are not trying you now; I shall only commit you to gaol: if you can prove your innocence at *five*, you will be found *ignoramus*, and so no harm done.'—'Is it no punishment, Sir, for an innocent man to lie several months in gaol?' cries Adams: 'I beg you would at least

‘hear me before you sign the mittimus.’—‘What signifies all you can say?’ says the justice; ‘is it not here in black and white against you? I must tell you, you are a very impertinent fellow, to take up so much of my time. So make haste with his mittimus.’

The clerk now acquainted the justice, that among other suspicious things, as a penknife, &c. found in Adams’s pocket, they had discovered a book written, as he apprehended, in cyphers: for no one could read a word in it. ‘Aye,’ says the justice, ‘the fellow may be more than a common robber, he may be in a plot against the government. Produce the book.’ Upon which the poor manuscript of *Æschylus*, which Adams had transcribed with his own hand, was brought forth; and the justice looking at it shook his head, and turning to the prisoner, asked the meaning of those cyphers. ‘Cyphers,’ answered Adams, ‘it is a manuscript of *Æschylus*.’—‘Who? who?’ said the justice. Adams repeated, ‘*Æschylus*.’—‘That is an outlandish name,’ cried the clerk. ‘A fictitious name rather, I believe,’ said the justice. One of the company declared it looked very much like Greek. ‘Greek?’ said the justice, ‘why ’tis all writing.’—‘No,’ says the other, ‘I don’t positively say it is so; for it is a very long time since I have seen any Greek. There’s one,’ says he, turning to the parson of the parish, who was present, ‘will tell us immediately.’ The parson taking up the book, and putting on his spectacles and gravity together, muttered some words to himself, and then pronounced aloud—‘Aye indeed it is a Greek manuscript, a very fine piece of antiquity. I make no doubt but it was stolen from the same clergyman from whom the rogue took the cassock.’—‘What did the rascal mean by his *Æschylus*?’ says the justice.—‘Pooh!’ answered the doctor, with a contemptible grin, ‘do you think that fellow knows any thing of this book? *Æschylus*! ho! ho! ho! I see now what it is: a manuscript of one of the fathers. I know a nobleman who would give a great deal of money for such a piece of antiquity.’—‘Aye, aye, question and answer.’ The beginning is

‘the catechism in Greek.’—‘Aye, aye,’—*Pollaki toi*—‘What’s your name?’—‘Aye, what’s your name?’ says the justice to Adams; who answered, ‘It is *Æschylus*, and I will maintain it.’—‘O it is,’ says the justice; ‘make Mr. *Æschylus* his mittimus. I will teach you to banter me with a false name.’

One of the company having looked steadfastly at Adams, asked him, if he did not know Lady Booby. Upon which Adams presently calling him to mind, answered in a rapture, ‘O Squire, are you there? I believe you will inform his worship I am innocent.’—‘I can indeed say,’ replied the squire, ‘that I am very much surprised to see you in this situation;’ and then addressing himself to the justice, he said; ‘Sir, I assure you Mr. Adams is a clergyman as he appears, and a gentleman of a very good character. I wish you would enquire a little farther into this affair; for I am convinced of his innocence.’—‘Nay,’ says the justice, ‘if he is a gentleman, and you are sure he is innocent, I don’t desire to commit him, not I; I will commit the woman by herself, and take your bail for the gentleman; look into the book, clerk, and see how it is to take bail; come—and make the mittimus for the woman as fast as you can.’—‘Sir,’ cries Adams, ‘I assure you she is as innocent as myself.’—‘Perhaps,’ said the squire, ‘there may be some mistake; pray let us hear Mr. Adams’s relation.’—‘With all my heart,’ answered the justice, ‘and give the gentleman a glass to whet his whistle before he begins. I know how to behave myself to a gentleman as well as another. Nobody can say I have committed a gentleman, since I have been in the commission.’ Adams then began the narrative, in which, though he was very prolix, he was uninterrupted, unless by several *hums* and *ba’s* of the justice, and his desire to repeat those parts that seemed to him most material. When he had finished, the justice, who on what the squire had said, believed every syllable of his story on his bare affirmation, notwithstanding the depositions on oath to the contrary, began to let loose several rogues and rascals against the witness, whom he

he ordered to stand forth, but in vain: the said witness, long since, finding what turn matters were like to take, had privily withdrawn, without attending the issue. The justice now flew into a violent passion, and was hardly prevailed with not to commit the innocent fellows, who had been imposed on as well as himself. He swore, they had best find out the fellow who was guilty of perjury, and bring him before him within two days, or he would bind them all over to their good behaviour. They all promised to use their best endeavours to that purpose, and were dismissed. Then the justice insisted, that Mr. Adams should sit down and take a glass with him; and the parson of the parish delivered him back the manuscript without saying a word; nor would Adams, who plainly discerned his ignorance, expose it. As for Fanny, she was, at her own request, recommended to the care of a maid-servant of the house, who helped her to new dress and clean herself.

The company in the parlour had not been long seated, before they were alarmed with a horrible uproar from without, where the persons who had apprehended Adams and Fanny had been regaling, according to the custom of the house, with the justice's strong beer. These were all fallen together by the ears, and were cuffing each other without any mercy. The justice himself sallied out, and with the dignity of his presence soon put an end to the fray. On his return into the parlour, he reported, that the occasion of the quarrel, was no other than a dispute, to whom, if Adams had been convicted, the greater share of the reward for apprehending him had belonged. All the company laughed at this, except Adams; who, taking his pipe from his mouth, fetched a deep groan, and said, he was concerned to see so litigious a temper in men. That he remembered a story something like it in one of the parishes where his cure lay: 'There was,' continued he, 'a competition between three young fellows for the place of the clerk, which I disposed of, to the best of my abilities, according to merit: that is, I gave it to him who had the happiest knack at setting a psalm.

The clerk was no sooner established in his place, than a contention began between the two disappointed candidates concerning their excellence, each contending, on whom, had they two been the only competitors, my election would have fallen. This dispute frequently disturbed the congregation, and introduced a discord into the psalmody, till I was forced to silence them both. But alas! the litigious spirit could not be stifled; and being no longer able to vent itself in singing, it now broke forth in fighting. It produced many battles, (for they were very near a match;) and, I believe, would have ended fatally, had not the death of the clerk given me an opportunity to promote one of them to his place; which presently put an end to the dispute, and entirely reconciled the contending parties.' Adams then proceeded to make some philosophical observations on the folly of growing warm in disputes in which neither party was interested. He then applied himself vigorously to smoking; and a long silence ensued, which at length broke by the justice; who began to sing forth his own praises, and to value himself exceedingly on his nice discernment in the cause which had lately been before him. He was quickly interrupted by Mr. Adams, between whom and his worship a dispute now arose, whether he ought not, in strictness of law, to have committed him the said Adams; in which the latter maintained he ought to have been committed, and the justice as vehemently held he ought not. This had most probably produced a quarrel (for both were very violent and positive in their opinions) had not Fanny accidentally heard that a young fellow was going from the justice's house to the very inn where the stage-coach, in which Joseph was, put up. Upon this news, she immediately sent for the parson out of the parlour. Adams, when he found her resolute to go, (though she would not own the reason, but pretended she could not bear to see the faces of those who had suspected her of such a crime) was fully determined to go with her; he accordingly took leave of the justice and company, and so ended a dispute, in which the

law seemed shamefully to intend to set a magistrate and a divine together by the ears.

CHAP. XII.

A VERY DELIGHTFUL ADVENTURE, AS WELL TO THE PERSONS CONCERNED, AS TO THE GOOD-NATURED READER.

ADAMS, Fanny, and the guide, set out together, about one in the morning, the moon being then just risen. They had not gone above a mile, before a most violent storm of rain obliged them to take shelter in an inn, or rather alehouse; where Adams immediately procured himself a good fire, a toast and ale, and a pipe, and began to smoke with great content, utterly forgetting every thing that had happened.

Fanny sat down likewise by the fire; but was much more impatient at the storm. She presently engaged the eyes of the host, his wife, the maid of the house, and the young fellow who was their guide; they all conceived they had never seen any thing half so handsome: and indeed, reader, if thou art of an amorous hue, I advise thee to skip over the next paragraph; which, to render our history perfect, we are obliged to set down, humbly hoping, that we may escape the fate of Pygmalion: for if it should happen to us or to thee to be struck with this picture, we should be, perhaps, in as helpless a condition as Narcissus; and might say to ourselves, *quod petis est nusquam*. Or if the finest features in it should set Lady ——'s image before our eyes, we should be still in as bad a situation, and might say to our desires, *cælum ipsum petimus stultitia*.

Fanny was now in the nineteenth year of her age; she was tall, and delicately shaped; but not one of those slender young women, who seem rather intended to hang up in the hall of an anatomist, than for any other purpose. On the contrary, she was so plump, that she seemed bursting through her tight stays, especially in the part which confined her swelling breasts. Nor did her hips want the assistance of a hoop to extend them. The exact shape of her arms denoted

the form of those limbs which she concealed; and though they were a little reddened by her labour; yet if her sleeve slipped above her elbow, or her handkerchief discovered any part of her neck, a whiteness appeared which the finest Italian paint would be unable to reach. Her hair was of a chestnut brown, and nature had been extremely lavish to her of it, which she had cut, and on Sundays used to curl down her neck in the modern fashion. Her forehead was high, her eye-brows arched, and rather full than otherwise. Her eyes black, and sparkling; her nose just inclining to the Roman; her lips red and moist, and her under lip, according to the opinion of the ladies, too pouting. Her teeth were white, but not exactly even. The small-pox had left one only mark on her chin, which was so large, it might have been mistaken for a dimple, had not her left cheek produced one so near a neighbour to it, that the former served only for a foil to the latter. Her complexion was fair, a little injured by the sun, but overspread with such a bloom, that the finest ladies would have exchanged all their white for it: add to these a countenance, in which, though she was extremely bashful, a sensibility appeared almost incredible; and a sweetness, whenever she smiled, beyond either imitation or description. To conclude all, she had a natural gentility, superior to the acquisition of art, and which surprised all who beheld her.

This lovely creature was sitting by the fire with Adams, when her attention was suddenly engaged by a voice from an inner room, which sung the following song.

The SONG.

SAY, Chloe, where must the swain stray
Who is by thy beauties undone,
To wash their remembrance away,
To what distant Lethe must run?
The wretch, who is sentenc'd to die,
May escape, and leave justice behind;
From his country perhaps he may fly:
But O can he fly from his mind!
O rapture! unthought of before,
To be thus of Chloe possess'd;
Nor she, nor no tyrant's hard power,
Her image can tear from my breast.

But

But felt not Narcissus more joy,
With his eyes he beheld his lov'd charms!
Yet what he beheld, the fond boy
More eagerly wish'd in his arms.

How can it thy dear image be,
Which fills thus my bosom with woe?
Can aught bear resemblance to thee,
Which grief and not joy can bestow?
This counterfeit snatch from my heart,
Ye pow'rs, tho' with torment I rave,
Tho' mortal will prove the fell smart,
I then shall find rest in my grave.

Ah! see the dear nymph o'er the plain
Comes smiling and tripping along,
A thousand loves dance in her train;
The graces around her all throng.
To meet her soft Zephyrus flies,
And wafts all the sweets from the flowers;
Ah, rogue! whilst he kisses her eyes,
More sweets from her breath he devours.

My soul, whilst I gaze, is on fire;
But her looks were so tender and kind,
My hope almost reach'd my desire,
And left lame despair far behind.
Transported with madness I flew,
And eagerly seiz'd on my bliss;
Her bosom but half she withdrew,
But half she refus'd my fond kiss.

Advances like these made me bold,
I whisper'd her, Love—we're alone:
The rest let immortals unfold,
No language can tell but their own.
Ah, Chloe, expiring, I cry'd,
How long I thy cruelty bore!
Ah! Strephon, she blushing reply'd,
You ne'er was so pressing before.

Adams had been ruminating all this time on a passage in *Æschylus*, without attending in the least to the voice, though one of the most melodious that ever was heard; when casting his eyes on Fanny, he cried out, 'Bless us, you look extremely pale.'—'Pale! Mr. Adams,' says she, 'O Jesus!' and fell backwards in her chair. Adams jumped up, flung his *Æschylus* into the fire, and fell a roaring to the people of the house for help. He soon summoned every one into the room, and the songster among the rest: but, O reader, when this nightingale, who was no other than Joseph Andrews himself, saw his beloved Fanny in the situation we have described her, canst thou conceive the agitations of his mind? if thou wilt

not, wave that meditation to behold his happiness, when, clasping her in his arms, he found life and blood returning into her cheeks; when he saw her open her beloved eyes, and heard her with the softest accent whisper, 'Are you Joseph Andrews?'—'Art thou my Fanny?' he answered eagerly, and pulling her to his heart, he imprinted numberless kisses on her lips, without considering who were present.

If prudes are offended at the lasciviousness of this picture, they may take their eyes off from it, and survey parson Adams dancing about the room in a rapture of joy. Some philosophers may perhaps doubt, whether he was not the happiest of the three; for the goodness of his heart enjoyed the blessings which were exulting in the breasts of both the other two, together with his own. But we shall leave such disquisitions, as too deep for us, to those who are building some favourite hypothesis, which they will refuse no metaphysical rubbish to erect and support: for our part, we give it clearly on the side of Joseph, whose happiness was not only greater than the parson's, but of longer duration: for as soon as the first tumults of Adams's rapture were over, he cast his eyes towards the fire, where *Æschylus* lay expiring; and immediately rescued the poor remains, to wit, the sheep-skin covering, of his dear friend, which was the work of his own hands, and had been his inseparable companion for upwards of thirty years.

Fanny had no sooner perfectly recovered herself, than she began to restrain the impetuosity of her transports; and reflecting on what she had done and suffered in the presence of so many, she was immediately covered with confusion; and pushing Joseph gently from her, she begged him to be quiet: nor would admit of either kiss or embrace any longer. Then seeing Mrs. Slipslop, she curtsied, and offered to advance to her: but that high woman would not return her curtsies; but casting her eyes another way, immediately withdrew into another room, muttering as she went, she wondered who the creature was.

CHAP. XIII.

A DISSERTATION CONCERNING HIGH PEOPLE AND LOW PEOPLE, WITH MRS. SLIPSLOP'S DEPARTURE IN NO VERY GOOD TEMPER OF MIND, AND THE EVIL FLIGHT IN WHICH SHE LEFT ADAMS AND HIS COMPANY.

IT will doubtless seem extremely odd to many readers, that Mrs. Slipslop, who had lived several years in the same house with Fanny, should in a short separation utterly forget her. And indeed the truth is, that she remembered her very well. As we would not willingly, therefore, have any thing appear unnatural in this our history, we will endeavour to explain the reasons of her conduct; nor do we doubt being able to satisfy the most curious reader, that Mrs. Slipslop did not in the least deviate from the common road in this behaviour; and indeed, had she done otherwise, she must have descended below herself, and would have very justly been liable to censure.

Be it known then, that the human species are divided into two sorts of people, to wit, *high* people, and *low* people. As by high people I would not be understood to mean persons literally born higher in their dimensions than the rest of the species, nor metaphorically those of exalted characters or abilities; so by low people I cannot be construed to intend the reverse. High people signify no other than people of fashion, and low people those of no fashion. Now this word *fashion* hath by long use lost it's original meaning, from which at present it gives us a very different idea: for I am deceived, if by persons of fashion, we do not generally include a conception of birth and accomplishments superior to the herd of mankind; whereas in reality, nothing more was originally meant by a person of fashion, than a person who dressed himself in the fashion of the times; and the word really and truly signifies no more at this day. Now the world being thus divided into people of fashion, and people of no fashion, a fierce contention arose between them; nor would those of one

party, to avoid suspicion, be seen publicly to speak to those of the other, though they often held a very good correspondence in private. In this contention, it is difficult to say what party succeeded: for whilst the people of fashion seized several places to their own use, such as courts, assemblies, operas, halls, &c. the people of no fashion, besides one royal place, called his majesty's bear-garden, have been in constant possession of all hops, fairs, revels, &c. Two places have been agreed to be divided between them, namely the church and the play-house; where they segregate themselves from each other in a remarkable manner; for as the people of fashion exalt themselves at church over the heads of the people of no fashion; so in the play-house they abase themselves in the same degree under their feet. This distinction I have never met with any one able to account for: it is sufficient, that so far from looking on each other as brethren in the christian language, they seem scarce to regard each other as of the same species. This the terms, *strange persons*, *people one does not know*, *the creature*, *wretches*, *beasts*, *brutes*, and many other appellations evidently demonstrate; which Mrs. Slipslop having often heard her mistress use, thought she had also a right to use in her turn: and perhaps she was not mistaken; for these two parties, especially those bordering nearly on each other, to wit, the lowest of the high, and the highest of the low, often change their parties according to place and time; for those who are people of fashion in one place, are often people of no fashion in another. And with regard to time, it may not be unpleasant to survey the picture of dependence like a kind of ladder: as for instance; early in the morning arises the postilion, or some other boy, which great families, no more than great ships, are without, and falls to brushing the clothes, and cleaning the shoes, of John the footman; who being dressed himself, applies his hands to the same labours for Mr. Second-hand the squire's gentleman; the gentleman in the like manner, a little later in the day, attends the squire; the squire is no sooner equipped, than he attends the levee of my lord; which is no sooner over, than my lord himself is seen

seen at the levee of the favourite; who, after the hour of homage is at an end, appears himself to pay homage at the levee of his sovereign. Nor is there, perhaps, in this whole ladder of dependence, any one step at a greater distance from the other, than the first from the second: so that to a philosopher the question might only seem, whether you would chuse to be a great man at six in the morning, or at two in the afternoon. And yet there are scarce two of these, who do not think the least familiarity with the persons below them a condescension, and if they were to go one step farther, a degradation.

And now, reader, I hope thou wilt pardon this long digression, which seemed to me necessary to vindicate the great character of Mrs. Slipslop, from what low people, who have never seen high people, might think an absurdity: but we who know them, must have daily found very high persons know us in one place and not in another; to-day, and not to-morrow; all which it is difficult to account for, otherwise than I have here endeavoured. And perhaps, if the gods, according to the opinion of some, made men only to laugh at them; there is no part of our behaviour which answers the end of our creation better than this.

But to return to our history: Adams, who knew no more of this than the cat which sat on the table, imagining Mrs. Slipslop's memory had been much worse than it really was, followed her into the next room, crying out, 'Madam Slipslop, here is one of your old acquaintance: do but see what a fine woman she is grown since she left Lady Booby's service.'—'I think I *reflect* something of her,' answered she with great dignity; 'but I can't remember all the inferior servants in our family.' She then proceeded to satisfy Adams's curiosity, by telling him, when she arrived at the inn, she found a chaise ready for her; that her lady being expected very shortly in the country, she was obliged to make the utmost haste, and in *commensuration* of Joseph's lameness, she had taken him with her; and lastly, that the excessive *virulence* of the storm had driven them into the house where he found them. After which, she ac-

quainted Adams with his having left his horse, and expressed some wonder at his having strayed so far out of his way, and at meeting him, as she said, in the company of that wench, who she feared was no better than she should be.

The horse was no sooner put into Adams's head, but he was immediately driven out by this reflection on the character of Fanny. He protested, he believed there was not a chaster damsel in the universe. 'I heartily wish, I heartily wish,' cried he, (snapping his fingers) 'that all her betters were as good.' He then proceeded to inform her of the accident of their meeting; but when he came to mention the circumstance of delivering her from the rape, she said, she thought him properer for the army than the clergy: that it did not become a clergyman to lay violent hands on any one; that he should have rather prayed that she might be strengthened. Adams said, he was very far from being ashamed of what he had done. She replied, want of shame was not the *currycuristic* of a clergyman. This dialogue might have probably grown warmer, had not Joseph opportunely entered the room, to ask leave of Madam Slipslop to introduce Fanny: but she positively refused to admit any such trollops; and told him, she would have been burnt, before she would have suffered him to get into a chaise with her, if she had once *respected* him of having his sluts way-laid on the road for him; adding, that Mr. Adams acted a very pretty part, and she did not doubt but to see him a bishop. He made the best bow he could, and cried out, 'I thank you, Madam, for that right reverend appellation, which I shall take all honest means to deserve.'—'Very honest means,' returned she with a sneer, 'to bring good people together.' At these words Adams took two or three strides across the room, when the coachman came to inform Mrs. Slipslop, that the storm was over, and the moon shone very bright. She then sent for Joseph, who was sitting without with his Fanny, and would have had him gone with her: but he peremptorily refused to leave Fanny behind; which threw the good woman into a violent rage. She said, she would inform her lady what doings were carrying on, and did

not

not doubt but she would rid the parish of all such people; and concluded a long speech, full of bitterness and very hard words, with some reflections on the clergy, not decent to repeat: at last finding Joseph unmoveable, she flung herself into a chaise, casting a look at Fanny as she went, not unlike that which Cleopatra gives Octavia in the play. To say the truth, she was most disagreeably disappointed by the presence of Fanny; she had, from her first seeing Joseph at the inn, conceived hopes of something which might have been accomplished at an alehouse as well as a palace. Indeed, it is probable, Mr. Adams had rescued more than Fanny from the danger of a rape that evening.

When the chaise had carried off the enraged Slipshod, Adams, Joseph, and Fanny, assembled over the fire, where they had a great deal of innocent chat, pretty enough; but as possibly it would not be very entertaining to the reader, we shall hasten to the morning; only observing, that none of them went to bed that night. Adams, when he had smoked three pipes, took a comfortable nap in a great chair, and left the lovers, whose eyes were too well employed to permit any desire of shutting them, to enjoy by themselves, during some hours, an happiness which none of my readers who have never been in love, are capable of the least conception of, though we had as many tongues as Homer desired, to describe it with, and which all true lovers will represent to their own minds without the least assistance from us.

Let it suffice then to say, that Fanny, after a thousand entreaties, at last gave up her whole soul to Joseph, and almost fainting in his arms, with a sigh infinitely softer, and sweeter too, than any Arabian breeze, she whispered to his lips, which were then close to her's: 'O Joseph, you have won me; I will be yours for ever.' Joseph, having thanked her on his knees, and embraced her with an eagerness, which she now almost returned, leapt up in a rapture, and awakened the parson, earnestly begging him, that he would that instant join their hands together. Adams rebuked him for his request, and told him, he would by no means consent to any thing contrary to the forms of the church; that he had no

licence, nor indeed would he advise him to obtain one. That the church had prescribed a form, namely, the publication of banns, with which all good christians ought to comply, and to the omission of which he attributed the many miseries which beset great folks in marriage; concluding, 'As many as are joined together otherwise than God's word doth allow, are not joined together by God, neither is their matrimony lawful.' Fanny agreed with the parson, saying to Joseph with a blush, she assured him she would not consent to any such thing, and that she wondered at his offering it. In which resolution she was comforted, and commended by Adams; and Joseph was obliged to wait patiently till after the third publication of the banns, which however he obtained the consent of Fanny, in the presence of Adams, to put in at their arrival.

The sun had been now risen some hours, when Joseph, finding his leg surprisingly recovered, proposed to walk forwards; but when they were all ready to set out, an accident a little retarded them. This was no other than the reckoning, which amounted to seven shillings; no great sum, if we consider the immense quantity of ale which Mr. Adams poured in. Indeed they had no objection to the reasonableness of the bill, but many to the probability of paying it; for the fellow who had taken poor Fanny's purse, had unluckily forgot to return it. So that the account stood thus:

	l. s. d.
Mr. Adams and company dr.	0 7 0
In Mr. Adams's pocket	- 0 0 6½
In Mr. Joseph's	- - - 0 0 0
In Mrs. Fanny's	- - - 0 0 0
Balance	- - - 0 6 5½

They stood silent for some minutes, staring at each other, when Adams whipt out on his toes, and asked the hostess, if there was no clergyman in that parish. She answered there was. 'Is he wealthy?' replied he; to which she likewise answered in the affirmative. Adams then snapping his fingers, returned overjoyed to his companions, crying out, 'Heureka, heureka;'

'*reka*;' which not being understood, he told them in plain English, they need give themselves no trouble; for he had a brother in the parish, who would defray the reckoning, and that he would just step to the house and fetch the money, and return to them instantly.

C H A P. XIV.

AN INTERVIEW BETWEEN PARSON ADAMS AND PARSON TRULLIBER.

PARSON Adams came to the house of parson Trulliber, whom he found stript into his waistcoat, with an apron on, and a pail in his hand, just come from serving his hogs; for Mr. Trulliber was a parson on Sundays, but all the other six might more properly be called a farmer. He occupied a small piece of land of his own, besides which he rented a considerable deal more. His wife milked his cows, managed his dairy, and followed the markets with butter and eggs. The hogs fell chiefly to his care, which he carefully waited on at home, and attended to fairs; on which occasion he was liable to many jokes, his own size being with much ale rendered little inferior to that of the beasts he sold. He was indeed one of the largest men you should see, and could have acted the part of Sir John Falstaff without stuffing. Add to this, that the rotundity of his belly was considerably increased by the shortness of his stature, his shadow ascending very near as far in height when he lay on his back as when he stood on his legs. His voice was loud and hoarse, and his accent extremely broad; to complete the whole, he had a stateliness in his gait, when he walked, not unlike that of a goose, only he stalked slower.

Mr. Trulliber being informed that somebody wanted to speak with him, immediately slipped off his apron, and clothed himself in an old night-gown, being the dress in which he always saw his company at home. His wife, who informed him of Mr. Adams's arrival, had made a small mistake; for she had told her husband, she believed there was a man come for some of his

hogs. This supposition made Mr. Trulliber hasten with the utmost expedition to attend his guest. He no sooner saw Adams, than not in the least doubting the cause of his errand to be what his wife had imagined, he told him, he was come in very good time; that he expected a dealer that very afternoon; and added, they were all pure and fat, and upwards of twenty score apiece. Adams answered, he believed he did not know him. 'Yes, yes,' cried Trulliber, 'I have seen you often at fair; why, we have dealt before now, mun, I warrant you; yes; yes,' cries he, 'I remember thy face very well, but won't mention a word more till you have seen them, though I have never sold thee a sitch of such bacon as is now in the sty.' Upon which he laid violent hands on Adams, and dragged him into the hog-stye, which was indeed but two steps from his parlour window. They were no sooner arrived there than he cried out, 'Do but handle them; step in, friend, art welcome to handle them, whether dost buy or no.' At which words, opening the gate, he pushed Adams into the pig-stye, insisting on it, that he should handle them, before he would talk one word with him. Adams, whose natural complacence was beyond any artificial, was obliged to comply before he was suffered to explain himself; and laying hold on one of their tails, the unruly beast gave such a sudden spring, that he threw poor Adams all along in the mire. Trulliber, instead of assisting to get him up, burst into a laughter, and entering the sty, said to Adams with some contempt, 'Why, dost not know how to handle a hog?' and was going to lay hold of one himself; but Adams, who thought he had carried his complacence far enough, was no sooner on his legs, than he escaped out of the reach of the animals, and cried out, '*Nil habeo cum porcis*: I am a clergyman, Sir, and am not come to buy hogs.' Trulliber answered, he was sorry for the mistake; but that he must blame his wife; adding, she was a fool, and always committed blunders. He then desired him to walk in and clean himself; that he would only fasten up the sty and follow him. Adams desired leave to dry his great-

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	l.	s.	d.
Mr. Adams and company dr.	0	7	0
In Mr. Adams's pocket	-	0	0 6 1/2
In Mr. Joseph's	-	-	0 0 0
In Mrs. Fanny's	-	-	0 0 0
Balance	-	-	0 6 5 1/2

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coat, wig and hat by the fire, which Trulliber granted. Mrs. Trulliber would have brought him a basin of water to wash his face, but her husband bid her be quiet like a fool as she was, or she would commit more blunders, and then directed Adams to the pump. While Adams was thus employed, Trulliber conceiving no great respect for the appearance of his guest, fastened the parlour door, and now conducted him into the kitchen; telling him, he believed a cup of drink would do him no harm, and whispered his wife to draw a little of the worst ale. After a short silence, Adams said, 'I fancy, Sir, you already perceive me to be a clergyman.'—'Aye, aye,' cries Trulliber, grinning, 'I perceive you have some cassock; I will not venture to *caale* it a whole one.' Adams answered, it was indeed none of the best; but he had the misfortune to tear it about ten years ago in passing over a stile. Mrs. Trulliber returning with the drink, told her husband, she fancied the gentleman was a traveller, and that he would be glad to eat a bit. Trulliber bid her hold her impertinent tongue; and asked her if parsons used to travel without horses? adding, he supposed the gentleman had none, by his having no boots on. 'Yes, Sir, yes,' says Adams, 'I have a horse, but I have left him behind me.'—'I am glad to hear you have one,' says Trulliber; 'for I assure you, I don't love to see clergymen on foot; it is not seemly, nor suiting the dignity of the cloth.' Here Trulliber made a long oration on the dignity of the cloth (or rather gown) not much worth relating, till his wife had spread the table and set a mess of porridge on it for his breakfast. He then said to Adams, 'I don't know, friend, how you came to *caale* on me; however, as you are here, if you think proper to eat a morsel, you may.' Adams accepted the invitation, and the two parsons sat down together, Mrs. Trulliber waiting behind her husband's chair, as was, it seems, her custom. Trulliber eat heartily, but scarce put any thing in his mouth without finding fault with his wife's cookery. All which the poor woman bore patiently. Indeed she was so absolute an admirer of her husband's greatness and impor-

tance, of which she had frequent hints from his own mouth, that she almost carried her adoration to an opinion of his infallibility. To say the truth, the parson had exercised her more ways than one; and the pious woman had so well edified by her husband's sermons, that she had resolved to receive the bad things of this world together with the good. She had indeed been at first a little contentious; but he had long since got the better, partly by her love for *this*, partly by her fear for *that*, partly by her religion, partly by the respect he paid himself, and partly by that which he received from the parish: she had, in short, absolutely submitted, and now worshipped her husband as Sarah did Abraham, calling him (not lord) but master. Whilst they were at table, her husband gave her a fresh example of his greatness; for as she had just delivered a cup of ale to Adams, he snatched it out of his hand, and crying out, 'I *caal'd wurst*,' swallowed down the ale. Adams denied it; it was referred to the wife, who, though her conscience was on the side of Adams, durst not give it against her husband. Upon which he said, 'No, Sir, no, I should not have been so rude to have taken it from you, if you had *caal'd wurst*; but I'd have you know I'm a better man than to suffer the best he in the kingdom to drink before me in my own house, when I *caale wurst*.'

As soon as their breakfast was ended, Adams began in the following manner: 'I think, Sir, it is high time to inform you of the business of my embassy. I am a traveller, and am passing this way in company with two young people, a lad and a damsel, my parishioners, towards my own cure: we stopt at a house of hospitality in the parish, where they directed me to you, as having the cure.'—'Though I am but a curate,' says Trulliber, 'I believe I am as warm as the vicar himself, or perhaps the rector of the next parish too; I believe I could buy them both.'—'Sir,' cries Adams, 'I rejoice thereat. Now, Sir, my business is, that we are by various accidents stript of our money, and are not able to pay our reckoning, being seven shillings. I therefore request you to assist me with the loan

of those seven shillings, and also seven shillings more, which peradventure I shall return to you; but if not, I am convinced you will joyfully embrace such an opportunity of laying up treasure in a better place than any this world affords.'

Suppose a stranger, who entered the chamber of a lawyer, being imagined a client, when the lawyer was preparing his palm for the fee, should pull out a writ against him. Suppose an apothecary, at the door of a chariot containing some great doctor of eminent skill, should, instead of directions to a patient, present him with a potion for himself. Suppose a minister should, instead of a good round sum, treat my Lord — or Sir — or Esq. — with a good broomstick. Suppose a civil companion, or a led captain, should, instead of virtue, and honour, and beauty, and parts, and admiration, thunder vice and infamy, and ugliness and folly, and contempt, in his patron's ears. Suppose when a tradesman first carries in his bill, the man of fashion should pay it; or suppose, if he did so, the tradesman should abate what he had overcharged on the supposition of waiting. In short, suppose what you will, you never can nor will suppose any thing equal to the astonishment which seized on Trulliber, as soon as Adams had ended his speech. Awhile he rolled his eyes in silence, sometimes surveying Adams, then his wife, then casting them on the ground, then lifting them up to Heaven. At last, he burst forth in the following accents. 'Sir, I believe I know where to lay up my little treasure as well as another; I thank God, if I am not so warm as some, I am content; that is a blessing greater than riches; and he to whom that is given need ask no more. To be content with a little is greater than to possess the world, which a man may possess without being so. Lay up my treasure! what matters where a man's treasure is, whose heart is in the scriptures? there is the treasure of a christian.' At these words the water ran from Adams's eyes; and catching Trulliber by the hand in a rapture, 'Brother,' says he, 'Heavens bless the accident by which I came to see you; I would have walked many a mile to have com-

muned with you; and, believe me, I will shortly pay you a second visit: but my friends, I fancy, by this time, wonder at my stay; so let me have the money immediately.' Trulliber then put on a stern look, and cried out, 'Thou dost not intend to rob me!' At which the wife, bursting into tears, fell on her knees, and roared out, 'O dear Sir, for Heaven's sake don't rob my master; we are but poor people.' — 'Get up for a fool as thou art, and go about thy business,' said Trulliber; 'dost think the man will venture his life? he is a beggar, and no robber.' — 'Very true indeed,' answered Adams. 'I wish, with all my heart, the tithing-man was here,' cries Trulliber, 'I would have thee punished as a vagabond for thy impudence. Fourteen shillings indeed! I won't give thee a farthing. I believe thou art no more a clergyman than the woman there,' pointing to his wife; but if thou art, dost deserve to have thy gown stript over thy shoulders, for running about the country in such a manner.' — 'I forgive your suspicions,' says Adams; 'but suppose I am not a clergyman, I am nevertheless thy brother; and thou, as a christian, much more as a clergyman, art obliged to relieve my distress.' — 'Dost preach to me?' replied Trulliber; 'dost pretend to instruct me in my duty?' — 'Ifacks, a good story,' cries Mrs. Trulliber, 'to preach to my master.' — 'Silence, woman,' cries Trulliber. 'I would have thee know, friend,' addressing himself to Adams, 'I shall not learn my duty from such as thee; I know what charity is, better than to give to vagabonds.' — 'Besides, if we were inclined, the poor's rate obliges us to give so much charity,' cries the wife. — 'Pugh! thou art a fool. Poor's rate! hold thy nonsense,' answered Trulliber; and then turning to Adams, he told him, he would give him nothing. 'I am sorry,' answered Adams, 'that you do know what charity is, since you practise it no better; I must tell you, if you trust to your knowledge for your justification, you will find yourself deceived, though you should add faith to it, without good works.' — 'Fellow,' cries Trulliber, 'dost thou speak against

‘gainst faith in my house? Get out of my doors, I will no longer remain under the same roof with a wretch who speaks wantonly of faith and the scriptures.’—‘Name not the scriptures,’ says Adams. ‘How, not name the scriptures! Do you disbelieve the scriptures,’ cries Trulliber. ‘No, but you do,’ answered Adams, ‘if I may reason from your practice: for their commands are so explicit, and their rewards and punishments so immense, that it is impossible a man should stedfastly believe without obeying. Now, there is no command more express, no duty more frequently enjoined, than charity. Whoever therefore is void of charity, I make no scruple of pronouncing that he is no christian.’—‘I would not advise thee,’ says Trulliber, ‘to say that I am no christian; I won’t take it of you: for I believe I am as good a man as thyself;’ (and indeed, though he was now rather too corpulent for athletic exercises, he had in his youth been one of the best boxers and cudgel-players in the county.) His wife, seeing him clench his fist, interposed, and begged him not to fight, but shew himself a true christian, and take the law of him. As nothing could provoke Adams to strike, but an absolute assault on himself or his friend, he smiled at the angry look and gestures of Trulliber; and telling him, he was sorry to see such men in orders, departed without farther ceremony.

CHAP. XV.

AN ADVENTURE, THE CONSEQUENCE OF A NEW INSTANCE WHICH PARSON ADAMS GAVE OF HIS FORGETFULNESS.

WHEN he came back to the inn, he found Joseph and Fanny sitting together. They were so far from thinking his absence long, as he had feared they would, that they never once missed or thought of him. Indeed I have been often assured by both, that they spent these hours in a most delightful conversation: but as I never could prevail on either to relate it, so I cannot communicate it to the reader.

Adams acquainted the lovers with the ill success of his enterprize. They were all greatly confounded, none being able to propose any method of departing, till Joseph at last advised calling in the hostess, and desiring her to trust them; which Fanny said she despaired of her doing, as she was one of the fourest-fac’d women she had ever beheld.

But she was agreeably disappointed; for the hostess was no sooner asked the question than she readily agreed; and with a curtsy and smile, wished them a good journey. However, lest Fanny’s skill in physiognomy should be called in question, we will venture to assign one reason, which might probably incline her to this confidence and good-humour. When Adams said he was going to visit his brother, he had unwittingly imposed on Joseph and Fanny; who both believed he had meant his natural brother, and not his brother in divinity; and had so informed the hostess on her enquiry after him. Now Mr. Trulliber had, by his professions of piety, by his gravity, austerity, reserve, and the opinion of his great wealth, so great an authority in his parish, that they all lived in the utmost fear and apprehension of him. It was therefore no wonder that the hostess, who knew it was in his option, whether she should ever sell another mug of drink, did not dare to affront his supposed brother by denying him credit.

They were now just on their departure, when Adams recollected he had left his great-coat and hat at Mr. Trulliber’s. As he was not desirous of renewing his visit, the hostess herself, having no servant at home, offered to fetch it.

This was an unfortunate expedient: for the hostess was soon undeceived in the opinion she had entertained of Adams, whom Trulliber abused in the grossest terms, especially when he heard he had had the assurance to pretend to be his near relation.

At her return, therefore, she entirely changed her note. She said, folks might be ashamed of travelling about, and pretending to be what they were not. That taxes were high, and for her part she was obliged to pay for what she had; she could not therefore possibly, nor would she, trust any body,

body, no, not her own father. That money was never scarcer, and she wanted to make up a sum. That she expected therefore they should pay their reckoning before they left the house.

Adams was now greatly perplexed: but as he knew that he could easily have borrowed such a sum in his own parish, and as he knew he would have lent it himself to any mortal in distress; so he took fresh courage, and sallied out all round the parish: but to no purpose; he returned as penniless as he went, groaning and lamenting, that it was possible, in a country professing christianity, for a wretch to starve in the midst of his fellow-creatures who abounded.

Whilst he was gone, the hostess, who stayed as a sort of guard with Joseph and Fanny, entertained them with the goodness of parson Trulliber. And indeed he had not only a very good character, as to other qualities, in the neighbourhood, but was reputed a man of great charity: for though he never gave a farthing, he had always that word in his mouth.

Adams was no sooner returned the second time, than the storm grew exceeding high, the hostess declaring among other things, that if they offered to stir without paying her, she would soon overtake them with a warrant.

Plato and Aristotle, or somebody else hath said, 'That when the most exquisite cunning fails, chance often hits the mark, and that by means the least expected.' Virgil expresses this very boldly:

*Turne, quod optanti divum promittere nemo
Auderet, voluenda dies, en! attulit ultra.*

I would quote more great men if I could; but my memory not permitting me, I will proceed to exemplify these observations by the following instance.

There chanced (for Adams had not cunning enough to contrive it) to be at that time in the alehouse, a fellow, who had been formerly a drummer in an Irish regiment, and now travelled the country as a pedlar. This man having attentively listened to the discourse of the hostess, at last took Adams aside, and asked him what the sum was for which they were

detained. As soon as he was informed, he sighed, and said, he was sorry it was so much: for that he had no more than six shillings and sixpence in his pocket, which he would lend him with all his heart. Adams gave a caper, and cried out, it would do: for that he had six-pence himself. And thus these poor people, who could not engage the compassion of riches and piety, were at length delivered out of their distress by the charity of a poor pedlar.

I shall refer it to my reader to make what observations he pleases on this incident: it is sufficient for me to inform him, that after Adams and his companions had returned him a thousand thanks, and told him where he might call to be repaid, they all sallied out of the house without any compliments from their hostess, or indeed without paying her any; Adams declaring, he would take particular care never to call there again; and she on her side assuring them, she wanted no such guests.

C H A P. XVI.

A VERY CURIOUS ADVENTURE,
IN WHICH MR. ADAMS GAVE A
MUCH GREATER INSTANCE OF
THE HONEST SIMPLICITY OF
HIS HEART THAN OF HIS EX-
PERIENCE IN THE WAYS OF
THIS WORLD.

OUR travellers had walked about two miles from that inn, which they had more reason to have mistaken for a castle, than Don Quixote ever had any of those in which he sojourned; seeing they had met with such difficulty in escaping out of it's walls; when they came to a parish, and beheld a sign of invitation hanging out. A gentleman sat smoking a pipe at the door; of whom Adams enquired the road, and received so courteous and obliging an answer, accompanied with so smiling a countenance, that the good parson, whose heart was naturally disposed to love and affection, began to ask several other questions; particularly the name of the parish, and who was the owner of a large house whose front they then had in prospect. The gentleman answered as obligingly

obligingly as before; and as to the house, acquainted him it was his own. He then proceeded in the following manner. 'Sir, I presume by your habit you are a clergyman: and as you are travelling on foot; I suppose a glass of good beer will not be disagreeable to you; and I can recommend my landlord's within, as some of the best in all this county. What say you, will you halt a little and let us take a pipe together? there is no better tobacco in the kingdom.' This proposal was not displeasing to Adams, who had allayed his thirst that day with no better liquor than what Mrs. Trulliber's cellar had produced, and which was indeed little superior, either in richness or flavour, to that which distilled from those grains her generous husband bestowed on his hogs. Having therefore abundantly thanked the gentleman for his kind invitation, and bid Joseph and Fanny follow him, he entered the alehouse, where a large loaf and cheese, and a pitcher of beer, which truly answered the character given of it, being set before them, the three travellers fell to eating with appetites infinitely more voracious than are to be found at the most exquisite eating-houses in the parish of St. James's.

The gentleman expressed great delight in the hearty and cheerful behaviour of Adams; and particularly in the familiarity with which he conversed with Joseph and Fanny, whom he often called his children, a term he explained to mean no more than his parishioners; saying, he looked on all those whom God had entrusted to his cure, to stand to him in that relation. The gentleman, shaking him by the hand, highly applauded those sentiments. 'They are indeed,' says he, 'the true principles of a christian divine; and I heartily wish they were universal: but on the contrary, I am sorry to say the parson of our parish, instead of esteeming his poor parishioners as a part of his family, seems rather to consider them as not of the same species with himself. He seldom speaks to any, unless some few of the richest of us; nay, indeed, he will not move his hat to the others. I often laugh, when I behold him on Sundays strutting along the church-yard like a turkey-cock, through

rows of his parishioners; who bow to him with as much submission, and are as unregarded as a set of servile courtiers by the proudest prince in Christendom. But if such temporal pride is ridiculous, surely the spiritual is odious and detestable: if such a puffed-up empty human bladder, strutting in princely robes, justly moves one's derision; surely in the habit of a priest it must raise our scorn.'

'Doubtless,' answered Adams, 'your opinion is right: but I hope such examples are rare. The clergy whom I have the honour to know, maintain a different behaviour; and you will allow me, Sir, that the readiness which too many of the laity shew to condemn the order, may be one reason of their avoiding too much humility.'—'Very true, indeed,' says the gentleman; 'I find, Sir, you are a man of excellent sense, and am happy in this opportunity of knowing you: perhaps our accidental meeting may not be disadvantageous to you neither. At present, I shall only say to you, that the incumbent of this living is old and infirm; and that it is in my gift. Doctor, give me your hand; and assure yourself of it at his decease.' Adams told him, he was never more confounded in his life, than at his utter incapacity to make any return to such noble and unmerited generosity. 'A mere trifle, Sir,' cries the gentleman, 'scarce worth your acceptance; a little more than three hundred a year. I wish it was double the value for your sake.' Adams bowed, and cried from the emotions of his gratitude; when the other asked him, if he was married, or had any children besides those in the spiritual sense he had mentioned. 'Sir,' replied the parson, 'I have a wife and six at your service.'—'That is unlucky,' says the gentleman; 'for I would otherwise have taken you into my own house as my chaplain; however I have another in the parish, (for the parsonage-house is not good enough) which I will furnish for you. Pray does your wife understand a dairy?'—'I can't profess she does,' says Adams. 'I am sorry for it,' quoth the gentleman; 'I would have given you half a dozen cows, and very good grounds

‘to have maintained them.’—‘Sir,’ said Adams in an extasy, ‘you are too liberal; indeed you are.’—‘Not at all,’ cries the gentleman; ‘I esteem riches only as they give me an opportunity of doing good; and I never saw one whom I had a greater inclination to serve.’ At which words he shook him heartily by the hand, and told him he had sufficient room in his house to entertain him and his friends. Adams begged he might give him no such trouble; that they could be very well accommodated in the house where they were; forgetting they had not a sixpenny piece among them. The gentleman would not be denied; and informing himself how far they were travelling, he said it was too long a journey to take on foot, and begged that they would favour him, by suffering him to lend them a servant and horses; adding withal, that if they would do him the pleasure of their company only two days, he would furnish them with his coach and fix. Adams turning to Joseph, said, ‘How lucky is this gentleman’s goodness to you, who, I am afraid, would scarce be able to hold out on your lame leg;’ and then addressing the person who made him these liberal promises, after much bowing, he cried out, ‘Blessed be the hour which first introduced me to a man of your charity: you are indeed a christian of the true primitive kind, and an honour to the country wherein you live. I would willingly have taken a pilgrimage to the holy land to have beheld you: for the advantages which we draw from your goodness, give me little pleasure, in comparison of what I enjoy for your own sake; when I consider the treasures you are by these means laying up for yourself in a country that passeth not away. We will therefore, most generous Sir, accept your goodness, as well the entertainment you have so kindly offered us at your house this evening, as the accommodation of your horses to-morrow morning.’ He then began to search for his hat, as did Joseph for his; and both they and Fanny were in order of departure, when the gentleman stopping short, and seeming to meditate by himself for the space of about a minute, exclaimed thus: ‘Sure never any thing was so unlucky; I

‘had forget that my housekeeper was gone abroad, and hath locked up all my rooms; indeed I would break them open for you, but shall not be able to furnish you with a bed; for she has likewise put away all my linen. I am glad it entered into my head, before I had given you the trouble of walking there; besides, I believe you will find better accommodation here than you expected. —Landlord, you can provide good beds for these people, can’t you?’—‘Yes, and please your worship,’ cries the host, ‘and such as no lord or justice of the peace in the kingdom need be ashamed to lie in.’—‘I am heartily sorry,’ says the gentleman, ‘for this disappointment. I am resolved I will never suffer her to carry away the keys again.’—‘Pray, Sir, let it not make you uneasy,’ cries Adams, ‘we shall do very well here; and the loan of your horses is a favour we shall be incapable of making any return to.’—‘Ay!’ said the squire, ‘the horses shall attend you here, at what hour in the morning you please.’ And now, after many civilities too tedious to enumerate, many squeezes by the hand, with most affectionate looks and smiles at each other, and after appointing the horses at seven the next morning, the gentleman took his leave of them, and departed to his own house. Adams and his companions returned to the table, where the parson smoked another pipe, and then they all retired to rest.

Mr. Adams rose very early, and called Joseph out of his bed, between whom a very fierce dispute ensued, whether Fanny should ride behind Joseph, or behind the gentleman’s servant; Joseph insisting on it, that he was perfectly recovered, and was as capable of taking care of Fanny as any other person could be. But Adams would not agree to it, and declared he would not trust her behind him; for that he was weaker than he imagined himself to be.

This dispute continued a long time, and had began to be very hot, when a servant arrived from their good friend, to acquaint them, that he was unfortunately prevented from lending them any horses; for that his groom had, unknown to him, put his whole stable under a course of physic.

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This advice presently struck the two disputants dumb; Adams cried out, 'Was ever any thing so unlucky as this poor gentleman? I protest I am more sorry on his account than my own. You see, Joseph, how this good-natured man is treated by his servants; one locks up his linen, another physics his horses; and I suppose, by his being at this house last night, the butler had locked up his cellar. Bless us! how good-nature is used in this world! I protest I am more concerned on his account than my own.'—'So am not I,' cries Joseph; 'not that I am much troubled about walking on foot; all my concern is, how we shall get out of the house; unless God sends another pedlar to redeem us. But certainly this gentleman has such an affection for you, that he would lend you a larger sum than we owe here!'—'Very true, child,' answered Adams; 'I will write a letter to him, and will even venture to solicit him for three half-crowns: there will be no harm in having two or three shillings in our pockets; as we have full forty miles to travel, we may possibly have occasion for them.'

Fanny being now risen, Joseph paid her a visit, and left Adams to write his letter, which having finished, he dispatched a boy with it to the gentleman, and then seated himself by the door, lighted his pipe, and betook himself to meditation.

The boy staying longer than seemed to be necessary, Joseph, who with Fanny, was now returned to the parson, expressed some apprehensions, that the gentleman's steward had locked up his purse too. To which Adams answered, it might very possibly be; and he should wonder at no liberties, which the devil might put into the head of a wicked servant to take with so worthy a master: but added, that as the sum was so small, so noble a gentleman would be easily able to procure it in the parish; though he had it not in his own pocket. 'Indeed,' says he, 'if it was four or five guineas, or any such large quantity of money, it might be a different matter.'

They were now sat down to breakfast over some toast and ale, when the boy returned, and informed them that the gentleman was not at home. 'Very

well!' cries Adams; 'but why, child, did you not stay till his return? Go back again, my good boy, and wait for his coming home: he cannot be gone far, as his horses are all sick; and besides, he had no intention to go abroad; for he invited us to spend this day and to-morrow at his house. Therefore go back, child, and tarry till his return home.' The messenger departed, and was back again with great expedition; bringing an account, that the gentleman was gone a long journey, and would not be at home again this month. At these words Adams seemed greatly confounded, saying, 'This must be a sudden accident, as the sickness or death of a relation, or some such unforeseen misfortune;' and then turning to Joseph, cried, 'I wish you had reminded me to have borrowed this money last night.' Joseph smiling, answered, he was very much deceived, if the gentleman would not have found some excuse to avoid lending it. 'I own,' says he 'I was never much pleased with his professing so much kindness for you at first sight: for I have heard the gentlemen of our cloth in London tell many such stories of their masters. But when the boy brought the message back of his not being at home, I presently knew what would follow: for whenever a man of fashion does not care to fulfil his promises, the custom is, to order his servants that he will never be at home to the person so promised. In London they call it *denying him*. I have myself denied Sir Thomas Booby above an hundred times; and when the man hath danced attendance for about a month, or sometimes longer, he is acquainted in the end, that the gentleman is gone out of town, and could do nothing in the business.'—'Good Lord!' says Adams, 'what wickedness is there in the christian world! I profess almost equal to what I have read of the heathens. But surely, Joseph, your suspicions of this gentleman must be unjust; for, what a silly fellow must he be, who would do the devil's work for nothing! and canst thou tell me any interest he could possibly propose to himself by deceiving us in his professions?'—'It is not for me,' answered Joseph,

Joseph, 'to give reasons for what men do, to a gentleman of your learning.'—'You say right,' quoth Adams; 'knowledge of men is only to be learnt from books; Plato and Seneca for that; and those are authors, I am afraid, child, you have never read.'—'Not I, Sir, truly,' answered Joseph; 'all I know is, it is a maxim among the gentlemen of our cloth, that those masters who promise the most, perform the least; and I have often heard them say, they have found the largest vails in those families where they were not promised any. But, Sir, instead of considering any farther these matters, it would be our wisest way to contrive some method of getting out of this house: for the generous gentleman, instead of doing us any service, has left us the whole reckoning to pay.' Adams was going to answer, when their host came in; and, with a kind of jeering smile, said, 'Well, masters! the squire hath not sent his horses for you yet. Laud help me! how easily some folks make promises!'—'How!' said Adams, 'have you ever known him do anything of this kind before?'—'Aye, marry have I,' answered the host; 'it is no business of mine, you know, Sir, to say any thing to a gentleman to his face: but now he is not here, I will assure you, he hath not his fellow within the three next market-towns. I own I could not help laughing, when I heard him offer you the living; for thereby hangs a good jest. I thought he would have offered you my house next; for one is no more his to dispose of than the other.' At these words, Adams blessing himself declared, he had never read of such a monster: 'but what vexes me most,' says he, 'is, that he hath decoyed us into running up a long debt with you, which we are not able to pay; for we have no money about us; and, what is worse, live at such a distance, that if you should trust us, I am afraid you would lose your money, for want of our finding any convenience of sending it.'—'Trust you, master!' says the host, 'that I will with all my heart; I honour the clergy too much to deny trusting one of them for such a trifle; besides, I like your fear of never pay-

ing me. I have lost many a debt in my life-time; but was promised to be paid them all in a very short time. I will score this reckoning for the novelty of it. It is the first I do assure you of it's kind. But what say you, master, shall we have t'other pot before we part? It will waste but a little chalk more; and if you never pay me a shilling, the loss will not ruin me.' Adams liked the invitation very well; especially as it was delivered with so hearty an accent. He shook his host by the hand, and, thanking him, said, he would tarry another pot, rather for the pleasure of such worthy company, than for the liquor; adding, he was glad to find some christians left in the kingdom; for that he almost began to suspect that he was sojourning in a country inhabited only by Jews and Turks.

The kind host produced the liquor, and Joseph with Fanny retired into the garden; where while they solaced themselves with amorous discourse, Adams sat down with his host; and both filling their glasses, and lighting their pipes, they began that dialogue which the reader will find in the next chapter.

C H A P. XVII.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MR. ABRAHAM ADAMS AND HIS HOST, WHICH, BY THE DISAGREEMENT IN THEIR OPINIONS, SEEMED TO THREATEN AN UNLUCKY CATASTROPHE, HAD IT NOT BEEN TIMELY PREVENTED BY THE RETURN OF THE LOVERS.

'SIR,' said the host, 'I assure you, you are not the first to whom our squire hath promised more than he hath performed. He is so famous for this practice, that his word will not be taken for much by those who know him. I remember a young fellow whom he promised his parents to make an exciseman. The poor people, who could ill afford it, bred their son to writing and accounts, and other learning, to qualify him for the place; and the boy held up his head above his condition with these hopes; nor would he go to plough, nor to any other kind of

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work:

work: but went constantly dressed as fine as could be, with two clean Holland shirts a week, and this for several years; till at last he followed the squire up to London, thinking there to mind him of his promises: but he could never get sight of him. So that being out of money and business, he fell into evil company, and wicked courses; and in the end came to a sentence of transportation, the news of which broke the mother's heart. I will tell you another true story of him: there was a neighbour of mine, a farmer, who had two sons, whom he bred up to the business. Pretty lads they were; nothing would serve the squire, but that the youngest must be made a parson. Upon which he persuaded the father to send him to school, promising, that he would afterwards maintain him at the university, and when he was of a proper age, give him a living. But after the lad had been seven years at school, and his father brought him to the squire with a letter from his master, that he was fit for the university; the squire, instead of minding his promise, or sending him thither at his expence, only told his father, that the young man was a fine scholar; and it was pity he could not afford to keep him at Oxford for four or five years more, by which time, if he could get him a curacy, he might have him ordained. The farmer said, he was not a man sufficient to do any such thing.—“Why then,” answered the squire, “I am very sorry you have given him so much learning; for if he cannot get his living by that, it will rather spoil him for any thing else; and your other son, who can hardly write his name, will do more at ploughing and sowing, and is in a better condition than he.” And indeed so it proved; for the poor lad, not finding friends to maintain him in his learning as he had expected, and being unwilling to work, fell to drinking, though he was a very sober lad before; and in a short time, partly with grief, and partly with good liquor, fell into a consumption, and died. Nay, I can tell you more still: there was another, a young woman, and the handsomest in all this neighbourhood, whom he enticed up to London, promising to make her a gentlewoman to one of your women of quality: but instead of keeping his word, we have since heard, after having a child by her himself, she became a common whore; then kept a coffee-house in Covent-garden, and a little after died of the French distemper in a gaol. I could tell you many more stories: but how do you imagine he served me myself! You must know, Sir, I was bred a sea-faring man, and have been many voyages; till at last I came to be master of a ship myself, and was in a fair way of making a fortune, when I was attacked by one of those cursed guarda-costas, who took our ships before the beginning of the war; and after a fight, wherein I lost the greater part of my crew, my rigging being all demolished, and two shots received between wind and water, I was forced to strike. The villains carried off my ship, a brigantine of 150 tons, a pretty creature she was, and put me, a man, and a boy, into a little bad pink, in which, with much ado, we at last made Falmouth; though I believe the Spaniards did not imagine she could possibly live a day at sea. Upon my return hither, where my wife, who was of this country, then lived, the squire told me, he was so pleased with the defence I had made against the enemy, that he did not fear getting me promoted to a lieutenancy of a man of war, if I would accept of it; which I thankfully assured him I would. Well, Sir, two or three years past, during which I had many repeated promises, not only from the squire, but (as he told me) from the lords of the admiralty. He never returned from London, but I was assured I might be satisfied now, for I was certain of the first vacancy; and what surprizes me still, when I reflect on it, these assurances were given me with no less confidence, after so many disappointments, than at first. At last, Sir, growing weary, and somewhat suspicious after so much delay, I wrote to a friend in London, who I knew had some acquaintance at the best house in the admiralty, and desired him to back the squire's interest:

rest: for indeed I feared he had solicited the affair with more coldness than he pretended. And what answer do you think my friend sent me? Truly, Sir, he acquainted me, that the squire had never mentioned my name at the admiralty in his life; and unless I had much faithfuller interest, advised me to give over my pretensions; which I immediately did; and, with the concurrence of my wife, resolved to set up an ale-house, where you are heartily welcome; and so my service to you; and may the squire, and all such sneaking rascals, go to the devil together.— Oh, fie! says Adams; Oh, fie! he is indeed a wicked man; but God will, I hope, turn his heart to repentance. Nay, if he could but once see the meanness of this detestable vice; would he but once reflect that he is one of the most scandalous as well as pernicious liars; sure he must despise himself to so intolerable a degree, that it would be impossible for him to continue a moment in such a course. And, to confess the truth, notwithstanding the baseness of this character, which he hath too well deserved, he hath in his countenance sufficient symptoms of that *bona indoles*, that sweetness of disposition which furnishes out a good christian.— Ah! master, master, says the host, if you had travelled as far as I have, and conversed with the many nations where I have traded, you would not give any credit to a man's countenance. Symptoms in his countenance, quotha! I would look there perhaps to see whether a man has had the small-pox, but for nothing else! He spoke this with so little regard to the parson's observation, that it a good deal nettled him; and taking the pipe hastily from his mouth, he thus answered: Master of mine, perhaps I have travelled a great deal farther than you without the assistance of a ship. Do you imagine sailing by different cities or countries is travelling? No.

Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.

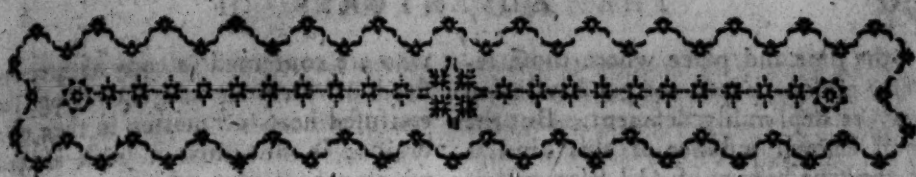
I can go farther in an afternoon than you in a twelve-month. What, I

suppose you have seen the pillars of Hercules, and perhaps the walls of Carthage. Nay, you may have heard Scylla, and seen Charybdis; you may have entered the closet where Archimedes was found at the taking Syracuse. I suppose you have sailed among the Cyclades, and passed the famous straits which take their name from the unfortunate Helle, whose fate is sweetly described by Apollonius Rhodius; you have passed the very spot, I conceive, where Dædalus fell into the sea, his waxen wings being melted by the sun; you have traversed the Euxine Sea, I make no doubt; nay, you may have been on the banks of the Caspian, and called at Colchis, to see if there is ever another golden fleece.— Not I truly, master, answered the host; I never touched at any of these places.— But I have been at all these, replied Adams. Then I suppose, cries the host, you have been at the East-Indies; for there are no such, I will be sworn, either in the West or the Levant.— Pray, where's the Levant? quoth Adams, that should be in the East-Indies by right.— O ho! you are a pretty traveller, cries the host, and not know the Levant. My service to you, master; you must not talk of these things with me; you must not tip us the traveller; it won't go here.— Since thou art so dull to misunderstand me still, quoth Adams, I will inform thee; the travelling I mean is in books, the only way of travelling by which any knowledge is to be acquired. From them I learn what I asserted just now, that nature generally imprints such a portraiture of the mind in the countenance, that a skilful physiognomist will rarely be deceived. I presume you have never read the story of Socrates to this purpose, and therefore I will tell it you. A certain physiognomist asserted of Socrates, that he plainly discovered by his features that he was a rogue in his nature. A character so contrary to the tenour of all this great man's actions, and the generally received opinion concerning him, incensed the boys of Athens so, that they threw stones at the physiognomist, and would have demolished him for

his ignorance, had not Socrates him-
 self prevented them by confessing
 the truth of his observations, and
 acknowledging, that though he cor-
 rected his disposition by philosophy,
 he was indeed naturally as inclined
 to vice as had been predicted of
 him. Now, pray resolve me—how
 should a man know this story, if he
 had not read it?—Well, master,
 said the host, and what signifies it,
 whether a man knows it or no? he
 who goes abroad, as I have done,
 will always have opportunities
 enough of knowing the world, with-
 out troubling his head with Socrates,
 or any such fellows.—Friend,
 cries Adams, if a man should sail
 round the world, and anchor in
 every harbour of it, without learn-
 ing, he would return home as igno-
 rant as he went out.—Lord help
 you, answered the host, there was
 my boatswain, poor fellow! he
 could scarce either write or read,
 and yet he would navigate a ship
 with any master of a man of war;
 and a very pretty knowledge of
 trade he had too.—Trade, an-
 swered Adams, as Aristotle proves
 in his first chapter of politics, is be-
 low a philosopher, and unnatural as
 it is managed now. The host
 looked stedfastly at Adams, and after
 a minute's silence asked him, if he was
 one of the writers of the Gazetteers?
 for I have heard, says he, they
 are writ by parsons.—Gazetteers!
 answered Adams, what is that?—
 It is a dirty newspaper, replied the
 host, which hath been given away all
 over the nation for these many years,
 to abuse trade and honest men, which
 I would not suffer to lie on my table,
 though it hath been offered me for
 nothing.—Not I truly, said
 Adams, I never write any thing
 but sermons; and I assure you I am
 no enemy to trade, whilst it is con-

sistent with honesty; nay, I have al-
 ways looked on the tradesman as a
 very valuable member of society,
 and perhaps inferior to none but the
 man of learning.—No, I believe
 he is not, nor to him neither, an-
 swered the host. Of what use
 would learning be in a country
 without trade! what would all you
 parsons do to clothe your backs, and
 feed your bellies? Who fetches you
 your silks and your linens, and your
 wines, and all the other necessities
 of life? I speak chiefly with regard
 to the sailors.—You should say
 the extravagancies of life, replied
 the parson; but admit they were the
 necessities, there is something more
 necessary than life itself, which is
 provided by learning; I mean the
 learning of the clergy. Who
 clothes you with piety, meekness,
 humility, charity, patience, and all
 the other christian virtues? Who
 feeds your souls with the milk of
 brotherly love, and diets them with
 all the dainty food of holiness,
 which at once cleanses them of all
 impure carnal affections, and fattens
 them with the truly rich spirit of
 grace? Who doth this?—Aye,
 who indeed? cries the host; for I
 do not remember ever to have seen
 any such clothing or such feeding.
 And so in the mean time, master, my
 service to you. Adams was going to
 answer with some severity, when Jo-
 seph and Fanny returned, and pressed
 his departure so eagerly, that he would
 not refuse them; and so grasping his
 crabstick, he took leave of his host;
 (neither of them being so well pleased
 with each other, as they had been at
 their first sitting down together) and
 with Joseph and Fanny, who both ex-
 pressed much impatience, departed,
 and now all together renewed their
 journey.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
JOSEPH ANDREWS.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

MATTER PREFATORY IN PRAISE
OF BIOGRAPHY.



Notwithstanding the preference which may be vulgarly given to the authority of those romance writers, who intitle their books, the History of England, the History of France, of Spain, &c. it is most certain, that truth is to be found only in the works of those who celebrate the lives of great men, and are commonly called biographers, as the others should indeed be termed topographers or chorographers: words which might well mark the distinction between them; it being the business of the latter chiefly to describe countries and cities, which, with the assistance of maps, they do pretty justly, and may be depended upon: but as to the actions and characters of men, their writings are not quite so authentic, of which there needs no other proof than those eternal contradictions occurring between two topographers who undertake the history of the same country: for instance, between my Lord Clarendon and Mr. Whitlocke, between Mr. Echard and Rapin, and many others;

where facts being set forth in a different light, every reader believes as he pleases; and indeed the more judicious and suspicious very justly esteem the whole as no other than a romance, in which the writer hath indulged a happy and fertile invention. But though these widely differ in the narrative of fact; some ascribing victory to the one, and others to the other party; some representing the same man as a rogue, to whom others give a great and honest character, yet all agree in the scene where the fact is supposed to have happened; and where the person, who is both a rogue, and an honest man, lived. Now with us biographers the case is different; the facts we deliver may be relied on, though we often mistake the age and country wherein they happened: for though it may be worth the examination of critics, whether the shepherd Chrysothom, who, as Cervantes informs us, died for love of the fair Marcella, who hated him, was ever in Spain, will any one doubt but that such a silly fellow hath really existed? Is there in the world such a sceptic as to disbelieve the madness of Cardenio, the perfidy of Ferdinand, the impertinent curiosity of Anselmo, the weakness of Camilla, the irresolute friendship of Lothario; though perhaps, as

to the time and place where those several persons lived, the good historian may be deplorably deficient. But the most known instance of this kind is in the true history of *Gil Blas*, where the inimitable biographer hath made a notorious blunder in the country of *Dr. Sangrado*, who used his patients as a vintner doth his wine-vessels, by letting out their blood, and filling them up with water. Doth not every one, who is in the least versed in physical history, know that Spain was not the country in which this doctor lived? The same writer hath likewise erred in the country of his archbishop, as well as that of those great personages whose understandings were too sublime to taste any thing but tragedy, and in many others. The same mistakes may likewise be observed in *Scarron*, the *Arabian Nights*, the *History of Marianne* and *Le Paisan Parvenu*, and perhaps some few other writers of this class, whom I have not read, or do not at present recollect; for I would by no means be thought to comprehend those persons of surprising genius, the authors of immense romances, or the modern novel and *Atlantis* writers; who, without any assistance from nature or history, record persons who never were, or will be, and facts which never did, nor possibly can happen: whose heroes are of their own creation, and their brains the chaos whence all their materials are collected. Not that such writers deserve no honour; so far otherwise, that perhaps they merit the highest: for what can be nobler than to be as an example of the wonderful extent of human genius! One may apply to them what *Balzac* says of *Aristotle*, that they are a second nature (for they have no communication with the first;) by which authors of an inferior class, who cannot stand alone, are obliged to support themselves as with crutches; but these of whom I am now speaking, seem to be possessed of those stilts, which the excellent *Voltaire* tells us in his letters 'carry the genius far off, but without any regular pace.' Indeed far out of the sight of the reader:

Beyond the realm of chaos and old night.

But, to return to the former class,

who are contented to copy nature, instead of forming originals from the confused heap of matter in their own brains; is not such a book as that which records the achievements of the renowned *Don Quixote*, more worthy the name of a history than even *Mariana's*? For whereas the latter is confined to a particular period of time, and to a particular nation; the former is the history of the world in general, at least that part which is polished by laws, arts and sciences; and of that from the time it was first polished to this day; nay and forwards, as long as it shall so remain.

I shall now proceed to apply these observations to the work before us; for indeed I have set them down principally to obviate some constructions, which the good-nature of mankind, who are always forward to see their friends virtues recorded, may put to particular parts. I question not but several of my readers will know the lawyer in the stage-coach, the moment they hear his voice. It is likewise odds, but the wit and the prude meet with some of their acquaintance, as well as all the rest of my characters. To prevent therefore any such malicious applications, I declare here once for all, I describe not men, but manners; not an individual, but a species. Perhaps it will be answered, are not the characters then taken from life? To which I answer in the affirmative; nay, I believe I might aver, that I have writ little more than I have seen. The lawyer is not only alive, but hath been so these 4000 years; and I hope God will indulge his life as many yet to come. He hath not indeed confined himself to one profession, one religion, or one country; but when the first mean selfish creature appeared upon the human stage, who made self the centre of the whole creation, would give himself no pain, incur no danger, advance no money to assist or preserve his fellow-creatures; then was our lawyer born; and whilst such a person as I have described exists on earth, so long shall he remain upon it. It is therefore doing him little honour, to imagine he endeavours to mimic some little obscure fellow, because he happens to resemble him in one particular feature, or perhaps in his profession; whereas his appearance in the world

world is calculated for much more general and noble purposes; not to expose one pitiful wretch to the small and contemptible circle of his acquaintance; but to hold the glass to thousands in their closets, that they may contemplate their deformity, and endeavour to reduce it, and thus by suffering private mortification may avoid public shame. This places the boundary between, and distinguishes the satyrist from the libeller; for the former privately corrects the fault for the benefit of the person, like a parent; the latter publickly exposes the person himself, as an example to others, like an executioner.

There are, besides, little circumstances to be considered; as the drape of a picture, which, though fashion varies at different times, the resemblance of the countenance is not by those means diminished. Thus, I believe, we may venture to say Mrs. Tow-wouse is coeval with our lawyer; and though perhaps during the changes which so long an existence must have passed through, she may in her turn have stood behind the bar at an inn; I will not scruple to affirm, she hath likewise in the revolution of ages sat on a throne. In short, where extreme turbulency of temper, avarice, and an insensibility of human misery, with a degree of hypocrisy, have united in a female composition, Mrs. Tow-wouse was that woman; and where a good inclination, eclipsed by a poverty of spirit and understanding, hath glimmered forth in a man, that man hath been no other than her sneaking husband.

I shall detain my reader no longer than to give him one caution more of an opposite kind: for as in most of our particular characters we mean not to lash individuals, but all of the like sort; so in our general descriptions, we mean not universals, but would be understood with many exceptions: for instance, in our description of high people, we cannot be intended to include such as, whilst they are an honour to their high rank, by a well-guided condescension, make their superiority as easy as possible to those whom fortune chiefly hath placed below them. Of this number I could name a peer no less elevated by nature than by fortune, who, whilst he wears

the noblest ensigns of honour on his person, bears the truest stamp of dignity on his mind, adorned with greatness, enriched with knowledge, and embellished with genius. I have seen this man relieve with generosity, while he hath conversed with freedom, and be to the same person a patron and a companion. I could name a commoner raised higher above the multitude by superior talents, than is in the power of his prince to exalt him; whose behaviour to those he hath obliged is more amiable than the obligation itself, and who is so great a master of affability, that if he could divest himself of an inherent greatness in his manner, he would often make the lowest of his acquaintance forget who was the master of that place in which they are so courteously entertained. These are pictures which must be, I believe, known: I declare they are taken from the life, and not intended to exceed it. By those high people therefore whom I have described, I mean a set of wretches, who, while they are a disgrace to their ancestors, whose honours and fortunes they inherit, (or perhaps a greater to the mother, for such a degeneracy is scarce credible) have the insolence to treat those with disregard, who are at least equal to the founders of their own splendour. It is, I fancy, impossible to conceive a spectacle more worthy of our indignation, than that of a fellow who is not only a blot in the escutcheon of a great family, but a scandal to the human species, maintaining a supercilious behaviour to men who are an honour to their nature, and a disgrace to their fortune.

And now, reader, taking these hints along with you, you may, if you please, proceed to the sequel of this our true history.

CH A P. II.

A NIGHT-SCENE, WHEREIN SEVERAL WONDERFUL ADVENTURES BEFEL ADAMS AND HIS FELLOW-TRAVELLERS.

IT was so late when our travellers left the inn or alehouse, (for it might be called either) that they had not travelled many miles, before night over-

overtook them, or met them, which you please. The reader must excuse me if I am not particular as to the way they took; for as we are now drawing near the seat of the Boobies; and as that is a ticklish name, which malicious persons may apply, according to their evil inclinations, to several worthy country squires, a race of men whom we look upon as entirely inoffensive, and for whom we have an adequate regard, we shall lend no assistance to any such malicious purposes.

Darkness had now overspread the hemisphere, when Fanny whispered Joseph, that she begged to rest herself a little; for that she was so tired, she could walk no farther. Joseph immediately prevailed with parson Adams, who was as brisk as a bee, to stop. He had no sooner seated himself, than he lamented the loss of his dear *Æschylus*; but was a little comforted, when reminded, that if he had it in his possession, he could not see to read.

The sky was so clouded, that not a star appeared. It was indeed, according to Milton, darkness visible. This was a circumstance, however, very favourable to Joseph; for Fanny, not suspicious of being overseen by Adams, gave a loose to her passion, which she had never done before; and reclining her head on his bosom, threw her arm carelessly round him, and suffered him to lay his cheek close to her's. All this infused such happiness into Joseph, that he would not have changed his turf for the finest down in the finest palace in the universe.

Adams sat at some distance from the lovers, and being unwilling to disturb them, applied himself to meditation; in which he had not spent much time, before he discovered a light at some distance, that seemed approaching towards him. He immediately hailed it; but, to his sorrow and surprise, it stopped for a moment, and then disappeared. He then called to Joseph, asking him, if he had not seen the light. Joseph answered, he had. 'And did you not mark how it vanished?' returned he: 'though I am not afraid of ghosts, I do not absolutely disbelieve them.'

He then entered into a meditation on those unsubstantial beings, which was

soon interrupted, by several voices which he thought almost at his elbow, though in fact they were not so extremely near. However, he could distinctly hear them agree on the murder of any one they met. And a little after heard one of them say, he had killed a dozen since that day fortnight.

Adams now fell on his knees, and committed himself to the care of Providence; and poor Eanny, who likewise heard those terrible words, embraced Joseph so closely, that had not he, whose ears were also open, been apprehensive on her account, he would have thought no danger which threatened only himself, too dear a price for such embraces.

Joseph now drew forth his penknife, and Adams having finished his ejaculations, grasped his crabstick, his only weapon, and coming up to Joseph, would have had him quit Fanny, and place her in the rear: but his advice was fruitless, she clung closer to him, not at all regarding the presence of Adams, and in a soothing voice declared, she would die in his arms. Joseph, clasping her with inexpressible eagerness, whispered her, that he preferred death in her's to life out of them. Adams brandishing his crabstick, said, he despised death as much as any man; and then repeated aloud,

*Est hic, est animus lucis contemptor & illum,
Qui vita bene credat emi quo tendis, bonum.*

Upon this the voices ceased for a moment, and then one of them called out, 'D—n you, who is there?' To which Adams was prudent enough to make no reply; and of a sudden he observed half a dozen lights, which seemed to rise all at once from the ground, and advance briskly towards him. This he immediately concluded to be an apparition; and now beginning to conceive that the voices were of the same kind, he called out, 'In the name of the Lord, what wouldst thou have?' He had no sooner spoke, than he heard one of the voices cry out, 'D—n them, here they come; and soon after heard several hearty blows, as if a number of men had been engaged at quarterstaff. He was just advancing towards the place of combat, when Joseph catching him by the skirts, begged him that he might take the

the opportunity of the dark to convey away Fanny from the danger which threatened her. He presently complied, and Joseph lifting up Fanny, they all three made the best of their way; and without looking behind them, or being overtaken, they had travelled full two miles, poor Fanny not once complaining of being tired, when they saw far off several lights, scattered at a small distance from each other, and at the same time found themselves on the descent of a very steep hill. Adams's foot slipping, he instantly disappeared, which greatly frightened both Joseph and Fanny; indeed, if the light had permitted them to see it, they would scarce have refrained laughing to see the parson rolling down the hill, which he did from top to bottom, without receiving any harm. He then hallooed as loud as he could, to inform them of his safety, and to relieve them from the fears which they had conceived for him. Joseph and Fanny halted some time, considering what to do; at last they advanced a few paces, where the declivity seemed least steep; and then Joseph taking his Fanny in his arms, walked firmly down the hill, without making a false step, and at length landed her at the bottom, where Adams soon came to them.

Learn hence, my fair countrywomen, to consider your own weakness, and the many occasions on which the strength of a man may be useful to you; and duly weighing this, take care that you match not yourselves with the spindle-shanked beaus and petit-maitres of the age, who, instead of being able, like Joseph Andrews, to carry you in lusty arms through the rugged ways and downhill steps of life, will rather want to support their feeble limbs with your strength and assistance.

Our travellers now moved forwards, where the nearest light presented itself, and having crossed a common field, they came to a meadow, where they seemed to be at a very little distance from the light, when, to their grief, they arrived at the banks of a river. Adams here made a full stop, and declared he could swim, but doubted how it was possible to get Fanny over; to which Joseph answered, if they walked along its banks, they might

be certain of soon finding a bridge; especially, as by the number of lights they might be assured a parish was near. 'Odsso, that's true indeed,' said Adams; 'I did not think of that.' Accordingly, Joseph's advice being taken, they passed over two meadows, and came to a little orchard, which led them to a house. Fanny begged of Joseph to knock at the door, assuring him, she was so weary that she could hardly stand on her feet. Adams, who was foremost, performed this ceremony, and the door being immediately opened, a plain kind of man appeared at it: Adams acquainted him, that they had a young woman with them, who was so tired with her journey, that he should be much obliged to him, if he would suffer her to come in and rest herself. The man, who saw Fanny by the light of the candle which he held in his hand, perceiving her innocent and modest look, and having no apprehensions from the civil behaviour of Adams, presently answered, that the young woman was very welcome to rest herself in his house, and so were her company. He then ushered them into a very decent room, where his wife was sitting at a table; she immediately rose up, and assisted them in setting forth chairs, and desired them to sit down, which they had no sooner done, than the man of the house asked them if they would have any thing to refresh themselves with. Adams thanked him, and answered, he should be obliged to him for a cup of his ale, which was likewise chosen by Joseph and Fanny. Whilst he was gone to fill a very large jug with this liquor, his wife told Fanny, she seemed greatly fatigued, and desired her to take something stronger than ale; but she refused, with many thanks, saying, it was true, she was very much tired, but a little rest she hoped would restore her. As soon as the company were all seated, Mr. Adams, who had filled himself with ale, and by public permission had lighted his pipe, turned to the master of the house, asking him, if evil spirits did not use to walk in that neighbourhood. To which receiving no answer, he began to inform him of the adventure which they had met with on the downs; nor had he proceeded far in the story, when some-

body knocked very hard at the door. The company expressed some amazement, and Fanny and the good woman turned pale; her husband went forth, and whilst he was absent, which was some time, they all remained silent looking at one another, and heard several voices discoursing pretty loudly. Adams was fully persuaded that spirits were abroad, and began to meditate some exorcisms; Joseph a little inclined to the same opinion; Fanny was more afraid of men, and the good woman herself began to suspect her guests, and imagined those without were rogues belonging to their gang. At length the master of the house returned, and laughing, told Adams he had discovered his apparition; that the murderers were sheep-stealers, and the twelve persons murdered were no other than twelve sheep. Adding, that the shepherds had got the better of them, had secured two, and were proceeding with them to a justice of peace. This account greatly relieved the fears of the whole company; but Adams muttered to himself, he was convinced of the truth of apparitions for all that.

They now sat cheerfully round the fire, till the master of the house having surveyed his guests, and conceiving that the cassock which, having fallen down, appeared under Adams's great coat, and the shabby livery on Joseph Andrews, did not well suit with the familiarity between them, began to entertain some suspicions, not much to their advantage: addressing himself therefore to Adams, he said, he perceived he was a clergyman by his dress, and supposed that honest man was his footman. 'Sir,' answered Adams, 'I am a clergyman at your service; but as to that young man, whom you have rightly termed honest, he is at present in nobody's service; he never lived in any other family than that of Lady Booby, from whence he was discharged, I assure you, for no crime.' Joseph said, he did not wonder the gentleman was surprised to see one of Mr. Adams's character condescend to so much goodness with a poor man. 'Child,' said Adams, 'I should be ashamed of my cloth, if I thought a poor man, who is honest, below my notice or my familiarity. I know not how those who

think otherwise, can profess themselves followers and servants of him who made no distinction, unless, peradventure, by preferring the poor to the rich.—'Sir,' said he, addressing himself to the gentleman, 'these two poor young people are my parishioners, and I look on them and love them as my children. There is something singular enough in their history, but I have not now time to recount it.' The master of the house, notwithstanding the simplicity which discovered itself in Adams, knew too much of the world to give a hasty belief to professions. He was not yet quite certain that Adams had any more of the clergyman in him than his cassock. To try him therefore farther, he asked him, if Mr. Pope had lately published any thing new. Adams answered, he had heard great commendations of that poet, but that he had never read, nor knew any of his works. 'Ho! ho!' says the gentleman to himself, 'have I caught you!—What,' said he, 'have you never seen his Homer?' Adams answered, he had never read any translation of the classics. 'Why, truly,' replied the gentleman, 'there is a dignity in the Greek language which I think no modern tongue can reach.'—'Do you understand Greek, Sir?' says Adams hastily. 'A little, Sir,' answered the gentleman. 'Do you know, Sir,' cried Adams, 'where I can buy an *Æschylus*? an unlucky misfortune lately happened to mine. *Æschylus* was beyond the gentleman, though he knew him very well by name; he therefore returning back to Homer, asked Adams, what part of the *Iliad* he thought most excellent. Adams returned, his question would be properer, what kind of beauty was the chief in poetry; for that Homer was equally excellent in them all. 'And indeed,' continued he, 'what Cicero says of a compleat orator, may well be applied to a great poet; *he ought to comprehend all perfections*. Homer did this in the most excellent degree; it is not without reason therefore, that the philosopher, in the 22d chapter of his poetics, mentions him by no other appellation than that of *The Poet*: he was the father of the drama, as well as the epic: not of tragedy only, but of comedy

comedy also; for his *Margites*, which is deplorably lost, bore, says Aristotle, the same analogy to comedy, as his *Odyssey* and *Iliad* to tragedy. To him therefore we owe Aristophanes, as well as Euripides, Sophocles, and my poor *Æschylus*. But if you please we will confine ourselves (at least for the present) to the *Iliad*, his noblest work: though neither Aristotle nor Horace give it the preference, as I remember, to the *Odyssey*. First then, as to his subject, can any thing be more simple, and at the same time more noble! he is rightly praised by the first of those judicious critics, for not chusing the whole war; which, though he says it hath a complete beginning and end, would have been too great for the understanding to comprehend at one view. I have therefore often wondered why so correct a writer as Horace should, in his epistle to Lollius, call him the *Trojan Belli Scriptorem*. Secondly, his action, termed by Aristotle, *Pragmaton Syllaxis*; is it possible for the mind of man to conceive an idea of such perfect unity, and at the same time so replete with greatness! and here I must observe what I do not remember to have seen noted by any, the *barmoton*, that agreement of his action to his subject: for as the subject is anger, how agreeable is his action, which is war! from which every incident arises, and to which every episode immediately relates. Thirdly, his manners, which Aristotle places second in his description of the several parts of tragedy, and which he says are included in the action; I am at a loss whether I should rather admire the exactness of his judgment in the nice distinction, or the immensity of his imagination in their variety. For, as to the former of these, how accurately is the sedate, injured resentment of Achilles, distinguished from the hot insulting passion of Agamemnon! how widely doth the brutal courage of Ajax differ from the amiable bravery of Diomedes; and the wisdom of Nestor, which is the result of long reflection and experience, from the cunning of Ulysses, the effect of art and subtlety only! If we consider their variety, we may cry out with

Aristotle, in his 14th chapter, that no part of this divine poem is destitute of manners. Indeed, I might affirm, that there is scarce a character in human nature untouched in some part or other. And as there is no passion which he is not able to describe, so there is none in his reader which he cannot raise. If he hath any superior excellence to the rest, I have been inclined to fancy it is in the pathetic. I am sure I never read with dry eyes the two episodes, where Andromache is introduced; in the former, lamenting the danger, and in the latter, the death of Hector. The images are so extremely tender in these, that I am convinced the poet had the worthiest and best heart imaginable. Nor can I help observing how Sophocles falls short of the beauties of the original, in that imitation of the dissuasive speech of Andromache, which he hath put into the mouth of Tecmessa. And yet Sophocles was the greatest genius who ever wrote tragedy, nor have any of his successors in that art, that is to say, neither Euripides, nor Seneca the tragedian, been able to come near him. As to his sentiment and diction, I need say nothing; the former are particularly remarkable for the utmost perfection on that head; namely, propriety; and as to the latter, Aristotle, whom doubtless you have read over and over, is very diffuse. I shall mention but one thing more, which that great critic in his division of tragedy calls *opsis*, or the scenery, and which is as proper to the epic as to the drama; with this difference, that in the former it falls to the share of the poet, and in the latter to that of the painter. But did ever painter imagine a scene like that in the 13th and 14th *Iliads*? where the reader sees at one view the prospect of Troy, with the army drawn up before it; the Grecian army, camp, and fleet, Jupiter sitting on mount Ida, with his head wrapt in a cloud, and a thunderbolt in his hand, looking towards Thrace; Neptune driving through the sea, which divides on each side to permit his passage, and then seating himself on mount Samos: the heavens opened, and the deities all seated on their thrones. This is sublime! this is

'poetry!' Adams then rapt out a hundred Greek verses, and with such a voice, emphasis and action, that he almost frightened the woman: and as for the gentleman, he was so far from entertaining any farther suspicion of Adams, that he now doubted whether he had not a bishop in his house. He ran into the most extravagant encomiums on his learning; and the goodness of his heart began to dilate to all the strangers. He said, he had great compassion for the poor young woman, who looked pale and faint with her journey; and in truth he conceived a much higher opinion of her quality than it deserved. He said, he was sorry he could not accommodate them all: but if they were contented with his fire-side, he would sit up with the men; and the young woman might, if she pleased, partake his wife's bed, which he advised her to; for that they must walk upwards of a mile to any house of entertainment, and that not very good neither. Adams, who liked his seat, his ale, his tobacco, and his company, persuaded Fanny to accept this kind proposal, in which solicitation he was seconded by Joseph. Nor was she very difficultly prevailed on; for she had slept little the last night, and not at all the preceding, so that love itself was scarce able to keep her eyes open any longer. The offer therefore being kindly accepted, the good woman produced every thing eatable in her house on the table, and the guests, being heartily invited, as heartily regaled themselves, especially parson Adams. As to the other two, they were examples of the truth of that physical observation, that love, like other sweet things, is no whetter of the stomach.

Supper was no sooner ended, than Fanny, at her own request, retired;

and the good woman bore her company. The man of the house, Adams and Joseph, who would modestly have withdrawn, had not the gentleman insisted on the contrary, drew round the fire-side, where Adams (to use his own words) replenished his pipe, and the gentleman produced a bottle of excellent beer, being the best liquor in his house.

The modest behaviour of Joseph, with the gracefulness of his person, the character which Adams gave of him, and the friendship he seemed to entertain for him, began to work on the gentleman's affections, and raised in him a curiosity to know the singularity which Adams had mentioned in his history. This curiosity Adams was no sooner informed of, than, with Joseph's consent, he agreed to gratify it, and accordingly related all he knew, with as much tenderness as was possible for the character of Lady Booby; and concluded with the long, faithful and mutual passion between him and Fanny, not concealing the meanness of her birth and education. These latter circumstances entirely cured a jealousy which had lately risen in the gentleman's mind, that Fanny was the daughter of some person of fashion, and that Joseph had run away with her, and Adams was concerned in the plot. He was now enamoured of his guests, drank their healths with great cheerfulness, and returned many thanks to Adams, who had spent much breath; for he was a circumstantial teller of a story.

Adams told him it was now in his power to return that favour; for his extraordinary goodness, as well as that fund of literature he was master of, which he did not expect to find under such a roof, had raised in him more curiosity than he had ever known.

* The author hath by some been represented to have made a blunder here: for Adams had indeed shewn some learning, (say they) perhaps all the author had; but the gentleman hath shewn none, unless his approbation of Mr. Adams be such; but surely it would be preposterous in him to call it so. I have, however, notwithstanding this criticism, which I am told came from the mouth of a great orator in a public coffee-house, left this blunder as it stood in the first edition. I will not have the vanity to apply to any thing in this work, the observation which M. Dacier makes in her preface to her Aristophanes: '*Je tiens pour une maxime constante, qu'une beauté mediocre plait plus généralement qu'une beauté sans défaut.*' Mr. Congreve hath made such another blunder in his Love for Love, where Tattle tells Miss Prue, 'She should admire him as much for the beauty he commends in her, as if he himself was possessor of it.'

* Therea

Therefore," said he, "if it be not too troublesome, Sir, your history, if you please."

The gentleman answered, he could not refuse him what he had so much right to insist on; and after some of the common apologies, which are the usual preface to a story, he thus began.

CHAP. III.

IN WHICH THE GENTLEMAN RELATES THE HISTORY OF HIS LIFE.

SIR, I am descended of a good family, and was born a gentleman. My education was liberal, and at a public school, in which I proceeded so far as to become master of the Latin, and to be tolerably versed in the Greek language. My father died when I was sixteen, and left me master of myself. He bequeathed me a moderate fortune, which he intended I should not receive till I attained the age of twenty-five: for he constantly asserted, that was full early enough to give up any man entirely to the guidance of his own discretion. However, as this intention was so obscurely worded in his will, that the lawyers advised me to contest the point with my trustees; I own I paid so little regard to the inclinations of my dead father, which were sufficiently certain to me, that I followed their advice, and soon succeeded: for the trustees did not contest the matter very obstinately on their side. "Sir," said Adams, "may I crave the favour of your name?" The gentleman answered, his name was Wilton; and then proceeded.

I stay'd a very little while at school after his death; for being a forward youth, I was extremely impatient to be in the world: for which I thought my parts, knowledge, and manhood, thoroughly qualified me. And to this early introduction into life, without a guide, I impute all my future misfortunes; for besides the obvious mischiefs which attend this, there is one which hath not been so generally observed. The first impression which mankind receives of you, will be very difficult to eradicate. How unhappy,

therefore, must it be, to fix your character in life, before you can possibly know it's value, or weigh the consequences of those actions which are to establish your future reputation!

A little after seventeen I left my school, and went to London, with no more than six pounds in my pocket. A great sum, as I then conceived; and which I was afterwards surpris'd to find so soon consumed.

The character I was ambitious of attaining, was that of a fine gentleman; the first requisites to which, I apprehended, were to be supplied by a taylor, a periwig-maker, and some few more tradesmen; who deal in furnishing out the human body. Notwithstanding the lowness of my purse, I found credit with them more easily than I expected, and was soon equipped to my wish. This I own then agreeably surpris'd me; but I have since learned, that it is a maxim among many tradesmen at the polite end of the town, to deal as largely as they can, reckon as high as they can, and arrest as soon as they can.

The next qualifications, namely, dancing, fencing, riding the great horse, and music, came into my head: but as they required expence and time, I comforted myself with regard to dancing, that I had learned a little in my youth, and could walk a minuet genteelly enough; as to fencing, I thought my good-humour would preserve me from the danger of a quarrel; as to the horse, I hoped it would not be thought of; and for music, I imagined I could easily acquire the reputation of it; for I had heard some of my school-fellows pretend to knowledge in operas, without being able to sing or play on the fiddle.

Knowledge of the town seem'd another ingredient; this I thought I should arrive at by frequenting public places. Accordingly, I paid constant attendance to them all; by which means I was soon master of the fashionable phrases, learned to cry up the fashionable diversions, and knew the names and faces of the most fashionable men and women.

Nothing now seem'd to remain but an intrigue, which I was resolv'd to have immediately; I mean, the reputation of it; and indeed I was so successful;

cessful, that in a very short time I had half a dozen with the finest women in town.

At these words Adams fetched a deep groan, and then, blessing himself, cried out, 'Good Lord! what wicked times these are!'

Not so wicked as you imagine, continued the gentleman; for I assure you, they were all vestal virgins for any thing which I knew to the contrary. The reputation of intriguing with them was all I sought, and was what I arrived at: and perhaps I only flattered myself even in that; for very probably the persons to whom I shewed their billets, knew as well as I, that they were counterfeits, and that I had written them to myself.

'Write letters to yourself?' said Adams, staring.

O Sir, answered the gentleman; it is the very error of the times. Half our modern plays have one of these characters in them. It is incredible the pains I have taken, and the absurd methods I employed, to traduce the characters of women of distinction. When another had spoken in raptures of any one, I have answered, 'D—n her, she! We shall have her at H—d's very soon.' When he hath replied, he thought her virtuous; I have answered, 'Aye, thou wilt always think a woman virtuous, till she is in the streets; but you and I, Jack or Tom,' (turning to another in company) 'know better.' At which I have drawn a paper out of my pocket, perhaps a taylor's bill, and kissed it, crying at the same time, 'By gad I was once fond of her.'

'Proceed, if you please, but do not swear any more,' said Adams.

Sir, said the gentleman, I ask your pardon. Well, Sir, in this course of life I continued full three years.—'What course of life?' answered Adams; 'I do not remember you have mentioned any.' Your remark is just, said the gentleman, smiling, I should rather have said in this course of doing nothing. I remember some time afterwards I wrote the journal of one day, which would serve, I believe, as well for any other, during the whole time. I will endeavour to repeat it to you.

In the morning I arose, took my great stick, and walked out in my

green frock with my hair in papers, [a groan from Adams] and sauntered about till ten.

Went to the auction; told Lady — she had a dirty face; laughed heartily at something Captain — said; I can't remember what, for I did not very well hear it; whispered Lord —; bowed to the Duke of —; and was going to bid for a snuff-box; but did not, for fear I should have had it.

From 2 to 4, dressed myself. [A groan.

4 to 6, dined. [A groan.

6 to 8, coffee-house.

8 to 9, Drury-Lane play-house.

9 to 10, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

10 to 12, drawing-room.

[A great groan.

At all which places nothing happened worth remark. At which Adams said, with some vehemence, 'Sir, this is below the life of an animal, hardly above vegetation; and I am surprised what could lead a man of your sense into it.' What leads us into more follies than you imagine, doctor, answered the gentleman, vanity: for as contemptible a creature as I was, (and I assure you, yourself cannot have more contempt for such a wretch than I now have,) I then admired myself, and should have despised a person of your present appearance (you will pardon me) with all your learning, and those excellent qualities which I have remarked in you. Adams bowed, and begged him to proceed.—After I had continued two years in this course of life, said the gentleman, an accident happened which obliged me to change the scene. As I was one day at St. James's coffee-house, making very free with the character of a young lady of quality, an officer of the guards, who was present, thought proper to give me the lye. I answered, I might possibly be mistaken; but I intended to tell no more than the truth. To which he made no reply, but by a scornful sneer. After this I observed a strange coldness in all my acquaintance; none of them spoke to me first, and very few returned me even the civility of a bow. The company I used to dine with, left me out; and within a week, I found myself in as much solitude at St. James's, as if I had been

been in a desert. An honest elderly man, with a great hat and long sword, at last told me, he had a compassion for my youth, and therefore advised me to shew the world I was not such a rascal as they thought me to be. I did not at first understand him: but he explained himself; and ended with telling me, if I would write a challenge to the captain, he would out of pure charity go to him with it. 'A very charitable person truly!' cried Adams. I desired till the next day, continued the gentleman, to consider on it; and, retiring to my lodgings, I weighed the consequences on both sides as fairly as I could. On the one, I saw the risk of this alternative, either losing my own life, or having on my hands the blood of a man with whom I was not in the least angry. I soon determined that the good which appeared on the other, was not worth this hazard. I resolved therefore to quit the scene, and presently retired to the Temple, where I took chambers. Here I soon got a fresh set of acquaintance, who knew nothing of what had happened to me. Indeed they were not greatly to my approbation; for the beaux of the Temple are only the shadows of the others. They are the affectation of affectation. The vanity of these is still more ridiculous, if possible, than of the others. Here I met with smart fellows, who drank with lords they did not know, and intrigued with women they never saw. Covent-Garden was now the farthest stretch of my ambition, where I shone forth in the balconies at the play-houses, visited whores, made love to orange-wenchies, and damn'd plays. This career was soon put a stop to by my surgeon, who convinced me of the necessity of confining myself to my room for a month. At the end of which, having had leisure to reflect, I resolved to quit all farther conversation with beaux and smarties of every kind, and to avoid, if possible, any occasion of returning to this place of confinement. 'I think,' said Adams, 'the advice of a month's retirement and reflection was very proper; but I should rather have expected it from a divine than a surgeon.' The gentleman smiled at Adams's simplicity, and

without explaining himself farther on such an odious subject, went on thus: I was no sooner perfectly restored to health, than I found my passion for women, which I was afraid to satisfy as I had done, made me very uneasy; I determined therefore to keep a mistress. Nor was I long before I fixed my choice on a young woman, who had before been kept by two gentlemen, and to whom I was recommended by a celebrated bawd. I took her home to my chambers, and made her a settlement during cohabitation. This would perhaps have been very ill paid: however, she did not suffer me to be perplexed on that account; for before quarter-day I found her at my chambers in too familiar conversation with a young fellow, who was drest like an officer, but was indeed a city apprentice. Instead of excusing her incontinency, she rapped out half a dozen oaths, and, snapping her fingers at me, swore she scorned to confine herself to the best man in England. Upon this we parted, and the same bawd presently provided her another keeper.

I was not so much concerned at our separation, as I found within a day or two I had reason to be for our meeting: for I was obliged to pay a second visit to my surgeon. I was now forced to do penance for some weeks, during which time I contracted an acquaintance with a beautiful young girl, the daughter of a gentleman, who, after having been forty years in the army, and in all the campaigns under the Duke of Marlborough, died a lieutenant on half-pay, and had left a widow with this only child in very distressed circumstances: they had only a small pension from the government, with what little the daughter could add to it by her work; for she had great excellence at her needle. This girl was, at my first acquaintance with her, solicited in marriage by a young fellow in good circumstances. He was apprentice to a linen-draper, and had a little fortune sufficient to set up his trade. The mother was greatly pleased with this match, as indeed she had sufficient reason. However, I soon prevented it. I represented him in so low a light to his mistress, and made so good an use of flattery, promises, and presents, that, not to dwell longer on this sub-
ject

jest than is necessary, I prevailed with the poor girl, and conveyed her away from her mother! in a word, I debauched her.—(At which words Adams started up, fetched three strides cross the room, and then replaced himself in his chair.)—You are not more affected with this part of my story than myself: I assure you it will never be sufficiently repented of in my own opinion: but if you already detest it, how much more will your indignation be raised when you hear the fatal consequences of this barbarous, this villainous action! if you please therefore I will here desist.—‘By no means,’ cries Adams: ‘go on, I beseech you; and Heaven grant you may sincerely repent of this and many other things you have related.’—I was now, continued the gentleman, as happy as the possession of a fine young creature, who had a good education, and was endued with many agreeable qualities, could make me. We lived some months with vast fondness together, without any company or conversation more than we found in one another: but this could not continue always; and though I still preserved a great affection for her, I began more and more to want the relief of other company, and consequently to leave her by degrees, at last, whole days to herself. She failed not to testify some uneasiness on these occasions, and complained of the melancholy life she led; to remedy which, I introduced her into the acquaintance of some other kept mistresses, with whom she used to play at cards, and frequent plays and other diversions. She had not lived long in this intimacy, before I perceived a visible alteration in her behaviour; all her modesty and innocence vanished by degrees, till her mind became thoroughly tainted. She affected the company of rakes, gave herself all manner of airs, was never easy but abroad, or when she had a party at my chambers. She was rapacious of money, extravagant to excess, loose in her conversation; and if ever I demurred to any of her demands, oaths, tears, and fits, were the immediate consequences. As the first raptures of fondness were long since over, this behaviour soon estranged my affections from her; I began to reflect with pleasure that she was not my wife,

and to conceive an intention of parting with her; of which having given her a hint, she took care to prevent me the pains of turning her out of doors, and accordingly departed herself, having first broke open my escrutoire, and taken with her all she could find, to the amount of about 200*l*. In the first heat of my resentment, I resolved to pursue her with all the vengeance of the law: but as she had the good luck to escape me during that ferment, my passion afterwards cooled; and having reflected that I had been the first aggressor, and had done her an injury for which I could make her no reparation, by robbing her of the innocence of her mind; and hearing at the same time, that the poor old woman her mother had broke her heart on her daughter's elopement from her, I concluding myself her murderer, (‘as you very well might,’ cries Adams, with a groan) was pleased, that God Almighty had taken this method of punishing me, and resolved quietly to submit to the loss. Indeed I could wish I had never heard more of the poor creature, who became in the end an abandoned profligate: and, after being some years a common prostitute, at last ended her miserable life in Newgate. Here the gentleman fetched a deep sigh, which Mr. Adams echoed very loudly; and both continued silent, looking on each other, for some minutes. At last the gentleman proceeded thus: I had been perfectly constant to this girl during the whole time I kept her; but she had scarce departed before I discovered more marks of her infidelity to me than the loss of my money. In short, I was forced to make a third visit to my surgeon, out of whose hands I did not get a hasty discharge.

I now forswore all future dealings with the sex, complained loudly that the pleasure did not compensate for the pain; and railed at the beautiful creatures, in as gross language as Juvenal himself formerly reviled them in. I looked on all the town-harlots with a detestation not easy to be conceived; their persons appeared to me as painted palaces, inhabited by disease and death: nor could their beauty make them more desirable objects in my eyes, than gilding could make me covet a pill, or golden

golden plates a coffin. But though I was no longer the absolute slave, I found some reasons to own myself still the subject of love. My hatred for women decreased daily; and I am not positive but time might have betrayed me again to some common harlot, had I not been secured by a passion for the charming Sapphira; which having once entered upon, made a violent progress in my heart. Sapphira was wife to a man of fashion and gallantry, and one who seemed, I own, every way worthy of her affections, which however he had not the reputation of having. She was indeed a *coquette achevée*. 'Pray, Sir,' says Adams, 'what is a coquette? I have met with the word in French authors, but never could assign any idea to it. I believe it is the same with *une sottie*, Anglicè a fool.' Sir, answered the gentleman, perhaps you are not much mistaken: but as it is a particular kind of folly, I will endeavour to describe it. Were all creatures to be ranked in the order of creation according to their usefulness, I know few animals that would not take place of a coquette; nor indeed hath this creature much pretence to any thing beyond instinct: for though sometimes we might imagine it was animated by the passion of vanity, yet far the greater part of its actions fall beneath even that low motive; for instance, several absurd gestures and tricks, infinitely more foolish than what can be observed in the most ridiculous birds and beasts, and which would persuade the beholder, that the silly wretch was aiming at our contempt. Indeed it's characteristic is affectation, and this led and governed by whim only: for as beauty, wisdom, wit, good-nature, politeness and health, are sometimes affected by this creature; so are ugliness, folly, nonsense, ill-nature, ill-breeding and sickness, likewise put on by it in their turn. It's life is one constant lye; and the only rule by which you can form any judgment of them is, that they are never what they seem. If it was possible for a coquette to love (as it is not, for if ever it attains this passion, the coquette ceases instantly) it would wear the face of indifference, if not of hatred, to the beloved object; you may therefore be assured, when they endeavour to persuade you of their

liking, that they are indifferent to you at least. And indeed this was the case of my Sapphira, who no sooner saw me in the number of her admirers, than she gave me what is commonly called encouragement: she would often look at me; and, when she perceived me meet her eyes, would instantly take them off, discovering at the same time as much surprise and emotion as possible. These arts failed not of the success she intended; and as I grew more particular to her than the rest of her admirers, she advanced, in proportion, more directly to me than to the others. She affected the low voice, whisper, lisp, sigh, start, laugh, and many other indications of passion, which daily deceive thousands. When I played at whist with her, she would look earnestly at me, and at the same time lose deal or revoke; then burst into a ridiculous laugh, and cry, 'La! I can't imagine what I was thinking of.' To detain you no longer, after I had gone through a sufficient course of gallantry, as I thought, and was thoroughly convinced I had raised a violent passion in my mistress, I sought an opportunity of coming to an *eclaircissement* with her. She avoided this as much as possible; however, great assiduity at length presented me one. I will not describe all the particulars of this interview; let it suffice, that when she could no longer pretend not to see my drift, she first affected a violent surprise, and immediately after as violent a passion: she wondered what I had seen in her conduct, which could induce me to affront her in this manner: and breaking from me the first moment she could, told me, I had no other way to escape the consequence of her resentment, than by never seeing, or at least speaking to her more. I was not contented with this answer; I still pursued her, but to no purpose; and was at length convinced that her husband had the sole possession of her person, and that neither he nor any other had made any impression on her heart. I was taken off from following this *ignis fatuus* by some advances which were made me by the wife of a citizen, who, though neither very young nor handsome, was yet too agreeable to be rejected by my amorous constitution. I accordingly soon satisfied her, that she had not cast away her

hints on a barren or cold soil; on the contrary, they instantly produced her an eager and desiring lover. Nor did she give me any reason to complain; she met the warmth she had raised, with equal ardour. I had no longer a coquette to deal with, but one who was wiser than to prostitute the noble passion of love to the ridiculous lust of vanity. We presently understood one another; and as the pleasures we sought lay in a mutual gratification, we soon found and enjoyed them. I thought myself at first greatly happy in the possession of this new mistress, whose fondness would have quickly surfeited a more sickly appetite; but it had a different effect on mine; she carried my passion higher by it than youth or beauty had been able: but my happiness could not long continue uninterrupted. The apprehensions we lay under from the jealousy of her husband, gave us great uneasiness. 'Poor wretch, I pity him!' cried Adams. He did indeed deserve it, said the gentleman; for he loved his wife with great tenderness, and I assure you it is a great satisfaction to me that I was not the man who first seduced her affections from him. These apprehensions appeared also too well grounded; for in the end he discovered us, and procured witnesses of our caresses. He then prosecuted me at law, and recovered 3000 l. damages, which much distressed my fortune to pay: and what was worse, his wife being divorced came upon my hands. I led a very uneasy life with her; for besides that my passion was now much abated, her excessive jealousy was very troublesome. At length death delivered me from an inconvenience, which the consideration of my having been the author of her misfortunes would never suffer me to take any other method of discarding.

I now bade adieu to love, and resolved to pursue other less dangerous and expensive pleasures. I fell into the acquaintance of a set of jolly companions, who slept all day and drank all night: fellows who might rather be said to consume time than to live. Their best conversation was nothing but noise: singing, hallooing, wrangling, drinking, toasting, sp—wing, smoking, were the chief ingredients of our entertainment. And yet, bad as

these were, they were more tolerable than our graver scenes, which were either excessive tedious narratives of dull common matters of fact, or hot disputes about trifling matters, which commonly ended in a wager. This way of life the first serious reflection put a period to: and I became member of a club frequented by young men of great abilities. The bottle was now only called in to the assistance of our conversation, which rolled on the deepest points of philosophy. These gentlemen were engaged in a search after truth, in the pursuit of which they threw aside all the prejudices of education, and governed themselves only by the infallible guide of human reason. This great guide, after having shewn them the falshood of that very ancient but simple tenet, that there is such a Being as a Deity in the universe, helped them to establish in his stead a certain *rule of right*, by adhering to which they all arrived at the utmost purity of morals. Reflection made me as much delighted with this society, as it had taught me to despise and detest the former. I began now to esteem myself a being of a higher order than I had ever before conceived, and was the more charmed with this rule of right, as I really found in my own nature nothing repugnant to it. I held in utter contempt all persons who wanted any other inducement to virtue besides her intrinsic beauty and excellence; and had so high an opinion of my present companions, with regard to their morality, that I would have trusted them with whatever was nearest and dearest to me. Whilst I was engaged in this delightful dream, two or three accidents happened successively, which at first much surprised me. For, one of our greatest philosophers, or rule of right men, withdrew himself from us, taking with him the wife of one of his most intimate friends. Secondly, another of the same society left the club without remembering to take leave of his bail. A third, having borrowed a sum of money of me, for which I received no security, when I asked him to repay it, absolutely denied the loan. These several practices, so inconsistent with our golden rule, made me begin to suspect its infallibility; but when I communicated my thoughts to one of the club,

club, he said, there was nothing absolutely good or evil in itself; that actions were denominated good or bad by the circumstances of the agent. That possibly the man who ran away with his neighbour's wife, might be one of very good inclinations, but over-ruled on by the violence of an unruly passion; and, in other particulars might be a very worthy member of society: that if the beauty of any woman created in him an uneasiness, he had a right from nature to relieve himself; with many other things, which I then detested so much, that I took leave of the society that very evening, and never returned to it again. Being now reduced to a state of solitude which I did not like, I became a great frequenter of the playhouses, which indeed was almost my favourite diversion, and most evenings past away two or three hours behind the scenes, where I met with several poets, with whom I made engagements at the taverns. Some of the players were likewise of our parties. At these meetings we were generally entertained by the poets with reading their performances, and by the players with repeating their parts: upon which occasions I observed the gentleman who furnished our entertainment, was commonly the best pleased of the company; who, though they were pretty civil to him to his face, seldom failed to take the first opportunity of his absence to ridicule him. Now I made some remarks, which probably are too obvious to be worth relating. 'Sir,' says Adams, 'your remarks, if you please.' First then, says he, I concluded, that the general observation, that wits are most inclined to vanity, is not true. Men are equally vain of riches, strength, beauty, honours, &c. But these appear of themselves to the eyes of the beholders, whereas the poor wit is obliged to produce his performance to shew you his perfection; and on his readiness to do this, that vulgar opinion I have before mentioned is grounded: but doth not the person who expends vast sums in the furniture of his house, or in the ornaments of his person, who consumes much time and employs great pains in dressing himself, or who thinks himself paid for self-denial, labour, or even villainy, by a title or a ribband, sacrifice as

much to vanity, as the poor wit, who is desirous to read you his poem or his play? My second remark was, that vanity is the worst of passions, and more apt to contaminate the mind than any other: for as selfishness is much more general than we please to allow it, so it is natural to hate and envy those who stand between us and the good we desire. Now in lust and ambition these are few; and even in avarice we find many who are no obstacles to our pursuits: but the vain man seeks pre-eminence; and every thing which is excellent or praise-worthy in another, renders him the mark of his antipathy. Adams now began to fumble in his pockets, and soon cried out, 'O la! I have it not about me.' Upon this the gentleman asking him what he was searching for; he said, he searched after a sermon, which he thought his master-piece, against vanity. 'Fie upon it, fie upon it!' cries he, 'why do I ever leave that sermon out of my pocket! I wish it was within five miles; I would willingly fetch it, to read it to you.' The gentleman answered, that there was no need, for he was cured of the passion. 'And for that very reason,' quoth Adams, 'I would read it, for I am confident you would admire it: indeed, I have never been a greater enemy to any passion than that silly one of vanity.' The gentleman smiled, and proceeded: From this society, I easily passed to that of the gamesters, where nothing remarkable happened, but the finishing my fortune, which those gentlemen soon helped me to the end of. This opened scenes of life hitherto unknown; poverty and distress, with their horrid train of duns, attornies, bailiffs, haunted me day and night. My cloaths grew shabby, my credit bad, my friends and acquaintance of all kinds cold. In this situation, the strangest thought imaginable came into my head; and what was this, but to write a play! for I had sufficient leisure: fear of bailiffs confined me every day to my room; and having always had a little inclination, and something of a genius that way, I set myself to work, and within a few months produced a piece of five acts, which was accepted of at the theatre. I remembered to have formerly taken tickets of other poets for

their benefits, long before the appearance of their performances; and resolving to follow a precedent which was so well suited to my present circumstances, I immediately provided myself with a large number of little papers. Happy indeed would be the state of poetry, would these tickets pass current at the bake-house, the ale-house, and the chandler's shop: but alas! far otherwise; no taylor will take them in payment for buckram, stays, stay-tape; nor no bailiff for civility-money. They are indeed no more than a passport to beg with, a certificate that the owner wants five shillings, which induces well-disposed christians to charity. I now experienced what is worse than poverty, or rather what is the worst consequence of poverty, I mean, attendance and dependence on the great. Many a morning have I waited hours in the cold parlours of men of quality; where, after seeing the lowest rascals in lace and embroidery, the pimps and buffoons in fashion admitted, I have been sometimes told, on sending in my name, that my lord could not possibly see me this morning: a sufficient assurance that I should never more get entrance into that house. Sometimes I have been at last admitted; and the great man hath thought proper to excuse himself, by telling me he was *tied up*. 'Tied up,' says Adams, 'pray what's that?' Sir, says the gentleman, the profit which booksellers allowed authors for the best works, was so very small, that certain men of birth and fortune some years ago, who were the patrons of wit and learning, thought fit to encourage them farther, by entering into voluntary subscriptions for their encouragement. Thus Prior, Rowe, Pope, and some other men of genius, received large sums for their labours from the public. This seemed so easy a method of getting money, that many of the lowest scribblers of the times ventured to publish their works in the same way; and many had the assurance to take in subscriptions for what was not writ, nor ever intended. Subscriptions in this manner growing infinite, and a kind of tax on the public; some persons finding it not so easy a task to discern good from bad authors, or to know what genius was worthy encourage-

ment, and what was not, to prevent the expence of subscribing to so many, invented a method to excuse themselves from all subscriptions whatever; and this was, to receive a small sum of money in consideration of giving a large one if ever they subscribed; which many have done, and many more have pretended to have done, in order to silence all solicitation. The same method was likewise taken with playhouse tickets, which were no less a public grievance; and this is what they call being tied up from subscribing. 'I can't say but the term is apt enough' and somewhat typical,' said Adams; 'for a man of large fortune, who ties himself up, as you call it, from the encouragement of men of merit, ought to be tied up in reality.' Well, Sir, says the gentleman, to return to my story. Sometimes I have received a guinea from a man of quality, given with as ill a grace as alms are generally to the meanest beggar, and purchased too with as much time spent in attendance, as, if it had been spent in honest industry, might have brought me more profit with infinitely more satisfaction. After about two months spent in this disagreeable way with the utmost mortification, when I was pluming my hopes on the prospect of a plentiful harvest from my play, upon applying to the prompter to know when it came into rehearsal, he informed me he had received orders from the managers to return me the play again; for that they could not possibly act it that season; but if I would take it and revise it against the next, they would be glad to see it again. I snatched it from him with great indignation, and retired to my room, where I threw myself on the bed in a fit of despair. 'You should rather have thrown yourself on your knees,' says Adams; 'for despair is sinful.' As soon, continued the gentleman, as I had indulged the first tumult of my passion, I began to consider coolly what course I should take, in a situation without friends, money, credit, or reputation of any kind. After revolving many things in my mind, I could see no other possibility of furnishing myself with the miserable necessaries of life, than to retire to a garret near the Temple, and commence hackney-writer to the lawyers; for which I was well

well qualified, being an excellent penman. This purpose I resolved on, and immediately put it in execution. I had an acquaintance with an attorney who had formerly transacted affairs for me, and to him I applied: but instead of furnishing me with any business, he laughed at my undertaking, and told me, he was afraid I should turn his deeds into plays, and he should expect to see them on the stage. Not to tire you with instances of this kind from others, I found that Plato himself did not hold poets in greater abhorrence than these men of business do. Whenever I durst venture to a coffee-house, which was on Sundays only, a whisper ran round the room, which was constantly attended with a sneer—'That's poet Wilson.' For I know not whether you have observed it, but there is a malignity in the nature of man, which, when not weeded out, or at least covered by a good education and politeness, delights in making another uneasy or dissatisfied with himself. This abundantly appears in all assemblies, except those which are filled by people of fashion, and especially among the younger people of both sexes, whose birth and fortunes place them just without the polite circles; I mean, the lower class of the gentry, and the higher of the mercantile world, who are in reality the worst bred part of mankind. Well, Sir, whilst I continued in this miserable state, with scarce sufficient business to keep me from starving, the reputation of a poet being my bane, I accidentally became acquainted with a bookseller, who told me, it was a pity a man of my learning and genius should be obliged to such a method of getting his livelihood; that he had a compassion for me, and if I would engage with him, he would undertake to provide handsomely for me. A man in my circumstances, as he very well knew, had no choice. I accordingly accepted his proposal with his conditions, which were none of the most favourable, and fell to translating with all my might. I had no longer reason to lament the want of business; for he furnished me with so much, that in half a year I almost writ myself blind. I likewise contracted a distemper by my sedentary life, in which no part of my body was exercised but my right arm, which ren-

dered me incapable of writing for a long time. This unluckily happening to delay the publication of a work, and my last performance not having sold well, the bookseller declined any farther engagement, and aspersed me to his brethren as a careless, idle fellow. I had however, by having half worked and half starved myself to death, during the time I was in his service, saved a few guineas, with which I bought a lottery-ticket, resolving to throw myself into fortune's lap, and try if she would make me amends for the injuries she had done me at the gaming-table. This purchase being made, left me almost penniless; when, as if I had not been sufficiently miserable, a bailiff in woman's clothes got admittance to my chamber, whither he was directed by the bookseller. He arrested me at my taylor's suit for thirty-five pounds; a sum for which I could not procure bail, and was therefore conveyed to his house, where I was locked up in an upper chamber. I had now neither health (for I was scarce recovered from my indisposition) liberty, money, or friends; and had abandoned all hopes, and even the desire of life. 'But this could not last long,' said Adams; 'for doubtless the taylor released you the moment he was truly acquainted with your affairs, and knew that your circumstances would not permit you to pay him.' Oh, Sir, answered the gentleman, he knew that before he arrested me; nay, he knew that nothing but incapacity could prevent me paying my debts; for I had been his customer many years, had spent vast sums of money with him, and had always paid most punctually in my prosperous days: but when I reminded him of this, with assurances, that if he would not molest my endeavours, I would pay him all the money I could by my utmost labour and industry procure, reserving only what was sufficient to preserve me alive; he answered, his patience was worn out; that I had put him off from time to time; that he wanted the money; that he had put it into a lawyer's hands; and if I did not pay him immediately, or find security, I must lie in gaol, and expect no mercy. 'He may expect mercy,' cries Adams, starting from his chair, 'where he will find none. How can such a wretch repeat

‘repeat the Lord’s prayer, where the word, which is translated, I know not for what reason, *trespasses*, is in the original *debts*! and as surely as we do not forgive others their debts when they are unable to pay them; so surely shall we ourselves be unforgiven, when we are in no condition of paying.’ He ceased, and the gentleman proceeded. While I was in this deplorable situation, a former acquaintance, to whom I had communicated my lottery-ticket, found me out; and making me a visit, with great delight in his countenance, shook me heartily by the hand, and wished me joy of my good fortune: for, says he, your ticket is come up a prize of 3000*l*. Adams snapt his fingers at these words in an extasy of joy; which, however, did not continue long: for the gentleman thus proceeded. Alas! Sir, this was only a trick of fortune to sink me the deeper: for I had disposed of this lottery-ticket two days before to a relation, who refused lending me a shilling without it, in order to procure myself bread. As soon as my friend was acquainted with my unfortunate sale, he began to revile me, and remind me of the ill conduct and miscarriages of my life. He said, I was one whom fortune could not save, if she would; that I was now ruined without any hopes of retrieval, nor must expect any pity from my friends; that it would be extreme weakness to compassionate the misfortunes of a man who ran headlong to his own destruction. He then painted to me, in as lively colours as he was able, the happiness I should have now enjoyed, had I not foolishly disposed of my ticket. I urged the plea of necessity: but he made no answer to that, and began again to revile me, till I could bear it no longer, and desired him to finish his visit. I soon exchanged the bailiff’s house for a prison; where, as I had not money sufficient to procure me a separate apartment, I was crowded in with a great number of miserable wretches, in common with whom I was destitute of every convenience of life, even that which all the brutes enjoy, wholesome air. In these dreadful circumstances I applied by letter to several of my old acquaintance, and such to whom I had

formerly lent money without any great prospect of it’s being returned, for their assistance; but in vain. An excuse instead of a denial was the gentlest answer I received.—Whilst I languished in a condition too horrible to be described, and which in a land of humanity, and what is much more, christianity, seems a strange punishment for a little inadvertency and indiscretion; whilst I was in this condition, a fellow came into the prison, and enquiring me out, delivered me the following letter.

‘SIR,

‘MY father, to whom you sold your ticket in the last lottery, died the same day in which it came up a prize, as you have possibly heard, and left me sole heirs of all his fortune. I am so much touched with your present circumstances, and the uneasiness you must feel at having been driven to dispose of what might have made you happy, that I must desire your acceptance of the inclosed, and am

‘Your humble servant,

‘HARRIET HEARTY.’

And what do you think was inclosed? ‘I don’t know,’ cried Adams. ‘Not less than a guinea, I hope.’—Sir, it was a bank-note for 200*l*.—‘200*l*.’ says Adams, in a rapture!—No less, I assure you, answered the gentleman: a sum I was not half so delighted with, as with the dear name of the generous girl that sent it me; and who was not only the best, but the handsomest creature in the universe; and for whom I had long had a passion, which I never durst disclose to her. I kissed her name a thousand times, my eyes overflowing with tenderness and gratitude, I repeated—but not to detain you with these raptures, I immediately acquired my liberty; and, having paid all my debts, departed, with upwards of fifty pounds in my pocket, to thank my kind deliverer. She happened to be then out of town, a circumstance which, upon reflection, pleased me; for by that means

means I had an opportunity to appear before her in a more decent dress. At her return to town within a day or two, I threw myself at her feet with the most ardent acknowledgments, which she rejected with an unfeigned greatness of mind, and told me, I could not oblige her more than by never mentioning, or, if possible, thinking on a circumstance which must bring to my mind an accident that might be grievous to me to think on. She proceeded thus: 'What I have done is in my own eyes a trifle, and perhaps infinitely less than would have become me to do. And if you think of engaging in any business, where a larger sum may be serviceable to you, I shall not be over-rigid, either as to the security or interest.' I endeavoured to express all the gratitude in my power to this profusion of goodness, though perhaps it was my enemy, and began to afflict my mind with more agonies than all the miseries I had underwent; it affected me with severer reflections than poverty, distress, and prisons united, had been able to make me feel: for, Sir, these acts and professions of kindness, which were sufficient to have raised in a good heart the most violent passion of friendship to one of the same, or to age and ugliness in a different sex, came to me from a woman, a young and beautiful woman, one whose perfections I had long known; and for whom I had long conceived a violent passion, though with a despair which made me endeavour rather to curb and conceal, than to nourish and acquaint her with it. In short, they came upon me united with beauty, softness, and tenderness, such bewitching smiles—O, Mr. Adams, in that moment I lost myself; and forgetting our different situations, nor considering what return I was making to her goodness, by desiring her, who had given me so much, to bestow her all, I laid gently hold on her hand, and, conveying it to my lips, I prest it with inconceivable ardour; then, lifting up my swimming eyes, I saw her face and neck overspread with one blush; she offered to withdraw her hand, yet not so as to deliver it from mine, though I held it with the gentlest force. We both stood trembling, her eyes cast on the ground, and mine stedfastly fixed on

her. Good God, what was then the condition of my soul! burning with love, desire, admiration, gratitude, and every tender passion, all bent on one charming object! Passion at last got the better of both reason and respect, and softly letting go her hand, I offered madly to clasp her in my arms; when a little recovering herself, she started from me, asking me, with some shew of anger, if she had any reason to expect this treatment from me. I then fell prostrate before her, and told her, if I had offended, my life was absolutely in her power, which I would in any manner lose for her sake. 'Nay, Madam,' said I, 'you shall not be so ready to punish me, as I to suffer. I own my guilt. I detest the reflection that I would have sacrificed your happiness to mine. Believe me, I sincerely repent my ingratitude; yet believe me too, it was my passion, my unbounded passion for you, which hurried me so far. I have loved you long and tenderly; and the goodness you have shewn me, hath innocently weighed down a wretch undone before. Acquaint me of all mean, mercenary views; and, before I take my leave of you for ever, which I am resolved instantly to do, believe me, that fortune could have raised me to no height to which I could not have gladly lifted you. O curse be fortune'——'Do not,' says she, interrupting me with the sweetest voice, 'do not curse fortune, since she hath made me happy; and, if she hath put your happiness in my power, I have told you, you shall ask nothing in reason which I will refuse.'——'Madam,' said I, 'you mistake me, if you imagine, as you seem, my happiness is in the power of fortune now. You have obliged me too much already; if I have any wish, it is for some blest accident, by which I may contribute with my life to the least augmentation of your felicity. As for myself, the only happiness I can ever have, will be hearing of yours; and if fortune will make that complete, I will forgive her all her wrongs to me.'——'You may indeed,' answered she smiling, 'for your own happiness must be included in mine. I have long known your worth; nay, I must confess,' said she

she blushing, 'I have long discovered that passion for me you profess, notwithstanding those endeavours which I am convinced were unaffected, to conceal it; and if all I can give with reason will not suffice—take reason away—and now I believe you cannot ask me what I will deny.'—She uttered these words with a sweetness not to be imagined. I immediately started; my blood, which lay freezing at my heart, rushed tumultuously through every vein. I stood for a moment silent; then, flying to her, I caught her in my arms, no longer resisting—and softly told her, she must give me then herself.—O Sir—Can I describe her look! she remained silent, and almost motionless, several minutes. At last, recovering herself a little, she insisted on my leaving her, and in such a manner, that I instantly obeyed: you may imagine, however, I soon saw her again.—But I ask pardon; I fear I have detained you too long in relating the particulars of the former interview. 'So far otherwise,' said Adams, licking his lips, 'that I could willingly hear it over again.' Well, Sir, continued the gentleman, to be as concise as possible, within a week she consented to make me the happiest of mankind. We were married shortly after; and when I came to examine the circumstances of my wife's fortune, (which I do assure you I was not presently at leisure enough to do) I found it amounted to about six thousand pounds, most part of which lay in effects; for her father had been a wine-merchant, and she seemed willing, if I liked it, that I should carry on the same trade. I readily, and too inconsiderately undertook it: for, not having been bred up to the secrets of the business, and endeavouring to deal with the utmost honesty and uprightness, I soon found our fortune in a declining way, and my trade decreasing by little and little: for my wines, which I never adulterated after their importation, and were sold as neat as they came over, were universally decried by the vintners, to whom I could not allow them quite as cheap as those who gained double the profit by a less price. I soon began to despair of improving our fortune by these means; nor was I at all easy at the visits and familiarity of many who had been my

acquaintance in my prosperity, but denied and shunned me in my adversity, and now very forwardly renewed their acquaintance with me. In short, I had sufficiently seen, that the pleasures of the world are chiefly folly, and the business of it mostly knavery; and both, nothing better than vanity: the men of pleasure tearing one another to pieces, from the emulation of spending money; and the men of business from envy in getting it. My happiness consisted entirely in my wife, whom I loved with an inexpressible fondness, which was perfectly returned; and my prospects were no other than to provide for our growing family; for she was now big of her second child: I therefore took an opportunity to ask her opinion of entering into a retired life, which, after hearing my reasons, and perceiving my affection for it, she readily embraced. We soon put our small fortune, now reduced under three thousand pounds, into money, with part of which we purchased this little place, whither we retired soon after her delivery, from a world full of bustle, noise, hatred, envy, and ingratitude, to ease, quiet, and love. We have here lived almost twenty years, with little other conversation than our own, most of the neighbourhood taking us for very strange people; the squire of the parish representing me as a madman, and the parson as a presbyterian; because I will not hunt with the one, nor drink with the other. 'Sir,' says Adams, 'fortune hath, I think, paid you all her debts in this sweet retirement.' Sir, replied the gentleman, I am thankful to the great Author of all things for the blessings I here enjoy. I have the best of wives, and three pretty children, for whom I have the true tenderness of a parent; but no blessings are pure in this world. Within three years of my arrival here I lost my eldest son. [Here he sighed bitterly.] 'Sir,' says Adams, 'we must submit to Providence, and consider death as common to all.' We must submit, indeed, answered the gentleman; and if he had died, I could have borne the loss with patience: but alas! Sir, he was stolen away from my door by some wicked travelling people whom they call gipsies; nor could I ever with the

most

most diligent search recover him. Poor child! he had the sweetest look, the exact picture of his mother! at which some tears unwittingly dropt from his eyes, as did likewise from those of Adams, who always sympathised with his friends on those occasions. Thus, Sir, said the gentleman, I have finished my story; in which, if I have been too particular, I ask your pardon; and now, if you please, I will fetch you another bottle; which proposal the parson thankfully accepted.

CHAP. IV.

A DESCRIPTION OF MR. WILSON'S WAY OF LIVING. THE TRAGIC ADVENTURE OF THE DOG, AND OTHER GRAVE MATTERS.

THE gentleman returned with the bottle; and Adams and he sat some time silent, when the former started up and cried, 'No, that won't do.' The gentleman enquired into his meaning: he answered, he had been considering that it was possible the late famous King Theodore might have been that very son whom he had lost; but added, that his age could not answer that imagination. 'However,' says he, 'God disposes all things for the best, and very probably he may be some great man, or duke, and may, one day or other, revisit you in that capacity.' The gentleman answered, he should know him among ten thousand; for he had a mark on his left-breast of a strawberry, which his mother had given him by longing for that fruit.

That beautiful young lady the morning, now rose from her bed, and with a countenance blooming with fresh youth and sprightliness, like Miss —, with soft dews hanging on her pouting lips, began to take her early walk over the eastern hills; and presently after, that gallant person the sun, stole softly from his wife's chamber, to pay his addresses to her; when the gentleman asked his guest if he would walk forth and survey his little garden, which he readily agreed to; and Joseph at the same time awaking from a sleep in which he had been two hours

buried, went with them. No parterres, no fountains, no statues, embellished this little garden. It's only ornament was a short walk, shaded on each side by a filbert hedge, with a small alcove at one end, whither in hot weather the gentleman and his wife used to retire, and divert themselves with their children, who played in the walk before them: but though vanity had no votary in this little spot, here was variety of fruit, and every thing useful for the kitchen, which was abundantly sufficient to catch the admiration of Adams, who told the gentleman he had certainly a good gardener. Sir, answered he, that gardener is now before you; whatever you see here, is the work solely of my own hands. Whilst I am providing necessaries for my table, I likewise procure myself an appetite for them. In fair seasons, I seldom pass less than six hours of the twenty-four in this place, where I am not idle; and by these means I have been able to preserve my health ever since my arrival here without assistance from physic. Hither I generally repair at the dawn, and exercise myself, whilst my wife dresses her children, and prepares our breakfast; after which we are seldom asunder during the residue of the day; for when the weather will not permit them to accompany me here, I am usually within with them; for I am neither ashamed of conversing with my wife, nor of playing with my children: to say the truth, I do not perceive that inferiority of understanding which the levity of rakes, the dulness of men of business, or the austerity of the learned, would persuade us of in women. As for my woman, I declare I have found none of my own sex capable of making juster observations on life, or of delivering them more agreeably; nor do I believe any one possessed of a faithfuller or braver friend. And sure as this friendship is sweetened with more delicacy and tenderness; so it is confirmed by dearer pledges than can attend the closest male alliance: for what union can be so fast, as our common interests in the fruits of our embraces! Perhaps, Sir, you are not yourself a father; if you are not, be assured you cannot conceive the delight

I have in my little ones. Would you not despise me, if you saw me stretched on the ground, and my children playing round me? 'I should reverence the sight,' quoth Adams. 'I myself am now the father of six, and have been of eleven; and I can say I never scourged a child of my own, unless as his school-master, and then have felt every stroke on my own posteriors. And as to what you say concerning women, I have often lamented my own wife did not understand Greek.' The gentleman smiled, and answered, he would not be apprehended to insinuate that his own had an understanding above the care of her family; on the contrary, says he, my Harriet, I assure you, is a notable housewife, and the housekeepers of few gentlemen understand cookery or confectionary better; but these are arts which she hath no great occasion for now: however, the wine you commended so much last night at supper, was of her own making, as is indeed all the liquor in my house, except my beer, which falls to my province. 'And I assure you it is as excellent,' quoth Adams, 'as ever I tasted.' We formerly kept a maid-servant, but since my girls have been growing up, she is unwilling to indulge them in idleness; for as the fortunes I shall give them will be very small, we intend not to breed them above the rank they are likely to fill hereafter, nor to teach them to despise or ruin a plain husband. Indeed I could wish a man of my own temper, and a retired life, might fall to their lot: for I have experienced that calm serene happiness which is seated in content, is inconsistent with the hurry and bustle of the world. He was proceeding thus, when the little things, being just risen, ran eagerly towards him, and asked his blessing: they were shy to the strangers; but the eldest acquainted her father, that her mother and the young gentlewoman were up, and that breakfast was ready. They all went in, where the gentleman was surprised at the beauty of Fanny, who had now recovered herself from her fatigue, and was entirely clean dressed: for the rogues who had taken away her purse, had left her her bundle. But if he was so much amazed at the beauty of this young creature, his guests were no less charmed

at the tenderness which appeared in the behaviour of the husband and wife to each other, and to their children, and at the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of these to their parents. These instances pleased the well-disposed mind of Adams equally with the readiness which they expressed to oblige their guests, and their forwardness to offer them the best of every thing in their house; and what delighted him still more, was an instance or two of their charity: for whilst they were at breakfast, the good woman was called for to assist her sick neighbour, which she did with some cordials made for the public use; and the good man went into his garden at the same time, to supply another with something which he wanted thence; for they had nothing which those who wanted it were not welcome to. These good people were in the utmost cheerfulness, when they heard the report of a gun; and immediately afterwards a little dog, the favourite of the eldest daughter, came limping in all bloody, and laid himself at his mistress's feet: the poor girl, who was about eleven years old, burst into tears at the sight; and presently one of the neighbours came in and informed them that the young squire, the son of the lord of the manor, had shot him as he passed by, swearing at the same time he would prosecute the master of him for keeping a spaniel; for that he had given notice he would not suffer one in the parish. The dog, whom his mistress had taken into her lap, died in a few minutes, licking her hand. She expressed great agony at her loss; and the other children began to cry for their sister's misfortune, nor could Fanny herself refrain. Whilst the father and mother attempted to comfort her, Adams grasped his crabitick, and would have sallied out after the squire, had not Joseph withheld him. He could not however bridle his tongue—he pronounced the word rascal with great emphasis; said he deserved to be hanged more than a highwayman, and wished he had the scourging him. The mother took her child lamenting and carrying the dead favourite in her arms out of the room, when the gentleman said, this was the second time this squire had endeavoured to kill the little wretch, and had wounded him smartly

smartly once before; adding, he could have no motive but ill-nature; for the little thing, which was not near as big as one's fist, had never been twenty yards from the house in the six years his daughter had had it. He said he had done nothing to deserve this usage: but his father had too great a fortune to contend with. That he was as absolute as any tyrant in the universe, and had killed all the dogs, and taken away all the guns in the neighbourhood; and not only that, but he trampled down hedges, and rode over corn and gardens, with no more regard than if they were the highway. 'I wish I could catch him in my garden,' says Adams; 'though I would rather forgive him riding through my house, than such an ill-natured act as this.'

The cheerfulness of their conversation being interrupted by this accident, in which the guests could be of no service to their kind entertainer, and as the mother was taken up in administering consolation to the poor girl, whose disposition was too good hastily to forget the sudden loss of her little favourite, which had been fondling with her a few minutes before; and as Joseph and Fanny were impatient to get home, and begin those previous ceremonies to their happiness, which Adams had insisted on, they now offered to take their leave. The gentleman importuned them much to stay dinner: but when he found their eagerness to depart, he summoned his wife, and accordingly having performed all the usual ceremonies of bows and curtsies, more pleasant to be seen than to be related, they took their leave; the gentleman and his wife heartily wishing them a good journey, and they as heartily thanking them for their kind entertainment. They then departed; Adams declaring, that this was the manner in which the people had lived in the golden age.

CHAP. V.

ADISPUTATION ON SCHOOLS, HELD ON THE ROAD BETWEEN MR. ABRAHAM ADAMS AND JOSEPH; AND A DISCOVERY NOT UNWELCOME TO THEM BOTH.

OUR travellers having well refreshed themselves at the gentle-

man's house, Joseph and Fanny with sleep, and Mr. Abraham Adams with ale and tobacco, renewed their journey with great alacrity; and, pursuing the road into which they were directed, travelled many miles before they met with any adventure worth relating. In this interval we shall present our readers with a very curious discourse, as we apprehend it, concerning public schools, which passed between Mr. Joseph Andrews and Mr. Abraham Adams.

They had not gone far, before Adams calling to Joseph, asked him if he had attended to the gentleman's story: he answered, to all the former part. 'And don't you think,' says he, 'he was a very unhappy man in his youth?'—'A very unhappy man indeed,' answered the other. 'Joseph,' cries Adams, screwing up his mouth, 'I have found it; I have discovered the cause of all the misfortunes which befel him. A public school, Joseph, was the cause of all the calamities which he afterwards suffered. Public schools are the nursery of all vice and immorality. All the wicked fellows whom I remember at the university were bred at them. Ah, Lord! I can remember as well as if it was but yesterday, a knot of them; they called them king's scholars, I forget why;—very wicked fellows! Joseph, you may thank the Lord you were not bred at a public school, you would never have preserved your virtue as you have. The first care I always take, is of a boy's morals; I had rather he should be a blockhead than an atheist or a presbyterian. What is all the learning in the world, compared to his immortal soul! What shall a man take in exchange for his soul! But the masters of great schools trouble themselves about no such thing. I have known a lad of eighteen at the university, who hath not been able to say his catechism: but for my own part, I always scourged a lad sooner for missing that than any other lesson. Believe me, child, all that gentleman's misfortunes arose from his being educated at a public school.'

'It doth not become me,' answered Joseph, 'to dispute any thing, Sir, with you, especially a matter of this kind;

'kind; for to be sure you must be allowed by all the world to be the best teacher of a school in all our county.'—'Yes, that,' says Adams, 'I believe is granted me; that I may without much vanity pretend to: nay, I believe I may go to the next county too—but *gloriari non est meum*.'—'However, Sir, as you are pleased to bid me speak,' says Joseph, 'you know, my late master, Sir Thomas Booby, was bred at a public school, and he was the finest gentleman in all the neighbourhood. And I have often heard him say, if he had a hundred boys, he would breed them all at the same place. It was his opinion, and I have often heard him deliver it, that a boy taken from a public school, and carried into the world, will learn more in one year there, than one of a private education will in five. He used to say, the school itself initiated him a great way, (I remember that was his very expression) for great schools are little societies, where a boy of any observation may see in epitome what he will afterwards find in the world at large.'—*Hint illæ lachrymæ*; for that very reason,' quoth Adams, 'I prefer a private school, where boys may be kept in innocence and ignorance; for, according to that fine passage in the play of Cato, the only English tragedy I ever read,

'If knowledge of the world must make
'men villains,
'May Juba ever live in ignorance.

'Who would not rather preserve the purity of his child, than wish him to attain the whole circle of arts and sciences; which, by the bye, he may learn in the classes of a private school? For I would not be vain, but I esteem myself to be second to none, *nulli secundum*, in teaching these things; so that a lad may have as much learning in a private as in a public education.'—'And with submission,' answered Joseph, 'he may get as much vice; witness several country gentlemen, who were educated within five miles of their own houses, and are as wicked as if they had known the world from their infancy. I remember when I

was in the stable, if a young horse was vicious in his nature, no correction would make him otherwise; I take it to be equally the same among men: if a boy be of a mischievous, wicked inclination, no school, though ever so private, will ever make him good; on the contrary, if he be of a righteous temper, you may trust him to London, or wherever else you please, he will be in no danger of being corrupted. Besides, I have often heard my master say, that the discipline practised in public schools was much better than that in private.'—'You talk like a jackanapes,' says Adams, 'and so did your master. Discipline, indeed! because one man scourges twenty or thirty boys more in a morning than another, is he therefore a better disciplinarian! I do presume to confer in this point with all who have taught from Chiron's time to this day; and, if I was master of six boys only, I would preserve as good discipline amongst them as the master of the greatest school in the world. I say nothing, young man; remember, I say nothing; but if Sir Thomas himself had been educated nearer home, and under the tuition of somebody, (remember I name nobody) it might have been better for him—but his father must institute him in the knowledge of the world. *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*.' Joseph, seeing him run on in this manner, asked pardon many times, assuring him he had no intention to offend. 'I believe you had not, child,' said he, 'and I am not angry with you: but for maintaining good discipline in a school; for this'—And then he ran on as before, named all the masters who are recorded in old books, and preferred himself to them all. Indeed, if this good man had an enthusiasm, or what the vulgar call a blind side, it was this: he thought a schoolmaster the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest of all schoolmasters, neither of which points he would have given up to Alexander the Great at the head of his army.

Adams continued his subject till they came to one of the beautifullest spots of ground in the universe. It was a kind of natural amphitheatre, formed

formed by the winding of a small rivulet, which was planted with thick woods, and the trees rose gradually above each other by the natural ascent of the ground they stood on; which ascent as they hid with their boughs, they seemed to have been disposed by the design of the most skilful planter. The soil was spread with a verdure which no paint could imitate; and the whole place might have raised romantic ideas in elder minds than those of Joseph and Fanny, without the assistance of love.

Here they arrived about noon, and Joseph proposed to Adams that they should rest a while in this delightful place, and refresh themselves with some provisions which the good-nature of Mrs. Wilson had provided them with. Adams made no objection to the proposal; so down they sat, and pulling out a cold fowl, and a bottle of wine, they made a repast with a cheerfulness which might have attracted the envy of more splendid tables. I should not omit, that they found among their provision a little paper, containing a piece of gold, which Adams imagining had been put there by mistake, would have returned back to restore it; but he was at last convinced by Joseph, that Mr. Wilson had taken this handsome way of furnishing them with a supply for their journey, on his having related the distress which they had been in, when they were relieved by the generosity of the pedlar. Adams said, he was glad to see such an instance of goodness, not so much for the convenience which it brought them, as for the sake of the doer, whose reward would be great in heaven. He likewise comforted himself with a reflection, that he should shortly have an opportunity of returning it him; for the gentleman was within a week to make a journey into Somersetshire, to pass through Adams's parish, and had faithfully promised to call on him: a circumstance which we thought too immaterial to mention before; but which those who have as great an affection for that gentleman as ourselves, will rejoice at, as it may give them hopes of seeing him again. Then Joseph made a speech on charity, which the reader, if he is so disposed, may see in the next chapter; for we scorn to betray him into any

such reading, without first giving him warning.

C H A P. VI.

MORAL REFLECTIONS, BY JOSEPH ANDREWS; WITH THE HUNTING ADVENTURE, AND PARSON ADAMS'S MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

I Have often wondered, Sir, said Joseph, to observe so few instances of charity among mankind; for though the goodness of a man's heart did not incline him to relieve the distresses of his fellow-creatures, methinks the desire of honour should move him to it. What inspires a man to build fine houses, to purchase fine furniture, pictures, cloaths, and other things, at a great expence, but an ambition to be respected more than other people? Now, would not one great act of charity, one instance of redeeming a poor family from all the miseries of poverty, restoring an unfortunate tradesman by a sum of money to the means of procuring a livelihood by his industry, discharging an undone debtor from his debts or a gaol, or any such like example of goodness, create a man more honour and respect than he could acquire by the finest house, furniture, pictures or clothes, that were ever beheld? For not only the object himself, who was thus relieved, but all who heard the name of such a person, must, I imagine, reverence him infinitely more than the possessor of all those other things: which when we so admire, we rather praise the builder, the workman, the painter, the lace-maker, the taylor, and the rest, by whose ingenuity they are produced, than the person who by his money makes them his own. For my own part, when I have waited behind my lady in a room hung with fine pictures, while I have been looking at them I have never once thought of their owner, nor hath any one else, as I ever observed; for when it hath been asked whose picture that was, it was never once answered, the master's of the house; but Ammyconni, Paul Varnish, Hannibal Scratchi, or Hogarthi, which I suppose were the names of the painters: but if it was asked, who redeemed such a one out of prison;

son; who lent such a ruined tradesman money to set up; who cloathed that family of poor small children: it is very plain what must be the answer. And besides, these great folks are mistaken, if they imagine they get any honour at all by these means; for I do not remember I ever was with my lady at any house where she commended the house or furniture, but I have heard her at her return home make sport and jeer at whatever she had before commended: and I have been told by other gentlemen in livery, that it is the same in their families: but I defy the wisest man in the world to turn a true good action into ridicule: I defy him to do it. He who should endeavour it, would be laughed at himself, instead of making others laugh. Nobody scarce doth any good, yet they all agree in praising those who do. Indeed it is strange that all men should consent in commending goodness, and no man endeavour to deserve that commendation; whilst, on the contrary, all rail at wickedness, and all are as eager to be what they abuse. This I know not the reason of; but it is as plain as day-light to those who converse in the world, as I have done these three years. 'Are all the great folks wicked then?' says Fanny. To be sure there are some exceptions, answered Joseph. Some gentlemen of our cloth report charitable actions done by their lords and masters; and I have heard Squire Pope, the great poet, at my lady's table, tell stories of a man that lived at a place called Rofs, and another at the Bath, one Al—— Al—— I forget his name, but it is in the book of verses. This gentleman hath built up a stately house too, which the squire likes very well; but his charity is seen farther than his house, though it stands on a hill, aye, and brings him more honour too. It was his charity that put him in the book, where the squire says he puts all those who deserve it; and to be sure, as he lives among all the great people, if there were any such, he would know them.—This was all of Mr. Joseph Andrews's speech, which I could get him to recollect, which I have delivered as near as was possible in his own words, with a very small embellishment. But I believe the reader

hath not been a little surprised at the long silence of parson Adams, especially as so many occasions offered themselves to exert his curiosity and observation. The truth is, he was fast asleep, and had been so from the beginning of the preceding narrative; and indeed if the reader considers that so many hours had past since he had closed his eyes, he will not wonder at his repose, though even Henley himself, or as great an orator, (if any such be) had been in his rostrum or tub before him.

Joseph, who, whilst he was speaking, had continued in one attitude, with his head reclining on one side, and his eyes cast on the ground, no sooner perceived, on looking up, the position of Adams, who was stretched on his back, and snored louder than the usual braying of the animal with long ears, than he turned towards Fanny, and, taking her by the hand, began a dalliance, which, though consistent with the purest innocence and decency, neither he would have attempted, nor she permitted, before any witness. Whilst they amused themselves in this harmless and delightful manner, they heard a pack of hounds approaching in full cry towards them; and presently afterwards saw a hare pop forth from the wood, and, crossing the water, land within a few yards of them in the meadows. The hare was no sooner on shore, than it seated itself on it's hinder legs, and listened to the sound of the pursuers. Fanny was wonderfully pleased with the little wretch, and eagerly longed to have it in her arms, that she might preserve it from the dangers which seemed to threaten it: but the rational part of the creation do not always aptly distinguish their friends from their foes; what wonder then, if this silly creature, the moment it beheld her, fled from the friend, who would have protected it, and traversing the meadows again, past the little rivulet on the opposite side! It was however so spent and weak, that it fell down twice or thrice in it's way. This affected the tender heart of Fanny, who exclaimed, with tears in her eyes, against the barbarity of worrying a poor innocent defenceless animal out of it's life, and putting it to the extremest torture for diversion.

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She had not much time to make reflections of this kind; for on a sudden the hounds rushed through the wood, which resounded with their throats, and the throats of their *retinue*, who attended on them on horseback. The dogs now past the rivulet, and pursued the footsteps of the hare; five horsemen attempted to leap over, three of whom succeeded, and two were in the attempt thrown from their saddles into the water: their companions, and their own horses too, proceeded after their sport, and left their friends and riders to invoke the assistance of fortune, or employ the more active means of strength and agility for their deliverance. Joseph however was not so unconcerned on this occasion; he left Fanny for a moment to herself, and ran to the gentlemen, who were immediately on their legs, shaking their ears, and easily, with the help of his hand, attained the bank, for the rivulet was not at all deep; and without staying to thank their kind assister, ran dripping across the meadow, calling to their brother sportsmen to stop their horses: but they heard them not.

The hounds were now very little behind their poor reeling, staggering prey, which, fainting almost at every step, crawled through the wood, and had almost got round to the place where Fanny stood, when it was overtaken by its enemies; and, being driven out of the covert, was caught, and instantly tore to pieces before Fanny's face, who was unable to assist it with any aid more powerful than pity; nor could she prevail on Joseph, who had been himself a sportsman in his youth, to attempt any thing contrary to the laws of hunting, in favour of the hare, which he said was killed fairly.

The hare was caught within a yard or two of Adams, who lay asleep at some distance from the lovers; and the hounds in devouring it, and pulling it backwards and forwards, had drawn it so close to him, that some of them (by mistake perhaps for the hare's skin) had laid hold of the skirts of his cassock; others at the same time applying their teeth to his wig, which he had with a handkerchief fastened to his head, began to pull him about; and had not the motion of his body had more effect on him than seemed to

be wrought by the noise, they must certainly have tasted his flesh, which delicious flavour might have been fatal to him: but being roused by these tuggings, he instantly awaked, and with a jerk delivering his head from his wig, he with most admirable dexterity recovered his legs, which now seemed the only members he could entrust his safety to. Having therefore escaped likewise from at least a third part of his cassock, which he willingly left as his exuvia or spoils to the enemy, he fled with the utmost speed he could summon to his assistance. Nor let this be any detraction from the bravery of his character; let the number of the enemies, and the surprise in which he was taken, be considered; and if there be any modern so outrageously brave, that he cannot admit of flight in any circumstance whatever, I say, (but I whisper that softly, and I solemnly declare, without any intention of giving offence to any brave man in the nation) I say, or rather I whisper, that he is an ignorant fellow, and hath never read Homer nor Virgil, nor knows he any thing of Hector or Turnus; nay, he is unacquainted with the history of some great men living, who, though as brave as lions, aye, as tigers, have run away, the Lord knows how far; and the Lord knows why, to the surprise of their friends, and the entertainment of their enemies. But if persons of such heroic dispositions are a little offended at the behaviour of Adams, we assure them they shall be as much pleased with what we shall immediately relate of Joseph Andrews. The master of the pack was just arrived, or, as the sportsmen call it, *come in*, when Adams set out, as we have before mentioned. This gentleman was generally said to be a great lover of humour; but not to mince the matter, especially as we are upon this subject, he was a great *hunter of men*: indeed he had hitherto followed the sport only with dogs of his own species; for he kept two or three couple of barking curs for that use only. However, as he thought he had now found a man nimble enough, he was willing to indulge himself with other sport, and accordingly crying out, *Stole away*, encouraged the hounds to pursue

pursue Mr. Adams, swearing it was the largest Jack-hare he ever saw; at the same time hallooing and hooping as if a conquer'd foe was flying before him; in which he was imitated by those two or three couple of human, or rather two-legged curs on horseback, which we have mentioned before.

Now thou, whoever thou art, whether a muse, or by what other name soever thou chusest to be called, who presideest over biography, and hast inspired all the writers of lives in these our times; thou who didst infuse such wonderful humour into the pen of immortal Gulliver; who hast carefully guided the judgment, whilst thou hast exalted the nervous manly style of thy Mallet; thou who hadst no hand in that dedication and preface, or the translations which thou wouldst willingly have struck out of the life of Cicero; lastly, thou who without the assistance of the least spice of literature, and even against his inclination, hast, in some pages of his book, forced Colley Cibber to write English; do thou assist me in what I find myself unequal to. Do thou introduce on the plain, the young, the gay, the brave Joseph Andrews; whilst men shall view him with admiration and envy, tender virgins with love and anxious concern for his safety.

No sooner did Joseph Andrews perceive the distress of his friend, when first the quick-scented dogs attacked him, than he grasped his cudgel in his right-hand, a cudgel which his father had of his grandfather, to whom a mighty strong man of Kent had given it for a present in that day, when he broke three heads on the stage. It was a cudgel of mighty strength and wonderful art, made by one of Mr. Deard's best workmen, whom no other artificer can equal; and who hath made all those sticks which the beaus have lately walked with about the park in a morning: but this was far his masterpiece; on it's head was engraved a nose and chin, which might have been mistaken for a pair of nut-crackers. The learned have imagined it designed to represent the Gorgon: but it was in fact copied from the face of a certain old English baronet of infinite wit, humour, and gravity. He did intend to have engraved here many

histories: as the first night of Captain B——'s play, where you would have seen critics in embroidery transplanted from the boxes to the pit, whose ancient inhabitants were exalted to the galleries, where they played on catcalls. He did intend to have painted an auction-room, where Mr. Cock would have appeared aloft in his pulpit, trumpeting forth the praises of a china basin; and with astonishment wondering that *nobody bids more for that fine, that superb*—he did intend to have engraved many other things, but was forced to leave out all for want of room.

No sooner had Joseph grasped his cudgel in his hands, than lightning darted from his eyes; and the heroic youth, swift of foot, ran with the utmost speed to his friend's assistance. He overtook him just as Rockwood had laid hold of the skirt of his calstock, which being torn, hung to the ground. Reader, we would make a simile on this occasion, but for two reasons; the first is, it would interrupt the description, which should be rapid in this part; but that doth not weigh much, many precedents occurring for such an interruption: the second, and much the greater reason is, that we could find no simile adequate to our purpose; for indeed, what instance could we bring to set before our reader's eyes at once the idea of friendship, courage, youth, beauty, strength and swiftness; all which blazed in the person of Joseph Andrews. Let those therefore that describe lions and tigers, and heroes fiercer than both, raise their poems or plays with the simile of Joseph Andrews, who is himself above the reach of any simile.

Now Rockwood had laid fast hold on the parson's skirt, and stopt his flight; which Joseph no sooner perceived, than he levelled his cudgel at his head, and laid him sprawling. Jowler and Ringwood then fell on his great-coat, and had undoubtedly brought him to the ground, had not Joseph, collecting all his force, given Jowler such a rap on the back, that quitting his hold he ran howling over the plain. A harder fate remained for thee, O Ringwood, Ringwood, the best hound that ever pursued a hare, who never threw his tongue but where the scent was undoubtedly true; good

good at trailing, and sure in a high-way, no babbler, no over-runner, respected by the whole pack: for, whenever he opened, they knew the game was at hand. He fell by the stroke of Joseph. Thunder, and Plunder, and Wonder, and Blunder, were the next victims of his wrath, and measured their lengths on the ground. Then Fairmaid, a bitch which Mr. John Temple had bred up in his house, and fed at his own table, and lately sent the squire fifty miles for a present, ran fiercely at Joseph, and bit him by the leg; no dog was ever fiercer than she, being descended from an Amazonian breed, and had worried bulls in her own country, but now waged an unequal fight; and had shared the fate of those we have mentioned before, had not Diana (the reader may believe it or not as he pleases) in that instant interposed, and in the shape of the huntsman snatched her favourite up in her arms.

The parson now faced about, and with his crabstick felled many to the earth, and scattered others, till he was attacked by Cæsar, and pulled to the ground. Then Joseph flew to his rescue, and with such might fell on the victor, that, O eternal blot to his name! Cæsar ran yelping away.

The battle now raged with the most dreadful violence, when lo! the huntsman, a man of years and dignity, lifted his voice, and called his hounds from the fight; telling them in a language they understood, that it was in vain to contend longer, for that fate had decreed the victory to their enemies.

Thus far the muse hath with her usual dignity related this prodigious battle, a battle we apprehend never equalled by any poet, romance, or life-writer whatever; and having brought it to a conclusion she ceased: we shall therefore proceed in our ordinary style with the continuation of this history. The squire and his companions, whom the figure of Adams, and the gallantry of Joseph, had at first thrown into a violent fit of laughter, and who had hitherto beheld the engagement with more delight than any chace, shooting-match, race, cock-fighting, bull or bear-baiting had ever given them, began now to

apprehend the danger of their hounds, many of which lay sprawling in the fields. The squire therefore having first called his friends about him, as guards for safety of his person, rode manfully up to the combatants, and summoning all the terror he was master of into his countenance, demanded with an authoritative voice of Joseph, what he meant by assaulting his dogs in that manner. Joseph answered with great intrepidity, that they had first fallen on his friend, and if they had belonged to the greatest man in the kingdom, he would have treated them in the same way; for whilst his veins contained a single drop of blood, he would not stand idle by, and see that gentleman (pointing to Adams) abused either by man or beast; and having so said, both he and Adams brandished their wooden weapons, and put themselves into such a posture, that the squire and his company thought proper to preponderate, before they offered to revenge the cause of their four-footed allies.

At this instant Fanny, whom the apprehension of Joseph's danger had alarmed so much, that forgetting her own, she had made the utmost expedition, came up. The squire and all the horsemen were so surprised with her beauty, that they immediately fixed both their eyes and thoughts solely on her, every one declaring he had never seen so charming a creature. Neither mirth nor anger engaged them a moment longer; but all sat in silent amaze. The huntsman only was free from her attraction, who was busy in cutting the ears of the dogs, and endeavouring to recover them to life; in which he succeeded so well, that only two of no great note remained slaughtered on the field of action. Upon this the huntsman declared, 'twas well it was no worse; for his part he could not blame the gentleman, and wondered his master would encourage the dogs to hunt christians; that it was the surest way to spoil them, to make them follow *vermin* instead of sticking to a hare.

The squire being informed of the little mischief that had been done, and perhaps having more mischief of another kind in his head, accosted Mr. Adams with a more favourable

aspect than before: he told him he was sorry for what had happened; that he had endeavoured all he could to prevent it the moment he was acquainted with his cloth, and greatly commended the courage of his servant; for so he imagined Joseph to be. He then invited Mr. Adams to dinner, and desired the young woman might come with him. Adams refused a long while; but the invitation was repeated with so much earnestness and courtesy, that at length he was forced to accept it. His wig and hat, and other spoils of the field, being gathered together by Joseph (for otherwise probably they would have been forgotten) he put himself into the best order he could; and then the horse and foot moved forward in the same pace towards the squire's house, which stood at a very little distance.

Whilst they were on the road, the lovely Fanny attracted the eyes of all; they endeavoured to outvie one another in encomiums on her beauty; which the reader will pardon my not relating, as they had not any thing new or uncommon in them: so must he likewise my not setting down the many curious jests which were made on Adams; some of them declaring that parson-hunting was the best sport in the world; others commending his standing at bay, which they said he had done as well as any badger; with such like merriment, which, though it would ill become the dignity of this history, afforded much laughter and diversion to the squire and his facetious companions.

CH A. P. VII.

A SCENE OF ROASTING, VERY NICELY ADAPTED TO THE PRESENT TASTE AND TIMES.

THEY arrived at the squire's house just as his dinner was ready. A little dispute arose on the account of Fanny, whom the squire, who was a batchelor, was desirous to place at his own table: but she would not consent, nor would Mr. Adams permit her to be parted from Joseph: so that she was at length with him consigned over to the kitchen, where

the servants were ordered to make him drunk; a favour which was likewise intended for Adams: which design being executed, the squire thought he should easily accomplish what he had, when he first saw her, intended to perpetrate with Fanny.

It may not be improper, before we proceed farther, to open a little the character of this gentleman and that of his friends. The master of this house then was a man of a very considerable fortune; a batchelor, as we have said, and about forty years of age: he had been educated (if we may here use the expression) in the country, and at his own home, under the care of his mother, and a tutor who had orders never to correct him, nor to compel him to learn more than he liked, which it seems was very little, and that only in his childhood; for from the age of fifteen he addicted himself entirely to hunting and other rural amusements, for which his mother took care to equip him with horses, hounds, and all other necessaries: and his tutor, endeavouring to ingratiate himself with his young pupil, who would, he knew, be able handsomely to provide for him, became his companion, not only at these exercises, but likewise over a bottle, which the young squire had a very early relish for. At the age of twenty, his mother began to think she had not fulfilled the duty of a parent; she therefore resolved to persuade her son, if possible, to that which she imagined would well supply all that he might have learned at a public school or university. This is what they commonly call *travelling*; which, with the help of a tutor, who was fixed on to attend him, she easily succeeded in. He made in three years the tour of Europe, as they term it, and returned home well furnished with French clothes, phrases and servants, with a hearty contempt for his own country; especially what had any favour of the plain spirit and honesty of our ancestors. His mother greatly applauded herself at his return; and now being master of his own fortune, he soon procured himself a seat in parliament, and was in the common opinion one of the finest gentlemen of his age: but what distinguished him chiefly, was a strange delight which he took in every thing

thing which is ridiculous, odious, and absurd in his own species; so that he never chose a companion without one or more of these ingredients, and those who were marked by nature in the most eminent degree with them, were most his favourites: if he ever found a man who either had not, or endeavoured to conceal, these imperfections, he took great pleasure in inventing methods of forcing him into absurdities, which were not natural to him, or in drawing forth and exposing those that were; for which purpose he was always provided with a set of fellows whom we have before called curs; and who did indeed no great honour to the canine kind: their business was to hunt out and display every thing that had any favour of the abovementioned qualities, and especially in the gravest and best characters: but if they failed in their search, they were to turn even virtue and wisdom themselves into ridicule for the diversion of their master and feeder. The gentlemen of cur-like disposition, who were now at his house, and whom he had brought with him from London, were an old half-pay officer, a player, a dull poet, a quack-doctor, a scraping fidler, and a lame German dancing-master.

As soon as dinner was served, while Mr. Adams was saying grace, the captain conveyed his chair from behind him; so that when he endeavoured to seat himself he fell down on the ground; and this completed joke the first, to the great entertainment of the whole company. The second joke was performed by the poet, who sat next to him on the other side, and took an opportunity, while poor Adams was respectfully drinking to the master of the house, to overturn a plate of soup into his breeches; which, with the many apologies he made, and the parson's gentle answers, caused much mirth in the company. Joke the third was served up by one of the waiting-men, who had been ordered to convey a quantity of gin into Mr. Adams's ale, which he declared to be the best liquor he ever drank, but rather too rich of the malt, contributed again to their laughter. Mr. Adams,

from whom we had most of this relation, could not recollect all the jests of this kind practised on him, which the inoffensive disposition of his own heart made him slow in discovering; and indeed had it not been for the information which we received from a servant in the family, this part of our history, which we take to be none of the least curious, must have been deplorably imperfect: though we must own it probable, that some more jokes were (as they call it) *cracked* during their dinner; but we have by no means been able to come at the knowledge of them. When dinner was removed, the poet began to repeat some verses, which he said were made extempore. The following is a copy of them, procured with the greatest difficulty.

An extempore poem on parson Adams.

Did ever mortal such a parson view;
His cassock old, his wig not over new?
Well might the hounds have him for fox
mistaken,
In smell more like to that than rusty bacon.
But would it not make any mortal stare,
To see this parson taken for a hare?
Could Phœbus err thus grossly, even he
For a good player might have taken thee.

At which words the bard whipped off the player's wig, and received the approbation of the company, rather perhaps for the dexterity of his hand than his head. The player, instead of retorting the jest on the poet, began to display his talents on the same subject. He repeated many scraps of wit out of plays, reflecting on the whole body of the clergy, which were received with great acclamations by all present. It was now the dancing-master's turn to exhibit his talents; he therefore, addressing himself to Adams in broken English, told him, he was a man ver well made for de dance, and he suppose by his walk dat he had learn of some great master. He said it was ver pritty quality in clergyman to dance; and concluded with desiring him to dance a minuet, telling him, his cassock would serve for petticoats; and that he would himself be his partner. At which words, without waiting for an answer, he pulled out his

* All hounds that will hunt fox or other vermin, will hunt a piece of rusty bacon trailed on the ground.

gloves, and the fiddler was preparing his fiddle. The company all offered the dancing-master wagers that the parson out-danced him, which he refused, saying, he believed so too; for he had never seen any man in his life who looked de dance so well as de gentleman. He then stepped forwards to take Adams by the hand, which the latter hastily withdrew; and at the same time clenching his fist, advised him not to carry the jest too far, for he would not endure being put upon. The dancing-master no sooner saw the fist, than he prudently retired out of it's reach, and stood aloof mimicking Adams, whose eyes were fixed on him, not guessing what he was at, but to avoid his laying hold on him, which he had once attempted. In the mean while, the captain perceiving an opportunity, pinned a cracker or devil to the cassock, and then lighted it with their little smoking-candle. Adams being a stranger to this sport, and believing he had been blown up in reality, started up from his chair, and jumped about the room to the infinite joy of the beholders, who declared he was the best dancer in the universe. As soon as the devil had done tormenting him, and he had a little recovered his confusion, he returned to the table, standing up in the posture of one who intended to make a speech. They all cried out, 'Hear him, hear him:' and he then spoke in the following manner. 'Sir, I am sorry to see one to whom Providence hath been so bountiful in bestowing his favours, make so ill and ungrateful a return for them; for though you have not insulted me yourself, it is visible you have delighted in those that do it, nor have once discouraged the many rudenesses which have been shewn towards me: indeed towards yourself, if you rightly understood them; for I am your guest, and by the laws of hospitality entitled to your protection. One gentleman hath thought proper to produce some poetry upon me, of which I shall only say, that I had rather be the subject than the composer. He hath pleased to treat me with disrespect as a parson. I apprehend my order is not the subject of scorn, nor that I can become so, unless by being a disgrace to it, which I hope

poverty will never be called. Another gentleman indeed hath repeated some sentences where the order itself is mentioned with contempt. He says they are taken from plays. I am sure such plays are a scandal to the government which permits them, and cursed will be the nation where they are represented. How others have treated me, I need not observe; they themselves, when they reflect, must allow the behaviour to be as improper to my years as to my cloth. You found me, Sir, travelling with two of my parishioners (I omit your hounds falling on me; for I have quite forgiven it, whether it proceeded from the wantonness or negligence of the huntsman) my appearance might very well persuade you that your invitation was an act of charity, though in reality we are well provided; yes, Sir, if we had an hundred miles to travel, we had sufficient to bear our expences in a noble manner.' At which words he produced the half-guinea which was found in the basket. 'I do not shew you this out of ostentation of riches, but to convince you I speak truth. Your seating me at your table was an honour which I did not ambitiously affect. When I was here, I endeavoured to behave towards you with the utmost respect; if I have failed, it was not with design; nor could I, certainly, so far be guilty as to deserve the insults I have suffered. If they were meant therefore either to my order or my poverty, (and you see I am not very poor) the shame doth not lie at my door, and I heartily pray that the sin may be averted from yours.' He thus finished, and received a general clap from the whole company. Then the gentleman of the house told him, he was sorry for what had happened; that he could not accuse him of any share in it: that the verses were, as himself had well observed, so bad, that he might easily answer them; and for the serpent, it was undoubtedly a very great affront done him by the dancing-master, for which, if he well threshed him, as he deserved, the gentleman said he should be very much pleased to see it; (in which probably he spoke truth.) Adams answered, whoever had done it, it was not his profession to punish

punish him that way; but for the person whom he had accused, 'I am a witness,' says he, 'of his innocence; for I had my eye on him all the while. Whoever he is, God forgive him, and bestow on him a little more sense as well as humanity.' The captain answered with a surly look and accent, that he hoped he did not mean to reflect on him; d—n him, he had as much *imanity* as another, and if any man said he had not, he would convince him of his mistake by cutting his throat. Adams smiling, said, he believed he had spoken right by accident. To which the captain returned, 'What do you mean by my speaking right? If you was not a parson, I would not take these words; but your gown protects you. If any man who wears a sword had said so much, I had pulled him by the nose before this.' Adams replied, if he attempted any rudeness to his person, he would not find any protection for himself in his gown; and clenching his fist, declared he had threshed many a stouter man. The gentleman did all he could to encourage this warlike disposition in Adams, and was in hopes to have produced a battle: but he was disappointed; for the captain made no other answer than, 'It is very well you are a parson;' and so drinking off a bumper to old mother church, ended the dispute.

Then the doctor, who had hitherto been silent, and who was the gravest, but most mischievous dog of all, in a very pompous speech highly applauded what Adams had said; and as much discommended the behaviour to him. He proceeded to encomiums on the church and poverty; and lastly recommended forgiveness for what had passed to Adams, who immediately answered, that every thing was forgiven; and in the warmth of his goodness he filled a bumper of strong beer, (a liquor he preferred to wine) and drank a health to the whole company, shaking the captain and the poet heartily by the hand, and addressing himself with great respect to the doctor; who indeed had not laughed outwardly at any thing that passed, as he had a perfect command of his muscles, and could laugh inwardly without betraying the least symptoms in his countenance. The doctor now

began a second formal speech, in which he declaimed against all levity of conversation, and what is usually called mirth. He said, there were amusements fitted for persons of all ages and degrees from the rattle to the discussing a point of philosophy, and that men discovered themselves in nothing more than in the choice of their amusements; 'for,' says he, 'as it must greatly raise our expectation of the future conduct in life of boys, whom in their tender years we perceive, instead of taw or balls, or other childish play-things, to chuse, at their leisure-hours, to exercise their genius in contentions of wit, learning, and such like; so must it inspire one with equal contempt of a man, if we should discover him playing at taw or other childish play.' Adams highly commended the doctor's opinion, and said, he had often wondered at some passages in ancient authors, where Scipio, Lælius, and other great men, were represented to have passed many hours in amusements of the most trifling kind. The doctor replied, he had by him an old Greek manuscript, where a favourite diversion of Socrates was recorded. 'Aye,' says the parson eagerly, 'I should be most infinitely obliged to you for the favour of perusing it.' The doctor promised to send it him, and farther said, that he believed he could describe it. 'I think,' says he, 'as near as I can remember, it was this. There was a throne erected, on one side of which sat a king, and on the other a queen, with their guards and attendants ranged on both sides; to them was introduced an ambassador, which part Socrates always used to perform himself; and when he was led up to the footsteps of the throne, he addressed himself to the monarchs in some grave speech, full of virtue and goodness, and morality, and such like. After which, he was seated between the king and queen, and royally entertained. This I think was the chief part. Perhaps I may have forgot some particulars; for it is long since I read it.' Adams said, it was indeed a diversion worthy the relaxation of so great a man; and thought something resembling it should be instituted among our great men, instead of cards and other idle pastime,

in

in which he was informed they trifled away too much of their lives. He added, the christian religion was a nobler subject for these speeches than any Socrates could have invented. The gentleman of the house approved what Mr. Adams said, and declared, he was resolved to perform the ceremony this very evening. To which the doctor objected, as no one was prepared with a speech, 'unless,' said he (turning to Adams with a gravity of countenance which would have deceived a more knowing man) 'you have a sermon about you, doctor.'—'Sir,' says Adams, 'I never travel without one, for fear of what may happen.' He was easily prevailed on by his worthy friend, as he now called the doctor, to undertake the part of an ambassador; so that the gentleman sent immediate orders to have the throne erected; which was performed before they had drank two bottles: and perhaps the reader will hereafter have no great reason to admire the nimbleness of the servants. Indeed, to confess the truth, the throne was no more than this; there was a great tub of water provided, on each side of which were placed two stools raised higher than the surface of the tub, and over the whole was laid a blanket; on these stools were placed the king and queen, namely the master of the house, and the captain. And now the ambassador was introduced, between the poet and the doctor, who, having read his sermon to the great entertainment of all present, was led up to his place, and seated between their majesties. They immediately rose up, when the blanket wanting it's supports at either end, gave way, and soufed Adams over head and ears in the water; the captain made his escape, but unluckily the gentleman himself not being as nimble as he ought, Adams caught hold of him before he descended from his throne, and pulled him in with him, to the entire secret satisfaction of all the company. Adams, after ducking the squire twice or thrice, leapt out of the tub, and looked sharp for the doctor, whom he would certainly have conveyed to the same place of honour; but he had wisely withdrawn: he then searched for his crabstick, and having found that, as well as his fel-

low-travellers, he declared he would not stay a moment longer in such a house. He then departed, without taking leave of his host, whom he had exacted a more severe revenge on than he intended: for as he did not use sufficient care to dry himself in time, he caught a cold by the accident, which threw him into a fever, that had like to have cost him his life.

CHAP. VIII.

WHICH SOME READERS WILL THINK TOO SHORT, AND OTHERS TOO LONG.

ADAMS and Joseph (who was no less enraged than his friend at the treatment he met with) went out with their sticks in their hands and carried off Fanny, notwithstanding the opposition of the servants, who did all, without proceeding to violence, in their power to detain them. They walked as fast as they could, not so much from any apprehension of being pursued, as that Mr. Adams might by exercise prevent any harm from the water. The gentleman, who had given such orders to his servants concerning Fanny, that he did not in the least fear her getting away, no sooner heard that she was gone, than he began to rave, and immediately dispatched several with orders, either to bring her back, or never return. The poet, the player, and all but the dancing-master and doctor, went on this errand.

The night was very dark, in which our friends began their journey; however they made such expedition, that they soon arrived at an inn, which was at seven miles distance. Here they unanimously consented to pass the evening, Mr. Adams being now as dry as he was before he had set out on his embassy.

This inn, which indeed we might call an alehouse, had not the words, 'The New Inn,' been writ on the sign, afforded them no better provision than bread and cheese, and ale; on which, however, they made a very comfortable meal; for hunger is better than a French cook.

They had no sooner supped, than Adams, returning thanks to the Almighty

mighty for his food, declared he had eat his homely commons with much greater satisfaction than his splendid dinner, and expressed great contempt for the folly of mankind, who sacrifice their hopes of heaven to the acquisition of vast wealth; since so much comfort was to be found in the humblest state and the lowest provision. 'Very true, Sir,' says a grave man who sat smoking his pipe by the fire, and who was a traveller as well as himself. 'I have often been as much surprised as you are, when I consider the value which mankind in general set on riches; since every day's experience shews us how little is in their power; for what indeed truly desirable can they bestow on us? can they give beauty to the deformed, strength to the weak, or health to the infirm? surely if they could, we should not see so many ill-favoured faces haunting the assemblies of the great, nor would such numbers of feeble wretches languish in their coaches and palaces. No, not the wealth of a kingdom can purchase any paint to dress pale ugliness in the bloom of that young maiden, nor any drugs to equip disease with the vigour of that young man. Do not riches bring us solicitude instead of rest, envy instead of affection, and danger instead of safety? can they prolong their own possession, or lengthen his days who enjoys them? So far otherwise, that the sloth, the luxury, the care which attend them, shorten the lives of millions, and bring them with pain and misery to an untimely grave. Where then is their value, if they can neither embellish, or strengthen our forms, sweeten or prolong our lives? Again, Can they adorn the mind more than the body? Do they not rather swell the heart with vanity, puff up the cheeks with pride, shut our ears to every call of virtue, and our bowels to every motive of compassion!—' Give me your hand, brother,' said Adams in a rapture; 'for I suppose you are a clergyman.'—'No, truly,' answered the other; (indeed he was a priest of the church of Rome; but those who understand our laws, will not wonder he was not over-ready to own it.) 'Whatever you are,' cries

Adams, 'you have spoken my sentiments: I believe I have preached every syllable of your speech twenty times over: for it hath always appeared to me easier for a *cable rope* (which by the way is the true rendering of that word we have translated *camel*) to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to get into the kingdom of heaven.'—'That, Sir,' said the other, 'will be easily granted you by divines, and is deplorably true; but as the prospect of our good at a distance doth not so forcibly affect us, it might be of some service to mankind to be made thoroughly sensible, which I think they might be with very little serious attention, that even the blessings of this world are not to be purchased with riches. A doctrine, in my opinion, not only metaphysically, but if I may so say, mathematically demonstrable; and which I have been always so perfectly convinced of, that I have a contempt for nothing so much as for gold.' Adams now began a long discourse; but as most which he said occurs among many authors who have treated this subject, I shall omit inserting it. During its continuance, Joseph and Fanny retired to rest, and the host likewise left the room. When the English parson had concluded, the Romish resumed the discourse, which he continued with great bitterness and invective; and at last ended by desiring Adams to lend him eighteen-pence to pay his reckoning; promising, if he never paid him, he might be assured of his prayers. The good man answered, that eighteen pence would be too little to carry him any very long journey; that he had half a guinea in his pocket, which he would divide with him. He then fell to searching his pockets, but could find no money: for indeed the company with whom he dined, had past one jest upon him which we did not then enumerate, and had picked his pocket of all that treasure which he had so ostentatiously produced.

'Bless me,' cried Adams, 'I have certainly lost it; I can never have spent it. Sir, as I am a christian, I had a whole half-guinea in my pocket this morning, and have not now a single halfpenny of it left. Sure the devil

'devil must have taken it from me.'—'Sir,' answered the priest, smiling, 'you need make no excuses; if you are not willing to lend me the money, I am contented.'—'Sir,' cries Adams, 'if I had the greatest sum in the world; aye, if I had ten pounds about me, I would bestow it all to rescue any christian from distress. I am more vexed at my loss on your account than my own. Was ever any thing so unlucky? Because I have no money in my pocket, I shall be suspected to be no christian.'—'I am more unlucky!' quoth the other, 'if you are as generous as you say: for really a crown would have made me happy, and conveyed me in plenty to the place I am going, which is not above twenty miles off, and where I can arrive by to-morrow night. I assure you I am not accustomed to travel penniless. I am but just arrived in England; and we were forced by a storm in our passage to throw all we had overboard. I do not suspect but this fellow will take my word for the trifle I owe him; but I hate to appear so mean as to confess myself without a shilling to such people: for these, and indeed too many others, know little difference in their estimation between a beggar and a thief.' However, he thought he should deal better with the host that evening than the next morning; he therefore resolved to set out immediately, notwithstanding the darkness; and accordingly, as soon as the host returned, he communicated to him the situation of his affairs; upon which the host, scratching his head, answered, 'Why, I do not know, master, if it be so, and you have no money, I must trust, I think; though I had rather always have ready money if I could: but, marry, you look like so honest a gentleman, that I do not fear your paying me, if it was twenty times as much.' The priest made no reply, but taking leave of him and Adams as fast as he could, not without confusion, and perhaps with some distrust of Adams's sincerity, departed.

He was no sooner gone, than the host fell a shaking his head, and declared, if he had suspected the fellow had no money, he would not have

drawn him a single drop of drink; saying, he despaired of ever seeing his face again; for that he looked like a confounded rogue. 'Rabbit the fellow,' cries he, 'I thought by his talking so much about riches, that he had a hundred pounds at least in his pockets.' Adams chid him for his suspicions, which he said were not becoming a christian; and then, without reflecting on his loss, or considering how he himself should depart in the morning, he retired to a very homely bed, as his companions had before; however, health and fatigue gave them them a sweeter repose than is often in the power of velvet and down to bestow.

CHAP. IX.

CONTAINING AS SURPRISING AND BLOODY ADVENTURES AS CAN BE FOUND IN THIS, OR PERHAPS ANY OTHER AUTHENTIC HISTORY.

IT was almost morning, when Joseph Andrews, whose eyes the thoughts of his dear Fanny had opened, as he lay fondly meditating on that lovely creature, heard a violent knocking at the door over which he lay. He presently jumped out of bed, and opening the window, was asked if there were no travellers in the house; and presently, by another voice, if two men and a young woman had not taken up their lodgings there that night. Though he knew not the voices, he began to entertain a suspicion of the truth; for indeed he had received some information from one of the servants at the squire's house, of his design; and answered in the negative. One of the servants, who knew the host well, called out to him by his name, just as he had opened another window, and asked him the same question: to which he answered in the affirmative. 'O ho!' said another; 'have we found you!' and ordered the host to come down and open his door. Fanny, who was as wakeful as Joseph, no sooner heard all this, than she leaped from her bed, and hastily putting on her gown and petticoats, ran as fast as possible to Joseph's room, who then was almost dressed; he immediately let her in, and embracing her

her with the most passionate tenderness, bid her fear nothing; for he would die in her defence. 'Is that a reason why I should not fear,' says she, 'when I should lose what is dearer to me than the whole world?' Joseph then kissing her hand, said he could almost thank the occasion which had extorted from her a tenderness she would never indulge him with before. He then ran and waked his bedfellow Adams, who was yet fast asleep, notwithstanding many calls from Joseph: but was no sooner made sensible of their danger than he leaped from his bed, without considering the presence of Fanny, who hastily turned her face from him, and enjoyed a double benefit from the dark, which as it would have prevented any offence to an innocence less pure, or a modesty less delicate, so it concealed even those blushes which were raised in her.

Adams had soon put on all his cloaths but his breeches, which in the hurry he forgot; however, they were pretty well supplied by the length of his other garments: and now the house door being opened, the captain, the poet, the player, and three servants came in. The captain told the host, that two fellows who were in his house, had run away with a young woman; and desired to know in which room she lay. The host, who presently believed the story, directed them, and instantly the captain and poet, jostling one another, ran up. The poet, who was the nimblest, entering the chamber first, searched the bed and every other part, but to no purpose; the bird was flown, as the impatient reader, who might otherwise have been in pain for her, was before advertised. They then enquired where the men lay, and were approaching the chamber, when Joseph roared out in a loud voice, that he would shoot the first man who offered to attack the door. The captain enquired what fire arms they had; to which the host answered he believed they had none; nay, he was almost convinced of it: for he had heard one ask the other in the evening, what they should have done, if they had been overtaken when they had no arms; to which the other answered, they would have defended themselves with their sticks as long as they were able, and God would assist a just cause.

This satisfied the captain, but not the poet, who prudently retreated down stairs, saying, it was his business to record great actions, and not to do them. The captain was no sooner well satisfied that there were no fire-arms, than bidding defiance to gunpowder, and swearing he loved the smell of it, he ordered the servants to follow him, and marching boldly up, immediately attempted to force the door, which the servants soon helped him to accomplish. When it was opened, they discovered the enemy drawn up three deep; Adams in the front, and Fanny in the rear. The captain told Adams, that if they would go all back to the house again, they should be civilly treated: but unless they consented, he had orders to carry the young lady with him, whom there was great reason to believe they had stolen from her parents; for notwithstanding her disguise, her air, which she could not conceal, sufficiently discovered her birth to be infinitely superior to theirs. Fanny bursting into tears, solemnly assured him he was mistaken; that she was a poor helpless foundling, and had no relation in the world which she knew of; and throwing herself on her knees, begged that he would not attempt to take her from her friends, who she was convinced would die before they would lose her; which Adams confirmed with words not far from amounting to an oath. The captain swore he had no leisure to talk, and bidding them thank themselves for what happened, he ordered the servants to fall on, at the same time endeavouring to pass by Adams, in order to lay hold on Fanny; but the parson interrupting him, received a blow from one of them, which, without considering whence it came, he returned to the captain, and gave him so dextrous a knock in that part of the stomach which is vulgarly called the pit, that he staggered some paces backwards. The captain, who was not accustomed to this kind of play, and who wisely apprehended the consequence of such another blow, two of them seeming to him equal to a thrust through the body, drew forth his hanger, as Adams approached him, and was levelling a blow at his head, which would probably have silenced the preacher for ever, had not

R

Joseph

Joseph in that instant lifted up a certain huge stone pot of the chamber with one hand, which six beaux could not have lifted with both, and discharged it, together with the contents, full in the captain's face. The up-lifted hanger dropped from his hand, and he fell prostrate on the floor *with a lumpish noise, and his halfpence rattled in his pocket*; the red liquor which his veins contained, and the white liquor which the pot contained, ran in one stream down his face and his clothes. Nor had Adams quite escaped, some of the water having in it's passage shed it's honours on his head, and began to trickle down the wrinkles or rather furrows of his cheeks, when one of the servants snatching a mop out of a pail of water which had already done it's duty in washing the house, pushed it in the parson's face; yet could not he bear him down; for the parson wresting the mop from the fellow with one hand, with the other brought his enemy as low as the earth, having given him a stroke over that part of the face, where, in some men of pleasure, the natural and artificial noses are conjoined.

Hitherto fortune seemed to incline the victory on the travellers side, when, according to her custom, she began to shew the fickleness of her disposition: for now the host entering the field, or rather chamber of battle, flew directly at Joseph, and darting his head into his stomach (for he was a stout fellow, and an expert boxer) almost staggered him; but Joseph stepping one leg back, did with his left-hand so chuck him under the chin, that he reeled. The youth was pursuing his blow with his right-hand, when he received from one of the servants such a stroke with a cudgel on his temples, that it instantly deprived him of sense, and he measured his length on the ground.

Fanny rent the air with her cries, and Adams was coming to the assistance of Joseph; but the two serving-men and the host now fell on him, and soon subdued him, though he fought like a madman, and looked so black with the impressions he had received from the mop, that Don Quixote would certainly have taken him for an enchanted Moor. But now follows the most tragical part; for the

captain was risen again; and seeing Joseph on the floor, and Adams secured, he instantly laid hold on Fanny, and with the assistance of the poet and player, who hearing the battle was over, were now come up, dragged her, crying and tearing her hair, from the sight of her Joseph, and with a perfect deafness to all her entreaties, carried her down stairs by violence, and fastened her on the player's horse; and the captain mounting his own, and leading that on which this poor miserable wretch was, departed without any more consideration of her cries than a butcher hath of those of a lamb; for indeed his thoughts were entertained only with the degree of favour which he promised himself from the squire on the success of this adventure.

The servants, who were ordered to secure Adams and Joseph as safe as possible, that the squire might receive no interruption to his design on poor Fanny, immediately, by the poet's advice, tied Adams to one of the bed-posts, as they did Joseph on the other side, as soon as they could bring him to himself; and then leaving them together, back to back, and desiring the host not to set them at liberty, nor to go near them, till he had farther orders, they departed towards their master; but happened to take a different road from that which the captain had fallen into.

CHAP. X.

A DISCOURSE BETWEEN THE POET AND PLAYER; OF NO OTHER USE IN THIS HISTORY, BUT TO DIVERT THE READER.

BEFORE we proceed any farther in this tragedy, we shall leave Mr. Joseph and Mr. Adams to themselves, and imitate the wise conductors of the stage; who in the midst of a grave action entertain you with some excellent piece of satire or humour called a dance. Which piece indeed is therefore danced, and not spoke, as it is delivered to the audience by persons whose thinking faculty is by most people held to lie in their heels; and to whom, as well as heroes, who think with their hands, nature hath only given heads for the sake of conformity,

ty, and as they are of use in dancing, to hang their hats on.

The poet, addressing the player, proceeded thus: 'As I was saying,' (for they had been at this discourse all the time of the engagement above stairs) 'the reason you have no good new plays is evident; it is from your discouragement of authors. Gentlemen will not write, Sir; they will not write without the expectation of fame or profit, or perhaps both. Plays are like trees, which will not grow without nourishment; but, like mushrooms, they shoot up spontaneously, as it were, in a rich soil. The mules, like vines, may be pruned, but not with a hatchet. The town, like a peevish child, knows not what it desires, and is always best pleased with a rattle. A farce-writer hath indeed some chance for success; but they have lost all taste for the sublime. Though I believe one reason of their depravity is the badness of the actors. If a man writes like an angel, Sir, those fellows know not how to give a sentiment utterance.'—'Not so fast,' says the player; 'the modern actors are as good at least as their authors; nay, they come nearer their illustrious predecessors; and I expect a Booth on the stage again, sooner than a Shakespeare or an Otway; and indeed I may turn your observation against you, and with truth say, that the reason no authors are encouraged is, because we have no good new plays.'—'I have not affirmed the contrary,' said the poet; 'but I am surprised you grow so warm; you cannot imagine yourself interested in this dispute; I hope you have a better opinion of my taste, than to apprehend I squinted at yourself. No, Sir, if we had six such actors as you, we should soon rival the Bettertons and Sandfords of former times; for without a compliment to you, I think it impossible for any one to have excelled you in most of your parts. Nay, it is a solemn truth, and I have heard many, and all great judges, express as much; and you will pardon me if I tell you, I think every time I have seen you lately, you have constantly acquired some new excellence, like a snowball. You have deceived me

in my estimation of perfection, and have outdone what I thought inimitable.'—'You are as little interested,' answered the player, 'in what I have said of other poets; for do—n me if there are not many strokes, aye whole scenes, in your last tragedy, which at least equal Shakespeare. There is a delicacy of sentiment, a dignity of expression in it, which I will own many of our gentlemen did not do adequate justice to. To confess the truth, they are bad enough, and I pity an author who is present at the murder of his works.'—'Nay, it is but seldom that it can happen,' returned the poet, 'the works of most modern authors, like dead-born children, cannot be murdered. It is such wretched, half-begotten, half-writ, lifeless, spiritless, low, groveling stuff, that I almost pity the actor who is obliged to get it by heart, which must be almost as difficult to remember as words in a language you don't understand.'—'I am sure,' said the player, 'if the sentences have little meaning when they are writ, when they are spoken they have less. I know scarce one who ever lays an emphasis right, and much less adapts his action to his character. I have seen a tender lover in an attitude of fighting with his mistress, and a brave hero suing to his enemy with his sword in his hand. I don't care to abuse my profession, but rot me if in my heart I am not inclined to the poet's side.'—'It is rather generous in you than just,' said the poet; 'and though I hate to speak ill of any person's production; nay, I never do it, nor will—but yet, to do justice to the actors, what could Booth or Betterton have made of such horrible stuff as Fenton's Mariamne, Frowd's Philotas, or Mallet's Eurydice, or those low, dirty, last dying speeches, which a fellow in the city or Wapping, your Dillo or Lillo, what was his name, called tragedies?'—'Very well,' says the player; 'and pray what do you think of such fellows as Quin and Delane, or that face-making puppy young Cibber, that ill-looking dog Macklin, or that saucy slut Mrs. Clive? What work would they make with your Shakespeares, Otways and Lees?

'How would those harmonious lines
'of the last come from their tongues?

'—No more; for I disdain

'All pomp when thou art by—far be the
'noise

'Of kings and crowns from us, whose
'gentle souls

'Our kinder fates have steer'd another
'way.

'Free as the forest birds we'll pair to-
'gether,

'Without rememb'ring who our fathers
'were:

'Fly to the arbours, grots, and flow'ry
'meads;

'There in soft murmurs interchange our
'souls,

'Together drink the chrystal of the
'stream,

'Or taste the yellow fruit which autumn
'yields;

'And when the golden evening calls us
'home,

'Wing to our downy nests, and sleep till
'morn:

'Or how would this disdain of Ot-
'way?

'Who'd be that foolish, sordid thing,
'call'd man!

'—Hold, hold, hold,' said the poet:

'Do repeat that tender speech in the
'third act of my play, which you

'made such a figure in.'—'I would
'willingly,' said the player, 'but I

'have forgot it.'—'Aye, you was not
'quite perfect enough in it when you

'play'd it,' cries the poet, 'or you
'would have had such an applause as

'was never given on the stage, an ap-
'plause I was extremely concerned

'for your losing.'—'Sure,' says the
player, 'if I remember, that was

'hiss'd more than any passage in the
'whole play.'—'Aye, your speaking

'it was hiss'd,' said the poet. 'My
'speaking it!' said the player. 'I

'mean, your not speaking it,' said the
poet: 'you was out, and then they

'hiss'd.'—'They hiss'd, and then I
'was out, if I remember,' answered

the player; 'and I must say this for
'myself, that the whole audience al-

'lowed I did your part justice: so
'don't lay the damnation of your play

'to my account.'—'I don't know

'what you mean by damnation,' re-
plied the poet. 'Why, you know it

'was acted but one night,' cried the
player. 'No,' said the poet, 'you

'and the whole town were my ene-
'mies; the pit were all my enemies,

'fellows that would cut my throat, if
'the fear of hanging did not restrain

'them. All taylor, Sir, all tay-
'lors.'—'Why should the taylor be

'so angry with you?' cries the play-
er: 'I suppose you don't employ so

'many in making your clothes.'—'I
'admit your jest,' answered the poet;

'but you remember the affair as well
'as myself; you know there was a

'party in the pit and upper-gallery
'that would not suffer it to be given

'out again; though much, aye infi-
'nitely, the majority, all the boxes in

'particular, were desirous of it; nay,
'most of the ladies swore, they never

'would come to the house till it was
'acted again. Indeed I must own

'their policy was good, in not letting
'it be given out a second time; for

'the rascals knew if it had gone a se-
'cond night, it would have run fifty:

'for if ever there was distress in a tra-
'gedy—I am not fond of my own per-

'formance; but if I should tell you
'what the best judges said of it—nor

'was it entirely owing to my enemies
'neither, that it did not succeed on

'the stage as well as it hath since
'among the polite readers; for you

'can't say it had justice done it by
'the performers.'—'I think,' answer-

ed the player, 'the performers did
'the distress of it justice: for I am

'sure we were in distress enough, who
'were pelted with oranges all the last

'act; we all imagined it would have
'been the last act of our lives.'

The poet, whose fury was now

raised, had just attempted to answer,

when they were interrupted, and an

end put to their discourse by an acci-

dent; which, if the reader is impa-

tient to know, he must skip over the

next chapter, which is a sort of coun-

terpart to this, and contains some of

the best and gravest matters in the

whole book, being a discourse between

parson Abraham Adams and Mr. Jo-

seph Andrews.

CHAP. XI.

CONTAINING THE EXHORTATIONS
OF PARSON ADAMS TO HIS
FRIEND IN AFFLICTION; CAL-
CULATED FOR THE INSTRU-
CTION AND IMPROVEMENT OF
THE READER.

JOSEPH no sooner came perfectly to himself, than perceiving his mistress gone, he bewailed her loss with groans, which would have pierced any heart but those which are possessed by some people, and are made of a certain composition not unlike flint in it's hardness and other properties; for you may strike fire from them which will dart through the eyes, but they can never distil one drop of water the same way. His own, poor youth, was of a softer composition; and at those words, 'O my dear Fanny! O my love! shall I never, never see thee more!' his eyes overflowed with tears, which would have become any but a hero. In a word, his despair was more easy to be conceived than related.

Mr. Adams, after many groans, sitting with his back to Joseph, began thus in a sorrowful tone: 'You cannot imagine, my good child, that I entirely blame these first agonies of your grief; for when misfortunes attack us by surprise, it must require infinitely more learning than you are master of to resist them: but it is the business of a man and a christian, to summon reason as quickly as he can to his aid; and she will presently teach him patience and submission. Be comforted, therefore, child; I say, be comforted. It is true you have lost the prettiest, kindest, loveliest, sweetest, young woman, one with whom you might have expected to have lived in happiness, virtue and innocence. By whom you might have promised yourself many little darlings, who would have been the delight of your youth, and the comfort of your age. You have not only lost her, but have reason to fear the utmost violence which lust and power can inflict upon her. Now indeed you may easily raise ideas of horror, which might drive you to despair.'—'O I shall

'run mad,' cries Joseph; 'O that I could but command my hands to tear my eyes out, and my flesh off.'—'If you would use them to such purposes, I am glad you can't,' answered Adams. 'I have stated your misfortune as strong as I possibly can; but on the other side, you are to consider you are a christian; that no accident happens to us without the Divine permission, and that it is the duty of a man, much more of a christian, to submit. We did not make ourselves; but the same Power which made us, rules over us, and we are absolutely at his disposal; he may do with us what he pleases, nor have we any right to complain. A second reason against our complaint is our ignorance; for as we know not future events, so neither can we tell to what purpose any accident tends; and that which at first threatens us with evil, may in the end produce our good. I should indeed have said our ignorance is twofold, (but I have not at present time to divide properly:) for as we know not to what purpose any event is ultimately directed; so neither can we affirm from what cause it originally sprung. You are a man, and consequently a sinner; and this may be a punishment to you for your sins; indeed, in this sense it may be esteemed as a good; yea, as the greatest good; which satisfies the anger of Heaven, and averts that wrath which cannot continue without our destruction. Thirdly, our impotency of relieving ourselves, demonstrates the folly and absurdity of our complaints: for whom do we resist, or against whom do we complain, but a Power from whose shafts no armour can guard us, no speed can fly! A Power which leaves us no hope but in submission.'—'O Sir,' cried Joseph, 'all this is very true, and very fine; and I could hear you all day, if I was not so grieved at heart as now I am.'—'Would you take physic,' says Adams, 'when you are well, and refuse it when you are sick? is not comfort to be administered to the afflicted, and not to those who rejoice, or those who are at ease?'—'O you have not spoke one word of comfort to me yet,' returned Joseph. 'No!' cries Adams; 'what am

‘am I then doing? what can I say to comfort you?’—‘O tell me,’ cries Joseph, ‘that Fanny will escape back to my arms, that they shall again inclose that lovely creature, with all her sweetness, all her untainted innocence about her.’—‘Why, perhaps you may,’ cries Adams; ‘but I can’t promise you what’s to come. You must with perfect resignation wait the event; if she be restored to you again, it is your duty to be thankful, and so it is if she be not: Joseph, if you are wise, and truly know your own interest, you will peaceably and quietly submit to all the dispensations of Providence, being thoroughly assured, that all the misfortunes, how great soever, which happen to the righteous, happen to them for their own good. Nay, it is not your interest only, but your duty to abstain from immoderate grief; which if you indulge, you are not worthy the name of a christian.’—He spoke these last words with an accent a little severer than usual: upon which Joseph begged him not to be angry; saying, he mistook him, if he thought he denied it was his duty, for he had known that long ago. ‘What signifies knowing your duty, if you do not perform it?’ answered Adams. ‘Your knowledge increases your guilt. O, Joseph, I never thought you had this stubbornness in your mind.’ Joseph replied, he fancied he misunderstood him; ‘which, I assure you,’ says he, ‘you do, if you imagine I endeavour to grieve; upon my soul I don’t.’ Adams rebuked him for swearing, and then proceeded to enlarge on the folly of grief, telling him, all the wise men and philosophers, even among the heathens, had written against it, quoting several passages from Seneca, and the Consolation, which, though it was not Cicero’s, was, he said, as good almost as any of his works, and concluded all by hinting, that immoderate grief in this case might incense that Power which alone could restore him his Fanny. This reason, or indeed rather the idea which it raised of the restoration of his mistress, had more effect than all which the parson had said before, and for a moment abated his agonies: but when his fears sufficiently set before his eyes the dan-

ger that poor creature was in, his grief returned again with repeated violence, nor could Adams in the least assuage it; though it may be doubted in his behalf, whether Socrates himself could have prevailed any better.

They remained some time in silence; and groans and sighs issued from them both; at length Joseph burst out into the following soliloquy:

Yes, I will bear my sorrows like a man,
But I must also feel them as a man.
I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most dear to me——

Adams asked him, what stuff that was he repeated. To which he answered, they were some lines he had gotten by heart out of a play. ‘Aye, there is nothing but heathenism to be learned from plays,’ replied he. ‘I never heard of any plays fit for a christian to read, but Cato and the Conscious Lovers; and I must own in the latter there are some things almost solemn enough for a sermon.’ But we shall now leave them a little, and enquire after the subject of their conversation.

CHAP. XII.

MORE ADVENTURES, WHICH WE
HOPE WILL AS MUCH PLEASE
AS SURPRISE THE READER.

NEITHER the facetious dialogue which passed between the poet and the player, nor the grave and truly solemn discourse of Mr. Adams, will, we conceive, make the reader sufficient amends for the anxiety which he must have felt on the account of poor Fanny, whom we left in so deplorable a condition. We shall therefore now proceed to the relation of what happened to that beautiful and innocent virgin, after she fell into the wicked hands of the captain.

The man of war having conveyed his charming prize out of the inn a little before day, made the utmost expedition in his power towards the squire’s house, where this delicate creature was to be offered up a sacrifice to the lust of a ravisher: He was not only deaf to all her bewailings and entreaties on the road, but accosted her

ears

gars with impurities, which, having been never before accustomed to them, she happily for herself very little understood. At last he changed his note, and attempted to sooth and mollify her, by setting forth the splendour and luxury which would be her fortune with a man who would have the inclination, and power too, to give her whatever her utmost wishes could desire; and told her he doubted not but she would soon look kinder on him, as the instrument of her happiness, and despise that pitiful fellow, whom her ignorance could only make her fond of. She answered, she knew not whom he meant; she never was fond of any pitiful fellow. 'Are you affronted, Madam,' says he, 'at my calling him so? But what better can be said of one in a livery, notwithstanding your fondness for him?' She returned, that she did not understand him, that the man had been her fellow-servant, and she believed was as honest a creature as any alive: but as for fondness for men—'I warrant ye,' cries the captain, 'we shall find means to persuade you to be fond, and I advise you to yield to gentle ones; for you may be assured, that it is not in your power, by any struggles whatever, to preserve your virginity two hours longer. It will be your interest to consent: for the squire will be much kinder to you, if he enjoys you willingly, than by force.' At which words she began to call aloud for assistance, (for it was now open day;) but finding none, she lifted her eyes up to heaven, and supplicated the Divine assistance to preserve her innocence. The captain told her, if she persisted in her vociferation, he would find a means of stopping her mouth. And now the poor wretch perceiving no hopes of succour, abandoned herself to despair, and sighing out the name of 'Joseph! Joseph!' a river of tears ran down her lovely cheeks, and wet the handkerchief which covered her bosom. A horseman now appeared in the road, upon which the captain threatened her violently if she complained: however, the moment they approached each other, she begged him with the utmost earnestness to relieve a distressed creature who was in the hands of a ravisher.

The fellow stooped at those words; but the captain assured him it was his wife, and that he was carrying her home from her adulterer: which so satisfied the fellow, who was an old one, (and perhaps a married one too) that he wished him a good journey, and rode on. He was no sooner past, than the captain abused her violently for breaking his commands, and threatened to gag her, when two more horsemen, armed with pistols, came into the road just before them. She again solicited their assistance, and the captain told the same story as before. Upon which one said to the other—'That's a charming wench, Jack! I wish I had been in the fellow's place, whoever he is.' But the other, instead of answering him, cried out eagerly, 'Zounds, I know her!' and then turning to her, said, 'Sure you are not Fanny Goodwill.'—'Indeed, indeed I am,' she cry'd. 'O John, I know you now. Heaven hath sent you to my assistance, to deliver me from this wicked man, who is carrying me away for his vile purposes. O, for God's sake, rescue me from him.' A fierce dialogue immediately ensued between the captain and these two men, who being both armed with pistols, and the chariot which they attended being now arrived, the captain saw both force and stratagem were vain, and endeavoured to make his escape; in which, however, he could not succeed. The gentleman who rode in the chariot, ordered it to stop, and with an air of authority examined into the merits of the cause; of which being advertised by Fanny, whose credit was confirmed by the fellow who knew her, he ordered the captain, who was all bloody from his encounter at the inn, to be conveyed as a prisoner behind the chariot, and very gallantly took Fanny into it; for to say the truth, this gentleman (who was no other than the celebrated Mr. Peter Pounce, and who preceded the Lady Booby only a few miles, by setting out earlier in the morning) was a very gallant person, and loved a pretty girl better than any thing, besides his own money, or the money of other people.

The chariot now proceeded towards the inn; which, as Fanny was informed,

formed, lay in their way, and where it arrived at that very time while the poet and player were disputing below stairs, and Adams and Joseph were discoursing back to back above: just at that period to which we brought them both in the two preceding chapters, the chariot stopt at the door, and in an instant Fanny leaping from it, ran up to her Joseph.—O reader, conceive, if thou canst, the joy which fired the breasts of these lovers on this meeting; and if thy own heart doth not sympathetically assist thee in this conception, I pity thee sincerely from my own; for let the hard-hearted villain know this, that there is a pleasure in a tender sensation beyond any which he is capable of tasting.

Peter being informed by Fanny of the presence of Adams, stopt to see him, and receive his homage; for, as Peter was an hypocrite, a sort of people whom Mr. Adams never saw through, the one paid that respect to his seeming goodness which the other believed to be paid to his riches; hence Mr. Adams was so much his favourite, that he once lent him four pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence, to prevent his going to gaol, on no greater security than a bond and judgment, which probably he would have made no use of, though the money had not been (as it was) paid exactly at the time.

It is not perhaps easy to describe the figure of Adams; he had risen in such violent hurry, that he had on neither breeches nor stockings; nor had he taken from his head a red spotted handkerchief, which by night bound his wig, that was turned inside out, around his head. He had on his torn cassock, and his great-coat; but as the remainder of his cassock hung down below his great coat, so did a small stripe of white, or rather whitish linen, appear below that; to which we may add the several colours which appeared on his face, where a long piss-burnt beard served to retain the liquor of the stone pot, and that of a blacker hue, which distilled from the mop.—This figure, which Fanny had delivered from his captivity, was no sooner spied by Peter, than it disordered the composed gravity of his muscles; however, he advised him immediately to make him-

self clean, nor would accept his homage in that pickle.

The poet and player no sooner saw the captain in captivity, than they began to consider of their own safety, of which flight presented itself as the only means; they therefore both of them mounted the poet's horse, and made the most expeditious retreat in their power.

The host, who well knew Mr. Pounce, and the Lady Booby's livery, was not a little surprised at this change of the scene; nor was his confusion much helped by his wife, who was now just risen, and having heard from him the account of what had past, comforted him with a decent number of fools and blockheads; asked him why he did not consult her; and told him, he would never leave following the nonsensical dictates of his own numskull, till she and her family were ruined.

Joseph being informed of the captain's arrival, and seeing his Fanny now in safety, quitted her a moment, and, running down stairs, went directly to him, and, stripping off his coat, challenged him to fight; but the captain refused, saying, he did not understand boxing. He then grasped a cudgel in one hand, and catching the captain by the collar with the other, gave him a most severe drubbing, and ended with telling him, he had now had some revenge for what his dear Fanny had suffered.

When Mr. Pounce had a little regaled himself with some provision which he had in his chariot, and Mr. Adams had put on the best appearance his cloaths would allow him, Pounce ordered the captain into his presence; for he said he was guilty of felony, and the next justice of peace should commit him: but the servants (whose appetite for revenge is soon satisfied) being sufficiently contented with the drubbing which Joseph had inflicted on him, and which was indeed of no very moderate kind, had suffered him to go off, which he did, threatening a severe revenge against Joseph, which I have never heard he thought proper to take.

The mistress of the house made her voluntary appearance before Mr. Pounce, and with a thousand curtesies told him, she hoped his honour would
pardon





pardon her husband, who was a very *nonsense* man, for the sake of his poor family; that indeed if he could be ruined alone, she would be very willing of it; *for because, as why*, his worship very well knew he deserved it: but she had three poor small children, who were not capable to get their own living; and if her husband was sent to gaol, they must all come to the parish; for she was a poor weak woman, continually a breeding, and had no time to work for them. She therefore hoped his honour would take it into his worship's consideration, and forgive her husband this time; for she was sure he never intended any harm to man, woman, or child; and if it was not for that blockhead of his own, the man in some things was well enough; for she had had three children by him in less than three years, and was almost ready to cry out the fourth time. She would have proceeded in this manner much longer, had not Peter stopt her tongue, by telling her, he had nothing to say to her husband, nor her neither. So, as Adams and the rest had assured her of forgiveness, she cried and curt'sied out of the room.

Mr. Pounce was desirous that Fanny should continue her journey with him in the chariot: but she absolutely refused, saying she would ride behind Joseph, on a horse which one of Lady Booby's servants had equipped him with. But alas! when the horse appeared, it was found to be no other than that identical beast which Mr. Adams had left behind him at the inn, and which these honest fellows, who knew him, had redeemed. Indeed, whatever horse they had provided for Joseph, they would have prevailed with him to mount none, no not even to ride before his beloved Fanny, till the parson was supplied; much less would he deprive his friend of the beast which belonged to him, and which he knew the moment he saw, though Adams did not: however, when he was reminded of the affair, and told, that they had brought the horse with them which he had left behind, he answered—'Bless me! and so I did.'

Adams was very desirous that Joseph and Fanny should mount his horse, and declared he could very easily walk home. 'If I walked alone,' says he,

'I would wage a shilling, that the pedestrian out-stripped the equestrian travellers: but as I intend to take the company of a pipe, peradventure I may be an hour later.' One of the servants whispered Joseph to take him at his word, and suffer the old Put to walk if he would: this proposal was answered with an angry look and a peremptory refusal by Joseph; who catching Fanny up in his arms, averred he would rather carry her home in that manner, than take away Mr. Adams's horse, and permit him to walk on foot.

Perhaps, reader, thou hast seen a contest between two gentlemen or two ladies quickly decided, though they have both asserted they would not eat such a nice morsel, and each insisted on the other's accepting it; but in reality both were very desirous to swallow it themselves. Do not therefore conclude hence, that this dispute would have come to a speedy decision: for here both parties were heartily in earnest, and it is very probable they would have remained in the inn-yard to this day, had not the good Peter Pounce put a stop to it; for finding he had no longer hopes of satisfying his old appetite with Fanny, and being desirous of having some one to whom he might communicate his grandeur, he told the parson he would convey him home in his chariot. This favour was by Adams, with many bows and acknowledgments, accepted, though he afterwards said, he ascended the chariot rather that he might not offend, than from any desire of riding in it, for that in his heart he preferred the pedestrian even to the vehicular expedition. All matters being now settled, the chariot in which rode Adams and Pounce, moved forwards; and Joseph having borrowed a pillion from the host, Fanny had just seated herself thereon, and had laid hold of the girdle which her lover wore for that purpose, when the wise beast, who concluded that one at a time was sufficient, that two to one were odds, &c. discovered much uneasiness at his double load, and began to consider his hinder as his fore-legs, moving the direct contrary way to that which is called forwards. Nor could Joseph, with all his horsemanship, persuade him to advance: but without having any regard to the lovely part of the lovely girl

which was on his back, he used such agitations, that had not one of the men come immediately to her assistance, she had, in plain English, tumbled backwards on the ground. This inconvenience was presently remedied by an exchange of horses; and then Fanny being again placed on her pillion, on a better natured, and somewhat a better fed beast, the parson's horse, finding he had no longer odds to contend with, agreed to march; and the whole procession set forward for Booby-Hall, where they arrived in a few hours without any thing remarkable happening on the road, unless it was a curious dialogue between the parson and the steward; which, to use the language of a late apologist, a pattern to all biographers, *waits for the reader in the next chapter.*

C H A P. XIII.

A CURIOUS DIALOGUE WHICH PASSED BETWEEN MR. ABRAHAM ADAMS, AND MR. PETER POUNCE, BETTER WORTH READING THAN ALL THE WORKS OF COLLEY CIBBER AND MANY OTHERS.

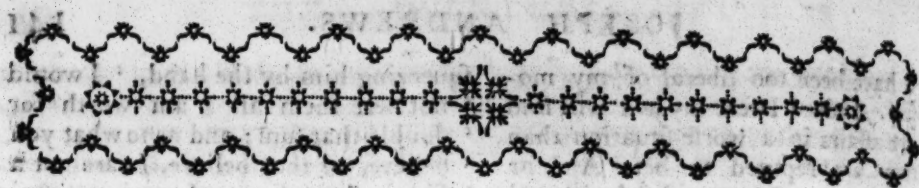
THE chariot had not proceeded far, before Mr. Adams observed, it was a very fine day. 'Aye, and a very fine country too,' answered Pounce. 'I should think so more,' returned Adams, 'if I had not lately travelled over the downs, which I take to exceed this and all other prospects in the universe.'—'A fig for prospects,' answered Pounce; 'one acre here is worth ten there; and, for my own part, I have no delight in the prospect of any land but my own.'—'Sir,' said Adams, 'you can indulge yourself with many fine prospects of that kind.'—'I thank God I have a little,' replied the other, 'with which I am content, and envy no man: I have a little, Mr. Adams, with which I do as much good as I can.' Adams answered, that riches without charity were nothing worth; for that they were a blessing only to him who made them a blessing to others. 'You and I,' said Peter, 'have different notions of charity. I own, as it is generally

used, I do not like the word, nor do I think it becomes one of us gentlemen; it is a mean parson-like quality: though I would not infer many parsons have it neither.'—'Sir,' said Adams, 'my definition of charity is, a generous disposition to relieve the distressed.'—'There is something in that definition,' answered Peter, 'which I like well enough; it is, as you say, a disposition—and does not so much consist in the act, as in the disposition to do it. But, alas! Mr. Adams, who are meant by the distressed? Believe me, the distressed of mankind are mostly imaginary, and it would be rather folly than goodness to relieve them.'—'Sure, Sir,' replied Adams, 'hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness, and other distresses which attend the poor, can never be said to be imaginary evils!'—'How can any man complain of hunger,' said Peter, 'in a country where such excellent fallads are to be gathered in almost every field? Or of thirst, where every river and stream produce such delicious potations? and as for cold and nakedness, they are evils introduced by luxury and custom. A man naturally wants clothes no more than a horse or any other animal; and there are whole nations who go without them: but these are things perhaps which you, who do not know the world—' 'You will pardon me, Sir,' returned Adams; 'I have read of the Gymnosophists.'—'A plague of your Je-hotophats!' cried Peter; 'the greatest fault in our constitution is the provision made for the poor, except that perhaps made for some others. Sir, I have not an estate which doth not contribute almost as much again to the poor as to the land tax, and I do assure you I expect to come myself to the parish in the end.' To which Adams giving a dissenting smile, Peter thus proceeded: 'I fancy, Mr. Adams, you are one of those who imagine I am a lump of money; for there are many who, I fancy, believe that not only my pockets, but my whole clothes, are lined with bank-bills; but I assure you, you are all mistaken: I am not the man the world esteems me. If I can hold my head above water, it is all I can. I have injured myself by purchasing; I have

‘I have been too liberal of my money. Indeed I fear my heir will find my affairs in a worse situation than they are reputed to be. Ah! he will have reason to wish I had loved money more, and land less. Pray, my good neighbour, where should I have that quantity of riches the world is so liberal to bestow on me? Where could I possibly, without I had stole it, acquire such a treasure?’—‘Why truly,’ says Adams, ‘I have been always of your opinion; I have wondered as well as yourself with what confidence they could report such things of you, which have to me appeared as mere impossibilities; for you know, Sir, and I have often heard you say it, that your wealth is of your own acquisition; and can it be credible that in your short time you should have amassed such a heap of treasure as these people will have you worth? Indeed, had you inherited an estate like Sir Thomas Booby, which had descended in your family for many generations, they might have had a colour for their assertions.’—‘Why, what do they say I am worth?’ cries Peter, with a malicious sneer. ‘Sir,’ answered Adams, ‘I have heard some aver you are not worth less than twenty thousand pounds.’ At which Peter frowned. ‘Nay, Sir,’ said Adams, ‘you ask me only the opinion of others; for my own part, I have always denied it, nor did I ever believe you could possibly be worth half that sum.’—‘However, Mr. Adams,’ said he,

squeezing him by the hand, ‘I would not sell them all I am worth for double that sum; and as to what you believe, or they believe, I care not a fig, no not a f—t. I am not poor, because you think me so, nor because you attempt to undervalue me in the country. I know the envy of mankind very well; but I thank heaven I am above them. It is true my wealth is of my own acquisition. I have not an estate like Sir Thomas Booby, that hath descended in my family through many generations; but I know heirs of such estates, who are forced to travel about the country, like some people, in torn cassocks, and might be glad to accept of a pitiful curacy for what I know. Yes, Sir, as shabby fellows as yourself, whom no man of my figure, without that vice of good-nature about him, would suffer to ride in a chariot with him.’—‘Sir,’ said Adams, ‘I value not your chariot of a rush; and if I had known you had intended to affront me, I would have walked to the world’s end on foot, ere I would have accepted a place in it. However, Sir, I will soon rid you of that inconvenience:’ and so saying, he opened the chariot-door, without calling to the coachman, and leapt out into the highway, forgetting to take his hat along with him; which, however, Mr. Pounce threw after him with great violence. Joseph and Fanny stopt to bear him company the rest of the way, which was not above a mile.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
JOSEPH ANDREWS.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

THE ARRIVAL OF LADY BOOBY
AND THE REST AT BOOBY-
HALL.

HE coach and six in which Lady Booby rode, overtook the other travellers as they entered the parish. She no sooner saw Joseph, than her cheeks glowed with red, and immediately after became as totally pale. She had in her surprise almost stopp'd her coach; but recollected herself timely enough to prevent it. She entered the parish amidst the ringing of bells, and the acclamations of the poor, who were rejoiced to see their patroness returned after so long an absence, during which time all her rents had been drafted to London, without a shilling being spent among them, which tended not a little to their utter impoverishing; for if the court would be severely missed in such a city as London, how much more must the absence of a person of great fortune be felt in a little country village, for whose inhabitants such a family finds a constant employment and supply; and with the offals of whose table the infirm, aged, and infant poor, are abundantly fed, with a generosity which hath scarce a

visible effect on their benefactors pockets!

But if their interest inspired so public a joy into every countenance, how much more forcibly did the affection which they bore parson Adams operate upon all who beheld his return! They flocked about him like dutiful children round an indulgent parent, and vied with each other in demonstrations of duty and love. The parson on his side shook every one by the hand, enquiring heartily after the healths of all that were absent, of their children and relations, and expressed a satisfaction in his face, which nothing but benevolence made happy by it's objects could infuse.

Nor did Joseph and Fanny want a hearty welcome from all who saw them. In short, no three persons could be more kindly received, as indeed none ever more deserved to be universally beloved.

Adams carried his fellow-travellers home to his house, where he insisted on their partaking whatever his wife, whom, with his children, he found in health and joy, could provide. Where we shall leave them enjoying perfect happiness, over a homely meal, to view scenes of greater splendor, but infinitely less bliss.

Our more intelligent readers will doubtless suspect by this second appearance

ance of Lady Booby on the stage, that all was not ended by the dismissal of Joseph; and, to be honest with them, they are in the right: the arrow had pierced deeper than she imagined; nor was the wound so easily to be cured. The removal of the object soon cooled her rage, but it had a different effect on her love: that departed with his person; but this remained lurking in her mind with his image. Restless, interrupted slumbers, and confused horrible dreams, were her portion the first night. In the morning, fancy painted her a more delicious scene; but to delude, not delight her; for, before she could reach the promised happiness, it vanished, and left her to curse, not bless the vision.

She started from her sleep, her imagination being all on fire with the phantom, when her eyes accidentally glancing towards the spot where yesterday the real Joseph had stood, that little circumstance raised his idea in the liveliest colours in her memory. Each look, each word, each gesture rushed back on her mind with charms which all his coldness could not abate. Nay, she imputed that to his youth, his folly, his awe, his religion, to every thing, but what would instantly have produced contempt, want of passion for the sex; or, that which would have roused her hatred, want of liking to her.

Reflection then hurried her farther, and told her, she must see this beautiful youth no more; nay, suggested to her, that she herself had dismissed him for no other fault than probably that of too violent an awe and respect for herself; and which she ought rather to have esteemed a merit, the effects of which were besides so easily and surely to have been removed; she then blamed, she cursed the hasty rashness of her temper; her fury was vented all on herself; and Joseph appeared innocent in her eyes. Her passion at length grew so violent, that it forced her on seeking relief, and now she thought of recalling him: but pride forbade that; pride which soon drove all softer passions from her soul, and represented to her the meanness of him she was fond of. That thought soon began to obscure his beauties; contempt succeeded next, and then disdain, which presently introduced her hatred of the creature

who had given her so much uneasiness. These enemies of Joseph had no sooner taken possession of her mind, than they insinuated to her a thousand things in his disfavour; every thing but dislike of her person; a thought, which as it would have been intolerable to bear, she checked the moment it endeavoured to arise. Revenge came now to her assistance; and she considered her dismissal of him stript, and without a character, with the utmost pleasure. She rioted in the several kinds of misery, which her imagination suggested to her might be his fate; and with a smile composed of anger, mirth, and scorn, viewed him in the rags in which her fancy had dressed him.

Mrs. Slipslop being summoned, attended her mistress, who had now in her own opinion totally subdued this passion. Whilst she was dressing, she asked if that fellow had been turned away according to her orders. Slipslop answered, she had told her ladyship so: (as indeed she had.) ‘And how did he behave?’ replied the lady. ‘Truly, Madam,’ cries Slipslop, ‘in such a manner that infected every body who saw him. The poor lad had but little wages to receive: for he constantly allowed his father and mother half his income; so that when your ladyship’s livery was stript off, he had not wherewithal to buy a coat, and must have gone naked, if one of the footmen had not *incommodated* him with one, and whilst he was standing in his shirt, (and, to say truth, he was an *amorous* figure) being told your ladyship would not give him a character, he sighed, and said, he had done nothing willingly to offend: that for his part he should always give your ladyship a good character wherever he went; and he prayed God to bless you, for you was the best of ladies, though his enemies had set you against him. I wish you had not turned him away; for I believe you have not a faithfuler servant in the house.’—‘How came you then,’ replied the lady, ‘to advise me to turn him away?’—‘I, Madam!’ said Slipslop: ‘I am sure you will do me the justice to say, I did all in my power to prevent it; but I saw your ladyship was angry; and it is not the business of us upper servants to *hintersear* on those occasions.’

‘fions.’—‘And was it not you, audacious wretch,’ cried the lady, ‘who made me angry? was it not your tittle-tattle, in which I believe you belied the poor fellow, which incensed me against him? He may thank you for all that hath happened; and so may I for the loss of a good servant, and one who had probably more merit than all of you. Poor fellow! I am charmed with his goodness to his parents. Why did not you tell me of that, but suffer me to dismiss so good a creature without a character; I see the reason of your whole behaviour now as well as of your complaint; you was jealous of the wenches.’—‘I jealous!’ said Slipslop: ‘I assure you I look upon myself as his betters; I am not meat for a footman, I hope.’ These words threw the lady into a violent passion, and she sent Slipslop from her presence, who departed, tossing her nose, and crying, ‘Marry come up! there are some people more jealous than I, I believe.’ Her lady affected not to hear these words, though in reality she did, and understood them too. Now ensued a second conflict, so like the former, that it might savour of repetition to relate it minutely. It may suffice to say, that Lady Booby found good reason to doubt, whether she had so absolutely conquered her passion, as she had flattered herself; and, in order to accomplish it quite, took a resolution more common than wise, to retire immediately into the country. The reader hath long ago seen the arrival of Mrs. Slipslop, whom no pertness could make her mistress resolve to part with, lately that of Mr. Pounce, her forerunners, and lastly, that of the lady herself.

The morning after her arrival, being Sunday, she went to church, to the great surprise of every body, who wondered to see her ladyship, being no very constant church-woman, there so suddenly upon her journey. Joseph was likewise there; and I have heard it was remarked, that she fixed her eyes on him much more than on the parson; but this I believe to be only a malicious rumour. When the prayers were ended, Mr. Adams stood up, and with a loud voice pronounced: ‘I publish the banns of marriage between Joseph Andrews and Frances Good-

will, both of this parish, &c.’ Whether this had any effect on Lady Booby or no, who was then in her pew, which the congregation could not see into, I could never discover: but certain it is, that in about a quarter of an hour she stood up, and directed her eyes to that part of the church where the women sat, and persisted in looking that way during the remainder of the sermon, in so scrutinizing a manner, and with so angry a countenance, that most of the women were afraid she was offended at them.

The moment she returned home, she sent for Slipslop into her chamber, and told her she wondered what that impudent fellow Joseph did in that parish, upon which Slipslop gave her an account of her meeting Adams with him on the road, and likewise the adventure with Fanny. At the relation of which, the lady often changed her countenance; and when she had heard all, she ordered Mr. Adams into her presence, to whom she behaved as the reader will see in the next chapter.

CHAP. II.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MR. ABRAHAM ADAMS AND THE LADY BOOBY.

MR. Adams was not far off; for he was drinking her ladyship’s health below, in a cup of her ale. He no sooner came before her, than she began in the following manner: ‘I wonder, Sir, after the many great obligations you have had to this family,’ (with all which the reader hath, in the course of this history, been minutely acquainted) ‘that you will ungratefully shew any respect to a fellow who hath been turned out of it for his misdeeds. Nor doth it, I can tell you, Sir, become a man of your character, to run about the country with an idle fellow and wench. Indeed, as for the girl, I know no harm of her. Slipslop tells me she was formerly bred up in my house, and behaved as she ought, till she hankered after this fellow, and he spoiled her. Nay, she may still perhaps do very well, if he will let her alone. You are therefore doing a monstrous thing, in endeavouring

to procure a match between these two people, which will be to the ruin of them both.'—'Madam,' said Adams, 'if your ladyship will but hear me speak, I protest I never heard any harm of Mr. Joseph Andrews; if I had, I should have corrected him for it: for I never have, nor will encourage the faults of those under my cure. As for the young woman, I assure your ladyship I have as good an opinion of her as your ladyship yourself, or any other, can have. She is the sweetest-tempered, honestest, worthiest, young creature; indeed as to her beauty, I do not commend her on that account, though all men allow she is the handsomest woman, gentle or simple, that ever appeared in the parish.'—'You are very impertinent,' says she, 'to talk such fulsome stuff to me. It is mighty becoming, truly, in a clergyman, to trouble himself about handsome women, and you are a delicate judge of beauty, no doubt! A man who hath lived all his life in such a parish as this, is a rare judge of beauty! Ridiculous! beauty indeed! a country wench a beauty! I shall be sick whenever I hear beauty mentioned again. And so this wench is to stock the parish with beauties, I hope.—But, Sir, our poor are numerous enough already; I will have no more vagabonds settled here.'—'Madam,' says Adams, 'your ladyship is offended with me, I protest, without any reason. This couple were desirous to consummate long ago, and I dissuaded them from it; nay, I may venture to say, I believe, I was the sole cause of their delaying it.'—'Well,' says she, 'and you did very wisely and honestly too, notwithstanding she is the greatest beauty in the parish.'—'And now, Madam,' continued he, 'I only perform my office to Mr. Joseph.'—'Pray, don't mister such fellows to me,' cries the lady. 'He,' said the parson, 'with the consent of Fanny, before my face, put in the banns.'—'Yes,' answered the lady, 'I suppose the slut is forward enough; Sliplop tells me how her head runs on fellows; that is one of her beauties, I suppose. But if they have put in the banns, I desire you will publish them no more without my

orders.'—'Madam,' cries Adams, 'if any one puts in a sufficient caution; and assigns a proper reason against them, I am willing to surcease.'—'I tell you a reason,' says she; 'he is a vagabond, and he shall not settle here, and bring a nest of beggars in to the parish; it will make us but little amends that they will be beauties.'—'Madam,' answered Adams, 'with the utmost submission to your ladyship, I have been informed by lawyer Scout, that any person who serves a year, gains a settlement in the parish where he serves.'—'Lawyer Scout,' replied the lady, 'is an impudent coxcomb; I will have no lawyer Scout interfere with me. I repeat to you again, I will have no more incumbrances brought on us; so I desire you will proceed no farther.'—'Madam,' returned Adams, 'I would obey your ladyship in every thing that is lawful; but surely the parties being poor is no reason against their marrying. God forbid there should be any such law! The poor have little share enough of this world already; it would be barbarous indeed to deny them the common privileges, and innocent enjoyments, which nature indulges to the animal creation.'—'Since you understand yourself no better,' cries the lady, 'nor the respect due from such as you to a woman of my distinction, than to affront my ears by such loose discourse, I shall mention but one short word; it is my orders to you, that you publish these banns no more; and if you dare, I will recommend it to your master the doctor, to discard you from his service. I will, Sir, notwithstanding your poor family; and then you and the greatest beauty in the parish may go and beg together.'—'Madam,' answered Adams, 'I know not what your ladyship means by the terms *master* and *service*. I am in the service of a Master who will never discard me for doing my duty: and if the doctor (for indeed I have never been able to pay for a licence) thinks proper to turn me out from my cure, God will provide me, I hope, another. At least, my family, as well as myself, have hands; and he will prosper, I doubt not, our endeavours to get our bread honestly with them.

While

‘ Whilſt my conſcience is pure, I ſhall never fear what man can do unto me.’—‘ I condemn my humility,’ ſaid the lady, ‘ for demeaning myſelf to converſe with you ſo long. I ſhall take other meaſures; for I ſee you are a confederate with them. But the ſooner you leave me, the better; and I ſhall give orders that my doors may no longer be open to you. I will ſuffer no parſons who run about the country with beauties, to be entertained here.’—‘ Madam,’ ſaid Adams, ‘ I ſhall enter into no perſon’s door againſt their will: but I am aſſured, when you have enquired farther into this matter, you will applaud, not blame my proceeding; and ſo I humbly take my leave:’ which he did with many bows, or at leaſt many attempts at a bow.

C H A P. III.

WHAT PAST BETWEEN THE LADY AND LAWYER SCOUT.

IN the afternoon the lady ſent for Mr. Scout, whom ſhe attacked moſt violently for intermeddling with her ſervants; which he denied, and indeed with truth: for he had only aſſerted accidentally, and perhaps rightly, that a year’s ſervice gained a ſettlement; and ſo far he owned he might have formerly informed the parſon, and believed it was law. ‘ I am reſolved,’ ſaid the lady, ‘ to have no diſcarded ſervants of mine ſettled here; and ſo, if this be your law, I ſhall ſend to another lawyer.’ Scout ſaid, if ſhe ſent to a hundred lawyers, not one or all of them could alter the law. The utmoſt that was in the power of a lawyer, was to prevent the law’s taking effect: and that he himſelf could do for her ladyſhip as well as any other. ‘ And I believe,’ ſays he, ‘ Madam, your ladyſhip not being converſant in theſe matters, hath miſtaken a difference: for I aſſerted only, that a man who ſerved a year was ſettled. Now there is a material difference between being ſettled in law, and ſettled in fact; and as I affirmed generally he was ſettled, and law is preferable to fact, my ſettlement muſt be underſtood in

law, and not in fact. And ſuppoſe, Madam, we admit he was ſettled in law, what uſe will they make of it; how doth that relate to fact? He is not ſettled in fact; and if he be not ſettled in fact, he is not an inhabitant; and if he is not an inhabitant, he is not of this pariſh; and then undoubtedly he ought not to be publiſhed here; for Mr. Adams hath told me your ladyſhip’s pleaſure, and the reaſon, which is a very good one, to prevent burdening us with the poor; we have too many already; and I think we ought to have an act to hang or tranſport half of them. If we can prove in evidence, that he is not ſettled in fact, it is another matter. What I ſaid to Mr. Adams, was on a ſuppoſition that he was ſettled in fact; and indeed if that was the caſe, I ſhould doubt.’—‘ Don’t tell me your facts, and your ifs,’ ſaid the lady; ‘ I don’t underſtand your gibberiſh: you take too much upon you, and are very impertinent in pretending to direct in this pariſh, and you ſhall be taught better, I aſſure you, you ſhall. But as to the wench, I am reſolved ſhe ſhall not ſettle here; I will not ſuffer ſuch beauties as theſe to produce children for us to keep.’—‘ Beauties indeed? your ladyſhip is pleaſed to be merry,’ answered Scout. ‘ Mr. Adams deſcribed her ſo to me,’ ſaid the lady: ‘ Pray what ſort of dowdy is it, Mr. Scout?’—‘ The uglieſt creature almoſt I ever beheld, a poor dirty drab, your ladyſhip never ſaw ſuch a wretch.’—‘ Well but, dear Mr. Scout, let her be what ſhe will— theſe ugly women will bring children, you know; ſo that we muſt prevent the marriage.’—‘ True, Madam,’ replied Scout; ‘ for the ſubſequent marriage co-operating with the law, will carry law into fact. When a man is married, he is ſettled in fact; and then he is not removable. I will ſee Mr. Adams, and I make no doubt of prevailing with him. His only objection is, doubts, that he ſhall loſe his fee: but that being once made eaſy, as it ſhall be, I am confident no other objection will remain. No, no, it is impoſſible: but your ladyſhip can’t diſcommend his unwillingneſs to depart from his fee. Every man ought

to have a proper value for his fee. As to the matter in question, if your ladyship pleases to employ me in it, I will venture to promise you success. The laws of this land are not so vulgar, to permit a mean fellow to contend with one of your ladyship's fortune. We have one sure card, which is to carry him before Justice Frolick, who, upon hearing your ladyship's name, will commit him without any farther questions. As for the dirty slut, we shall have nothing to do with her; for if we get rid of the fellow, the ugly jade will——' 'Take what measures you please, good Mr. Scout,' answered the lady; 'but I wish you could rid the parish of both; for Slipslop tells me such stories of this wench, that I abhor the thoughts of her; and though you say she is such an ugly slut, yet you know, dear Mr. Scout, these forward creatures, who run after men, will always find some as forward as themselves; so that, to prevent the increase of beggars, we must get rid of her.'—'Your ladyship is very much in the right,' answered Scout; 'but I am afraid the law is a little deficient in giving us any such power of prevention: however, the justice will stretch it as far as he is able, to oblige your ladyship. To say truth, it is a great blessing to the country that he is in the commission; for he hath taken several poor off our hands that the law would never have lain hold on. I know some justices who make as much of committing a man to Bridewell, as his lordship at 'size would of hanging him: but it would do a man good to see his worship, our justice, commit a fellow to Bridewell; he takes so much pleasure in it. And when once we ha'un there, we seldom hear any more o'un; he's either starved, or eat up by vermin, in a month's time.' Here the arrival of a visitor put an end to the conversation, and Mr. Scout, having undertaken the cause, and promised it success, departed.

This Scout was one of those fellows who, without any knowledge of the law, or being bred to it, take upon them, in defiance of an act of parliament, to act as lawyers in the country, and are called so. They are the

pests of society, and a scandal to a profession to which indeed they do not belong; and which owes to such kind of rascallions the ill-will which weak persons bear towards it. With this fellow, to whom a little before she would not have condescended to have spoken, did a certain passion for Joseph, and the jealousy and disdain of poor innocent Fanny, betray the Lady Booby into a familiar discourse, in which she inadvertently confirmed many hints, with which Slipslop, whose gallant he was, had pre-acquainted him; and whence he had taken an opportunity to assert those severe falsehoods of little Fanny, which possibly the reader might not have been well able to account for if we had not thought proper to give him this information.

CHAP. IV.

A SHORT CHAPTER, BUT VERY FULL OF MATTER; PARTICULARLY THE ARRIVAL OF MR. BOOBY AND HIS LADY.

ALL that night, and the next day, the Lady Booby passed with the utmost anxiety; her mind was distracted, and her soul tossed up and down with many turbulent and opposite passions. She loved, hated, pitied, scorned, admired, despised, the same person, by fits, which changed in a very short interval. On Tuesday morning, which happened to be a holiday, she went to church, where, to her surprise, Mr. Adams published the banns again with as audible a voice as before. It was lucky for her, that as there was no sermon, she had an immediate opportunity of returning home to vent her rage, which she could not have concealed from the congregation five minutes; indeed it was not then very numerous, the assembly consisting of no more than Adams, his clerk, his wife, the lady, and one of her servants. At her return she met Slipslop, who accosted her in these words:—
'O Meam, what doth your ladyship think! To be sure Lawyer Scout hath carried Joseph and Fanny both before the justice. All the parish are in tears, and say they will certainly
T be

'be hanged: for nobody knows what it is for.'—'I suppose they deserve it,' says the lady. 'Why dost thou mention such wretches to me?'—'O dear Madam,' answered Slipflop, 'is it not a pity such a graceless young man should die a virulent death? I hope the judge will take commensuration on his youth. As for Fanny, I don't think it signifies much what becomes of her; and if poor Joseph hath done any thing, I could venture to swear she *traded* him to it: few men ever come to a *fragrant* punishment, but by those nasty creatures, who are a scandal to our *set*.' The lady was no more pleased at this news, after a moment's reflection, than Slipflop herself: for though she wished Fanny far enough, she did not desire the removal of Joseph, especially with her. She was puzzled how to act, or what to say on this occasion, when a coach and six drove into the court, and a servant acquainted her with the arrival of her nephew Booby and his lady. She ordered them to be conducted into a drawing-room, whither she presently repaired, having composed her countenance as well as she could; being a little satisfied that the wedding would by these means be at least interrupted, and that she should have an opportunity to execute any resolution she might take, for which she saw herself provided with an excellent instrument in Scout.

The Lady Booby apprehended her servant had made a mistake, when he mentioned Mr. Booby's lady; for she had never heard of his marriage; but how great was her surprise, when at her entering the room, her nephew presented his wife to her, saying, 'Madam, this is that charming Pamela, of whom I am convinced you have heard so much.' The lady received her with more civility than he expected; indeed with the utmost: for she was perfectly polite, nor had any vice inconsistent with good-breeding. They passed some little time in ordinary discourse, when a servant came and whispered Mr. Booby, who presently told the ladies he must desert them a little on some business of consequence; and as their discourse during his absence would afford little improvement or entertainment to the reader, we will

leave them for a while, to attend Mr. Booby.

CHAP. V.

CONTAINING JUSTICE BUSINESS: CURIOUS PRECEDENTS OF DEPOSITIONS, AND OTHER MATTERS NECESSARY TO BE PERUSED BY ALL JUSTICES OF THE PEACE AND THEIR CLERKS.

THE young squire and his lady were no sooner alighted from their coach, than the servants began to enquire after Mr. Joseph, from whom they said their lady had not heard a word, to her great surprise, since he had left Lady Booby's. Upon this they were instantly informed of what had lately happened, with which they hastily acquainted their master, who took an immediate resolution to go himself, and endeavour to restore his Pamela her brother, before she even knew she had lost him.

The justice, before whom the criminals were carried, and who lived within a short mile of the lady's house, was luckily Mr. Booby's acquaintance, by his having an estate in his neighbourhood. Ordering therefore his horses to his coach, he set out for the judgment-seat, and arrived when the justice had almost finished his business. He was conducted into a hall, where he was acquainted that his worship would wait on him in a moment; for he had only a man and a woman to commit to Bridewell first. As he has now convinced he had not a minute to lose, he insisted on the servant's introducing him directly into the room where the justice was then executing his office as he called it. Being brought thither, and the first compliments being past between the squire and his worship, the former asked the latter what crime those two young people had been guilty of. 'No great crime,' answered the justice; 'I have only ordered them to Bridewell for a month.'—'But what is their crime?' repeated the squire. 'Larceny, an't please your honour!' said Scout. 'Aye,' says the justice, 'a kind of felonious larcenous thing. I believe I must order them a little correction

'too,

'too, a little stripping and whipping.' (Poor Fanny, who had hitherto supported all with the thoughts of Joseph's company, trembled at that sound; but indeed without reason, for none but the devil himself would have executed such a sentence on her.) 'Still,' said the squire, 'I am ignorant of the crime; the fact, I mean.' — 'Why, there it is in peaper,' answered the justice; shewing him a deposition, which, in the absence of his clerk, he had writ himself, of which we have with great difficulty procured an authentic copy, and here it follows *verbatim & literatim*.

The deposition of James Scout, layer, and Thomas Trotter, yeoman, taken before mee, one of his majesty's justices of the peace for Zumerfetshire.

THESE deponents saith, and first Thomas Trotter for himself saith, that on the — of this instant October, being Sabbath-day, betwix the ours of 2 and 4 in the afternoon, he zeed Joseph Andrews and Francis Goodwill walk akrofs a certaine felde belonging to layer Scout, and out of the path, which ledes thru the said felde, and there he zede Joseph Andrews with a nife cut one hassel-twig, of the value, as he believes, of 3 half-pence, or thereabouts; and he saith, that the said Francis Goodwill was likewise walking on the grass, out of the said path in the said felde, and did receive and karry in her hand the said twig, and so was comforting eading and abating to the said Joseph therein. And the said James Scout for himself says, that he verily believes the said twig to be his own proper twig, &c.

'Jesu!' said the squire, 'would you commit two persons to Bridewell for a twig?' — 'Yes,' said the lawyer, 'and with great lenity too; for if we had called it a young tree, they would have been both hanged.' — 'Harkee,' (says the justice, taking aside the squire) 'I should not have been so severe on this occasion, but Lady Booby desires to get them out of the parish; so lawyer Scout will

give the constable orders to let them run away, if the please; but it seems they intend to marry together, and the lady hath no other means, as they are legally settled there, to prevent their bringing an incumbrance on her own parish.' — 'Well,' said the squire, 'I will take care my aunt shall be satisfied in this point; and likewise I promise you, Joseph here shall never be any incumbrance on her. I shall be obliged to you therefore, if, instead of Bridewell, you will commit them to my custody.' — 'O to be sure, Sir, if you desire it!' answered the justice. And without more ado, Joseph and Fanny were delivered over to squire Booby, whom Joseph very well knew; but little guessed how nearly he was related to him. The justice burnt his mittimus; the constable was sent about his business; the lawyer made no complaint for want of justice; and the prisoners, with exulting hearts, gave a thousand thanks to his honour Mr. Booby, who did not intend their obligations to him should cease here: for ordering his man to produce a cloak-bag, which he had caused to be brought from Lady Booby's on purpose, he desired the justice that he might have Joseph with him into a room, where ordering his servant to take out a suit of his own clothes, with linen and other necessaries, he left Joseph to dress himself, who not yet knowing the cause of all this civility, excused his accepting such a favour as long as decently he could. Whilst Joseph was dressing, the squire repaired to the justice, whom he found talking with Fanny; for during the examination, she had flapped her hat over her eyes, which were also bathed in tears, and had by that means concealed from his worship what might perhaps have rendered the arrival of Mr. Booby unnecessary, at least for herself. The justice no sooner saw her countenance cleared up, and her bright eyes shining through her tears, than he secretly cursed himself for having once thought of Bridewell for her. He would willingly have sent his own wife thither, to have had Fanny in her place. And conceiving almost at the same instant desires and schemes to accomplish them, he employed the minutes whilst the squire was absent with Joseph, in assuring

assuring her how sorry he was for having treated her so roughly before he knew her merit; and told her, that since Lady Booby was unwilling that she should settle in her parish, she was heartily welcome to his, where he promised her his protection; adding, that he would take Joseph and her into his own family, if she liked it: which assurance he confirmed with a squeeze by the hand. She thanked him very kindly, and said, she would acquaint Joseph with the offer, which he would certainly be glad to accept; for that Lady Booby was angry with them both, though she did not know either had done any thing to offend her; but imputed it to Madam Slipshod, who had always been her enemy.

The squire now returned, and prevented any farther continuance of this conversation; and the justice, out of a pretended respect to his guest, but in reality from an apprehension of a rival, (for he knew nothing of his marriage) ordered Fanny into the kitchen, whither she gladly retired; nor did the squire, who declined the trouble of explaining the whole matter, oppose it.

It would be unnecessary, if I was able, which indeed I am not, to relate the conversation between these two gentlemen, which rolled, as I have been informed, entirely on the subject of horse-racing. Joseph was soon dressed in the plainest dress he could find, which was a blue coat and breeches, with a gold edging, and a red waistcoat with the same: and as this suit, which was rather too large for the squire, exactly fitted him; so he became it so well, and looked so genteel, that no person would have doubted it's being as well adapted to his quality as his shape; nor have suspected, as one might, when my Lord —, or Sir —, or Mr. —, appear in lace or embroidery, that the tailor's man wore those clothes home on his back, which he should have carried under his arm.

The squire now took leave of the justice, and calling for Fanny, made her and Joseph, against their wills, get into the coach with him, which he then ordered to drive to Lady Booby's. — It had moved a few yards only, when the squire asked Joseph, if he knew who that man was crossing the field; 'for,' added he, 'I never saw one take such strides before.' Joseph answered

eagerly, 'O, Sir, it is parson Adams.' — 'O la, indeed, and so it is,' said Fanny: 'poor man! he is coming to do what he could for us. Well, he is the worthiest, best-natured creature!' — 'Aye,' said Joseph, 'God bless him; for there is not such another in the universe.' — 'The best creature living sure,' cries Fanny. 'Is he?' says the squire, 'then I am resolved to have the best creature living in my coach;' and so saying, he ordered it to stop, whilst Joseph, at his request, hallooed to the parson, who well knowing his voice, made all the haste imaginable, and soon came up with them. He was desired by the master, who could scarce refrain from laughter at his figure, to mount into the coach, which he with many thanks refused, saying he could walk by it's side, and he'd warrant he kept up with it; but he was at length over-prevailed on. The squire now acquainted Joseph with his marriage; but he might have spared himself that labour; for his servant, whilst Joseph was dressing, had performed that office before. He continued to express the vast happiness he enjoyed in his sister, and the value he had for all who belonged to her. Joseph made many bows, and expressed as many acknowledgments, and parson Adams, who now first perceived Joseph's new apparel, burst into tears with joy, and fell to rubbing his hands and snapping his fingers, as if he had been mad.

They were now arrived at the Lady Booby's, and the squire desiring them to wait a moment in the court, went in to his aunt, and calling her out from his wife, acquainted her with Joseph's arrival; saying, 'Madam, as I have married a virtuous and worthy woman, I am resolved to own her relations, and shew them all a proper respect; I shall think myself therefore infinitely obliged to all mine, who will do the same. It is true her brother hath been your servant, but he is now become my brother; and I have one happiness, that neither his character, his behaviour, or appearance, give me any reason to be ashamed of calling him so. In short, he is now below, dressed like a gentleman, in which light I intend he shall hereafter be seen; and you will oblige me beyond expression, if you

'you will admit him to be of our party; for I know it will give great pleasure to my wife, though she will not mention it.'

This was a stroke of fortune beyond the Lady Booby's hopes or expectation; she answered him eagerly, 'Nephew, you know how easily I am prevailed on to do any thing which Joseph Andrews desires—Phoo! I mean, which you desire me; and as he is now your relation, I cannot refuse to entertain him as such.' The squire told her, he knew his obligation to her for her compliance; and going three steps, returned and told her, he had one more favour, which he believed she would easily grant, as she had accorded him the former. 'There is a young woman—' 'Nephew,' says she, 'don't let my good-nature make you desire, as is too commonly the case, to impose on me. Nor think, because I have with so much condescension agreed to suffer your brother-in-law to come to my table, that I will submit to the company of all my own servants, and all the dirty trollops in the country.'—'Madam,' answered the squire, 'I believe you never saw this young creature. I never beheld such sweetness and innocence, joined with such beauty, and withal so gentle.'—'Upon my soul I won't admit her,' reply'd the lady in a passion; 'the whole world shan't prevail on me: I resent even the desire as an affront, and——' The squire, who knew her inflexibility, interrupted her, by asking pardon, and promising not to mention it more. He then returned to Joseph, and she to Pamela. He took Joseph aside, and told him, he would carry him to his sister; but could not prevail as yet for Fanny. Joseph begged that he might see his sister alone, and then be with his Fanny; but the squire knowing the pleasure his wife would have in her brother's company, would not admit it, telling Joseph there would be nothing in so short an absence from Fanny, whilst he was assured of her safety; adding, he hoped he could not easily quit a sister whom he had not seen so long, and who so tenderly loved him, Joseph immediately complied; for indeed no brother could love a sister more; and recommending Fanny, who rejoiced that she was not to go before

Lady Booby, to the care of Mr. Adams, he attended the squire up stairs, whilst Fanny repaired with the parson to his house, where she thought herself secure of a kind reception.

CHAP. VI.

OF WHICH YOU ARE DESIRED
TO READ NO MORE THAN YOU
LIKE.

THE meeting between Joseph and Pamela was not without tears of joy on both sides; and their embraces were full of tenderness and affection. They were however regarded with much more pleasure by the nephew than by the aunt, to whose flame they were fuel only; and this was increased by the addition of dress, which was indeed not wanted to set off the lively colours in which nature had drawn health, strength, comeliness and youth. In the afternoon, Joseph, at their request, entertained them with the account of his adventures; nor could Lady Booby conceal her dissatisfaction at those parts in which Fanny was concerned, especially when Mr. Booby launched forth into such rapturous praises of her beauty. She said, applying to her niece, that she wondered her nephew, who had pretended to marry for love, should think such a subject proper to amuse his wife with; adding, that for her part, she should be jealous of a husband who spoke so warmly in praise of another woman. Pamela answered, indeed she thought she had cause; but it was an instance of Mr. Booby's aptness to see more beauty in women than they were mistresses of. At which words both the women fixed their eyes on two looking-glasses; and Lady Booby replied, that men were, in the general, very ill judges of beauty; and then, whilst both contemplated only their own faces, they paid a cross compliment to each other's charms. When the hour of rest approached, which the lady of the house deferred as long as decently she could, she informed Joseph (whom for the future we shall call Mr. Joseph, he having as good a title to that appellation as many others, I mean that incontestable one of good clothes) that she had ordered a bed to be provided

ed for him. He declined this favour to his utmost; for his heart had long been with his Fanny; but she insisted on his accepting it, alledging that the parish had no proper accommodation for such a person as he was now to esteem himself. The squire and his lady both joining with her, Mr. Joseph was at last forced to give over his design of visiting Faany that evening, who, on her side, as impatiently expected him till midnight, when in complacence to Mr. Adams's family, who had sat up two hours out of respect to her, she retired to bed, but not to sleep; the thoughts of her love kept her waking, and his not returning according to his promise, filled her with uneasiness; of which, however, she could not assign any other cause, than merely that of being absent from him.

Mr. Joseph rose early in the morning, and visited her in whom his soul delighted. She no sooner heard his voice in the parson's parlour, than she leapt from her bed, and dressing herself in a few minutes, went down to him. They passed two hours with inexpressible happiness together; and then having appointed Monday, by Mr. Adams's permission, for their marriage, Mr. Joseph returned, according to his promise, to breakfast at the Lady Booby's, with whose behaviour since the evening we shall now acquaint the reader.

She was no sooner retired to her chamber than she asked Slipslop what she thought of this wonderful creature her nephew had married. 'Madam!' said Slipslop, not yet sufficiently understanding what answer she was to make. 'I ask you,' answered the lady, 'what you think of the dowdy; my niece, I think, I am to call her?' Slipslop wanting no farther hint, began to pull her to pieces, and so miserably defaced her, that it would have been impossible for any one to have known the person. The lady gave her all the assistance she could, and ended with saying, 'I think, Slipslop, you have done her justice; but yet, bad as she is, she is an angel, compared to this Fanny.' Slipslop then fell on Fanny, whom she hacked and hewed in the like barbarous manner; concluding with an observation, that there was always something in those low-life creatures which must eternally distin-

guish them from their betters. 'Really,' said the lady, 'I think there is one exception to your rule; I am certain you may guess who I mean.' — 'Not I, upon my word, Madam,' said Slipslop. 'I mean, a young fellow; sure you are the dullest wretch,' said the lady. 'O la, I am, indeed.' 'Yes truly, Madam, he is an *accesion*,' answered Slipslop. — 'Aye, is he not, Slipslop?' returned the lady. 'Is he not so genteel that a prince might without a blush acknowledge him for his son. His behaviour is such that would not shame the best education. He borrows from his station a condescension in every thing to his superiors, yet unattended by that mean servility which is called good-behaviour in such persons. Every thing he doth hath no mark of the base motive of fear, but visibly shews some respect and gratitude, and carries with it the persuasion of love. And then, for his virtues; such piety to his parents, such tender affection to his sister, such integrity in his friendship, such bravery, such goodness, that if he had been born a gentleman, his wife would have possessed the most invaluable blessing. — 'To be sure, Madam!' says Slipslop. 'But as he is,' answered the lady, 'if he had a thousand more good qualities, it must render a woman of fashion contemptible even to be suspected of thinking of him; yes, I should despise myself for such a thought. — 'To be sure, Ma'am!' said Slipslop. 'And why to be sure?' replied the lady; 'thou art always one's echo. Is he not more worthy of affection than a dirty country clown, though born of a family as old as the flood, or an idle worthless rake, or a little pufsy beau of quality? And yet these we must condemn ourselves to, in order to avoid the censure of the world; to shun the contempt of others, we must ally ourselves to those we despise; we must prefer birth, title, and fortune, to real merit. It is a tyranny of custom, a tyranny we must comply with: for we people of fashion are the slaves of custom. — 'Marry come up!' said Slipslop, who now well knew which party to take; 'if I was a woman of your ladyship's fortune and quality, I would be a
slave

‘ slave to nobody.’—‘ Me,’ said the lady, ‘ I am speaking, if a young woman of fashion, who had seen nothing of the world, should happen to like such a fellow. Me, indeed! I hope thou didst not imagine.’—‘ No, Ma’am, to be sure,’ cries Slipflop.—‘ No! what no?’ cries the lady. ‘ Thou art always ready to answer, before thou hast heard one. So far I must allow, he is a charming fellow. Me, indeed! No, Slipflop, all thoughts of men are over with me. I have lost a husband, who—but if I should reflect, I should run mad. My future ease must depend upon forgetfulness. Slipflop, let me hear some of thy nonsense, to turn my thoughts another way. What dost thou think of Mr. Andrews?’—‘ Why, I think,’ says Slipflop, ‘ he is the handsomest, most properest man I ever saw; and if I was a lady of the greatest degree, it would be well for some folks. Your ladyship may talk of custom, if you please; but I am *confidous* there is no more comparison between young Mr. Andrews, and most of the young gentlemen who come to your ladyship’s house in London—a parcel of *whip-persnapper* sparks; I would sooner marry our old parson Adams. Never tell me what people say, whilst I am happy in the arms of him I love. Some folks rail against other folks, because other folks have what some folks would be glad of.’—‘ And so,’ answered the lady, ‘ if you was a woman of condition, you would really marry Mr. Andrews?’—‘ Yes, I assure your ladyship,’ replied Slipflop, ‘ if he would have me.’—‘ Fool, idiot!’ cries the lady, ‘ if he would have a woman of fashion! Is that a question?’—‘ No truly, Ma’am,’ said Slipflop, ‘ I believe it would be none if Fanny was out of the way; and I am *confidous* if I was in your ladyship’s place, and liked Mr. Joseph Andrews, she should not stay in the parish a moment. I am sure lawyer Scout would send her packing, if your ladyship would but say the word.’ This last speech of Slipflop raised a tempest in the mind of her mistress. She feared Scout had betrayed her, or rather that she had betrayed herself. After some silence, and a double change of her complexion,

first to pale, and then to red, she thus spoke: ‘ I am astonished at the liberty you give your tongue. Would you insinuate, that I employed Scout against this wench, on the account of the fellow?’—‘ La, Ma’am!’ said Slipflop, frightened out of her wits, ‘ I *assassinate* such a thing!’—‘ I think you dare not,’ answered the lady. ‘ I believe my conduct may defy malice itself to assert so cursed a slander. If I had ever discovered any wantonness, any lightness in my behaviour; if I had followed the example of some whom thou hast, I believe, seen, in allowing myself indecent liberties, even with a husband; but the dear man, who is gone,’ [here she began to sob] ‘ was he alive again,’ [then she produced tears] ‘ could not upbraid me with any one act of tenderness or passion. No, Slipflop, all the time I cohabited with him, he never obtained even a kiss from me, without my expressing reluctance in the granting it. I am sure he himself never suspected how much I loved him. Since his death, thou knowest, though it is almost six weeks (it wants but a day) ago, I have not admitted one visitor, till this fool, my nephew, arrived. I have confined myself quite to one party of friends. And can such a conduct as this fear to be arraigned? To be accused not only of a passion which I have always despised, but of fixing it on such an object, a creature so much beneath my notice!’—‘ Upon my word, Ma’am,’ says Slipflop, ‘ I do not understand your ladyship, nor know I any thing of the matter.’—‘ I believe, indeed, thou dost not understand me. These are delicacies which exist only in superior minds; thy coarse ideas cannot comprehend them. Thou art a low creature, of the Andrews’s breed, a reptile of the lower order, a weed that grows in the common garden of the creation.’—‘ I assure your ladyship,’ says Slipflop, whose passions were almost of as high an order as her lady’s, ‘ I have no more to do with *Common Garden* than other folks. Really, your ladyship talks of servants as if they were not born of the christian *specious*. Servants have flesh and blood, as well as quality; and Mr. Andrews himself is a proof that

that they have as good, if not better. And for my own part, I can't perceive my *dears** are coarser than other people's; and I am sure, if Mr. Andrews was a dear of mine, I should not be ashamed of him in company with gentlemen; for whoever hath seen him in his new clothes, must confess he looks as much like a gentleman as any body. Coarse, quotha! I can't bear to hear the poor young fellow run down neither; for I will say this, I never heard him say an ill word of any body in his life. I am sure his coarseness doth not lie in his heart; for he is the best-natured man in the world; and as for his skin, it is no coarser than other people's, I am sure. His bosom, when a boy, was as white as driven snow; and where it is not covered with hairs, is so still. If akins; if I was Mrs. Andrews, with a hundred a year, I should not envy the best she who wears a head. A woman that could not be happy with such a man, ought never to be so: for if he can't make a woman happy, I never yet beheld the man who could. I say again, I wish I was a great lady for his sake. I believe when I had made a gentleman of him, he'd behave so, that no body should *deprecate* what I had done; and I fancy few would venture to tell him he was no gentleman to his face, nor to mine neither.' At which words, taking up the candles, she asked her mistress, who had been some time in her bed, if she had any farther commands; who mildly answered, she had none; and telling her she was a comical creature, bid her good night.

CHAP. VII.

PHILOSOPHICAL REFLECTIONS,
THE LIKE NOT TO BE FOUND
IN ANY LIGHT FRENCH ROMANCE;
MR. BOOBY'S GRAVE
ADVICE TO JOSEPH; AND
FANNY'S ENCOUNTER WITH
A BEAU.

HABIT, my good reader, hath so vast a prevalence over the hu-

man mind, that there is scarce any thing too strange or too strong to be asserted of it. The story of the miser, who, from long accustoming to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself, and with great delight and triumph picked his own pocket of a guinea to convey to his hoard, is not impossible or improbable. In like manner it fares with the practisers of deceit, who, from having long deceived their acquaintance, gain at last a power of deceiving themselves, and acquire that very opinion (however false) of their own abilities, excellencies and virtues, into which they have for years perhaps endeavoured to betray their neighbours. Now, reader, to apply this observation to my present purpose, thou must know, that as the passion, generally called love, exercises most of the talents of the female or fair world; so in this they now and then discover a small inclination to deceit; for which thou wilt not be angry with the beautiful creatures, when thou hast considered, that at the age of seven, or something earlier, miss is instructed by her mother, that master is a very monstrous kind of animal, who will, if she suffers him to come too near her, infallibly eat her up, and grind her to pieces. That so far from kissing or toying with him of her own accord, she must not admit him to kisses or toy with her. And lastly, that she must never have any affection towards him; for if she should, all her friends in petticoats would esteem her a traitress, point at her, and hunt her out of their society. These impressions being first received, are farther and deeper inculcated by their school-mistresses and companions; so that by the age of ten, they have contracted such a dread and abhorrence of the above-named monster, that, whenever they see him, they fly from him as the innocent hare doth from the greyhound. Hence, to the age of fourteen or fifteen, they entertain a mighty antipathy to master; they resolve, and frequently profess, that they will never have any commerce with him, and entertain fond hopes of passing their lives out of his reach, of the possibility of which they have so visible an example in their good maiden aunt. But when they arrive at this period, and have now passed their second

* Meaning, perhaps, *ideas*.

climacteric, when their wisdom, grown riper, begins to see a little farther, and from almost daily falling in master's way, to apprehend the great difficulty of keeping out of it; and when they observe him look often at them, and sometimes very eagerly and earnestly too, (for the monster seldom takes any notice of them till at this age) they then begin to think of their danger; and as they perceive they cannot easily avoid him, the wiser part bethink themselves of providing by other means for their security. They endeavour by all the methods they can invent to render themselves so amiable in his eyes, that he may have no inclination to hurt them; in which they generally succeed so well, that his eyes, by frequent languishing, soon lessen their idea of his fierceness, and so far abate their fears, that they venture to parley with him; and when they perceive him so different from what he hath been described, all gentleness, softness, kindness, tenderness, fondness, their dreadful apprehensions vanish in a moment: and now (it being usual with the human mind to skip from one extreme to it's opposite, as easily, and almost as suddenly, as a bird from one bough to another) love instantly succeeds to fear; but as it happens to persons who have in their infancy been thoroughly frightened with certain no-persons called ghosts, that they retain their dread of those beings, after they are convinced that there are no such things; so these young ladies, though they no longer apprehend devouring, cannot so entirely shake off all that hath been instilled into them; they still entertain the idea of that censure which was so strongly imprinted on their tender minds, to which the declarations of abhorrence they every day hear from their companions greatly contribute. To avoid this censure therefore, is now their only care; for which purpose they still pretend the same aversion to the monster: and the more they love him, the more ardently they counterfeit the antipathy. By the continual and constant practice of which deceit on others, they at length impose on themselves, and really believe they hate what they love. Thus indeed it happened to Lady Booby, who loved Joseph long before she knew it; and now loved

him much more than she suspected. She had indeed, from the time of his sister's arrival in the quality of her niece, and from the instant she viewed him in the dress and character of a gentleman, began to conceive secretly a design which love had concealed from herself, till a dream betrayed it to her.

She had no sooner risen, than she sent for her nephew; when he came to her, after many compliments on his choice, she told him, he might perceive in her condescension to admit her own servant to her table, that she looked on the family of Andrews as his relations, and indeed her's; that as he had married into such a family, it became him to endeavour by all methods to raise it as much as possible. At length she advised him to use all his art to dissuade Joseph from his intended match, which would still enlarge their relation to meanness and poverty; concluding, that by a commission in the army, or some other genteel employment, he might soon put young Mr. Andrews on the foot of a gentleman; and that being once done, his accomplishments might quickly gain him an alliance, which would not be to their discredit.

Her nephew heartily embraced this proposal; and finding Mr. Joseph with his wife, at his return to her chamber, he immediately began thus: 'My love
' to my dear Pamela, brother, will ex-
' tend to all her relations; nor shall I
' shew them less respect than if I had
' married into the family of a duke.
' I hope I have given you some early
' testimonies of this, and shall conti-
' nue to give you daily more. You
' will excuse me therefore, brother, if
' my concern for your interest makes
' me mention what may be, perhaps,
' disagreeable to you to hear: but I
' must insist upon it, that if you have
' any value for my alliance or my
' friendship, you will decline any
' thoughts of engaging farther with a
' girl, who is, as you are a relation of
' mine, so much beneath you. I know
' there may be at first some difficulty in
' your compliance, but that will daily
' diminish; and you will in the end
' sincerely thank me for my advice. I
' own, indeed, the girl is handsome;
' but beauty alone is a poor ingredient,
' and will make but an uncomfortable
' marriage.'—'Sir,' said Joseph, 'I

‘ assure you her beauty is her least perfection; nor do I know a virtue which that young creature is not possessed of.’—‘ As to her virtues,’ answered Mr. Booby, ‘ you can be yet but a slender judge of them: but if she had never so many, you will find her equal in these among her superiors in birth and fortune, which now you are to esteem on a footing with yourself; at least I will take care they shall shortly be so, unless you prevent me by degrading yourself with such a match, a match I have hardly patience to think of; and which would break the hearts of your parents, who now rejoice in the expectation of seeing you make a figure in the world.’—‘ I know not,’ replied Joseph, ‘ that my parents have any power over my inclinations; nor am I obliged to sacrifice my happiness to their whim or ambition: besides, I shall be very sorry to see, that the unexpected advancement of my sister should so suddenly inspire them with this wicked pride, and make them despise their equals. I am resolved on no account to quit my dear Fanny; no, though I could raise her as high above her present station as you have raised my sister.’—‘ Your sister, as well as myself,’ said Booby, ‘ are greatly obliged to you for the comparison: but, Sir, she is not worthy to be compared in beauty to my Pamela; nor hath she half her merit. And besides, Sir, as you civilly throw my marriage with your sister in my teeth, I must teach you the wide difference between us; my fortune enabled me to please myself; and it would have been as overgrown a folly in me to have omitted it, as in you to do it.’—‘ My fortune enables me to please myself likewise,’ said Joseph; ‘ for all my pleasure is centered in Fanny; and, whilst I have health, I shall be able to support her with my labour, in that station to which she was born, and with which she is content.’—‘ Brother,’ said Pamela, ‘ Mr. Booby advises you as a friend; and no doubt, my papa and mama will be of his opinion, and will have great reason to be angry with you for destroying what his goodness hath done, and throwing down our family again, after he hath raised it. It would become you

‘ better, brother, to pray for the assistance of grace against such a passion, than to indulge it.’—‘ Sure, sister, you are not in earnest; I am sure she is your equal at least.’—‘ She was my equal,’ answered Pamela, ‘ but I am no longer Pamela Andrews, I am now this gentleman’s lady, and as such am above her. I hope I shall never behave with an unbecoming pride; but at the same time, I shall always endeavour to know myself, and question not the assistance of grace to that purpose.’ They were now summoned to breakfast, and thus ended their discourse for the present, very little to the satisfaction of any of the parties.

Fanny was now walking in an avenue at some distance from the house, where Joseph had promised to take the first opportunity of coming to her. She had not a shilling in the world, and had subsisted, ever since her return, entirely on the charity of parson Adams. A young gentleman, attended by many servants, came up to her, and asked her if that was not the Lady Booby’s house before him. This indeed he well knew, but had framed the question for no other reason than to make her look up, and discover if her face was equal to the delicacy of her shape. He no sooner saw it, than he was struck with amazement. He stopt his horse, and swore she was the most beautiful creature he ever beheld. Then instantly alighting, and delivering his horse to his servant, he rapt out half a dozen oaths that he would kiss her; to which she at first submitted, begging he would not be rude: but he was not satisfied with the civility of a salute, nor even with the rudest attack he could make on her lips, but caught her in his arms, and endeavoured to kiss her breasts, which with all her strength she resisted; and, as our spark was not of the Herculean race, with some difficulty prevented. The young gentleman being soon out of breath in the struggle, quitted her, and remounting his horse, called one of his servants to him, whom he ordered to stay behind with her, and make her any offers whatever, to prevail on her to return home with him in the evening; and to assure her he would take her into keeping. He then rode on with his other servants, and arrived at the lady’s house, to whom





he was a distant relation, and was come to pay a visit.

The trusty fellow, who was employed in an office he had been long accustomed to, discharged his part with all the fidelity and dexterity imaginable; but to no purpose. She was entirely deaf to his offers, and rejected them with the utmost disdain. At last the pimp, who had perhaps more warm blood about him than his master, began to solicit for himself; he told her, though he was a servant, he was a man of some fortune, which he would make her mistress of—and this without any insult to her virtue, for that he would marry her. She answered, if his master himself, or the greatest lord in the land would marry her, she would refuse him. At last, being weary with persuasions, and on fire with charms which would have almost kindled a flame in the bosom of an ancient philosopher, or modern divine, he flung his horse to the ground, and attacked her with much more force than the gentleman had exerted. Poor Fanny would not have been able to resist his rudeness any long time, but the deity who presides over chaste love sent her Joseph to her assistance. He came within sight, and perceived her struggling with a man, than like a cannon-ball, or like lightning, or any thing that is swifter, if any thing be, he ran towards her, and coming up just as the ravisher had torn her handkerchief from her breast, before his lips had touched that seat of innocence and bliss, he dealt him so lusty a blow in that part of the neck which a rope would have become with the utmost propriety, that the fellow staggered backwards, and perceiving he had to do with something rougher than the little, tender, trembling hand of Fanny, he quitted her, and turning about, saw his rival, with fire flashing from his eyes, again ready to attack him; and indeed before he could well defend himself, or return the first blow, he received a second, which, had it fallen on that part of the stomach to which it was directed, would have been probably the last he would have had any occasion for; but the ravisher lifting up his hand, drove the blow upwards to his mouth, whence it dislodged three of his teeth; and now not conceiving any extraordinary af-

fection for the beauty of Joseph's person, nor being extremely pleased with this method of salutation, he collected all his force, and aimed a blow at Joseph's breast, which he artfully parry'd with one fist, so that it lost it's force entirely in air: and stepping one foot backward, he darted his fist so fiercely at his enemy, that had he not caught it in his hand, (for he was a boxer of no inferior fame) it must have tumbled him on the ground. And now the ravisher meditated another blow, which he aimed at that part of the breast where the heart is lodged: Joseph did not catch it as before, yet so prevented it's aim, that it fell directly on his nose, but with abated force. Joseph then moving both fist and foot forwards at the same time, threw his head so dextrously into the stomach of the ravisher, that he fell a lifeless lump on the field, where he lay many minutes breathless and motionless.

When Fanny saw her Joseph receive a blow in his face, and blood running in a stream from him, she began to tear her hair, and invoke all human and divine power to his assistance. She was not, however, long under this affliction, before Joseph, having conquered his enemy, ran to her, and assured her he was not hurt; she then instantly fell on her knees, and thanked God, that he had made Joseph the means of her rescue, and at the same time preserved him from being injured in attempting it. She offered with her handkerchief to wipe the blood from his face; but he seeing his rival attempting to recover his legs, turned to him, and asked him, if he had enough: to which the other answered, he had; for he believed he had fought with the devil, instead of a man; and loosening his horse, said, he should not have attempted the wench, if he had known she had been so well provided for.

Fanny now begged Joseph to return with her to parson Adams, and to promise that he would leave her no more; these were propositions so agreeable to Joseph, that had he heard them, he would have given an immediate assent: but indeed his eyes were now his only sense; for you may remember, reader, that the ravisher had torn her handkerchief from Fanny's neck, by which he had discovered such a sight, that Joseph hath declared all the str-

tues he ever beheld, were so much inferior to it in beauty, that it was more capable of converting a man into a statue, than of being imitated by the greatest master of that art. This modest creature, whom no warmth in summer could ever induce to expose her charms to the wanton sun, a modesty to which perhaps they owed their inconceivable whiteness, had stood many minutes bare-necked in the presence of Joseph, before her apprehension of his danger, and the horror of seeing his blood, would suffer her once to reflect on what concerned herself; till at last, when the cause of her concern had vanished, an admiration at his silence, together with observing the fixed position of his eyes, produced an idea in the lovely maid, which brought more blood into her face than had flowed from Joseph's nostrils. The snowy hue of her bosom was likewise exchanged to vermilion at the instant when she clapped her handkerchief round her neck. Joseph saw the uneasiness that she suffered, and immediately removed his eyes from an object, in surveying which he had felt the greatest delight which the organs of sight were capable of conveying to his soul. So great was his fear of offending her, and so truly did his passion for her deserve the noble name of love.

Fanny, being recovered from her confusion, which was almost equalled by what Joseph had felt from observing it, again mentioned her request; this was instantly and gladly complied with, and together they crossed two or three fields, which brought them to the habitation of Mr. Adams.

C H A P. VIII.

A DISCOURSE WHICH HAPPENED BETWEEN MR. ADAMS, MRS. ADAMS, JOSEPH AND FANNY; WITH SOME BEHAVIOUR OF MR. ADAMS, WHICH WILL BE CALLED BY SOME FEW READERS VERY LOW, ABSURD, AND UNNATURAL.

THE parson and his wife had just ended a long dispute when the lovers came to the door. Indeed, this young couple had been the subject of

the dispute; for Mrs. Adams was one of those prudent people who never do any thing to injure their families, or perhaps one of those good mothers who would even stretch their conscience to serve their children. She had long entertained hopes of seeing her eldest daughter succeed Mrs. Sliplop, and of making her second son an exciseman, by Lady Booby's interest. These were expectations she could not endure the thoughts of quitting, and was therefore very uneasy to see her husband so resolute to oppose the lady's intention in Fanny's affair. She told him, it behoved every man to take the first care of his family; that he had a wife and six children, the maintaining and providing for whom would be business enough for him, without intermeddling in other folks affairs; that he had always preached up submission to superiors, and would do ill to give an example of the contrary behaviour in his own conduct; that if Lady Booby did wrong, she must answer for it herself, and the sin would not lie at their door; that Fanny had been a servant, and bred up in the lady's own family, and consequently she must have known more of her than they did; and it was very improbable, if she had behaved herself well, that the lady would have been so bitterly her enemy; that perhaps he was too much inclined to think well of her, because she was handsome; but handsome women were often no better than they should be; that God made ugly women as well as handsome ones; and that if a woman had virtue, it signified nothing whether she had beauty or no. For all which reasons she concluded he should oblige the lady, and stop the future publication of the banns. But all these excellent arguments had no effect on the parson, who persisted in doing his duty, without regarding the consequence it might have on his worldly interest; he endeavoured to answer her as well as he could, to which she had just finished her reply, (for she had always the last word every where but at church) when Joseph and Fanny entered their kitchen, where the parson and his wife then sat at breakfast over some bacon and cabbage. There was a coldness in the civility of Mrs. Adams, which persons of accurate speculation

speculation might have observed, but escaped her present guests; indeed it was a good deal covered by the heartiness of Adams, who no sooner heard that Fanny had neither eat nor drank that morning, than he presented her a bone of bacon he had just been gnawing, being the only remains of his provision, and then ran nimbly to the tap, and produced a mug of small-beer, which he called ale; however, it was the best in his house. Joseph, addressing himself to the parson, told him the discourse which had past between Squire Booby, his sister and himself, concerning Fanny: he then acquainted him with the dangers whence he had rescued her, and communicated some apprehensions on her account. He concluded, that he should never have an easy moment till Fanny was absolutely his, and begged that he might be suffered to fetch a licence, saying, he could easily borrow the money. The parson answered, that he had already given his sentiments concerning a licence, and that a very few days would make it unnecessary. Joseph, says he, 'I wish this haste doth not arise rather from your impatience than your fear; but as it certainly springs from one of these causes, I will examine both. Of each of these therefore in their turn; and first, for the first of these, namely, impatience. Now, child, I must inform you, that if in your purposed marriage with this young woman, you have no intention but the indulgence of carnal appetites, you are guilty of a heinous sin. Marriage was ordained for nobler purposes, as you will learn when you hear the service provided on that occasion read to you. Nay, perhaps, if you are a good lad, I shall give you a sermon gratis, wherein I shall demonstrate how little regard ought to be had to the flesh on such occasions. The text will be, child, Matthew the 5th. and part of the 28th verse, *Whoever looketh on a woman so as to lust after her.* The latter part I shall omit, as foreign to my purpose. Indeed all such brutal lusts and affections are to be greatly subdued, if not totally eradicated, before the vessel can be said to be consecrated to honour. To marry with a view of gratifying those inclinations is a prof-

titution of that holy ceremony, and must entail a curse on all who so lightly undertake it. If, therefore, this haste arises from impatience, you are to correct, and not to give way to it. Now as to the second head which I propose to speak to, namely, fear: it argues a diffidence highly criminal of that Power in which alone we should put our trust, seeing we may be well assured that he is able, not only to defeat the designs of our enemies, but even to turn their hearts. Instead of taking therefore any unjustifiable or desperate means to rid ourselves of fear, we should resort to prayer only on these occasions; and we may be then certain of obtaining what is best for us. When any accident threatens us, we are not to despair, nor, when it overtakes us, to grieve; we must submit in all things to the will of Providence, and not set our affections so much on any thing here, as not to be able to quit it without reluctance. You are a young man, and can know but little of this world; I am older, and have seen a great deal. All passions are criminal in their excess; and even love itself, if it is not subservient to our duty, may render us blind to it. Had Abraham so loved his son Isaac, as to refuse the sacrifice required, is there any of us who would not condemn him? Joseph, I know your many good qualities, and value you for them; but as I am to render an account of your soul, which is committed to my cure, I cannot see any fault without reminding you of it. You are too much inclined to passion, child, and have set your affections so absolutely on this young woman, that if God required her at your hands, I fear you would reluctantly part with her. Now, believe me, no christian ought so to set his heart on any person or thing in this world, but that whenever it shall be required or taken from him in any manner by Divine Providence, he may be agreeable, peaceably, quietly, and contentedly, to resign it. At which words one came hastily in and acquainted Mr. Adams that his youngest son was drowned. He stood silent a moment, and soon began to stamp about the room and deplore his loss with the bitterest agony. Joseph, who

was

was overwhelmed with concern likewise, recovered himself sufficiently to endeavour to comfort the parson; in which attempt he used many arguments that he had at several times remembered out of his own discourses both in private and public, (for he was a great enemy to the passions, and preached nothing more than the conquest of them by reason and grace) but he was not at leisure now to hearken to his advice. 'Child, child,' said he, 'do not go about impossibilities. Had it been any other of my children, I could have borne it with patience; but my little prattler, the darling and comfort of my old age—the little wretch to be snatched out of life just at his entrance into it; the sweetest, best-tempered boy, who never did a thing to offend me. It was but this morning I gave him his first lesson in *Quæ Genus*. This was the very book he learnt in; poor child! it is of no farther use to thee now. He would have made the best scholar, and have been an ornament to the church! Such parts, and such goodness, never met in one so young.'—'And the handsomest lad too,' says Mrs. Adams, recovering from a swoon in Fanny's arms. 'My poor Jacky, shall I never see thee more!' cries the parson. 'Yes, surely,' says Joseph, 'and in a better place, you will meet again, never to part more.' I believe the parson did not hear these words, for he paid little regard to them, but went on lamenting, whilst the tears trickled down into his bosom. At last he cried out, 'Where is my little darling!' and was falling out, when, to his great surprise and joy, in which I hope the reader will sympathize, he met his son in a wet condition indeed, but alive, and running towards him. The person who brought the news of his misfortune, had been a little too eager, as people sometimes are, from, I believe, no very good principle, to relate ill news; and having seen him fall into the river, instead of running to his assistance, directly ran to acquaint his father of a fate which he had concluded to be inevitable, but whence the child was relieved by the same poor pedlar who had relieved his father before from a less distress. The parson's joy was now as extravagant as his grief

had been before; he kissed and embraced his son a thousand times, and danced about the room like one frantic; but as soon as he discovered the face of his old friend the pedlar, and heard the fresh obligation he had to him, what were his sensations!—not those which two courtiers feel in one another's embraces; not those with which a great man receives the vile, treacherous engines of his wicked purposes; not those with which a worthless younger brother wishes his elder joy of a son, or a man congratulates his rival on his obtaining a mistress, a place, or an honour—no, reader, he felt the ebullition, the overflowings of a full, honest, open heart, towards the person who had conferred a real obligation, and of which if thou canst not conceive an idea within, I will not vainly endeavour to assist thee.

When these tumults were over, the parson, taking Joseph aside, proceeded thus—'No, Joseph, do not give too much way to thy passions, if thou dost expect happiness.' The patience of Joseph, nor perhaps of Job, could bear no longer; he interrupted the parson, saying, it was easier to give advice than take it; nor did he perceive he could so entirely conquer himself, when he apprehended he had lost his son, or when he found him recovered. 'Boy,' replied Adams, raising his voice, 'it doth not become green heads to advise grey hairs. Thou art ignorant of the tenderness of fatherly affection; when thou art a father, thou wilt be capable then only of knowing what a father can feel. No man is obliged to impossibilities; and the loss of a child is one of those great trials, where our grief may be allowed to become immoderate.'—'Well, Sir,' cries Joseph, 'and if I love a mistress as well as you your child, surely her loss would grieve me equally.'—'Yes; but such love is foolishness, and wrong in itself, and ought to be conquered,' answered Adams; 'it savours too much of the flesh.'—'Sure, Sir,' says Joseph, 'it is not sinful to love my wife, no not even to doat upon her to distraction!'—'Indeed but it is,' says Adams. 'Every man ought to love his wife, no doubt; we are commanded so to do; but we ought to love her with moderation and discretion.'

'creation.'—'I am afraid I shall be guilty of some sin, in spite of all my endeavours,' says Joseph; 'for I shall love without any moderation, I am sure.'—'You talk foolishly and childishly,' cries Adams.—'Indeed,' says Mrs. Adams, who had listened to the latter part of their conversation, 'you talk more foolishly yourself. I hope,' my dear, 'you will never preach any such doctrine, as that husbands can love their wives too well. If I knew you had such a sermon in the house, I am sure I would burn it; and I declare, if I had not been convinced you had loved me as well as you could, I can answer for myself I should have hated and despised you. Marry come up! Fine doctrine indeed! A wife hath a right to insist on her husband's loving her as much as ever he can; and he is a sinful villain who doth not. Doth he not promise to love her, and to comfort her, and to cherish her, and all that? I am sure I remember it all, as well as if I had repeated it over but yesterday, and shall never forget it. Besides, I am certain you do not preach as you practise; for you have been a loving and a cherishing husband to me, that's the truth on't; and why you should endeavour to put such wicked nonsense into this young man's head, I cannot devise.—Don't hearken to him, Mr. Joseph; be as good a husband as you are able, and love your wife with all your body and soul too.' Here a violent rap at the door put an end to their discourse, and produced a scene which the reader will find in the next chapter.

CHAP. IX.

A VISIT WHICH THE GOOD LADY BOOBY AND HER POLITE FRIEND PAID TO THE PARSON.

THE Lady Booby had no sooner had an account from the gentleman of his meeting a wonderful beauty near her house, and perceived the raptures with which he spoke of her, than immediately concluding it must be Fanny, she began to meditate a design of bringing them better acquainted; and to entertain hopes that the fine

clothes, presents and promises of this youth, would prevail on her to abandon Joseph: she therefore proposed to her company a walk in the fields before dinner, when she led them towards Mr. Adams's house; and, as she approached it, told them, if they pleased she would divert them with one of the most ridiculous fights they had ever seen, which was an old foolish parson, who, she said laughing, kept a wife and six brats on a salary of about 20*l.* a year; adding, that there was not such another ragged family in the parish. They all readily agreed to this visit; and arrived whilst Mrs. Adams was declaiming, as in the last chapter. Beau Didapper, which was the name of the young gentleman we have seen riding towards lady Booby's, with his cane mimicked the rap of a London footman at the door. The people within, namely Adams, his wife, and three children, Joseph, Fanny, and the pedlar, were all thrown into confusion by this knock; but Adams went directly to the door, which being opened, the lady Booby and her company walked in, and were received by the parson with about two hundred bows; and by his wife with as many curtsies; the latter telling the lady, she was ashamed to be seen in such a pickle, and that her house was in such a litter; but that if she had expected such an honour from her ladyship, she should have found her in a better manner. The parson made no apologies, though he was in his half-cassock, and a flannel night-cap. He said, they were heartily welcome to his poor cottage, and, turning to Mr. Didapper, cried out, '*Non mea renidet in domo lacunor.*' The beau answered, he did not understand Welch; at which the parson stared, and made no reply.

Mr. Didapper, or Beau Didapper, was a young gentleman of about four feet five inches in height. He wore his own hair, though the scarcity of it might have given him sufficient excuse for a periwig. His face was thin and pale: the shape of his body and legs none of the best; for he had very narrow shoulders, and no calf; and his gait might more properly be called hopping than walking. The qualifications of his mind were well adapted to his person. We shall handle them first negatively. He was not entirely ignorant,

ignorant, for he could talk a little French, and sing two or three Italian songs; he had lived too much in the world to be bashful, and too much at court to be proud; he seemed not much inclined to avarice, for he was profuse in his expences; nor had he all the features of prodigality, for he never gave a shilling: no hater of women, for he always dangled after them; yet so little subject to lust, that he had, among those who knew him best, the character of great moderation in his pleasures. No drinker of wine; nor so addicted to passion, but that a hot word or two from an adversary made him immediately cool.

Now, to give him only a dash or two on the affirmative side: though he was born to an immense fortune, he chose, for the pitiful and dirty consideration of a place of little consequence, to depend entirely on the will of a fellow, whom they call a great man; who treated him with the utmost disrespect, and exacted of him a plenary obedience to his commands; which he implicitly submitted to, at the expence of his conscience, his honour, and of his country, in which he had himself so very large a share. And to finish his character; as he was entirely well satisfied with his own person and parts, so he was very apt to ridicule and laugh at any imperfection in another. Such was the little person, or rather thing, that hopped after Lady Booby into Mr. Adams's kitchen.

The parson and his company retreated from the chimney-side, where they had been seated, to give room to the lady and her's. Instead of returning any of the curtsies or extraordinary civility of Mrs. Adams, the lady turning to Mr. Booby, cried out, '*Quelle bête! quel animal!*' And presently after discovering Fanny (for she did not need the circumstance of her standing by Joseph to assure the identity of her person) she asked the beau, whether he did not think her a pretty girl. 'Begad, Madam,' answered he, 'tis the very same I met.'—'I did not imagine,' replied the lady, 'you had so good a taste.'—'Because I never liked you, I warrant,'

cries the beau. 'Ridiculous!' said she; 'you know you was always my aversion.'—'I would never mention aversion,' answered the beau, 'with that face'; dear Lady Booby, wash your face before you mention aversion, I beseech you.' He then laughed, and turned about to coquet it with Fanny.

Mrs. Adams had been all this time begging and praying the ladies to sit down, a favour which she at last obtained. The little boy to whom the accident happened, still keeping his place by the fire, was chid by his mother for not being more mannerly: but Lady Booby took his part, and commending his beauty, told the parson he was his very picture. She then seeing a book in his hand, asked, if he could read. 'Yes,' cries Adams, 'a little Latin, Madam; he has just got into *Quæ Genus*.'—'A fig for *quære genius*,' answered she, 'let me hear him read a little English.'—'*Lege, Dick; lege!*' said Adams: but the boy made no answer, till he saw the parson knit his brows; and then cried, 'I don't understand you father.'—'How, boy!' says Adams, 'What doth *lego* make in the imperative mood? *legito*, doth it not?'—'Yes!' answered Dick. 'And what besides?' says the father. '*Lege!*' quoth the son, after some hesitation.—'A good boy,' says the father! 'And now, child, what is the English of *lego*?' To which the boy, after long puzzling, answered he could not tell. 'How!' cries Adams, in a passion, 'what, hath the water washed away your learning? why, what is Latin for the English verb *read*? Consider before you speak.' The child considered some time, and then the parson cried twice or thrice, '*Le-le-*' Dick answered, '*Lego*.'—'Very well; and then, what is the English,' says the parson, 'of the verb *lego*?'—'To read,' cries Dick. 'Very well,' said the parson, 'a good boy! you can do well, if you take pains.—I assure your ladyship he is not above eight years old, and is out of his *Propria quæ Maribus* already. Come, Dick, read to her ladyship; which she again desiring, in order to give the

* Lest this should appear unnatural to some readers, we think proper to acquaint them, that it was taken verbatim from very polite conversation.

beau time and opportunity with Fanny, Dick began as in the following chapter.

CHAP. X.

THE HISTORY OF TWO FRIENDS, WHICH MAY AFFORD AN USEFUL LESSON TO ALL THOSE PERSONS WHO HAPPEN TO TAKE UP THEIR RESIDENCE IN MARRIED FAMILIES.

LEONARD and Paul were two friends. — ‘Pronounce it Lennard, child,’ cried the parson. ‘Pray, Mr. Adams,’ says Lady Booby, ‘let your son read without interruption.’ Dick then proceeded. ‘Lennard and Paul were two friends, who, having been educated together at the same school, commenced a friendship which they preserved a long time for each other. It was so deeply fixed in both their minds, that a long absence, during which they had maintained no correspondence, did not eradicate nor lessen it; but it revived in all its force at their first meeting, which was not till after fifteen years absence, most of which time Lennard had spent in the East-Indies.’ — ‘Pronounce it short, Indies,’ says Adams. ‘Pray, Sir, be quiet,’ says the lady. The boy repeated — ‘in the East-Indies, whilst Paul had served his king and country in the army. In which different services, they had found such different success, that Lennard was now married, and retired with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds; and Paul was arrived to the degree of a lieutenant of foot; and was not worth a single shilling.’

‘The regiment in which Paul was stationed, happened to be ordered into quarters, within a small distance from the estate which Lennard had purchased; and where he was settled. This latter, who was now become a country gentleman, and a justice of peace, came to attend the quarter-sessions, in the town where his old friend was quartered. Soon after his arrival, some affair in which a soldier was concerned, occasioned Paul to attend the justices. Manhood, and time, and the change of

climate, had so much altered Lennard, that Paul did not immediately recollect the features of his old acquaintance: but it was otherwise with Lennard. He knew Paul the moment he saw him; nor could he contain himself from quitting the bench, and running hastily to embrace him. Paul stood at first a little surprised; but had soon sufficient information from his friend, whom he no sooner remembered, than he returned his embrace with a passion, which made many of the spectators laugh, and gave to some few a much higher and more agreeable sensation.

‘Not to detain the reader with minute circumstances, Lennard insisted on his friend’s returning with him to his house that evening; which request was complied with, and leave for a month’s absence for Paul obtained of the commanding officer.

‘If it was possible for any circumstance to give any addition to the happiness which Paul proposed in this visit, he received that additional pleasure, by finding on his arrival at his friend’s house, that his lady was an old acquaintance which he had formerly contracted at his quarters; and who had always appeared to be of a most agreeable temper. A character she had ever maintained amongst her intimates, being of that number, every individual of which is called quite the best sort of woman in the world.

‘But as good as this lady was, she was still a woman; that is to say, an angel, and not an angel.’ — ‘You must mistake, child,’ cries the parson, ‘for you read nonsense.’ — ‘It is so in the book,’ answered the son. Mr. Adams was then silenced by authority, and Dick proceeded. — ‘For though her person was of that kind to which men attribute the name of angel, yet in her mind she was perfectly woman. Of which a great degree of obstinacy gave the most remarkable, and perhaps most pernicious instance.

‘A day or two past after Paul’s arrival, before any instances of this appeared; but it was impossible to conceal it long. Both she and her husband soon lost all apprehension from their friend’s presence, and fell to their

their disputes with as much vigour as ever. These were still pursued with the utmost ardour and eagerness, however trifling the causes were whence they first arose. Nay, however incredible it may seem, the little consequence of the matter in debate was frequently given as a reason for the fierceness of the contention; as thus: "If you loved me, sure you would never dispute with me such a trifle as this." The answer to which is very obvious; for the argument would hold equally on both sides, and was constantly retorted with some addition; as—"I am sure I have much more reason to say so, who am in the right." During all these disputes, Paul always kept strict silence, and preserved an even countenance, without shewing the least visible inclination to either party. One day, however, when Madam had left the room in a violent fury, Lennard could not refrain from referring his cause to his friend. "Was ever any thing so unreasonable," says he, "as this woman? what shall I do with her? I doat on her to distraction; nor have I any cause to complain of more than this obstinacy in her temper; whatever she asserts, she will maintain against all the reason and conviction in the world. Pray give me your advice."—"First," says Paul, "I will give my opinion, which is flatly that you are in the wrong; for supposing she is in the wrong, was the subject of your contention any ways material? What signified it whether you was married in a red or yellow waistcoat? for that was your dispute. Now, suppose she was mistaken, as you love her you say so tenderly, and I believe she deserves it, would it not have been wiser to have yielded, though you certainly knew yourself in the right, than to give either her or yourself any uneasiness? For my own part, if ever I marry, I am resolved to enter into an agreement with my wife, that in all disputes (especially about trifles) that party who is most convinced they are right, shall always surrender the victory: by which means we shall both be forward to give up the cause."—"I own," said Lennard, "my dear friend," shaking him by the hand, "there is great truth and reason in what you say; and I

will for the future endeavour to follow your advice." They soon after broke up the conversation, and Lennard going to his wife asked her pardon, and told her his friend had convinced him he had been in the wrong. She immediately began a vast encomium on Paul, in which he seconded her, and both agreed he was the worthiest and wisest man upon earth. When next they met, which was at supper, though she had promised not to mention what her husband told her, she could not forbear casting the kindest and most affectionate looks on Paul, and asked him with the sweetest voice, whether she should help him to some potted woodcock. "Potted partridge, my dear, you mean," says the husband. "My dear," says she, "I ask your friend if he will eat any potted woodcock; and I am sure I must know, who potted it."—"I think I should know too, who shot them," replied the husband, "and I am convinced that I have not seen a woodcock this year; however, though I know I am in the right, I submit, and the potted partridge is potted woodcock, if you desire to have it so."—"It is equal to me," says she, "whether it is one or the other; but you would persuade one out of one's senses: to be sure you are always in the right in your own opinion; but your friend, I believe, knows which he is eating." Paul answered nothing, and the dispute continued, as usual, the greatest part of the evening. The next morning the lady accidentally meeting Paul, and being convinced he was her friend, and of her side, accosted him thus: "I am certain, Sir, you have long since wondered at the unreasonableness of my husband. He is, indeed, in other respects, a good sort of man; but so positive, that no woman but one of my complying temper could possibly live with him. Why, last night now, was ever any creature so unreasonable? I am certain you must condemn him. Pray, answer me, was he not in the wrong?" Paul, after a short silence, spoke as follows: "I am sorry, Madam, that as good manners obliges me to answer against my will, so an adherence to truth forces me to declare myself of a different opinion. To be plain and honest,"

"next, you was entirely in the wrong; the cause I own not worth disputing, but the bird was undoubtedly a partridge."—"O, Sir," replied the lady, "I cannot possibly help your taste."—"Madam," returned Paul, "that is very little material: for had it been otherwise, a husband might have expected submission."—"Indeed, Sir!" says she, "I assure you!"—"Yes, Madam," cried he, "he might, from a person of your excellent understanding; and pardon me for saying such a condescension would have shewn a superiority of sense even to your husband himself."—"But, dear Sir," said she, "why should I submit, when I am in the right?"—"For that very reason," answered he; "it would be the greatest instance of affection imaginable: for can any thing be a greater object of our compassion, than the person we love in the wrong?"—"Aye, but I should endeavour," said she, "to set him right."—"Pardon me, Madam," answered Paul, "I will apply to your own experience, if you ever found your arguments had that effect. The more our judgments err, the less we are willing to own it: for my own part, I have always observed the persons who maintain the worst side in any contest, are the warmest."—"Why," says she, "I must confess there is truth in what you say, and I will endeavour to practise it." The husband then coming in, Paul departed. And Lennard approaching his wife with an air of good-humour, told her he was sorry for their foolish dispute the last night: but he was now convinced of his error. She answered smiling, she believed she owed his condescension to his complacency; that she was ashamed to think a word had passed on so silly an occasion, especially as she was satisfied she had been mistaken. A little contention followed, but with the utmost good-will to each other, and was concluded by her asserting that Paul had thoroughly convinced her she had been in the wrong. Upon which they both united in the praises of their common friend.

Paul now past his time with great satisfaction; these disputes being much less frequent, as well as shorter than usual: but the devil, or some

unlucky accident, in which perhaps the devil had no hand, shortly put an end to his happiness. He was now eternally the private referee of every difference; in which, after having perfectly, as he thought, established the doctrine of submission, he never scrupled to assure both privately, that they were in the right in every argument, as before he had followed the contrary method. One day a violent litigation happened in his absence, and both parties agreed to refer it to his decision. The husband professing himself sure the decision would be in his favour: the wife answered, he might be mistaken; for she believed his friend was convinced how seldom she was to blame; and that if he knew all—The husband replied: "My dear, I have no desire of any retrospect; but I believe, if you knew all too, you would not imagine my friend so entirely on your side."—"Nay," says she, "since you provoke me, I will mention one instance. You may remember our dispute about sending Jacky to school in cold weather, which point I gave up to you from mere compassion, knowing myself to be in the right; and Paul himself told me afterwards, he thought me so."—"My dear," replied the husband, "I will not scruple your veracity; but I assure you solemnly, on my applying to him, he gave it absolutely on my side, and said he would have acted in the same manner." They then proceeded to produce numberless other instances, in all which Paul had, on vows of secrecy, given his opinion on both sides. In the conclusion, both believing each other, they fell severely on the treachery of Paul, and agreed that he had been the occasion of almost every dispute which had fallen out between them. They then became extremely loving, and so full of condescension on both sides, that they vied with each other in censuring their own conduct, and jointly vented their indignation on Paul; whom the wife, fearing a bloody consequence, earnestly entreated her husband to suffer quietly to depart the next day, which was the time fixed for his return to quarters, and then drop his acquaintance. However ungenerous this behaviour in Lennard may be esteemed,

his wife obtained a promise from him (though with difficulty) to follow her advice; but they both expressed such unusual coldness that day to Paul, that he, who was quick of apprehension, taking Lennard aside, pressed him so home, that he at last discovered the secret. Paul acknowledged the truth, but told him the design with which he had done it—to which the other answered, he would have acted more friendly to have let him into the whole design; for that he might have assured himself of his secrecy. Paul replied, with some indignation, he had given him a sufficient proof how capable he was of concealing a secret from his wife. Lennard returned with some warmth—he had more reason to upbraid him, for that he had caused most of the quarrels between them by his strange conduct, and might (if they had not discovered the affair to each other) have been the occasion of their separation. Paul then said—‘but something now happened which put a stop to Dick’s reading, and of which we shall treat in the next chapter.

C H A P. XI.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY IS CONTINUED.

JOSEPH Andrews had borne with great uneasiness the impertinence of Beau Didapper to Fanny, who had been talking pretty freely to her, and offering her settlements; but the respect to the company had restrained him from interfering, whilst the beau confined himself to the use of his tongue only; but the said beau, watching an opportunity whilst the ladies eyes were disposed another way, offered a rudeness to her with his hands; which Joseph no sooner perceived, than he presented him with so sound a box on the ear, that it conveyed him several paces from where he stood. The ladies immediately screamed out, rose from their chairs, and the beau, as soon as he recovered himself, drew his hanger, which Adams observing, snatched up the lid of a pot in his left hand, and covering himself with it as with a shield, without any weapon of offence in his other hand, stepped in be-

fore Joseph, and exposed himself to the enraged beau, who threatened such perdition and destruction, that it frightened the women, who were all got in a huddle together, out of their wits, even to hear his denunciations of vengeance. Joseph was of a different complexion, and begged Adams to let his rival come on; for he had a good cudgel in his hand, and did not fear him. Fanny now fainted into Mrs. Adams’s arms, and the whole room was in confusion, when Mr. Booby passing by Adams, who lay snug under the pot-lid, came up to Didapper, and insisted on his sheathing his hanger, promising he should have satisfaction; which Joseph declared he would give him, and fight him at any weapon whatever. The beau now sheathed his hanger, and taking out a pocket-glass, and vowing vengeance all the time, re-adjusted his hair; the parson deposited his shield, and Joseph running to Fanny, soon brought her back to life. Lady Booby chid Joseph for his insult on Didapper; but he answered, he would have attacked an army in the same cause. ‘What cause?’ said the lady. ‘Madam,’ answered Joseph, ‘he was rude to that young woman.’—‘What,’ says the lady, ‘I suppose he would have kissed the wench; and is a gentleman to be struck for such an offer? I must tell you, Joseph, these airs do not become you.’—‘Madam,’ said Mr. Booby, ‘I saw the whole affair, and I do not commend my brother; for I cannot perceive why he should take upon him to be this girl’s champion.’—‘I can commend him,’ says Adams: ‘he is a brave lad; and it becomes any man to be the champion of the innocent; and he must be the basest coward, who would not vindicate a woman with whom he is on the brink of marriage.’—‘Sir,’ says Mr. Booby, ‘my brother is not a proper match for such a young woman as this.’—‘No,’ says Lady Booby, ‘nor do you, Mr. Adams, act in your proper character, by encouraging any such doings; and I am very much surprised you should concern yourself in it. I think your wife and family your proper care.’—‘Indeed, Madam, your ladyship says very true,’ answered Mrs. Adams; ‘he talks a pack of nonsense, that the whole

‘ whole parish are his children. I am
 ‘ sure I don’t understand what he
 ‘ means by it; it would make some
 ‘ women suspect he had gone astray:
 ‘ but I acquit him of that. I can read
 ‘ scripture as well as he; and I never
 ‘ found that the parson was obliged to
 ‘ provide for other folks children; and
 ‘ besides, he is but a poor curate, and
 ‘ hath little enough, as your ladyship
 ‘ knows, for me and mine.’—‘ You
 ‘ say very well, Mrs. Adams,’ quoth
 the Lady Booby, who had not spoke a
 word to her before, ‘ you seem to
 ‘ be a very sensible woman; and I as-
 ‘ sure you, your husband is acting a
 ‘ very foolish part, and opposing his
 ‘ own interest; seeing my nephew is
 ‘ violently set against this match: and
 ‘ indeed I can’t blame him; it is
 ‘ by no means one suitable to our fa-
 ‘ mily.’ In this manner the lady pro-
 ceeded with Mrs. Adams, whilst the
 beau hopped about the room, shaking
 his head, partly from pain, and partly
 from anger; and Pamela was chiding
 Fanny for her assurance, in aiming at
 such a match as her brother. Poor
 Fanny answered only with her tears,
 which had long since began to wet her
 handkerchief; which Joseph perceiv-
 ing, took her by the arm, and wrap-
 ping it in his, carried her off, swearing
 he would own no relation to any one
 who was an enemy to her he loved
 more than all the world. He went out
 with Fanny under his left-arm, bran-
 dishing a cudgel in his right, and
 neither Mr. Booby nor the beau
 thought proper to oppose him. Lady
 Booby and her company made a very
 short stay behind him; for the lady’s
 bell now summoned them to dress; for
 which they had just time before dinner.

Adams seemed now very much de-
 jected, which his wife perceiving, be-
 gan to apply some matrimonial balm.
 She told him he had reason to be con-
 cerned; for that he had probably ruin-
 ed his family with his foolish tricks:
 but perhaps he was grieved for the loss
 of his two children, Joseph and Fanny.
 His eldest daughter went on: ‘ In-
 ‘ deed, father, it is very hard, to bring
 ‘ strangers here to eat your children’s
 ‘ bread out of their mouths. You
 ‘ have kept them ever since they came
 ‘ home; and for any thing I see to the
 ‘ contrary, may keep them a month
 ‘ longer. Are you obliged to give her

‘ meat, tho’ she was never so hand-
 ‘ some? But I don’t see she is so much
 ‘ handsomer than other people. If
 ‘ people were to be kept for their
 ‘ beauty, she would scarce fare better
 ‘ than her neighbours, I believe. As
 ‘ for Mr. Joseph, I have nothing to
 ‘ say, he is a young man of honest
 ‘ principles, and will pay some time
 ‘ or other for what he hath: but for
 ‘ the girl—why doth she not return
 ‘ to her place she ran away from? I
 ‘ would not give such a vagabond slut
 ‘ a halfpenny, though I had a million
 ‘ of money; no, though she was starv-
 ‘ ing.’—‘ Indeed but I would,’ cries
 little Dick; ‘ and, father, rather than
 ‘ poor Fanny should be starved, I will
 ‘ give her all this bread and cheese.’
 [Offering what he held in his hand.]
 Adams smiled on the boy, and told
 him he rejoiced to see he was a Chris-
 tian; and that if he had a halfpenny
 in his pocket, he would have given it
 him; telling him, it was his duty to
 look upon all his neighbours as his
 brothers and sisters, and love them ac-
 cordingly. ‘ Yes, papa,’ says he, ‘ I
 ‘ love her better than my sisters: for she
 ‘ is far handsomer than any of them.’
 ‘—Is she so, saucybox?’ says the sis-
 ter, giving him a box on the ear—
 which the father would probably have
 resented, had not Joseph, Fanny, and
 the pedlar, at that instant returned to-
 gether. Adams bid his wife prepare
 some food for their dinner; she said,
 truly she could not, she had something
 else to do. Adams rebuked her for
 disputing his commands, and quoted
 many texts of scripture to prove, *that*
the husband is the head of the wife, and
she is to submit and obey. The wife
 answered, it was blasphemy to talk
 scripture out of church; that such
 things were very proper to be said in
 the pulpit: but that it was prophane
 to talk them in common discourse.
 Joseph told Mr. Adams, he was not
 come with any design to give him or
 Mrs. Adams any trouble; but to de-
 sire the favour of all their company to
 the George (an alehouse in the parish)
 where he had bespoke a piece of bacon
 and greens for their dinner. Mrs.
 Adams, who was a very good sort of
 woman, only rather too strict in eco-
 nomics, readily accepted this invita-
 tion, as did the parson himself by her
 example; and away they all walked
 together,

together, not omitting little Dick, to whom Joseph gave a shilling, when he heard of his intended liberality to Fanny.

CHAP. XII.

WHERE THE GOOD-NATURED READER WILL SEE SOMETHING WHICH WILL GIVE HIM NO GREAT PLEASURE.

THE pedlar had been very inquisitive from the time he had first heard that the great house in this parish belonged to the Lady Booby; and had learnt that she was the widow of Sir Thomas, and that Sir Thomas had bought Fanny, at about the age of three or four years, of a travelling woman; and now their homely but hearty meal was ended, he told Fanny, he believed he could acquaint her with her parents. The whole company, especially she herself, started at this offer of the pedlar's. He then proceeded thus, while they all lent their strictest attention: 'Though I am now contented with this humble way of getting my livelihood, I was formerly a gentleman; for so all those of my profession are called: in a word, I was a drummer in an Irish regiment of foot. Whilst I was in this honourable station, I attended an officer of our regiment into England a recruiting. In our march from Bristol to Frome (for since the decay of the woollen trade, the clothing towns have furnished the army with a great number of recruits) we overtook on the road a woman who seemed to be about thirty years old, or thereabouts, not very handsome, but well enough for a soldier. As we came up to her, she mended her pace, and falling into discourse with our ladies, (for every man of the party, namely, a serjeant, two private men, and a drum, were provided with their woman, except myself) she continued to travel on with us. I, perceiving she must fall to my lot, advanced presently to her, made love to her in our military way, and quickly succeeded to my wishes. We struck a bargain within a mile, and lived together as man and wife to her dying day.—'I suppose,' says Adams,

interrupting him, 'you were married with a licence: for I don't see how you could contrive to have the banns published while you were marching from place to place.'—'No, Sir,' said the pedlar, 'we took a licence to go to bed together without any banns.'—'Aye, aye,' said the parson, '*ex necessitate*, a licence may be allowable enough; but surely, surely, the other is the more regular and eligible way.'—The pedlar proceeded thus: 'She returned with me to our regiment, and removed with us from quarters to quarters, till at last, whilst we lay at Galloway, she fell ill of a fever, and died. When she was on her death-bed she called me to her, and, crying bitterly, declared she could not depart this world without discovering a secret to me, which she said was the only sin which sat heavy on her heart. She said she had formerly travelled in a company of gypsies, who had made a practice of stealing away children; that for her own part, she had been only once guilty of the crime; which she said she lamented more than all the rest of her sins, since probably it might have occasioned the death of the parents: "For," added she, "it is almost impossible to describe the beauty of the young creature, which was about a year and a half old when I kidnapped it. We kept her (for she was a girl) above two years in our company, when I sold her myself for three guineas to Sir Thomas Booby in Somersetshire."—Now, you know whether there are any more of that name in this county.'—'Yes,' says Adams, 'there are several Boobys who are squires, but I believe no baronet now alive; besides, it answers so exactly in every point, there is no room for doubt; but you have forgot to tell us the parents from whom the child was stolen.'—'Their name,' answered the pedlar, 'was Andrews. They lived about thirty miles from the squire; and she told me, that I might be sure to find them out by one circumstance; for that they had a daughter of a very strange name, Pem-ela, or Pe-me-la; some pronounced it one way, some another.' Fanny, who had changed colour at the first mention of the name, now fainted away; Joseph turn

ed pale, and poor Dicky began to roar; the parson fell on his knees, and ejaculated many thanksgivings, that this discovery had been made before the dreadful sin of incest was committed; and the pedlar was struck with amazement, not being able to account for all this confusion, the cause of which was presently opened by the parson's daughter, who was the only unconcerned person; (for the mother was chafing Fanny's temples, and taking the utmost care of her) and indeed Fanny was the only creature whom the daughter would not have pitied in her situation; wherein, though we compassionate her ourselves, we shall leave her for a little while, and pay a short visit to lady Booby.

C H A P XIII.

THE HISTORY RETURNING TO THE LADY BOOBY, GIVES SOME ACCOUNT OF THE TERRIBLE CONFLICT IN HER BREAST BETWEEN LOVE AND PRIDE; WITH WHAT HAPPENED ON THE PRESENT DISCOVERY.

THE lady sat down with her company to dinner; but eat nothing. As soon as the cloth was removed, she whispered Pamela, that she was taken a little ill, and desired her to entertain her husband and Beau Didapper. She then went up into her chamber, sent for Slipslop, threw herself on the bed, in the agonies of love, rage, and despair; nor could she conceal these boiling passions longer, without bursting. Slipslop now approached her bed, and asked how her ladyship did; but instead of revealing her disorder, as she intended, she entered into a long encomium on the beauty and virtues of Joseph Andrews; ending at last with expressing her concern, that so much tenderness should be thrown away on so despicable an object as Fanny. Slipslop, well knowing how to humour her mistress's frenzy, proceeded to repeat, with exaggeration, if possible, all her mistress had said, and concluded with a wish, that Joseph had been a gentleman, and that she could see her lady in the arms of such a husband. The lady then started from the bed, and taking a turn or two cross the room,

cried out with a deep sigh: 'Sure, he would make any woman happy.'—'Your ladyship,' says she, 'would be the happiest woman in the world with him. A fig for custom and nonsense! What *vails* what people say? Shall I be afraid of eating sweetmeats, because people may say I have a sweet tooth! If I had a mind to marry a man, all the world should not hinder me. Your ladyship hath no parents to *tutelar* your *infections*; besides, he is of your ladyship's family now, and as good a gentleman as any in the country; and why should not a woman follow her mind as well as a man? Why should not your ladyship marry the brother, as well as your nephew the sister? I am sure, if it was a *fragrant* crime, I would not persuade your ladyship to it.'—'But,' dear Slipslop,' answered the lady, 'if I could prevail on myself to commit such a weakness, there is that cursed Fanny in the way, whom the idiot—O how I hate and despise him!'—'She, a little ugly minx!' cries Slipslop; 'leave her to me. I suppose your ladyship hath heard of Joseph's *fitting* with one of Mr. Didapper's servants about her; and his master hath ordered them to carry her away by force this evening. I'll take care they shall not want assistance. I was talking with this gentleman, who was below, just when your ladyship sent for me.'—'Go back,' says the Lady Booby, 'this instant; for I expect Mr. Didapper will soon be going. Do all you can; for I am resolved this wench shall not be in our family: I will endeavour to return to the company; but let me know as soon as she is carried off.' Slipslop went away; and her mistress began to arraign her own conduct in the following manner:

'What am I doing! How do I suffer this passion to creep imperceptibly upon me! How many days are past since I could have submitted to ask myself the question? Marry a footman! Distraction! Can I afterwards bear the eyes of my acquaintance? but I can retire from them; retire with one in whom I propose more happiness than the world without him can give me! Retire—to feed continually on beauties, which my inflamed

'inflamed imagination sickens with
 'eagerly gazing on; to satisfy every
 'appetite, every desire, with their ut-
 'most wish—Ha! and do I doat thus
 'on a footman! I despise, I detest my
 'passion. Yet why? Is he not ge-
 'nerous, gentle, kind?—Kind to
 'whom? to the meanest wretch, a
 'creature below my consideration.
 'Doth he not? Yes, he doth prefer
 'her; curse his beauties, and the
 'little low heart that possesses them;
 'which can basely descend to this
 'despicable wench, and be ungrate-
 'fully deaf to all the honours I do
 'him. And can I then love this
 'monster? No, I will tear his image
 'from my bosom, tread on him, spurn
 'him. I will have those pitiful
 'charms, which now I despise,
 'mangled in my sight; for I will
 'not suffer the little jade I hate to
 'riot in the beauties I condemn. No,
 'though I despise him myself; though
 'I would spurn him from my feet,
 'was he to languish at them, no other
 'should taste the happiness I scorn.
 'Why do I say happiness! to me it
 'would be misery. To sacrifice my
 'reputation, my character, my rank
 'in life, to the indulgence of a mean
 'and a vile appetite. How I detest
 'the thought! how much more ex-
 'quisite is the pleasure resulting from
 'the reflection of virtue and prudence,
 'than the faint relish of what flows
 'from vice and folly! Whither did I
 'suffer this improper, this mad pas-
 'sion, to hurry me, only by neglecting
 'to summon the aid of reason to my
 'assistance! Reason, which hath now
 'set before me my desires in their
 'proper colours, and immediately
 'helped me to expel them. Yes, I
 'thank heaven and my pride, I have
 'now perfectly conquered this un-
 'worthy passion; and if there was
 'no obstacle in it's way, my pride
 'would disdain any pleasures which
 'could be the consequence of so base,
 'so mean, so vulgar—' Slipslop re-
 'turned at this instant in a violent
 'hurry, and with the utmost eager-
 'ness, cry'd out, 'O, Madam, I
 'have strange news. Tom the foot-
 'man is just come from the George;
 'where it seems Joseph and the rest
 'of them are *jinketting*; and he says,
 'there is a strange man who hath dis-
 'covered that Fanny and Joseph are

'brother and sister.'—'How, Slipslop!'
 cries the lady in a surprise. 'I had
 'not time, Madam,' cries Slipslop,
 'to enquire about *particles*, but Tom
 'says, it must certainly be true.'

This unexpected account entirely
 obliterated all those admirable reflec-
 tions which the supreme power of rea-
 son had so wisely made just before.
 In short, when despair, which had
 more share in producing the resolu-
 tions of hatred we have seen taken,
 began to retreat, the lady hesitated a
 moment, and then forgetting all the
 purport of her soliloquy, dismissed her
 woman again, with orders to bid Tom
 attend her in the parlour, where she
 now hastened to acquaint Pamela with
 the news. Pamela said, she could not
 believe it: for she had never heard that
 her mother had lost any child, or that
 she had ever any more than Joseph and
 herself. The lady flew into a violent
 rage with her, and talked of upstarts,
 and disowning relations who had so
 lately been on a level with her. Pa-
 melia made no answer: but her hus-
 band taking up her cause, severely re-
 primanded his aunt for her behaviour
 to his wife; he told her, if it had
 been earlier in the evening she should
 not have staid a moment longer in her
 house; that he was convinced if this
 young woman could be proved her
 sister, she would readily embrace her
 as such; and he himself would do the
 same. He then desired the fellow might
 be sent for, and the young woman
 with him; which Lady Booby imme-
 diately ordered, and thinking proper
 to make some apology to Pamela for
 what she had said, it was readily ac-
 cepted, and all things reconciled.

The pedlar now attended, as did
 Fanny and Joseph, who would not
 quit her; the parson likewise was in-
 duced, not only by curiosity, of which
 he had no small portion, but by his
 duty, as he apprehended, to follow
 them: for he continued all the way to
 exhort them, who were now breaking
 their hearts, to offer up thanksgivings,
 and be joyful for so miraculous an
 escape.

When they arrived at Booby-Hall,
 they were presently called into the
 parlour, where the pedlar repeated the
 same story he had told before, and in-
 sisted on the truth of every circum-
 stance; so that all who heard him were

extremely

extremely well satisfied of the truth, except Pamela, who imagined, as she had never heard either of her parents mention such an accident, that it must be certainly false; and except the Lady Booby, who suspected the falshood of the story, from her ardent desire that it should be true; and Joseph, who feared it's truth, from his earnest wishes that it might prove false.

Mr. Booby now desired them all to suspend their curiosity and absolute belief or disbelief, till the next morning, when he expected old Mr. Andrews and his wife to fetch himself and Pamela home in his coach, and then they might be certain of perfectly knowing the truth or falshood of this relation; in which, he said, as there were many strong circumstances to induce their credit, so he could not perceive any interest the pedlar could have in inventing it, or in endeavouring to impose such a falshood on them.

The Lady Booby, who was very little used to such company, entertained them all, viz. her nephew, his wife, her brother and sister, the beau and the parson, with great good-humour at her own table. As to the pedlar, she ordered him to be made as welcome as possible by her servants. All the company in the parlour, except the disappointed lovers, who sat sullen and silent, were full of mirth: for Mr. Booby had prevailed on Joseph to ask Mr. Didapper's pardon; with which he was perfectly satisfied. Many jokes passed between the beau and the parson, chiefly on each other's dress; these afforded much diversion to the company. Pamela chid her brother Joseph for the concern which he expressed at discovering a new sister. She said, if he loved Fanny as he ought, with a pure affection, he had no reason to lament being related to her. Upon which Adams began to discourse on platonic love; whence he made a quick transition to the joys in the next world, and concluded with strongly asserting that there was no such thing as pleasure in this. At which Pamela and her husband smiled on one another.

This happy pair proposing to retire, (for no other person gave the least symptom of desiring rest) they all repaired to several beds provided for

them in the same house; nor was Adams himself suffered to go home, it being a stormy night. Fanny indeed often begged she might go home with the parson; but her stay was so strongly insisted on, that she at last, by Joseph's advice, consented.

C H A P. XIV.

CONTAINING SEVERAL CURIOUS NIGHT-ADVENTURES, IN WHICH MR. ADAMS FELL INTO MANY HAIR-BREADTH SCALES, PARTLY OWING TO HIS GOODNESS, AND PARTLY TO HIS INADVERTENCY.

ABOUT an hour after they had all separated (it being now past three in the morning) Beau Didapper, whose passion for Fanny permitted him not to close his eyes, but had employed his imagination in contrivances how to satisfy his desires, at last hit on a method by which he hoped to effect it. He had ordered his servant to bring him word where Fanny lay, and had received his information; he therefore arose, put on his breeches and night-gown, and stole softly along the gallery which led to her apartment; and being come to the door, as he imagined it, he opened it with the least noise possible, and entered the chamber. A savour now invaded his nostrils which he did not expect in the room of so sweet a young creature, and which might have probably had no good effect on a cooler lover. However, he groped out the bed with difficulty; for there was not a glimpse of light; and opening the curtains, he whispered in Joseph's voice (for he was an excellent mimic) 'Fanny, my angel, I am come to inform thee that I have discovered the falshood of the story we last night heard. I am no longer thy brother, but thy lover; nor will I be delayed the enjoyment of thee one moment longer. You have sufficient assurances of my constancy not to doubt of marrying you, and it would be want of love to deny me the possession of thy charms.' So saying, he disencumbered himself from the little clothes he had on, and, leaping into bed, embraced his angel, as he conceived her, with great rapture. If he was surprised

prised at receiving no answer, he was no less pleased to find his hug returned with equal ardour. He remained not long in this sweet confusion; for both he and his paramour presently discovered their error. Indeed it was no other than the accomplished Slipslop whom he had engaged; but though she immediately knew the person whom she had mistaken for Joseph, he was at a loss to guess at the representative of Fanny. He had so little seen or taken notice of this gentlewoman, that light itself would have afforded him no assistance in his conjecture. Beau Didapper no sooner had perceived his mistake, than he attempted to escape from the bed with much greater haste than he had made to it; but the watchful Slipslop prevented him. For that prudent woman being disappointed of those delicious offerings which her fancy had promised her pleasure, resolved to make an immediate sacrifice to her virtue. Indeed she wanted an opportunity to heal some wounds which her late conduct had, she feared, given her reputation; and as she had a wonderful presence of mind, she conceived the person of the unfortunate beau to be luckily thrown in her way to restore her lady's opinion of her impregnable chastity. At that instant therefore, when he offered to leap from the bed, she caught fast hold of his shirt, at the same time roaring out, 'O thou villain! who hast attacked my chastity, and, I believe, ruined me in my sleep; I will swear a rape against thee, I will prosecute thee with the utmost vengeance.' The beau attempted to get loose, but she held him fast, and when he struggled, she cried out, 'Murder! murder! rape! robbery! ruin!' At which words Parson Adams, who lay in the next chamber wakeful, and meditating on the pedlar's discovery, jumped out of bed, and, without staying to put a rag of clothes on, hastened into the apartment whence the cries proceeded. He made directly to the bed in the dark, where laying hold of the beau's skin, (for Slipslop had tore his shirt almost off) and finding his skin extremely soft, and hearing him in a low voice begging Slipslop to let him go, he no longer doubted but this was the young woman in danger of ravishing, and immediately falling on the bed, and laying hold of Slipslop's chin, where he found

a rough beard, his belief was confirmed; he therefore rescued the beau, who presently made his escape, and then turning towards Slipslop, received such a cuff on his chops, that his wrath kindling instantly, he offered to return the favour so stoutly, that had poor Slipslop received the fist, which in the dark past by her and fell on the pillow, she would most probably have given up the ghost. Adams, missing his blow, fell directly on Slipslop, who cuffed and scratched as well as she could; nor was he behind hand with her in his endeavours, but happily the darkness of the night befriended her. She then cried she was a woman; but Adams answered she was rather the devil, and if she was, he would grapple with him; and being again irritated by another stroke on his chops, he gave her such a remembrance in the guts, that she began to roar loud enough to be heard all over the house. Adams then seizing her by the hair, (for her double-clout had fallen off in the scuffle) pinned her head down to the bolster, and then both called for lights together. The Lady Booby, who was as wakeful as any of her guests, had been alarmed from the beginning; and being a woman of a bold spirit, she slipped on a night-gown, petticoat and slippers, and taking a candle, which always burnt in her chamber, in her hand, she walked undauntedly to Slipslop's room; where she entered just at the instant as Adams had discovered, by the two mountains which Slipslop carried before her, that he was concerned with a female. He then concluded her to be a witch; and said, he fancied those breasts gave suck to a legion of devils. Slipslop seeing Lady Booby enter the room, cried, 'Help, or I am ravished!' with a most audible voice; and Adams perceiving the light, turned hastily, and saw the lady (as she did him) just as she came to the feet of the bed; nor did her modesty, when she found the naked condition of Adams, suffer her to approach farther. She then began to revile the parson as the wickedest of all men, and particularly railed at his impudence in chusing her house for the scene of his debaucheries, and her own woman for the object of his bestiality. Poor Adams had before discovered the countenance of his bedfellow, and now first recollecting he was

naked,

aked, he was no less confounded than Lady Booby herself, and immediately whipt under the bed-clothes, whence the chaste Slipslop endeavoured in vain to shut him out. Then putting forth his head, on which, by way of ornament, he wore a flannel night-cap, he protested his innocence, and asked ten thousand pardons of Mrs. Slipslop for the blows he had struck her, vowing he had mistaken her for a witch. Lady Booby then casting her eyes on the ground, observed something sparkle with great lustre, which, when she had taken it up, appeared to be a very fine pair of diamond buttons for the sleeves. A little farther she saw lie the sleeve itself of a shirt with laced ruffles. 'Hey-day!' says she, 'what is the meaning of this?' — 'O, Madam,' says Slipslop, 'I don't know what hath happened, I have been so terrified. Here may have been a dozen men in the room.' — 'To whom belongs this laced shirt and jewels?' says the lady. 'Undoubtedly,' cries the parson, 'to the young gentleman whom I mistook for a woman on coming into the room, whence proceeded all the subsequent mistakes; for if I had suspected him for a man, I would have seized him had he been another Hercules, though indeed he seems rather to resemble Hylas.' He then gave an account of the reason of his rising from bed, and the rest, till the lady came into the room; at which, and the figures of Slipslop and her gallant, whose heads only were visible at the opposite corners of the bed, she could not refrain from laughter, nor did Slipslop persist in accusing the parson of any motions towards a rape. The lady therefore desired him to return to his bed as soon as she was departed, and then ordering Slipslop to arise and attend her in her own room, she returned herself thither. When she was gone, Adams renewed his petitions for pardon to Mrs. Slipslop, who, with a most christian temper, not only forgave, but began to move with much courtesy towards him, which he taking as a hint to be gone, immediately quit- ted the bed, and made the best of his way towards his own; but unluckily, instead of turning to the right, he turned to the left, and went to the apartment where Fanny lay, who (as the reader may remember) had not

slept a wink the preceding night, and who was so hagged out with what had happened to her in the day, that notwithstanding all thoughts of her Joseph, she was fallen into so profound a sleep, that all the noise in the adjoining room had not been able to disturb her. Adams groped out the bed, and turning the clothes down softly, a custom Mrs. Adams had long accustomed him to, crept in, and deposited his carcase on the bed-post, a place which that good woman had always assigned him.

As the cat or lap-dog of some lovely nymph, for whom ten thousand lovers languish, lies quietly by the side of a charming maid, and, ignorant of the scene of delight on which they repose, meditates the future capture of a mouse, or surprisal of a plate of bread and butter: so Adams lay by the side of Fanny, ignorant of the paradise to which he was so near; nor could the emanation of sweets which flowed from her breath, overpower the fumes of tobacco which played in the parson's nostrils. And now sleep had not overtaken the good man, when Joseph, who had secretly appointed Fanny to come to her at the break of day, rapped softly at the chamber-door, which when he had repeated twice, Adams cried, 'Come in, whoever you are.' Joseph thought he had mistaken the door, though she had given him the most exact directions; however, knowing his friend's voice, he opened it, and saw some female vestments lying on a chair. Fanny waking at the same instant, and stretching out her hand on Adams's beard, she cried out, 'O heavens! where am I!' — 'Bless me! where am I!' said the parson. Then Fanny screamed, Adams leapt out of bed, and Joseph stood, as the tragedians call it, like the Statue of Surprise. 'How came she into my room?' cried Adams. 'How came you into her's?' cried Joseph, in astonishment. 'I know nothing of the matter,' answered Adams, 'but that she is a vestal for me. As I am a christian, I know not whether she is a man or woman. He is an infidel who doth not believe in witchcraft. They as surely exist now as in the days of Saul. My clothes are bewitched away too, and Fanny's brought into their place.' For he still insisted he was in his own apartment. But Fanny denied it vehemently;

mently; and said, his attempting to persuade Joseph of such a falsehood, convinced her of his wicked designs. 'How!' said Joseph in a rage, 'hath he offered any rudeness to you?'—She answered, she could not accuse him of any, more than villainously stealing to bed to her, which she thought rudeness sufficient, and what no man would do without a wicked intention. Joseph's great opinion of Adams was not easily to be staggered, and when he heard from Fanny that no harm had happened, he grew a little cooler; yet still he was confounded, and as he knew the house, and that the women's apartments were on this side Mrs. Slip-slop's room, and the men's on the other, he was convinced that he was in Fanny's chamber. Assuring Adams therefore of this truth, he begged him to give some account how he came there. Adams then standing in his shirt, which did not offend Fanny, as the curtains of the bed were drawn, related all that had happened, and when he had ended, Joseph told him, it was plain he had mistaken, by turning to the right instead of the left. 'Odso!' cries Adams, 'that's true; as sure as sixpence, you have hit on the very thing.' He then traversed the room, rubbing his hands, and begged Fanny's pardon, assuring her he did not know whether she was man or woman. That innocent creature firmly believing all he said, told him, she was no longer angry, and begged Joseph to conduct him into his own apartment, where he should stay himself, till she had put her clothes on. Joseph and Adams accordingly departed, and the latter soon was convinced of the mistake he had committed; however, whilst he was dressing himself, he often asserted he believed in the power of witchcraft notwithstanding, and did not see how a christian could deny it.

C H A P. XV.

THE ARRIVAL OF GAFFAR AND GAMMAR ANDREWS, WITH ANOTHER PERSON NOT MUCH EXPECTED; AND A PERFECT SOLUTION OF THE DIFFICULTIES RAISED BY THE PEDLAR.

AS soon as Fanny was dressed, Joseph returned to her, and they had a

long conversation together, the conclusion of which was, that if they found themselves to be really brother and sister, they vowed a perpetual celibacy, and to live together all their days, and indulge a platonic friendship for each other.

The company were all very merry at breakfast, and Joseph and Fanny rather more chearful than the preceding night. The Lady Booby produced the diamond button, which the beau most readily owned, and alledged that he was very subject to walk in his sleep. Indeed he was far from being ashamed of his amour, and rather endeavoured to insinuate that more than was really true had past between him and the fair Slip-slop.

Their tea was scarce over, when news came of the arrival of old Mr. Andrews and his wife. They were immediately introduced, and kindly received by the Lady Booby, whose heart went now pit-a-pat, as did those of Joseph and Fanny. They felt perhaps little less anxiety in this interval, than Oedipus himself, whilst his fate was revealing.

Mr. Booby first opened the cause, by informing the old gentleman that he had a child in the company more than he knew of, and taking Fanny by the hand, told him, this was that daughter of his who had been stolen away by gypsies in her infancy. Mr. Andrews, after expressing some astonishment, assured his honour that he had never lost a daughter by gypsies, nor ever had any other children than Joseph and Pamela. These words were a cordial to the two lovers; but had a different effect on Lady Booby. She ordered the pedlar to be called, who recounted his story as he had done before. At the end of which old Mrs. Andrews running to Fanny, embraced her, crying out, 'She is, she is my child.' The company were all amazed at this disagreement between the man and his wife; and the blood had now forsaken the cheeks of the lovers, when the old woman turning to her husband, who was more surprised than all the rest, and having a little recovered her own spirits, delivered herself as follows. 'You may remember, my dear, when you went a serjeant to Gibraltar, you left me big with child; you staid a broad, you know, upwards of three years.

years. In your absence I was brought to bed, I verily believe, of this daughter, whom I am sure I have reason to remember, for I suckled her at this very breast till the day she was stolen from me. One afternoon, when the child was about a year, or a year and half old, or thereabouts, two gypsy women came to the door, and offered to tell my fortune. One of them had a child in her lap; I shewed them my hand, and desired to know if you was ever to come home again, which I remember as well as if it was but yesterday, they faithfully promised me you should. I left the girl in the cradle, and went to draw them a cup of liquor, the best I had; when I returned with the pot (I am sure I was not absent longer than whilst I am telling it to you) the women were gone. I was afraid they had stolen something, and looked and looked, but to no purpose, and Heaven knows I had very little for them to steal. At last hearing the child cry in the cradle, I went to take it up—but O the living! how was I surprised to find, instead of my own girl that I had put into the cradle, who was as fine a fat thriving child as you shall see in a summer's day, a poor sickly boy, that did not seem to have an hour to live. I ran out, pulling my hair off, and crying like any mad after the women, but never could hear a word of them from that day to this. When I came back, the poor infant (which is our Joseph there, as stout as he now stands) lifted up his eyes upon me so pitifully, that to be sure, notwithstanding my passion, I could not find in my heart to do it any mischief. A neighbour of mine happening to come in at the same time, and hearing the case, advised me to take care of this poor child, and God would perhaps one day restore me my own. Upon which I took the child up, and suckled it, to be sure, for all the world as if it had been born of my own natural body. And as true as I am alive, in a little time I loved the boy all to nothing as if it had my own girl. Well, as I was saying, times growing very hard, I having two children, and nothing but my own work, which was little enough, God knows, to maintain

them, was obliged to ask for relief of the parish; but instead of giving it me, they removed me, by justices warrants, fifteen miles to the place where I now live, where I had not been long settled before you came home. Joseph (for that was the name I gave him myself—the Lord knows whether he was baptized or no, or by what name) Joseph, I say, seemed to me to be about five years old when you returned; for I believe he is two or three years older than our daughter here; (for I am thoroughly convinced she is the same) and when you saw him, you said he was a chopping boy, without ever minding his age: and so I seeing you did not suspect any thing of the matter, thought I might e'en as well keep it to myself, for fear you should not love him as well as I did. And all this is veritably true, and I will take my oath of it before any justice in the kingdom.

The pedlar, who had been summoned by the order of Lady Booby, listened with the utmost attention to Gammar Andrews's story, and when she had finished, asked her if the supposititious child had no mark on it's breast? to which she answered, 'Yes, he had as fine a strawberry as ever grew in a garden.' This Joseph acknowledged, and unbuttoning his coat, at the intercession of the company, shewed it to them. 'Well,' says Gaffar Andrews, who was a comical, sly old fellow, and very likely desired to have no more children than he could keep, 'you have proved, I think, very plainly, that this boy doth not belong to us; but how are you certain that the girl is yours?' The parson then brought the pedlar forward, and desired him to repeat the story which he had communicated to him the preceding day at the alehouse; which he complied with, and related what the reader, as well as Mr. Adams, hath seen before. He then confirmed, from his wife's report, all the circumstances of the exchange, and of the strawberry on Joseph's breast. At the repetition of the word *strawberry*, Adams, who had seen it without any emotion, started and cried, 'Bless me! something comes into my head.' But before he had time to bring any thing more out, a servant called him forth. When he

he was gone, the pedlar assured Joseph, that his parents were persons of much greater circumstances than those he had hitherto mistaken for such; for that he had been stolen from a gentleman's house, by those whom they call gypsies, and had been kept by them during a whole year, when looking on him as in a dying condition, they had exchanged him for the other healthier child, in the manner before related. He said, as to the name of his father, his wife had either never known, or forgot it; but that she had acquainted him he lived about forty miles from the place where the exchange had been made, and which way, promising to spare no pains in endeavouring with him to discover the place.

But fortune, which seldom doth good or ill, or makes men happy or miserable by halves, resolved to spare him this labour. The reader may please to recollect, that Mr. Wilton had intended a journey to the west, in which he was to pass through Mr. Adams's parish, and had promised to call on him. He was now arrived at the Lady Booby's gates for that purpose, being directed thither from the parson's house, and had sent in the servant, whom we have above seen call Mr. Adams forth. This had no sooner mentioned the discovery of a stolen child, and had uttered the word *strawberry*, than Mr. Wilton, with wildness in his looks, and the utmost eagerness in his words, begged to be shewed into the room, where he entered without the least regard to any of the company but Joseph, and embracing him with a complexion all pale and trembling, desired to see the mark on his breast; the parson followed him capering, rubbing his hands, and crying out, '*Hic est quem quæris; inventus est, &c.*' Joseph complied with the request of Mr. Wilton, who no sooner saw the mark, than abandoning himself to the most extravagant rapture of passion, he embraced Joseph, with inexpressible extasy, and cried out in tears of joy, 'I have discovered my son, I have him again in my arms!' Joseph was not sufficiently apprized, yet, to taste the same delight with his father, (for so in reality he was) however, he returned some warmth to his embraces: but he no sooner perceived from his father's ac-

count, the agreement of every circumstance, of person, time, and place, than he threw himself at his feet, and embracing his knees, with tears begged his blessing, which was given with much affection, and received with such respect, mixed with such tenderness on both sides, that it affected all present: but none so much as Lady Booby, who left the room in an agony, which was but too much perceived, and not very charitably accounted for by some of the company.

C H A P. XVI.

BEING THE LAST. IN WHICH THIS TRUE HISTORY IS BROUGHT TO A HAPPY CONCLUSION.

FANNY was very little behind her Joseph in the duty she expressed towards her parents; and the joy she evinced in discovering them. Gammarr Andrews kissed her: and said she was heartily glad to see her: but for her part, she could never love any one better than Joseph. Gaffar Andrews testified no remarkable emotion; he blessed and kissed her, but complained bitterly, that he wanted his pipe, not having had a whiff that morning.

Mr. Booby, who knew nothing of his aunt's fondness, imputed her abrupt departure to her pride, and disdain of the family into which he was married; he was therefore desirous to be gone with the utmost celerity: and now, having congratulated Mr. Wilton and Joseph on the discovery, he saluted Fanny, called her sister, and introduced her as such to Pamela, who behaved with great decency on the occasion.

He now sent a message to his aunt; who returned, that she wished him a good journey, but was too disordered to see any company: he therefore prepared to set out, having invited Mr. Wilton to his house; and Pamela and Joseph both so insisted on his complying, that he at last consented, having first obtained a messenger from Mr. Booby, to acquaint his wife with the news; which, as he knew it would render her completely happy, he could not prevail on himself to delay a moment in acquainting her with.

The company were ranged in this manner.

manner. The two old people, with their two daughters, rode in the coach; the squire, Mr. Wilton, Joseph, parson Adams, and the pedlar, proceeded on horseback.

In their way Joseph informed his father of his intended match with Fanny; to which, though he expressed some reluctance at first, on the eagerness of his son's instances, he consented; saying, if she was so good a creature as she appeared, and he described her, he thought the disadvantages of birth and fortune might be compensated. He however insisted on the match being deferred till he had seen his mother; in which Joseph perceiving him positive, with great duty obeyed him, to the great delight of parson Adams, who by these means saw an opportunity of fulfilling the church forms, and marrying his parishioners without a licence.

Mr. Adams greatly exulting on this occasion, (for such ceremonies were matters of no small moment with him) accidentally gave spurs to his horse, which the generous beast disdaining, for he was of high mettle, and had been used to more expert riders than the gentleman who at present bestrode him, for whose horsemanship he had perhaps some contempt, immediately ran away full speed, and played so many antic tricks, that he tumbled the parson from his back; which Joseph perceiving, came to his relief. This accident afforded infinite merriment to the servants, and no less frightened poor Fanny, who beheld him as he passed by the coach; but the mirth of the one, and the terror of the other, were soon determined, when the parson declared he had received no damage.

The horse having freed himself from his unworthy rider, as he probably thought him, proceeded to make the best of his way; but was stopped by a gentleman and his servants, who were travelling the opposite way; and were now at a little distance from the coach. They soon met; and as one of the servants delivered Adams his horse, his master hailed him, and Adams looking up, presently recollected he was the justice of peace before whom he and Fanny had made their appearance. The parson presently saluted him very kindly; and the justice in-

formed him, that he had found the fellow who attempted to swear against him and the young woman the very next day, and had committed him to Salisbury gaol, where he was charged with many robberies.

Many compliments having passed between the parson and the justice, the latter proceeded on his journey, and the former having with some disdain refused Joseph's offer of changing horses, and declared, he was as able an horseman as any in the kingdom, remounted his beast; and now the company again proceeded, and happily arrived at their journey's end, Mr. Adams by good luck, rather than by good riding, escaping a second fall.

The company arriving at Mr. Booby's house, were all received by him in the most courteous, and entertained in the most splendid manner, after the custom of the old English hospitality, which is still preserved in some very few families in the remote parts of England. They all passed that day with the utmost satisfaction; it being perhaps impossible to find any set of people more solidly and sincerely happy. Joseph and Fanny found means to be alone upwards of two hours, which were the shortest, but the sweetest imaginable.

In the morning, Mr. Wilton proposed to his son to make a visit with him to his mother, which, notwithstanding his dutiful inclinations, and a longing desire he had to see her, a little concerned him, as he must be obliged to leave his Fanny: but the goodness of Mr. Booby relieved him; for he proposed to send his own coach and six for Mrs. Wilton, whom Pamela so very earnestly invited, that Mr. Wilton at length agreed with the entreaties of Mr. Booby and Joseph, and suffered the coach to go empty for his wife.

On Saturday night, the coach returned with Mrs. Wilton, who added one more to this happy assembly. The reader may imagine much better and quicker too than I can describe, the many embraces and tears of joy which succeeded her arrival. It is sufficient to say, she was easily prevailed with to follow her husband's example, in consenting to the match.

On Sunday Mr. Adams performed the service at the squire's parish church, the

the curate of which very kindly exchanged duty, and rode twenty miles to the Lady Booby's parish so to do; being particularly charged not to omit publishing the banns, being the third and last time.

At length the happy day arrived, which was to put Joseph in the possession of all his wishes. He arose, and dress'd himself in a neat, but plain suit of Mr. Booby's, which exactly fitted him; for he refused all finery; as did Fanny likewise, who could be prevailed on by Pamela to attire herself in nothing richer than a white dimity night-gown. Her shift, indeed, which Pamela presented her, was of the finest kind, and had an edging of lace round the bosom; she likewise equipped her with a pair of fine white thread stockings, which were all she would accept; for she wore one of her own short round-cared caps, and over it a little straw hat, lined with cherry-coloured silk, and tied with a cherry-coloured ribbon. In this dress she came forth from her chamber, blushing and breathing sweets; and was by Joseph, whose eyes sparkled fire, led to church, the whole family attending, where Mr. Adams performed the ceremony; at which nothing was so remarkable, as the extraordinary and unaffected modesty of Fanny, unless the true christian piety of Adams, who publicly rebuked Mr. Booby and Pamela, for laughing in so sacred a place, and on so solemn an occasion. Our parson would have done no less to the highest prince on earth: for though he paid all submission and deference to his superiors in other matters, where the least spice of religion intervened, he immediately lost all respect of persons. It was his maxim, that he was a servant of the Highest, and could not, without departing from his duty, give up the least article of his honour, or of his cause, to the greatest earthly potentate. Indeed he always asserted, that Mr. Adams at church with his surplice on, and Mr. Adams without that ornament, in any other place, were two very different persons.

When the church rites were over, Joseph led his blooming bride back to Mr. Booby's (for the distance was so very little, they did not think proper to use a coach;) the whole company attended them likewise on foot; and now a most magnificent entertainment was

provided, at which parson Adams demonstrated an appetite surprising, as well as surpassing every one present. Indeed the only persons who betrayed any deficiency on this occasion, were those on whose account the feast was provided. They pampered their imaginations with the much more exquisite repast which the approach of night promised them; the thoughts of which filled both their minds, though with different sensations; the one all desire, while the other had her wishes tempered with fears.

At length, after a day past with the utmost merriment, corrected by the strictest decency; in which, however, parson Adams, being well filled with ale and pudding, had given a loose to more facetiousness than was usual to him; the happy, the blest moment arrived, when Fanny retired with her mother, her mother-in-law, and her sister. She was soon undrest; for she had no jewels to deposit in their caskets, nor fine laces to fold with the utmost exactness. Undressing to her was properly discovering, not putting off ornaments: for as all her charms were the gifts of nature, she could divest herself of none. How, reader, shall I give thee an adequate idea of this lovely young creature! the bloom of roses and lilies might a little illustrate her complexion, or their smell her sweetness; but to comprehend her entirely, conceive youth, health, bloom, beauty, neatness and innocence, in her bridal-bed; conceive all these in their utmost perfection, and you may place the charming Fanny's picture before your eyes.

Joseph no sooner heard she was in bed, than he fled with the utmost eagerness to her. A minute carried him into her arms, where we shall leave this happy couple to enjoy the private rewards of their constancy; rewards so great and sweet, that I apprehend, Joseph neither envied the noblest duke, nor Fanny the finest duchess that night.

The third day, Mr. Wilson and his wife with their son and daughter, returned home; where they now live together in a state of bliss, scarce ever equalled. Mr. Booby hath with unprecedented generosity given Fanny a fortune of two thousand pounds, which Joseph hath laid out in a little estate in the same parish with his father, which

he

he now occupies, (his father having stocked it for him;) and Fanny presides with most excellent management in his dairy; where, however, she is not at present very able to bustle much, being, as Mr. Wilson informs me in his last letter, extremely big with her first child.

Mr. Booby hath presented Mr. Adams with a living of one hundred and thirty pounds a year. He at first refused it, resolving not to quit his parishioners, with whom he hath lived so long: but, on recollecting he might keep a curate at this living, he hath been lately inducted into it.

The pedlar, besides several handsome presents both from Mr. Wilson and Mr. Booby, is, by the latter's interest,

made an exciseman; a trust which he discharges with such justice, that he is greatly beloved in his neighbourhood.

As for the Lady Booby, she returned to London in a few days, where a young captain of dragoons, together with eternal parties at cards, soon obliterated the memory of Joseph.

Joseph remains blest with his Fanny, whom he doats on with the utmost tenderness, which is all returned on her side. The happiness of this couple is a perpetual fountain of pleasure to their fond parents; and what is particularly remarkable, he declares he will imitate them in their retirement; nor will he be prevailed on by any booksellers, or their authors, to make his appearance in HIGH LIFE.

F I N I S.



A M E L I A.

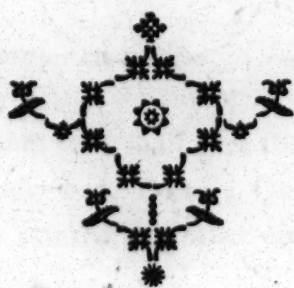
BY

HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

FELICES TER ET AMPLIUS,
QUOS IRRUPTA TENET COPULA.

Γυναικὸς ἡδὲν χρῆμα' ἀνὴρ ληίζεταί
Ἐσθλῆς ἀμεινον, ἡδὲ δίγλιον παυῆς.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.



L O N D O N :

Printed for HARRISON and Co. No. 18, Paternoster-Row,

M DCC LXXX.

A. M. E. I. A.

HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

PRINTER FOR THE AMERICAN
COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Printed by J. M. Smith, at the
American Court of the United States.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.



L O N D O N :

Printed for HARRISON and Co. No. 18, Paternoster-Row.

M DCC LXXX.

DEDICATION

Now will I assign the following title of common dedication. I think, every body may be satisfied with a most beautiful circumstance. I think it possible for any person to draw a just and true character of the self, without incurring a suspicion of flattery to the persons of the magistrates. This task, therefore, I shall bestow, with that due (to be) should be to understand the nature of it, when every good man will pay a look for the interest of his country, a day which is precious. I believe, there is but one good man in the world who can think of this with unconcern.

RALPH ALLEN, Esq.

SIR,

THE following book is sincerely designed to promote the cause of virtue, and to expose some of the most glaring evils, as well public as private, which at present infest the country; though there is scarce, as I remember, a single stroke of satire aimed at any one person throughout the whole.

The best man is the properest patron of such an attempt. This, I believe, will be readily granted; nor will the public voice, I think, be more divided, to whom they shall give that appellation. Should a letter indeed be thus inscribed, DETUR OPTIMO, there are few persons who would think it wanted any other direction.

I will not trouble you with a preface concerning the work; nor endeavour to obviate any criticisms which can be made on it. The good-natured reader, if his heart should be here affected, will be inclined to pardon many faults for the pleasure he will receive from a tender sensation; and for readers of a different stamp, the more faults they can discover, the more, I am convinced, they will be pleased.

Nor

Nor will I assume the fulsome stile of common dedicators. I have not their usual design in this epistle ; nor will I borrow their language. Long, very long may it be, before a most dreadful circumstance shall make it possible for any pen to draw a just and true character of yourself, without incurring a suspicion of flattery in the bosoms of the malignant ! This task, therefore, I shall defer till that day (if I should be so unfortunate as ever to see it) when every good man shall pay a tear for the satisfaction of his curiosity ; a day which at present, I believe, there is but one good man in the world who can think of with unconcern.

Accept then, Sir, this small token of that love, that gratitude, and that respect, with which I shall always esteem it my GREATEST HONOUR to be,

S I R,

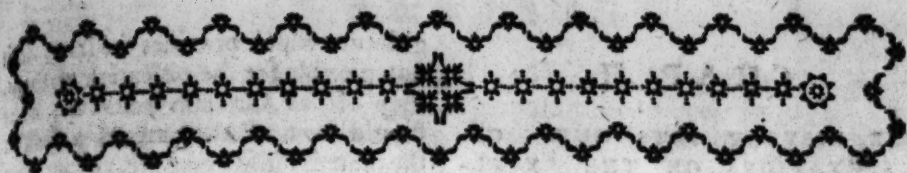
Your most obliged,

And most obedient

Humble Servant,

BOW-STREET,
DECEMBER 12, 1751.

HENRY FIELDING.



A M E L I A.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

BOOK I.

CHAP. XI.

CONTAINING THE EXORDIUM, &c.



THE various accidents which befel a very worthy couple, after their uniting in the state of matrimony, will be the subject of the following history. The distresses which they waded through, were some of them so exquisite, and the incidents which produced these so extraordinary, that they seemed to require not only the utmost malice, but the utmost invention which superstition hath ever attributed to FORTUNE: though whether any such being interfered in the case, or indeed, whether there be any such being in the universe, is a matter which I by no means presume to determine in the affirmative. To speak a bold truth, I am, after much mature deliberation, inclined to suspect, that the public voice hath, in all ages, done much injustice to Fortune, and hath convicted her of many facts in which she had not the least concern. I question much whether we may not, by natural means, account for the success of knaves, the calamities of fools, with all the miseries in which men of sense sometimes involve themselves by quitting the directions of prudence, and following the blind guidance of a predominant passion; in short, for all the ordinary phenomena which are imputed to Fortune; whom, perhaps, men accuse with no less absurdity in life,

than a bad player complains of ill luck at the game of chess.

But if men are sometimes guilty of laying improper blame on this imaginary being, they are altogether as apt to make her amends, by ascribing to her honours which she as little deserves. To retrieve the ill consequences of a foolish conduct, and by struggling manfully with distress to subdue it, is one of the noblest efforts of wisdom and virtue: whoever, therefore, calls such a man fortunate, is guilty of no less impropriety in speech, than he would be, who should call the statuary or the poet fortunate, who carved a Venus, or who writ an Iliad.

Life may as properly be called an art as any other; and the great incidents in it are no more to be considered as mere accidents, than the several members of a fine statue, or a noble poem. The critics in all these are not content with seeing any thing to be great, without knowing why and how it came to be so. By examining carefully the several gradations which conduce to bring every model to perfection, we learn truly to know that science in which the model is formed: as histories of this kind, therefore, may properly be called models of HUMAN LIFE; so by observing minutely the several incidents which tend to the catastrophe or completion of the whole, and the minute causes whence those incidents are produced, we shall best be instructed in this most useful of all arts, which I call *the art of life*.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

THE HISTORY SETS OUT. OBSERVATIONS ON THE EXCELLENCY OF THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION, AND CURIOUS EXAMINATIONS BEFORE A JUSTICE OF PEACE.

ON the first of April, in the year —, the watchmen of a certain parish (I know not particularly which) within the liberty of Westminster, brought several persons whom they had apprehended the preceding night, before Jonathan Thrasher, Esq. one of the justices of the peace for that liberty.

But here, reader, before we proceed to the trials of these offenders, we shall, after our usual manner, premise some things which it may be necessary for thee to know.

It hath been observed, I think, by many, as well as the celebrated writer of *three letters*, that no human institution is capable of consummate perfection. An observation which, perhaps, that writer at least gathered from discovering some defects in the polity even of this well-regulated nation. And, indeed, if there should be any such defect in a constitution which my Lord Coke long ago told us, 'the wisdom of all the wise men in the world, if they had all met together at one time, could not have equalled;' which some of our wisest men who were met together long before, said, was too good to be altered in any particular; and which, nevertheless, hath been mending ever since, by a very great number of the said wise men: if, I say, this constitution should be imperfect, we may be allowed, I think, to doubt whether any such faultless model can be found among the institutions of men.

It will probably be objected that the small imperfections which I am about to produce, do not lie in the laws themselves, but in the ill execution of them; but, with submission, this appears to me to be no less an absurdity, than to say of any machine that it is excellently made, though incapable of performing it's functions. Good laws should execute themselves in a well-regulated state; at least, if the same le-

gislation which provides the laws, doth not provide for the execution of them, they act as Graham would do, if he should form all the parts of a clock in the most exquisite manner, yet put them so together that the clock could not go. In this case, surely we might say that there was a small defect in the constitution of the clock.

To say the truth, Graham would soon see the fault, and would easily remedy it. The fault indeed could be no other than that the parts were improperly disposed.

Perhaps, reader, I have another illustration, which will set my intention in still a clearer light before you. Figure to yourself then a family, the master of which should dispose of the several oeconomic offices in the following manner, viz. should put his butler in the coach-box, his steward behind his coach, his coachman in the butlery, and his footman in the stewardship, and in the same ridiculous manner should misemploy the talents of every other servant; it is easy to see what a figure such a family must make in the world.

As ridiculous as this may seem, I have often considered some of the lower offices in our civil government to be disposed in this very manner. To begin, I think, as low as I well can, with the watchmen in our metropolis: who being to guard our streets by night from thieves and robbers, an office which at least requires strength of body, are chosen out of those poor old decrepit people, who are, from their want of bodily strength, rendered incapable of getting a livelihood by work. These men armed only with a pole, which some of them are scarce able to lift, are to secure the persons and houses of his majesty's subjects from the attacks of gangs of young, bold, stout, desperate, and well-armed villains.

*Quæ non viribus istis
Muner a conveniunt.*

If the poor old fellows should run away from such enemies, no one I think can wonder; unless it be that they were able to make their escape.

The higher we proceed among our public officers and magistrates, the less defects of this kind will, perhaps, be observable.

observable. Mr. Thrasher, however, the justice before whom the prisoners above-mentioned were now brought, had some few imperfections in his magistratical capacity. I own, I have been sometimes inclined to think, that this office of a justice of peace requires some knowledge of the law: for this simple reason; because in every case which comes before him, he is to judge and act according to law. Again, as these laws are contained in a great variety of books; the statutes which relate to the office of a justice of peace making of themselves at least two large volumes in folio; and that part of his jurisdiction which is founded on the common law being dispersed in above a hundred volumes, I cannot conceive how this knowledge should be acquired without reading; and yet certain it is, Mr. Thrasher never read one syllable of the matter.

This perhaps was a defect; but this was not all: for where mere ignorance is to decide a point between two litigants, it will always be an even chance whether it decides right or wrong; but sorry am I to say, right was often in a much worse situation than this, and wrong hath often had five hundred to one on his side before that magistrate; who, if he was ignorant of the law of England, was yet well versed in the laws of nature. He perfectly well understood that fundamental principle so strongly laid down in the institutes of the learned Rochefoucault, by which the duty of self-love is so strongly enforced, and every man is taught to consider himself as the centre of gravity, and to attract all things thither. To speak the truth plainly, the justice was never indifferent in a cause, but when he could get nothing on either side.

Such was the justice, to whose tremendous bar Mr. Gotobed the constable, on the day above-mentioned, brought several delinquents, who, as we have said, had been apprehended by the watch for diverse outrages.

The first who came upon his trial, was as bloody a spectre as ever the imagination of a murderer or a tragic poet conceived. This poor wretch was charged with a battery by a much stouter man than himself; indeed the accused person bore about him some evidence that he had been in an affray,

his cloaths being very bloody: but certain open sluices on his own head sufficiently shewed whence all the scarlet stream had issued; whereas the accuser had not the least mark or appearance of any wound. The justice asked the defendant, what he meant by breaking the king's peace; to which he answered, 'Upon my shoul I do love the king very well, and I have not been after breaking any thing of his that I do know: but upon my shoul this man hath brake my head, and my head did brake his stick; that is all, gra.' He then offered to produce several witnesses against this improbable accusation; but the justice presently interrupted him, saying, 'Sirrah, your tongue betrays your guilt. You are an Irishman, and that is always sufficient evidence with me.'

The second criminal was a poor woman, who was taken up by the watch as a street-walker. It was alleged against her that she was found walking the streets after twelve o'clock, and the watchman declared he believed her to be a common strumpet. She pleaded in her defence (as was really the truth) that she was a servant, and was sent by her mistress, who was a little shopkeeper, and upon the point of delivery, to fetch a midwife; which she offered to prove by several of the neighbours, if she was allowed to send for them. The justice asked her why she had not done it before; to which she answered, she had no money, and could get no messenger. The justice then called her several scurrilous names; and declaring she was guilty within the statute of street-walking, ordered her to Bridewell for a month.

A genteel young man and woman were then set forward, and a very grave looking person swore he caught them in a situation which we cannot as particularly describe here as he did before the magistrate; who, having received a wink from his clerk, declared with much warmth that the fact was incredible and impossible. He presently discharged the accused parties, and was going, without any evidence, to commit the accuser for perjury; but this the clerk dissuaded him from, saying, he doubted whether a justice of peace had any such power. The justice at first differed in opinion;

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and said, he had seen a man stand in the pillory about perjury; nay, he had known a man in gaol for it too; and how came he there, if he was not committed thither. 'Why that is true, Sir,' answered the clerk, 'and yet I have been told by a very great lawyer, that a man cannot be committed for perjury before he is indicted; and the reason is, I believe, because it is not against the peace before the indictment makes it so.'—'Why that may be,' cries the justice; 'and indeed perjury is but scandalous words, and I know a man can't have no warrant for those, unless you put for rioting * them into the warrant.'

The witness was now about to be discharged, when the lady whom he had accused, declared she would swear the peace against him; for that he had called her a whore several times. 'Oho! you will swear the peace, Madam, will you?' cries the justice. 'Give her the peace presently: and pray, Mr. Constable, secure the prisoner, now we have him, while a warrant is made to take him up.' All which was immediately performed, and the poor witness for want of sureties was sent to prison.

A young fellow, whose name was Booth, was now charged with beating the watchman in the execution of his office, and breaking his lanthorn. This was deposed by two witnesses; and the shattered remains of a broken lanthorn, which had been long preserved for the sake of it's testimony, were produced to corroborate the evidence. The justice, perceiving the criminal to be but shabbily drest, was going to commit him without asking any farther questions. At length, however, at the earnest request of the accused, the worthy magistrate submitted to hear his defence. The young man then alledged, as was in reality the case, that as he was walking home to his lodging, he saw

two men in the street cruelly beating a third, upon which he had stopt and endeavoured to assist the person who was so unequally attacked; that the watch came up during the affray, and took them all four into custody; that they were immediately carried to the round-house, where the two original assailants, who appeared to be men of fortune, found means to make up the matter, and were discharged by the constable; a favour which he himself, having no money in his pocket, was unable to obtain. He utterly denied having assaulted any of the watchmen, and solemnly declared, that he was offered his liberty at the price of half a crown,

Though the bare word of an offender can never be taken against the oath of his accuser; yet the matter of this defence was so pertinent, and delivered with such an air of truth and sincerity, that had the magistrate been endued with much sagacity, or had he been very moderately gifted with another quality, very necessary to all who are to administer justice, he would have employed some labour in cross-examining the watchmen; at least he would have given the defendant the time he desired to send for the other persons who were present at the affray; neither of which he did. In short, the magistrate had too great an honour for truth to suspect that she ever appeared in fardish apparel; nor did he ever fully his sublime notions of that virtue, by uniting them with the mean ideas of poverty and distress.

There remained now only one prisoner, and that was the poor man himself in whose defence the last-mentioned culprit was engaged. His trial took but a very short time. A cause of battery and broken lanthorn was instituted against him, and proved in the same manner; nor would the justice hear one word in defence: but though his patience was exhausted, his breath was

* *Opus est interprete.* By the laws of England, abusive words are not punishable by the magistrate; some commissioners of the peace, therefore, when one scold hath applied to them for a warrant against another, from a too eager desire of doing justice, have construed a little harmless scolding into a riot, which is in law an outrageous breach of the peace, committed by several persons, by three at the least, nor can a less number be convicted of it. Under this word *rioting*, or *riotting* (for I have seen it spelt both ways) many thousands of old women have been arrested and put to expence, sometimes in prison, for a little intemperate use of their tongues. This practice began to decrease in the year 1749.

not; for against this last wretch he poured forth a great many volleys of menaces and abuse.

The delinquents were then all dispatched to prison, under a guard of watchmen; and the justice and the constable adjourned to a neighbouring alehouse, to take their morning repast.

CHAP. III.

CONTAINING THE INSIDE OF A PRISON.

MR. Booth (for we shall not trouble you with the rest) was no sooner arrived in the prison, than a number of persons gathered round him, all demanding *garnish*; to which Mr. Booth not making a ready answer, as indeed he did not understand the word, some were going to lay hold of him, when a person of apparent dignity came up, and insisted that no one should affront the gentleman. This person then, who was no less than the master or keeper of the prison, turning towards Mr. Booth, acquainted him, that it was the custom of the place for every prisoner, upon his first arrival there, to give something to the former prisoners to make them drink. This, he said, was what they called *garnish*; and concluded with advising his new customer to draw his purse upon the present occasion. Mr. Booth answered, that he would very readily comply with this laudable custom, was it in his power, but that in reality he had not a shilling in his pocket, and what was worse, he had not a shilling in the world. 'Oho! if that be the case,' cries the keeper, 'it is another matter, and I have nothing to say.' Upon which he immediately departed, and left poor Booth to the mercy of his companions; who, without loss of time, applied themselves to *uncasing*, as they termed it, and with such dexterity, that his coat was not only stript off, but out of sight in a minute.

Mr. Booth was too weak to resist, and too wise to complain of this usage. As soon therefore as he was at liberty, and declared free of the place, he summoned his philosophy, of which he had no inconsiderable share, to his assistance, and resolved to make himself

as easy as possible under his present circumstances.

Could his own thoughts indeed have suffered him a moment to forget where he was, the dispositions of the other prisoners might have induced him to believe that he had been in a happier place; for much the greater part of his fellow-sufferers, instead of wailing and repining at their condition, were laughing, singing, and diverting themselves with various kinds of sports and gambols.

The first person who accosted him was called Blear-Eyed-Moll; a woman of no very comely appearance. Her eye (for she had but one) whence she derived her nick-name, was such as that nick-name bespoke: besides which, it had two remarkable qualities; for first, as if nature had been careful to provide for her own defect, it constantly looked toward her blind side; and secondly, the ball consisted almost entirely of white, or rather yellow, with a little grey spot in the corner, so small that it was scarce discernible. Nose she had none; for Venus, envious perhaps at her former charms, had carried off the gristly part; and some earthly damsel, perhaps from the same envy, had levelled the bone with the rest of her face: indeed it was far beneath the bones of her cheeks, which rose proportionally higher than is usual. About half a dozen ebony teeth fortified that large and long canal which nature had cut from ear to ear, at the bottom of which was a chin, preposterously short, nature having turned up the bottom, instead of suffering it to grow to it's due length.

Her body was well adapted to her face; she measured full as much round the middle as from head to foot; for besides the extreme breadth of her back, her vast breasts had long since forsaken their native home, and had settled themselves a little below the girdle.

I wish certain actresses on the stage, when they are to perform characters of no amiable cast, would study to dress themselves with the propriety with which Blear-Eyed-Moll was now arrayed. For the sake of our squeamish reader, we shall not descend to particulars. Let it suffice to say, nothing more ragged, or more dirty, was ever

emptied out of the round-house at St. Giles's.

We have taken the more pains to describe this person, for two remarkable reasons: the one is, that this unlovely creature was taken in the fact with a very pretty young fellow; the other, which is more productive of moral lesson, is, that however wretched her fortune may appear to the reader, she was one of the merriest persons in the whole prison.

Blear-Eyed-Moll then came up to Mr. Booth, with a smile or rather grin on her countenance, and asked him for a dram of gin; and when Booth assured her that he had not a penny of money, she replied, 'D—n your eyes, I thought by your look you had been a clever fellow, and upon the snaffling lay* at least: but d—n your body and eyes, I find you are some sneaking budge† rascal.' She then launched forth a volley of dreadful oaths, interlarded with some language not proper to be repeated here, and was going to lay hold on poor Booth; when a tall prisoner, who had been very earnestly eying Booth for some time, came up, and taking her by the shoulder, flung her off at some distance, cursing her for a b—h, and bidding her let the gentleman alone.

This person was not himself of the most inviting aspect. He was long-visaged, and pale, with a red beard of above a fortnight's growth. He was attired in a brownish black coat, which would have shewed more holes than it did, had not the linen which appeared through it, been entirely of the same colour with the cloth.

This gentleman, whose name was Robinson, addressed himself very civilly to Mr. Booth, and told him he was sorry to see one of his appearance in that place: 'For as to your being without your coat, Sir,' says he, 'I can easily account for that; and indeed dress is the least part which distinguishes a gentleman.' At which words he cast a significant look on his own coat, as if he desired they should be applied to himself. He then proceeded in the following manner.

'I perceive, Sir, you are but just arrived in this dismal place, which

' is, indeed, rendered more detestable
' by the wretches who inhabit it, than
' by any other circumstance; but even
' these a wise man will soon bring
' himself to bear with indifference:
' for what is, is; and what must be,
' must be. The knowledge of this,
' which, simple as it appears, is in
' truth the height of all philosophy,
' renders a wise man superior to every
' evil which can befall him. I hope,
' Sir, no very dreadful accident is the
' cause of your coming hither; but
' whatever it was, you may be assured
' it could not be otherwise: for all
' things happen by an inevitable fata-
' lity; and a man can no more resist
' the impulse of fate, than a wheel-
' barrow can the force of it's driver.'

Besides the obligation which Mr. Robinson had conferred on Mr. Booth, in delivering him from the insults of Blear-Eyed-Moll, there was something in the manner of Robinson, which, notwithstanding the meanness of his dress, seemed to distinguish him from the crowd of wretches who swarmed in those regions; and above all, the sentiments which he had just declared, very nearly coincided with those of Mr. Booth: this gentleman was what they call a free-thinker; that is to say, a deist; or, perhaps, an atheist: for though he did not absolutely deny the existence of a God; yet he entirely denied his providence. A doctrine which, if it is not downright atheism, hath a direct tendency towards it; and, as Dr. Clarke observes, may be soon driven into it. And as to Mr. Booth, though he was in his heart an extreme well-wisher to religion, (for he was an honest man) yet his notions of it were very slight and uncertain. To say truth, he was in the wavering condition so finely described by Claudian:

labefacta cadebat

*Religio, causaque viam non sponte sequebar
Alterius; vacuo quæ currere semina motu
Affirmat; magnumque novas per inane figuras
Fortuna, non arte, regi; quæ numina sensu
Ambiguo, vel nulla putat, vel nescia nostri.*

This way of thinking, or rather of doubting, he had contracted from the same reasons which Claudian assigns,

* A cant term for robbery on the highway.

† Another cant term for pilfering.

and which had induced Brutus, in his latter days, to doubt the existence of that virtue which he had all his life cultivated. In short, poor Booth imagined, that a larger share of misfortunes had fallen to his lot than he had merited; and this led him, who (though a good classical scholar) was not deeply learned in religious matters, into a disadvantageous opinion of Providence. A dangerous way of reasoning, in which our conclusions are not only too hasty, from an imperfect view of things; but we are likewise liable to much error from partiality to ourselves; viewing our virtues and vices as through a perspective, in which we turn the glass always to our own advantage, so as to diminish the one, and as greatly to magnify the other.

From the above reasons, it can be no wonder that Mr. Booth did not decline the acquaintance of this person, in a place which could not promise to afford him any better. He answered him, therefore, with great courtesy, as indeed he was of a very good and gentle disposition; and after expressing a civil surprise at meeting him there, declared himself to be of the same opinion with regard to the necessity of human actions; adding, however, that he did not believe men were under any blind impulse or direction of fate; but that every man acted merely from the force of that passion which was uppermost in his mind, and could do no otherwise.

A discourse now ensued between the two gentlemen, on the necessity arising from the impulse of fate, and the necessity arising from the impulse of passion; which, as it will make a pretty pamphlet of itself, we shall reserve for some future opportunity. When this was ended, they set forward to survey the gaol, and the prisoners, with the several cases of whom Mr. Robinson, who had been some time under confinement, undertook to make Mr. Booth acquainted.

CHAP. IV.

DISCLOSING FARTHER SECRETS OF THE PRISON-HOUSE.

THE first persons whom they passed by were three men in fetters, who were enjoying themselves very merrily

over a bottle of wine, and a pipe of tobacco. These, Mr. Robinson informed his friend, were three street-robbers, and were all certain of being hanged the ensuing sessions. 'So inconsiderable an object,' said he, 'is misery to light minds, when it is at any distance.'

A little farther they beheld a man prostrate on the ground, whose heavy groans, and frantic actions, plainly indicated the highest disorder of mind. This person was, it seems, committed for a small felony; and his wife, who then lay-in, upon hearing the news, had thrown herself from a window two-pair of stairs high, by which means he had, in all probability, lost both her and his child.

A very pretty girl then advanced towards them, whose beauty Mr. Booth could not help admiring the moment he saw her; declaring at the same time, he thought she had great innocence in her countenance. Robinson said she was committed thither as an idle and disorderly person, and a common street-walker. As she passed by Mr. Booth, she damned his eyes, and discharged a volley of words, every one of which was too indecent to be repeated.

They now beheld a little creature sitting by herself in a corner, and crying bitterly. This girl, Mr. Robinson said, was committed, because her father-in-law, who was in the grenadier guards, had sworn that he was afraid of his life, or of some bodily harm which she would do him, and she could get no sureties for keeping the peace: for which reason Justice Thrasher had committed her to prison.

A great noise now arose, occasioned by the prisoners all flocking to see a fellow whipt for petty larceny, to which he was condemned by the court of quarter sessions; but this soon ended in the disappointment of the spectators: for the fellow, after being stript, having advanced another six-pence, was discharged untouched.

This was immediately followed by another bustle. Blear-Eyed-Moll, and several of her companions, having got possession of a man who was committed for certain odious unmanlike practices, not fit to be named, were giving him various kinds of discipline, and would probably have put an end to him, had he not been rescued out of their hands by authority.

When

When this bustle was a little allayed, Mr. Booth took notice of a young woman in rags sitting on the ground, and supporting the head of an old man in her lap, who appeared to be giving up the ghost. These, Mr. Robinson informed him, were father and daughter; that the latter was committed for stealing a loaf, in order to support the former, and the former for receiving it knowing it to be stolen.

A well-dressed man then walked furiously by them, whom Mr. Robinson reported to have been committed on an indictment found against him for a most horrid perjury; 'But,' says he, 'we expect him to be bailed to-day.'—'Good Heaven!' cries Booth, 'can such villains find bail, and is no person charitable enough to bail that poor father and daughter?'—'O! Sir,' answered Robinson, 'the offence of the daughter, being felony, is held not to be bailable in law; whereas perjury is a misdemeanor only; and therefore, persons who are even indicted for it, are nevertheless capable of being bailed. Nay, of all perjuries, that of which this man is indicted is the worst: for it was with an intention of taking away the life of an innocent person by form of law. As to perjuries in civil matters, they are not so very criminal.'—'They are not,' said Booth; 'and yet even these are a most flagitious offence, and worthy the highest punishment. Surely they ought to be distinguished, answered Robinson, from the others: for what is taking away a little property from a man, compared to taking away his life and his reputation, and ruining his family into the bargain? I hope there can be no comparison in the crimes, and I think there ought to be none in the punishment. However, at present, the punishment of all perjury is only pillory, and transportation for seven years; and as it is a traversable and bailable offence, methods are often found to escape any punishment at all*.'

Booth expressed great astonishment at this, when his attention was suddenly diverted by the most miserable object that he had yet seen. This was a wretch

almost naked, and who bore in his countenance, joined to an appearance of honesty, the marks of poverty, hunger, and disease. He had, moreover, a wooden leg, and two or three scars on his forehead. 'The case of this poor man is, indeed, unhappy enough,' said Robinson: 'he hath served his country, lost his limb, and received several wounds at the siege of Gibraltar. When he was discharged from the hospital abroad, he came over to get into that of Chelsea, but could not immediately, as none of his officers were then in England. In the meantime, he was one day apprehended and committed hither on suspicion of stealing three herrings from a fishmonger. He was tried several months ago for this offence, and acquitted; indeed his innocence manifestly appeared at the trial; but he was brought back again for his fees, and here he hath lain ever since.'

Booth expressed great horror at this account, and declared if he had only so much money in his pocket, he would pay his fees for him; but added, that he was not possessed of a single farthing in the world.

Robinson hesitated a moment, and then said, with a smile, 'I am going to make you, Sir, a very odd proposal after your last declaration; but what say you to a game at cards? it will serve to pass a tedious hour, and may divert your thoughts from more unpleasant speculations.'

I do not imagine Booth would have agreed to this: for though some love of gaming had been formerly amongst his faults; yet he was not so egregiously addicted to that vice, as to be tempted by the shabby plight of Robinson, who had, if I may so express myself, no charms for a gamester. If he had, however, any such inclinations, he had no opportunity to follow them: for before he could make any answer to Robinson's proposal, a strapping wench came up to Booth, and taking hold of his arm, asked him to walk aside with her; saying, 'What a pox, are you such a fresh cull that you do not know this fellow? why, he is a gambler, and committed for cheating

* By removing the indictment by certiorari into the King's Bench, the trial is so long postponed, and the costs are so highly increased, that prosecutors are often tired out, and some incapacitated from pursuing. *Verbum sapienti.*

at play. There is not such a pick-pocket in the whole *quad**.

A scene of altercation now ensued, between Robinson and the lady, which ended in a bout at fisticuffs, in which the lady was greatly superior to the philosopher.

While the two combatants were engaged, a grave-looking man, rather better dressed than the majority of the company, came up to Mr. Booth, and taking him aside, said, 'I am sorry, Sir, to see a gentleman, as you appear to be, in such intimacy with that rascal, who makes no scruple of disowning all revealed religion. As for crimes, they are human errors, and signify but little; nay, perhaps, the worse a man is by nature, the more room there is for grace. The Spirit is active, and loves best to inhabit those minds where it may meet with the most work. Whatever your crime be, therefore, I would not have you despair; but rather rejoice at it: for perhaps it may be the means of your being called.' He ran on for a considerable time with this cant, without waiting for an answer, and ended in declaring himself a methodist.

Just as the methodist had finished his discourse, a beautiful young woman was ushered into the gaol. She was genteel and well dressed, and did not in the least resemble those females whom Mr. Booth had hitherto seen. The constable had no sooner delivered her at the gate, than she asked, with a commanding voice, for the keeper; and, when he arrived, she said to him, 'Well, Sir, whither am I to be conducted? I hope I am not to take up my lodging with these creatures.' The keeper answered with a kind of surly respect, 'Madam, we have rooms for those that can afford to pay for them.' At these words she pulled a handsome purse from her pocket, in which many guineas chinked, saying, with an air of indignation, that she was not come thither on account of poverty. The keeper no sooner viewed the purse, than his features became all softened in an instant; and with all the courtesy of which he was master, he desired the lady to walk with him, assuring her that she should have the best apartment in his house.

Mr. Booth was now left alone; for the methodist had forsaken him, having, as the phrase of the sect is, *searched* him to the bottom. In fact, he had thoroughly examined every one of Mr. Booth's pockets; from which he had conveyed away a penknife, and an iron snuff-box, these being all the moveables which were to be found.

Booth was standing near the gate of the prison, when the young lady above-mentioned was introduced into the yard. He viewed her features very attentively, and was persuaded that he knew her. She was indeed so remarkably handsome, that it was hardly possible for any who had ever seen her to forget her. He enquired of one of the under-keepers, if the name of the prisoner lately arrived was not Matthews; to which he was answered, that her name was not Matthews, but Vincent, and that she was committed for murder.

The latter part of this information made Mr. Booth suspect his memory more than the former: for it was very possible that she might have changed her name; but he hardly thought she could so far have changed her nature, as to be guilty of a crime so very incongruous with her former gentle manners; for Miss Matthews had both the birth and education of a gentlewoman. He concluded, therefore, that he was certainly mistaken, and rested satisfied without any farther enquiry.

CHAP. V.

CONTAINING CERTAIN ADVENTURES WHICH BEFEL MR. BOOTH IN THE PRISON.

THE remainder of the day Mr. Booth spent in a melancholy contemplation on his present condition. He was destitute of the common necessities of life, and consequently unable to subsist where he was; nor was there a single person in town to whom he could, with any reasonable hope, apply for his delivery. Grief for some time banished the thoughts of food from his mind; but in the morning, nature began to grow uneasy for want of her usual nourishment: for he had not eat a morsel during the last forty hours.

* A cant word for a prison.

A penny

A penny loaf, which is, it seems, the ordinary allowance to the prisoners in Bridewell, was now delivered him; and while he was eating this, a man brought him a little packet sealed up, informing him that it came by a messenger who said it required no answer.

Mr. Booth now opened his packet, and after unfolding several pieces of blank paper successively, at last discovered a guinea, wrapt with great care in the innermost paper. He was vastly surprised at this sight, as he had few, if any friends, from whom he could expect such a favour, slight as it was; and not one of his friends, as he was apprized, knew of his confinement. As there was no direction to the packet, nor a word of writing contained in it, he began to suspect that it was delivered to the wrong person; and being one of the most untainted honesty, he found out the man who gave it to him, and again examined him concerning the person who brought it, and the message delivered with it. The man assured Booth that he had made no mistake; saying, 'If your name is Booth, Sir, I am positive you are the gentleman to whom the parcel I gave you belongs.'

The most scrupulous honesty would, perhaps, in such a situation, have been well enough satisfied in finding no owner for the guinea; especially when proclamation had been made in the prison, that Mr. Booth had received a packet without any direction, to which, if any person had any claim, and would discover the contents, he was ready to deliver it up to such claimant. No such claimant being found, (I mean, none who knew the contents; for many swore that they expected just such a packet, and believed it to be their property) Mr. Booth very calmly resolved to apply the money to his own use.

The first thing after redemption of the coat, which Mr. Booth, hungry as he was, thought of, was to supply himself with snuff, which he had long, to his great sorrow, been without. On this occasion, he presently missed that iron box which the methodist had so dextrously conveyed out of his pocket, as we mentioned in the last chapter.

He no sooner missed this box, than he immediately suspected that the gambler was the person who had stolen it;

so well was he assured of this man's guilt, that it may, perhaps, be improper to say he barely suspected it. Though Mr. Booth was, as we have hinted, a man of a very sweet disposition; yet was he rather over-warm. Having, therefore, no doubt concerning the person of the thief, he eagerly sought him out, and very bluntly charged him with the fact.

The gambler, whom I think we should now call the philosopher, received this charge without the least visible emotion either of mind or muscle. After a short pause of a few moments, he answered, with great solemnity, as follows: 'Young man, I am entirely unconcerned at your groundless suspicion. He that censures a stranger, as I am to you, without any cause, makes a worse compliment to himself than to the stranger. You know yourself, friend; you know not me. It is true indeed you heard me accused of being a cheat and a gamester; but who is my accuser? Look at my apparel, friend, do thieves and gamesters wear such clothes as these? Play is my folly, not my vice; it is my impulse, and I have been a martyr to it. Would a gamester have asked another to play, when he could have lost eighteen-pence and won nothing? However, if you are not satisfied, you may search my pockets; the outside of all but one will serve your turn, and in that one there is the eighteen-pence I told you of.' He then turned up his clothes; and his pockets entirely resembled the pitchers of the Belides.

Booth was a little staggered at this defence. He said, the real value of the iron box was too inconsiderable to mention; but that he had a capricious value for it, for the sake of the person who gave it him: 'For though it is not,' said he, 'worth six-pence, I would willingly give a crown to any one who would bring it me again.'

Robinson answered, 'If that be the case, you have nothing more to do but to signify your intention in the prison; and I am well convinced you will not be long without regaining the possession of your snuff-box.'

This advice was immediately followed, and with success: the methodist presently produced the box; which he said he had found, and should have re-

turned it before, had he known the person to whom it belonged; adding, with uplifted eyes, that the Spirit would not suffer him knowingly to detain the goods of another, however inconsiderable the value was. 'Why, so, friend?' said Robinson: 'have I not heard you often say, the wickedest any man was, the better; provided he was what you call a believer.'—'You mistake me,' cries Cooper, (for that was the name of the Methodist;)' no man can be wicked, after he is possessed by the Spirit. There is a wide difference between the days of sin, and the days of grace. I have been a sinner myself.'—'I believe thee,' cries Robinson, with a sneer. 'I care not,' answered the other, 'what an atheist believes. I suppose you would insinuate that I stole the snuff-box; but I value not your malice: the Lord knows my innocence.' He then walked off with the reward; and Booth turning to Robinson, very earnestly asked pardon for his groundless suspicion; which the other, without any hesitation, accorded him, saying, 'You never accused me, Sir; you suspected some gambler, with whose character I have no concern. I should be angry with a friend or acquaintance who should give a hasty credit to any allegation against me; but I have no reason to be offended with you for believing what the woman, and the rascal who is just gone, and who is committed here for a pick-pocket, which you did not perhaps know, told you to my disadvantage. And if you thought me to be a gambler, you had just reason to suspect any ill of me: for I myself am confined here by the perjury of one of those villains; who, having cheated me of my money at play, and hearing that I intended to apply to a magistrate against him, himself began the attack, and obtained a warrant against me of Justice Thrasher, who, without hearing one speech in my defence, committed me to this place.'

Booth testified great compassion at this account; and he having invited Robinson to dinner, they spent that day together. In the afternoon, Booth

indulged his friend with a game at cards; at first for halfpence, and afterwards for shillings, when fortune so favoured Robinson, that he did not leave the other a single shilling in his pocket.

A surprising run of luck in a gamester, is often mistaken for somewhat else, by persons who are not over zealous believers in the divinity of fortune. I have known a stranger at Bath, who had happened fortunately (I might almost say unfortunately) to have four by honours in his hand almost every time he dealt, for a whole evening, shunned universally by the whole company the next day. And certain it is, that Mr. Booth, though of a temper very little inclined to suspicion, began to waver in his opinion, whether the character given by Mr. Robinson of himself, or that which the others gave of him, was the truer.

In the morning, hunger paid him a second visit, and found him again in the same situation as before. After some deliberation, therefore, he resolved to ask Robinson to lend him a shilling or two of that money which was lately his own. And this experiment, he thought, would confirm him either in a good or evil opinion of that gentleman. To this demand, Robinson answered, with great alacrity, that he should very gladly have complied, had not fortune played one of her jade tricks with him: 'for since my winning of you,' said he, 'I have been stripped not only of your money, but my own.' He was going to harangue farther; but Booth, with great indignation, turned from him.

This poor gentleman had very little time to reflect on his own misery, or the rascality, as it appeared to him, of the other, when the same person, who had the day before delivered him the guinea from the unknown hand, again accosted him, and told him a lady in the house (so he expressed himself) desired the favour of his company.

Mr. Booth immediately obeyed the message, and was conducted into a room in the prison, where he was presently convinced that Mrs. Vincent was no other than his old acquaintance Miss Matthews.

CHAP. VI.

CONTAINING THE EXTRAORDINARY BEHAVIOUR OF MISS MATTHEWS ON HER MEETING WITH BOOTH, AND SOME ENDEAVOURS TO PROVE, BY REASON AND AUTHORITY, THAT IT IS POSSIBLE FOR A WOMAN TO APPEAR TO BE WHAT SHE REALLY IS NOT.

EIGHT or nine years had past since any interview between Mr. Booth and Miss Matthews; and their meeting now in so extraordinary a place affected both of them with an equal surprize.

After some immaterial ceremonies, the lady acquainted Mr. Booth, that having heard there was a person in the prison who knew her by the name of Matthews, she had great curiosity to enquire who he was, whereupon he had been shewn to her from the window of the house; that she immediately recollected him, and being informed of his distressful situation, for which she expressed great concern, she had sent him that guinea which he had received the day before: and then proceeded to excuse herself for not having desired to see him at that time, when she was under the greatest disorder and hurry of spirits.

Booth made many handsome acknowledgments of her favour; and added, that he very little wondered at the disorder of her spirits; concluding, that he was heartily concerned at seeing her there: 'But, I hope, Madam,' said he—

Here he hesitated; upon which, bursting into an agony of tears, she cried out, 'O captain, captain, many extraordinary things have passed since last I saw you! O, gracious Heaven! did I ever expect that this would be the next place of our meeting!'

She then flung herself into her chair, where she gave a loose to her passion, whilst he, in the most affectionate and tender manner, endeavoured to sooth and comfort her; but passion itself did, probably, more for its own relief, than all his friendly consolations. Having vented this in a large flood of tears, she became pretty well composed; but Booth unhappily mention-

ing her father, she again relapsed into an agony, and cried out, 'Why, why will you repeat the name of that dear man? I have disgraced him, Mr. Booth, I am unworthy the name of his daughter.' Here passion again stopped her words, and discharged itself in tears.

After this second vent of sorrow or shame; or, if the reader pleases, of rage; she once more recovered from her agonies. To say the truth, these are, I believe, as critical discharges of nature, as any of those which are so called by the physicians: and do more effectually relieve the mind than any remedies with which the whole *materia medica* of philosophy can supply it.

When Mrs. Vincent had recovered her faculties, she perceived Booth standing silent, with a mixture of concern and astonishment in his countenance; then addressing herself to him with an air of the most bewitching softness, of which she was a perfect mistress, she said, 'I do not wonder at your amazement, Captain Booth; nor indeed at the concern which you so plainly discover for me; for I well know the goodness of your nature: but, O Mr. Booth! believe me, when you know what hath happened since our last meeting, your concern will be raised, however your astonishment may cease. O, Sir, you are a stranger to the cause of my sorrows.'

'I hope, I am, Madam,' answered he; 'for I cannot believe what I have heard in the prison—surely, murder!'—At which words she started from her chair, repeating, 'Murder! O, it is music in my ears. You have heard then the cause of my commitment, my glory, my delight, my reparation! Yes, my old friend, this is the hand, this is the arm that drove the penknife to his heart. Unkind fortune, that not one drop of his blood reached my hand! indeed, Sir, I would never have washed it from it. But though I have not the happiness to see it on my hand, I have the glorious satisfaction of remembering I saw it run in rivers on the floor; I saw it forsake his cheeks: I saw him fall a martyr to my revenge. And is the killing a villain to be called murder? Perhaps the law calls it so. Let it call it what it will, or punish me as it pleases.—Punish me!

—no, no—that is not in the power of man—not of that monster man, Mr. Booth. I am undone, am revenged, and have now no more business for life; let them take it from me when they will.

Our poor gentleman turned pale with horror at this speech, and the ejaculation of ‘Good heavens, what do I hear!’ burst spontaneously from his lips; nor can we wonder at this, though he was the bravest of men; for her voice, her looks, her gestures, were properly adapted to the sentiments she expressed. Such indeed was her image, that neither could Shakespeare describe, nor Hogarth paint, nor Clive act a fury, in higher perfection.

‘What do you hear!’ reiterated she. ‘You hear the resentment of the most injured of women. You have heard, you say, of the murder; but do you know the cause, Mr. Booth? Have you, since your return to England, visited that country where we formerly knew one another? Tell me, do you know my wretched story? tell me that, my friend.’

Booth hesitated for an answer. Indeed, he had heard some imperfect stories not much to her advantage. She waited not till he had formed a speech; but cried, ‘Whatever you may have heard, you cannot be acquainted with all the strange accidents which have occasioned your seeing me in a place which, at our last parting, was so unlikely that I should ever have been found in; nor can you know the cause of all that I have uttered, and which, I am convinced, you never expected to have heard from my mouth. If these circumstances raise your curiosity, I will satisfy it.’

He answered, that curiosity was too mean a word to express his ardent desire of knowing her story. Upon which, with very little previous ceremony, she began to relate what is written in the following chapter.

But before we put an end to this, it may be necessary to whisper a word or two to the critics, who have, perhaps, begun to express no less astonishment than Mr. Booth, that a lady, in whom we had remarked a most extraordinary power of displaying softness, should the very next moment after the words

were out of her mouth, express sentiments becoming the lips of a Dalila, Jezebel, Medea, Semiramis, Parysatis, Tanaquil, Livilla, Messalina, Agrippina, Brunichilde, Elfrida, Lady Macbeth, Joan of Naples, Christiana of Sweden, Katherine Hays, Sarah Malcolm, Con. Phillips*, or any other heroine of the tender sex, which history sacred or profane, ancient or modern, false or true, hath recorded.

We desire such critics to remember, that it is the same English climate, in which, on the lovely 10th of June, under a serene sky, the amorous Jacobite kissing the odoriferous zephyr’s breath, gathers a nosegay of white roses to deck the whiter breast of Celia; and in which, on the 11th of June, the very next day, the boisterous boreas, roused by the hollow thunder, rushes horrible through the air, and driving the wet tempest before him, levels the hope of the husbandman with the earth, dreadful remembrance of the consequences of the revolution.

Again, let it be remembered, that it is the self-same Celia, all tender, soft and delicate; who with a voice, the sweetness of which the syrens might envy, warbles the harmonious song in praise of the Young Adventurer; and again, the next day, or perhaps the next hour, with fiery eyes, wrinkled brows, and foaming lips, roars forth treason and nonsense in a political argument with some fair-one of a different principle.

Or, if the critic be a whig, and consequently dislikes such kind of similes, as being too favourable to jacobitism, let him be contented with the following story:

I happened in my youth to sit behind two ladies in a side-box at a play, where, in the balcony on the opposite side was placed the inimitable B——y C——s, in company with a young fellow of no very formal, or indeed sober, appearance. One of the ladies, I remember, said to the other, ‘Did you ever see any thing look so modest and so innocent as that girl over the way? What pity it is such a creature should be in the way of ruin, as I am afraid she is, by her being alone with that young fellow!’ Now this lady was no bad physiogno-

* Though last, not least.

mist; for it was impossible to conceive a greater appearance of modesty, innocence, and simplicity, than what nature had displayed in the countenance of that girl; and yet, all appearances notwithstanding, I myself (remember, critic, it was in my youth) had a few mornings before seen that very identical picture of all those engaging qualities, in bed with a rake at a bagnio, smoking tobacco, drinking punch, talking obscenity, and swearing and cursing with all the impudence and impiety of the lowest and most abandoned trull of a soldier.

CHAP. VII.

IN WHICH MISS MATTHEWS BEGINS
HER HISTORY.

MISS Matthews having barred the door on the inside, as securely as it was before barred on the outside, proceeded as follows:

‘ You may imagine, I am going to begin my history at the time when you left the country; but I cannot help reminding you of something which happened before. You will soon recollect the incident; but I believe you little knew the consequence, either at that time or since. Alas! I could keep a secret then: now I have no secrets; the world knows all; and it is not worth my while to conceal any thing. Well! You will not wonder, I believe. I protest, I can hardly tell it you even now. But I am convinced you have too good an opinion of yourself to be surprized at any conquest you may have made. Few men want that good opinion, and perhaps very few had ever more reason for it. Indeed, Will, you was a charming fellow in those days; nay, you are not much altered for the worse now, at least in the opinion of some women: for your complexion and features are grown much more masculine than they were.’ Here Booth made her a low bow, most probably with a compliment; and, after a little hesitation, she again proceeded—‘ Do you remember a contest which happened at an assembly, betwixt myself and Miss Johnson, about standing up-
permost? you was then my partner;

and young Williams danced with the other lady. The particulars are not now worth mentioning, though I suppose you have long since forgot them. Let it suffice, that you supported my claim, and Williams very sneakingly gave up that of his partner, who was, with much difficulty, afterwards prevailed to dance with him. You said, (I am sure I repeat the words exactly) that you would not for the world affront any lady there; but that you thought you might, without any such danger, declare that there was no assembly in which that lady, meaning your humble servant, was not worthy of the uppermost place: “nor will I,” said you, “suffer the first duke in England, when she is at the uppermost end of the room, and hath called her dance, to lead his partner above her.”

‘ What made this the more pleasing to me was, that I secretly hated Miss Johnson. Will you have the reason? why then, I will tell you honestly, she was my rival; that word perhaps astonishes you, as you never, I believe, heard of any one who made his addresses to me; and, indeed, my heart was, till that night, entirely indifferent to all mankind. I mean, then, that she was my rival for praise, for beauty, for dress, for fortune, and consequently for admiration. My triumph on this conquest is not to be expressed, any more than my delight in the person to whom I chiefly owed it. The former, I fancy, was visible to the whole company; and I desired it should be so: but the latter was so well concealed, that no one, I am confident, took any notice of it. And yet you appeared to me that night to be an angel. You looked, you danced, you spoke—every thing charmed me.’

‘ Good heavens!’ cries Booth, ‘ is it possible you should do me so much unmerited honour, and I should be duncce enough not to perceive the least symptom!’

‘ I assure you,’ answered she, ‘ I did all I could to prevent you; and yet I almost hated you for not seeing through what I strove to hide. Why, Mr. Booth, was you not more quick-sighted? I will answer for you; your affections were more happily dis-

posed

posed of to a much better woman than myself, whom you married soon afterwards. I should ask you for her, Mr. Booth; I should have asked you for her before: but I am unworthy of asking for her, or of calling her my acquaintance.

Booth stopt her short, as she was running into another fit of passion, and begged her to omit all former matters, and acquaint him with that part of her history to which he was an entire stranger.

She then renewed her discourse as follows: 'You know, Mr. Booth, I soon afterwards left that town, upon the death of my grandmother, and returned home to my father's house; where I had not been long arrived before some troops of dragoons came to quarter in our neighbourhood. Among the officers, there was a cornet, whose detested name was Hebbers, a name I could scarce repeat, had I not at the same time the pleasure to reflect that he is now no more. My father, you know, who is a hearty well-wisher to the present government, used always to invite the officers to his house; so did he these. Nor was it long before this cornet, in so particular a manner recommended himself to the poor old gentleman, (I cannot think of him without tears!) that our house became his principal habitation; and he was rarely at his quarters, unless when his superior officers obliged him to be there. I shall say nothing of his person, nor could that be any recommendation to a man: it was such, however, as no woman could have made an objection to. Nature had certainly wrapt up her odious work in a most beautiful covering. To say the truth, he was the handsomest man, except one only, that I ever saw—I assure you, I have seen a handsomer—but—well. He had besides all the qualifications of a gentleman; was genteel, and extremely polite; spoke French well, and danced to a miracle; but what chiefly recommended him to my father, was his skill in music, of which you know that dear man was the most violent lover. I wish he was not too susceptible of flattery on that head; for I have heard Hebbers often greatly commend my father's

performance, and have observed, that the good man was wonderfully pleased with such commendations. To say the truth, it is the only way I can account for the extraordinary friendship which my father conceived for this person; such a friendship, that he at last became a part of our family.

'This very circumstance, which, as I am convinced, strongly recommended him to my father, had the very contrary effect with me; I had never any delight in music, and it was not without much difficulty I was prevailed on to learn to play on the harpsichord, in which I had made a very slender progress. As this man, therefore, was frequently the occasion of my being importuned to play against my will, I began to entertain some dislike for him on that account; and as to his person, I assure you, I long continued to look on it with great indifference.

'How strange will the art of this man appear to you presently, who had sufficient address to convert that very circumstance which had at first occasioned my dislike, into the first seeds of affection for him!

'You have often, I believe, heard my sister Betty play on the harpsichord; she was indeed reputed the best performer in the whole country.

'I was the farthest in the world from regarding this perfection of her's with envy. In reality, perhaps I despised all perfection of this kind; at least, as I had neither skill nor ambition to excel this way, I looked upon it as a matter of mere indifference.

'Hebbers first put this emulation in my head. He took great pains to persuade me, that I had much greater abilities of the musical kind than my sister; and that I might with the greatest ease, if I pleased, excel her; offering me, at the same time, his assistance, if I would resolve to undertake it.

'When he had sufficiently inflamed my ambition, in which perhaps he found too little difficulty, the continual praises of my sister, which before I had disregarded, became more and more nauseous in my ears; and the rather as music being the favourite passion of my father, I became apprehensive

apprehensive (not without frequent hints from Hebbers of that nature) that she might gain too great a preference in his favour.

To my harpsichord then I applied myself night and day, with such industry and attention, that I soon began to perform in a tolerable manner. I do not absolutely say I excelled my sister; for many were of a different opinion; but indeed there might be some partiality in all that.

Hebbers, at least, declared himself on my side, and nobody could doubt his judgment. He asserted openly, that I played in the better manner of the two: and one day, when I was playing to him alone, he affected to burst into a rapture of admiration; and, squeezing me gently by the hand, said, "There, Madam, I now declare you excel your sister as much in music as," added he, in a whispering sigh, "you do her, and all the world, in every other charm."

No woman can bear any superiority in whatever thing she desires to excel in. I now began to hate all the admirers of my sister, to be uneasy at every commendation bestowed on her skill in music, and consequently to love Hebbers for the preference which he gave to mine.

It was now that I began to survey the handsome person of Hebbers with pleasure. And here, Mr. Booth, I will betray to you the grand secret of our sex. Many women, I believe, do, with great innocence, and even with great indifference, converse with men of the finest persons: but this I am confident may be affirmed with truth, that when once a woman comes to ask this question of herself; is the man whom I like for some other reason, handsome: her fate, and his too, very strongly depend on her answering in the affirmative.

Hebbers no sooner perceived that he made an impression on my heart, of which, I am satisfied, I gave him too undeniable tokens, than he affected, on a sudden, to shun me in the most apparent manner. He wore the most melancholy air in my presence, and, by his dejected looks and sighs, firmly persuaded me, that

there was some secret sorrow labouring in his bosom; nor will it be difficult to imagine to what cause I imputed it.

Whilst I was wishing for his declaration of a passion, in which, I thought, I could not be mistaken, and, at the same time, trembling, whenever we met, with the apprehension of this very declaration, the widow Carey came from London to make us a visit, intending to stay the whole summer at our house.

Those who know Mrs. Carey, will scarce think I do her an injury, in saying she is far from being handsome; and yet she is as finished a coquette as if she had the highest beauty to support that character. But, perhaps, you have seen her; and, if you have, I am convinced you will readily subscribe to my opinion.

Booth answered, he had not; and then she proceeded as in the following chapter.

C H A P. VIII.

THE HISTORY OF MISS MATTHEWS CONTINUED.

THIS young lady had not been three days with us, before Hebbers grew so particular with her, that it was generally observed; and my poor father, who, I believe, loved the cornet as if he had been his son, began to jest on the occasion, as one who would not be displeased at throwing a good jointure into the arms of his friend.

You will easily guess, Sir, the disposition of my mind on this occasion; but I was not permitted to suffer long under it; for one day when Hebbers was alone with me, he took an opportunity of expressing his abhorrence at the thoughts of marrying for interest, contrary to his inclinations. I was warm on the subject; and, I believe, went so far as to say, that none but fools and villains did so. He replied, with a sigh, "Yes, Madam, but what would you think of a man whose heart is all the while bleeding for another woman, to whom he would willingly sacrifice the world; but because he must sacrifice her interest as well as his own,

own, never durst even give her a hint of that passion which was preying on his very vitals? do you believe, Miss Fanny, there is such a wretch on earth?" I answered with an assumed coldness, I did not believe there was. He then took me gently by the hand, and with a look so tender, that I cannot describe it, vowed he was himself that wretch. Then starting, as if conscious of an error committed, he cried with a faltering voice, "What am I saying? Pardon me, Miss Fanny; since I beg only your pity, I will never ask for more." At these words, hearing my father coming up, I betrayed myself entirely; if, indeed, I had not done it before. I hastily withdrew my hand, crying, "Hush, for Heaven's sake, my father is just coming in:" my blushes, my look, and my accent telling him, I suppose, all which he wished to know.

A few days now brought matters to an eclairsissement between us; the being undeceived in what had given me so much uneasiness, gave me a pleasure too sweet to be resisted. To triumph over the widow, for whom I had, in a very short time, contracted a most inveterate hatred, was a pride not to be described. Hebbers appeared to me to be the cause of all this happiness. I doubted not but that he had the most disinterested passion for me, and thought him every way worthy of it's return. I did return it, and accepted him as my lover.

He declared the greatest apprehensions of my father's suspicion, though I am convinced these were causeless, had his designs been honourable. To blind these, I consented that he should carry on sham addresses to the widow, who was now a constant jest between us: and he pretended, from time to time, to acquaint me faithfully with every thing that passed at his interviews with her; nor was this faithless woman wanting in her part of the deceit. She carried herself to me all the while with a shew of affection, and pretended to have the utmost friendship for me. But such are the friendships of women!

At this remark, Booth, though enough affected at some parts of the

story, had great difficulty to refrain from laughter; but, by good luck, he escaped being perceived; and the lady went on without interruption.

"I am come now to a part of my narrative in which it is impossible to be particular, without being tedious; for as to the commerce between lovers, it is, I believe, much the same in all cases, and there is, perhaps, scarce a single phrase that hath not been repeated ten millions of times.

"One thing, however, as I strongly remarked it then, so I will repeat it to you now. In all our conversations, in moments when he fell into the warmest raptures, and expressed the greatest uneasiness at the delay of his joys, he seldom mentioned the word marriage; and never once solicited a day for that purpose. Indeed women cannot be cautioned too much against such lovers; for though I have heard, and perhaps truly, of some of our sex of a virtue so exalted, that it is proof against every temptation; yet the generality, I am afraid, are too much in the power of a man to whom they have owned an affection. What is called being upon a good footing; is, perhaps, being upon a very dangerous one; and a woman who hath given her consent to marry, can hardly be said to be safe till she is married.

"And now, Sir, I hasten to the period of my ruin. We had a wedding in our family; my musical sister was married to a young fellow as musical as herself. Such a match, you may be sure, amongst other festivities, must have a ball. Oh! Mr. Booth, shall modesty forbid me to remark to you what past on that occasion? But why do I mention modesty, who have no pretensions to it? Every thing was said, and practised, on that occasion, as if the purpose had been to inflame the mind of every woman present. That effect, I freely own to you, it had with me. Music, dancing, wine, and the most luscious conversation, in which my poor dear father innocently joined, raised ideas in me of which I shall for ever repent; and I wished (why should I deny it!) that it had been my wedding, instead of my sister's.

"The

“The villain Hebbers danced with me that night, and he lost no opportunity of improving the occasion. In short, the dreadful evening came. My father, though it was a very unusual thing with him, grew intoxicated with liquor; most of the men were in the same condition; nay, I myself drank more than I was accustomed to, enough to enflame, though not to disorder. I lost my former bedfellow, my sister, and—you may, I think, guess the rest—the villain found means to steal to my chamber, and I was undone.

“Two months I passed in this detested commerce, buying, even then, my guilty, half-tasted pleasures, at too dear a rate, with continual horror and apprehension; but what have I paid since, what do I pay now, Mr. Booth! O may my fate be a warning to every woman to keep her innocence, to resist every temptation, since she is certain to repent of the foolish bargain. May it be a warning to her to deal with mankind with care and caution; to shun the least approaches of dishonour, and never to confide too much in the honesty of a man, nor in her own strength, where she has so much at stake: let her remember she walks on a precipice, and the bottomless pit is to receive her, if she slips; nay, if she makes but one false step.

“I ask your pardon, Mr. Booth; I might have spared these exhortations, since no woman hears me; but you will not wonder at seeing me affected on this occasion.”

Booth declared he was much more surprized at her being able so well to preserve her temper in recounting her story.

“O, Sir!” answered she, “I am at length reconciled to my fate; and I can now die with pleasure, since I die revenged. I am not one of those mean wretches, who can sit down and lament their misfortunes. If I ever shed tears, they are the tears of indignation—but I will proceed.

“It was my fate now to solicit marriage; and I failed not to do it in the most earnest manner. He answered me at first with procrastinations; declaring, from time to time, he would mention it to my father, and still excusing himself for not doing

it. At last he thought on an expedient to obtain a longer reprieve. This was, by pretending that he should, in a very few weeks, be preferred to the command of a troop; and then, he said, he could, with some confidence, propose the match.

“In this delay, I was persuaded to acquiesce; and was indeed pretty easy; for I had not yet the least mistrust of his honour: but what words can paint my sensations! when one morning he came into my room, with all the marks of dejection in his countenance, and throwing an open letter on the table, said, “There is news, Madam, in that letter, which I am unable to tell you; nor can it give you more concern than it hath given me.”

“This letter was from his captain, to acquaint him that the rout, as they call it, was arrived, and that they were to march within two days. And this I am since convinced was what he expected, instead of the ferment which had been made the pretence of delaying our marriage.

“The shock which I felt at reading this was inexpressible, occasioned indeed principally by the departure of a villain whom I loved. However, I soon acquired sufficient presence of mind to remember the main point; and I now insisted peremptorily on his making me immediately his wife, whatever might be the consequence.

“He seemed thunderstruck at this proposal; being, I suppose, destitute of any excuse: but I was too impatient to wait for an answer, and cried out with much eagerness, “Sure you cannot hesitate a moment upon this matter!”—“Hesitate, Madam!” replied he: “what you ask is impossible; is this a time for me to mention a thing of this kind to your father?” My eyes were now opened all at once, I fell into a rage little short of madness. “Tell not me,” I cried, “of impossibilities, nor times, nor of my father; my honour, my reputation, my all are at stake! I will have no excuse, no delay! make me your wife this instant, or I will proclaim you over the face of the whole earth for the greatest of villains.” He answered, with a kind of sneer, “What will you proclaim, Madam? whose honour will you injure?” My tongue faltered

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C H A P. IX.

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D

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Here Booth smiled, but happily without her perceiving it.

'A fresh difficulty (continued she) now arose. This was to excuse the delay of the ceremony to my father, who every day very earnestly urged it. This made me so very uneasy, that I at last listened to a proposal, which if any one, in the days of my innocence, or even a few days before, had assured me I could have submitted to have thought of, I should have treated the supposition with the highest contempt and indignation; nay, I scarce reflect on it with more horror than astonishment. In short, I agreed to run away with him. To leave my father, my reputation, every thing which was or ought to have been dear to me, and to live with this villain as a mistress, since I could not be his wife.

'Was not this an obligation of the highest and tenderest kind? and had I not reason to expect every return in the man's power on whom I had conferred it?

'I will make short of the remainder of my story: for what is there of a woman worth relating, after what I have told you!

'Above a year I lived with this man in an obscure court in London, during which time I had a child by him, whom Heaven, I thank it, hath been pleased to take to itself.

'During many months he behaved to me with all the apparent tenderness, and even fondness imaginable; but alas! how poor was my enjoyment of this, compared to what it would have been in another situation? When he was present, life was barely tolerable; but when he was absent, nothing could equal the misery I endured. I pass my hours almost entirely alone: for no company, but what I despised, would consort with me. Abroad I scarce ever went, lest I should meet any of my former acquaintance; for their sight would have plunged a thousand daggers in my soul. My only diversion was going very seldom to a play, where I hid myself in the gallery, with a daughter of the woman of the house. A girl indeed of good sense, and many good qualities: but how much beneath me was it to be the companion of a creature so low! O heavens,

when I have seen my equals glittering in a side-box, how have the thoughts of my lost honour torn my soul!

'Pardon me, dear Madam,' cries Booth, 'for interrupting you; but I am under the utmost anxiety to know what became of your poor father, for whom I have so great a respect, and who, I am convinced, must so bitterly feel your loss.'

'O Mr. Booth,' answered she, 'he was scarce ever out of my thoughts. His dear image still obtruded itself into my mind, and I believe would have broken my heart, had I not taken a very preposterous way to ease myself. I am indeed almost ashamed to tell you; but necessity put it in my head. You will think the matter too trifling to have been remembered, and so it surely was; nor should I have remembered it on any other occasion. You must know then, Sir, that my brother was always my inveterate enemy, and altogether as fond of my sister. He once prevailed with my father to let him take my sister with him in the chariot, and by that means I was disappointed of going to a ball which I had set my heart on. The disappointment, I assure you, was great at the time; but I had long since forgotten it. I must have been a very bad woman, if I had not: for it was the only thing in which I can remember that my father ever disobliged me. However, I now revived this in my mind, which I artificially worked up into so high an injury, that I assure you it afforded me no little comfort. When any tender idea intruded into my bosom, I immediately raised this phantom of an injury in my imagination, and it considerably lessened the fury of that sorrow which I should have otherwise felt for the loss of so good a father; who died within a few months of my departure from him.

'And now, Sir, to draw to a conclusion. One night as I was in the gallery at Drury-lane playhouse, I saw below me, in a side-box (she was once below me in every place) that widow whom I mentioned to you before. I had scarce cast my eyes on this woman, before I was so shocked with the sight, that it almost deprived me of my senses; for the villain Hebberts came pre-

sently

‘sently in, and seated himself behind her.

‘He had been almost a month from me, and I believed him to be at his quarters in Yorkshire. Guess what were my sensations, when I beheld him sitting by that base woman, and talking to her with the utmost familiarity. I could not long endure the sight; and having acquainted my companion that I was taken suddenly ill, I forced her to go home with me at the end of the second act.

‘After a restless and sleepless night, when I rose the next morning I had the comfort to receive a visit from the woman of the house, who, after a very short introduction, asked me when I had heard from the captain, and when I expected to see him. I had not strength or spirits to make her any answer; and she proceeded thus: “Indeed, I did not think the captain would have used me so. My husband was an officer of the army as well as himself; and if a body is a little low in the world, I am sure that is no reason for folks to trample on a body. I defy the world to say as I ever was guilty of any ill thing.”—“For Heaven’s sake, Madam,” says I, “what do you mean?”—“Mean!” cries she; “I am sure if I had not thought you had been Captain Hebbers’s lady, his lawful lady too, you should never have set footing in my house. I would have Captain Hebbers know, that though I am reduced to let lodgings, I never have entertained any but persons of character.” In this manner, Sir, she ran on, saying many shocking things not worth repeating, till my anger at last got the better of my patience as well as my sorrow, and I pushed her out of the room.

‘She had not been long gone before her daughter came to me, and after many expressions of tenderness and pity acquainted me, that her mother had just found out, by means of the captain’s servant, that the captain was married to another lady; “which if you did not know before, Madam,” said she, “I am sorry to be the messenger of such ill news.”

‘Think, Mr. Booth, what I must have endured to see myself humbled before such a creature as this, the

‘daughter of a woman who lets lodgings! however, having recollected myself a little, I thought it would be in vain to deny any thing; so knowing this to be one of the best natured, and most sensible girls in the world, I resolved to tell her my whole story, and for the future to make her my confidante. I answered her therefore with a good deal of assurance, that she need not regret telling me this piece of ill news, for I had known it before I came to her house.’

‘Pardon me, Madam,” replied the girl, “you cannot possibly have known it so long; for he hath not been married above a week: last night was the first time of his appearing in public with his wife at the play. Indeed, I knew very well the cause of your uneasiness there; but would not mention——”

‘His wife at the play!” answered I eagerly: “what wife! whom do you mean?”

‘I mean the widow Carey, Madam,” replied she; “to whom the captain was married a few days since. His servant was here last night to pay for your lodging; and he told it my mother.”

‘I know not what answer I made, or whether I made any; I presently fell dead on the floor, and it was with great difficulty I was brought back to life by the poor girl: for neither the mother, nor the maid of the house, would lend me any assistance, both seemed to regard me rather as a monster than a woman.

‘Scarce had I recovered the use of my senses, when I received a letter from the villain, declaring he had not assurance to see my face, and very kindly advising me to endeavour to reconcile myself to my family; concluding with an offer, in case I did not succeed, to allow me twenty pounds a year to support me in some remote part of the kingdom.

‘I need not mention my indignation at these proposals. In the highest agony of rage, I went in a chair to the detested house, where I easily got access to the wretch I had devoted to destruction, whom I no sooner found within my reach, than I plunged a drawn penknife, which I had prepared in my pocket for the

purpose, into his accursed heart. For this fact I was immediately seized, and soon after committed hither; and for this fact I am ready to die, and shall, with pleasure, receive the sentence of the law.

'Thus, Sir,' said she, 'I have related to you my unhappy story; and if I have tired your patience, by dwelling too long on those parts which affected me the most, I ask your pardon.'

Booth made a proper speech on this occasion, and having expressed much concern at her present situation, concluded that he hoped her sentence would be milder than she seemed to expect.

Her reply to this was full of so much bitterness and indignation, that we do not think proper to record the speech at length: in which, having vented her passion, she all at once put on a serene countenance; and, with an air of great complacency, said, 'Well, Mr. Booth, I think I have now a right to satisfy my curiosity, at the expence of your breath. I may say it is not altogether a vain curiosity; for perhaps I have had inclination enough to interest myself in whatever concerns you: but no matter for that—those days' (added she with a sigh) 'are now over.'

Booth, who was extremely good-natured and well-bred, told her that she should not command him twice whatever was in his power; and then, after the usual apology, was going to begin his history, when the keeper arrived and acquainted the lady that dinner was ready; at the same time saying, 'I suppose, Madam, as the gentleman is an acquaintance of yours, he must dine with us too.'

Miss Matthews told the keeper that she had only one word to mention in private to the gentleman, and that then they would both attend him. She then pulled her purse from her pocket, in which were upwards of twenty guineas, being the remainder of the money for which she had sold a gold repeating watch, her father's present, with some other trinkets, and desired Mr. Booth to take what he should have occasion for: saying, 'You know, I believe, dear Will, I never valued money; and now I am sure I shall have very little use for it.' Booth

with much difficulty, accepted of two guineas; and then they both together attended the keeper.

CHAP. X.

TABLE TALK, CONSISTING OF A FACETIOUS DISCOURSE THAT PASSED IN THE PRISON.

THERE were assembled at the table the governor of these (not improperly called infernal) regions; the lieutenant-governor, vulgarly named the first turnkey; Miss Matthews, Mr. Booth, Mr. Robinson the gambler, several other prisoners of both sexes, and one Murphy an attorney.

The governor took the first opportunity to bring the affair of Miss Matthews upon the carpet, and then turning to Murphy, he said, 'It is very lucky this gentleman happens to be present; I do assure you, Madam, your cause cannot be in abler hands. He is, I believe, the best man in England at a defence; I have known him often succeed against the most positive evidence.'

'Fye, Sir,' answered Murphy, 'you know I hate all this; but if the lady will trust me with her cause, I will do the best in my power.—Come, Madam, do not be discouraged; a bit of manslaughter and cold iron, I hope, will be the worst: or perhaps we may come off better, with a slice of chance-medley, or *se defendendo*.'
'I am very ignorant of the law, Sir,' cries the lady.

'Yes, Madam,' answered Murphy, 'it cannot be expected you should understand it. There are very few of us who profess it, that understand the whole; nor is it necessary we should. There is a great deal of rubbish of little use about indictments, and abatements, and bars, and ejectments, and trovers, and such stuff, with which people cram their heads to little purpose. The chapter of evidence is the main business; that is the sheet-anchor: that is the rudder, which brings the vessel safe in portum. Evidence is indeed the whole, the *summa totidis*, for *de non apparentibus et non insistentibus eadem est ratio*.'

'If you address yourself to me, Sir,' said the lady, 'you are much too learn-

ed,

'ed, I assure you, for my understand-
'ing.

'Tace, Madam,' answered Mur-
phy, 'is Latin for a candle: I com-
'mend your prudence. I shall know
'the particulars of your case when we
'are alone.'

'I hope the lady,' said Robinson,
'hath no suspicion of any person here.
'I hope we are all persons of honour
'at this table.'

'D—n my eyes!' answered a well-
dressed woman, 'I can answer for
'myself and the other ladies; though
'I never saw the lady in my life, she
'need not be shy of us, d—n my
'eyes! I scorn to rap* against any
'lady.'

'D—n me, Madam!' cried another
female, 'I honour what you have
'done. I once put a knife into a cull
'myself, so my service to you, Ma-
'dam; and I wish you may come off
'with *se diffidendo* with all my heart.'

'I beg, good woman,' said Miss
Matthews, 'you would talk on some
'other subject, and give yourself no
'concern about my affairs.'

'You see ladies,' cried Murphy, 'the
'gentlewoman doth not care to talk
'on this matter before company; so
'pray do not press her.'

'Nay, I value the lady's acquaint-
'ance no more than she values mine.'
cries the first woman who spoke—'I
'have kept as good company as the
'lady, I believe, every day in the
'week. Good woman! I do not use
'to be so treated, if the lady says such
'another word to me, d—n me, I will
'darken her day-lights. Marry come
'up, good woman!—the lady's a
'whore as well as myself; and though
'I am sent hither to mill doll, d—n
'my eyes, I have money enough to
'buy it off as well as the lady her-
'self.'

Action might perhaps soon have
ensued this speech, had not the keeper
interposed his authority, and put an
end to any farther dispute. Soon af-
ter which, the company broke up; and
none but himself, Mr. Murphy, Cap-
tain Booth, and Miss Matthews, re-
mained together.

Miss Matthews then, at the entreaty
of the keeper, began to open her case

to Mr. Murphy, whom she admitted
to be her solicitor, though she still de-
clared she was indifferent as to the
event of the trial.

Mr. Murphy having heard all the
particulars with which the reader is
already acquainted (as far as related
to the murder) shook his head, and
said, 'There is but one circumstance,
'Madam, which I wish was out of the
'case; and that we must put out of it:
'I mean the carrying the penknife
'drawn into the room with you; for
'that seems to imply malice prepen-
'sive, as we call it in the law: this circum-
'stance therefore must not appear against
'you; and if the servant who was in the
'room observed this, he must be bought
'off at all hazards. All here, you
'say, are friends; therefore I tell you
'openly, you must furnish me with
'money sufficient for this purpose.
'Malice is all we have to guard against.'

'I would not presume, Sir,' cries
Booth, 'to inform you in the law;
'but I have heard, in case of stabbing,
'a man may be indicted upon the sta-
'tute; and it is capital, though no
'malice appears.'

'You say true, Sir,' answered Mur-
phy, 'a man may be indicted *contra for-*
'*mam statuti*; and that method, I al-
'low you, requires no malice. I pre-
'sume you are a lawyer, Sir?'

'No, indeed, Sir,' answered Booth,
'I know nothing of the law.'

'Then, Sir, I will tell you. If a
'man be indicted *contra formam sta-*
'*tuti*, as we say, no malice is neces-
'sary, because the form of the statute
'makes malice; and then what we
'have to guard against is having struck
'the first blow—pox on't, it is unlucky
'this was done in a room—if it had
'been in the street, we could have had
'five or six witnesses, to have proved
'the first blow, cheaper, than I am
'afraid we shall get this one; for when
'a man knows, from the unhappy cir-
'cumstances of the case, that you can
'procure no other witness but himself,
'he is always dear. It is so in all other
'ways of business. I am very *im-*
'*plicit*, you see; but we are all among
'friends. The safest way is to furnish
'me with money enough to offer him
'a good round sum at once; and, I

* A cant word, meaning to swear, or rather to perjure yourself.

' think,

‘ think, (it is for your good I speak)
‘ fifty pounds is the least that can be of-
‘ fered him. I do assure you, I would
‘ offer him no less, was it my own
‘ case.’

‘ And do you think, Sir,’ said she,
‘ that I would save my life at the ex-
‘ pence of hiring another to perjure
‘ himself?’

‘ Aye, surely do I,’ cries Murphy:
‘ for where is the fault, admitting
‘ there is some fault in perjury, as
‘ you call it; and, to be sure, it is
‘ such a matter as every man would
‘ rather wish to avoid than not; and
‘ yet, as it may be managed, there
‘ is not so much as some people are
‘ apt to imagine in it; for he need
‘ not kiss the book; and then pray where
‘ is the perjury? But if the cryer
‘ is sharper than ordinary, what
‘ is it he kisses? is it any thing but
‘ a bit of calves skin? I am sure a
‘ man must be a very bad christian
‘ himself, who would not do so much
‘ as that to save the life of any chrif-
‘ tian whatever, much more of so
‘ pretty a lady: indeed, Madam, if
‘ we can make out but a tolerable
‘ case, so much beauty will go a
‘ great way with the judge, and the
‘ jury too.’

The latter part of this speech, not-
withstanding the mouth it came from,
caused Miss Matthews to suppress much
of the indignation which began to arise
at the former; and she answered with
a smile, ‘ Sir, you are a great casuist
‘ in these matters; but we need argue
‘ no longer concerning them; for if
‘ fifty pounds would save my life, I
‘ assure you I could not command that
‘ sum. The little money I have in
‘ my pocket is all I can call my own;
‘ and, I apprehend, in the situation I
‘ am in, I shall have very little of
‘ that to spare.’

‘ Come, come, Madam,’ cries Mur-
phy, ‘ life is sweet, let me tell you,
‘ and never sweeter than when we are
‘ near losing it. I have known many a
‘ man very brave and undaunted at
‘ his first commitment, who, when
‘ business began to thicken a little up-
‘ on him, hath changed his note. It
‘ is no time to be saving, in your con-
‘ dition.’

The keeper, who, after the libera-
lity of Miss Matthews, and on seeing

a purse of guineas in her hand, had
conceived a great opinion of her wealth,
no sooner heard that the sum which he
had in intention entirely confiscated for
his own use, was attempted to be broke
in upon, thought it high time to be up-
on his guard. ‘ To be sure,’ cries he,
‘ Mr. Murphy, life is sweet, as you
‘ say, that must be acknowledged; to
‘ be sure life is sweet; but sweet as it
‘ is, no person can advance more than
‘ they are worth to save it. And in-
‘ deed, if the lady can command no
‘ more money than that little she men-
‘ tions, she is to be commended for
‘ her unwillingness to part with any
‘ of it; for, to be sure, as she says,
‘ she will want every farthing of that,
‘ to live like a gentlewoman till she
‘ comes to her trial. And, to be sure,
‘ as sweet as life is, people ought to
‘ take care to be able to live sweetly
‘ while they do live; besides, I cannot
‘ help saying, the lady shews herself
‘ to be what she is, by her abhorrence
‘ of perjury, which is certainly a very
‘ dreadful crime. And, though the
‘ not kissing the book, doth, as you
‘ say, make a great deal of difference;
‘ and, if a man had a great while to
‘ live and repent, perhaps he might
‘ swallow it well enough; yet, when
‘ people comes to be near their end,
‘ (as who can venture to foretel what
‘ will be the lady’s case!) they ought
‘ to take care not to overburden their
‘ conscience. I hope the lady’s case
‘ will not be found murder; for I am
‘ sure I always wish well to all my pri-
‘ soners, who shew themselves to be
‘ gentlemen, or gentlewomen; yet
‘ one should always fear the worst.’

‘ Indeed, Sir, you speak like an o-
‘ racle,’ answered the lady; ‘ and one
‘ subornation of perjury would sit hea-
‘ vier on my conscience, than twenty
‘ such murders as I am guilty of.’

‘ Nay, to be sure, Madam,’ an-
swered the keeper, ‘ nobody can pre-
tend to tell what provocation you
must have had; and certainly, it
can never be imagined, that a lady
who behaves herself so handsomely
as you have done ever since you have
been under my keys, should be
guilty of killing a man without
being very highly provoked to do
it.’

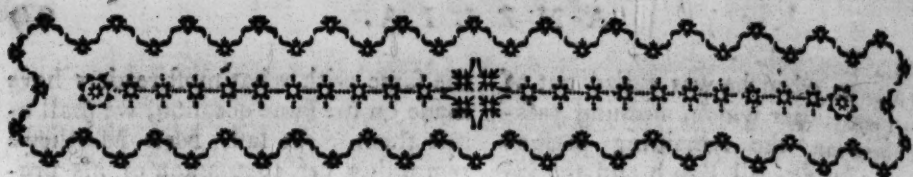
Mr. Murphy was, I believe, going

to answer, when he was called out of the room; after which, nothing passed between the remaining persons worth relating, till Booth and the lady retired back again into the lady's apartment.

Here they fell immediately to commenting on the foregoing discourse; but as their comments were, I believe,

the same with what most readers have made on the same occasion, we shall omit them. At last, Miss Matthews reminding her companion of his promise of relating to her what had befallen him since the interruption of their former acquaintance, he began, as is written in the next book of this history.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

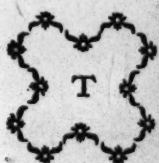


A M E L I A.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

IN WHICH CAPTAIN BOOTH BEGINS TO RELATE HIS HISTORY.



HE tea-table being removed, and Mr. Booth and the lady left alone, he proceeded as follows :

‘ Since you desire, Madam, to know the particulars of my courtship to that best and dearest of women, whom I afterwards married ; I will endeavour to recollect them as well as I can, at least all those incidents which are most worth relating to you.

‘ If the vulgar opinion of the fatality in marriage had ever any sanction, it surely appeared in my marriage with my Amelia. I knew her in the first dawn of her beauty ; and, I believe, Madam, she had as much as ever fell to the share of a woman ; but though I always admired her, it was long without any spark of love. Perhaps the general admiration which at that time pursued her, the respect paid her by persons of the highest rank, and the numberless addresses which were made her by men of great fortune, prevented my aspiring at the possession of those charms, which seemed so absolutely out of my reach. However it was, I assure you, the accident which deprived her of the admiration of others, made the first

‘ great impression on my heart in her favour. The injury done to her beauty by the overturning of a chaise, by which, as you may well remember, her lovely nose was beat all to pieces, gave me an assurance that the woman who had been so much adored for the charms of her person, deserved a much higher adoration to be paid to her mind ; for that she was in the latter respect infinitely more superior to the rest of her sex, than she had ever been in the former.’

‘ I admire your taste extremely,’ cried the lady ; ‘ I remember perfectly well the great heroism with which your Amelia bore that misfortune.’

‘ Good heavens ! Madam,’ answered he, ‘ what a magnanimity of mind did her behaviour demonstrate ! if the world have extolled the firmness of soul in a man who can support the loss of fortune ; of a general, who can be composed after the loss of a victory ; or of a king, who can be contented with the loss of a crown ; with what astonishment ought we to behold, with what praises to honour a young lady, who can, with patience and resignation, submit to the loss of exquisite beauty ; in other words, to the loss of fortune, power, glory ; every thing which human nature is apt to court and rejoice in ! what must be the mind, which can bear to be deprived of all these in a moment, and by an unfortunate trifling accident ; which could support all this, together with the most exquisite torments of body, and with dignity,

dignity, with resignation, without complaining, almost without a tear, undergo the most painful and dreadful operations of surgery in such a situation.' Here he stopped, and a torrent of tears gushed from his eyes; such tears as are apt to flow from a truly noble heart, at the hearing of any thing surprisingly great and glorious. As soon as he was able, he again proceeded thus:

'Would you think, Miss Matthews, that the misfortune of my Amelia was capable of any aggravation! I assure you, she hath often told me it was aggravated with a circumstance which outweighed all the other ingredients. This was the cruel insults she received from some of her most intimate acquaintance, several of whom, after many distortions and groans, have turned their heads aside, unable to support their secret triumph, and burst into a loud laugh in her hearing.'

'Good Heaven!' cried Miss Matthews, 'what detestable actions will this contemptible passion of envy prevail on our sex to commit!'

'An occasion of this kind, as she hath since told me, made the first impression on her gentle heart in my favour. I was one day in company with several young ladies, or rather young devils, where poor Amelia's accident was the subject of much mirth and pleasantry. One of these said, she hoped Miss would not hold her head so high for the future.'

'Another answered, "I do not know, Madam, what she may do with her head, but I am convinced she will never more turn up her nose at her betters." Another cried, "What a very proper match might now be made between Amelia and a certain captain"—who had unfortunately received an injury in the same part, though from no shameful cause. Many other sarcasms were thrown out, very unworthy to be repeated. I was hurt with perceiving so much malice in human shape, and cried out very bluntly, "Indeed, ladies, you need not express such satisfaction at poor Miss Emily's accident; for she will still be the handsomest woman in England." This speech of mine was afterwards variously repeated; by some to my honour, and by others

represented in a contrary light: indeed, it was often reported to be much ruder than it was. However, it at length reached Amelia's ears. She said she was very much obliged to me; since I could have so much compassion for her as to be rude to a lady on her account.

'About a month after the accident, when Amelia began to see company, in a mask, I had the honour to drink tea with her. We were alone together, and I begged her to indulge my curiosity by shewing me her face. She answered in a most obliging manner, "Perhaps, Mr. Booth, you will as little know me when my mask is off, as when it is on; and at the same instant unmasked."—The surgeon's skill was the least I considered. A thousand tender ideas rushed all at once on my mind. I was unable to contain myself; and eagerly kissing her hand, I cried, "Upon my soul, Madam, you never appeared to me so lovely as at this instant!" Nothing more remarkable passed at this visit, but I sincerely believe we were neither of us hereafter indifferent to each other.

'Many months, however, passed after this, before I ever thought seriously of making her my wife. Not that I wanted sufficient love for Amelia. Indeed, it arose from the vast affection I bore her. I considered my own as a desperate fortune, her's as entirely dependant on her mother; who was a woman, you know, of violent passions, and very unlikely to consent to a match so highly contrary to the interest of her daughter. The more I loved Amelia, the more firmly I resolved within myself never to propose love to her seriously. Such a dupe was my understanding to my heart; and so foolishly did I imagine I could be master of a flame to which I was every day adding fuel.

'O, Miss Matthews! we have heard of men entirely masters of their passions, and of hearts which can carry this fire in them, and conceal it at their pleasure. Perhaps there may be such; but if there are, those hearts may be compared, I believe, to damps, in which it is more difficult to keep fire alive than to prevent it's blazing: in mine, it was

placed in the midst of combustible matter.

After several visits, in which looks and sighs had been interchanged on both sides, but without the least mention of passion in private, one day the discourse between us, when alone, happened to turn on love; I say happened, for I protest it was not designed on my side, and I am as firmly convinced not on her's. I was now no longer master of myself; I declared myself the most wretched of all martyrs to this tender passion; that I had long concealed it from its object. At length, after mentioning many particulars, suppressing, however, those which must have necessarily brought it home to Amelia, I concluded with begging her to be the confidante of my amour, and to give me her advice on that occasion.

Amelia (O, I shall never forget the dear perturbation!) appeared all confusion at this instant. She trembled, turned pale, and discovered how well she understood me, by a thousand more symptoms than I could take notice of, in a state of mind so very little different from her own. At last, with faltering accents, she said, I had made a very ill choice of a counsellor, in a matter in which she was so ignorant. Adding, at last, "I believe, Mr. Booth, you gentlemen want very little advice in these affairs, which you all understand better than we do."

I will relate no more of our conversation at present; indeed, I am afraid, I tire you with too many particulars.

O no, answered she, I should be glad to hear every step of an amour which had so tender a beginning. Tell me every thing you said or did, if you can remember it.

He then proceeded, and so will we in the next chapter.

CHAP. II.

MR. BOOTH CONTINUES HIS STORY. IN THIS CHAPTER THERE ARE SOME PASSAGES THAT MAY SERVE AS A KIND OF TOUCHSTONE, BY WHICH A YOUNG LADY MAY EXAMINE THE HEART OF HER LOVER. I WOULD AD-

VICE, THEREFORE, THAT EVERY LOVER BE OBLIGED TO READ IT OVER IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS MISTRESS, AND THAT SHE CAREFULLY WATCH HIS EMOTIONS WHILE HE IS READING.

I Was under the utmost concern," cries Booth, "when I retired from my visit, and had reflected coolly on what I had said. I now saw plainly that I had made downright love to Amelia; and I feared, such was my vanity, that I had already gone too far, and been too successful. Feared! do I say; could I fear what I hoped? How shall I describe the anxiety of my mind!"

You need give yourself no great pain," cried Miss Matthews, "to describe what I can so easily guess. To be honest with you, Mr. Booth, I do not agree with your lady's opinion, that the men have a superior understanding in matters of love. Men are often blind to the passions of women; but every woman is as quick-sighted as a hawk on these occasions; nor is there one article in the whole science which is not understood by all our sex."

However, Madam," said Mr. Booth, "I now undertook to deceive Amelia. I abstained three days from seeing her; to say the truth, I endeavoured to work myself up to a resolution of leaving her for ever; but when I could not so far subdue my passion— But why do I talk nonsense, of subduing passion! I should say, when no other passion could surmount my love, I returned to visit her; and now I attempted the strangest project which ever entered into the silly head of a lover. This was to persuade Amelia that I was really in love in another place, and had literally expressed my meaning, when I asked her advice, and desired her to be my confidante."

I therefore forged a meeting to have been between me and my imaginary mistress, since I had last seen Amelia, and related the particulars as well as I could invent them, which had past at our conversation.

Poor Amelia presently swallowed this bait; and, as she hath told me since, absolutely believed me to be in earnest. Poor dear love! how should

‘should the sincerest of hearts have any idea of deceit! For with all her simplicity, I assure you, she is the most sensible woman in the world.’

‘It is highly generous and good in you,’ (said Miss Matthews, with a sly sneer) ‘to impute to honesty what others would perhaps call credulity.’

‘I protest, Madam,’ answered he, ‘I do her no more than justice. A good heart will at all times betray the best head in the world.’ Well, Madam, my angel was now, if possible, more confused than before. She looked so silly, you can hardly believe it.’

‘Yes, yes, I can,’ answered the lady, with a laugh, ‘I can believe it! Well, go on.’ — ‘After some hesitation,’ said he, ‘my Amelia said faintly to me, “Mr. Booth, you use me very ill; you desire me to be your confidante, and conceal from me the name of your mistress.”’

“Is it possible then, Madam,” answered I, “that you cannot guess her, when I tell you she is one of your acquaintance, and lives in this town?”

“My acquaintance!” said she. “La! Mr. Booth.—In this town. I—I—I thought I could have guessed for once; but I have an ill talent that way—I will never attempt to guess any thing again.” Indeed, I do her an injury, when I pretend to represent her manner. Her manner, look, voice, every thing was inimitable; such sweetness, softness, innocence, modesty. Upon my soul, if ever man could boast of his resolution, I think I might now, that I abstained from falling prostrate at her feet, and adoring her. However, I triumphed; pride, I believe, triumphed, or perhaps love got the better of love. We once more parted, and I promised the next time I saw her, to reveal the name of my mistress.

‘I now had, I thought, gained a compleat victory over myself; and no small compliments did I pay to my own resolution. In short, I triumphed as cowards and niggards do when they flatter themselves with having given some supposed instance of courage or generosity: and my triumph lasted as long; that is to say,

‘till my ascendant passion had a proper opportunity of displaying itself in it’s true and natural colours.’

‘Having hitherto succeeded so well in my own opinion, and obtained this mighty self-conquest; I now entertained a design of exerting the most romantic generosity, and of curing that unhappy passion which I perceived I had raised in Amelia.’

‘Among the ladies who had expressed the greatest satisfaction at my Amelia’s misfortune, Miss Osborne had distinguished herself in a very eminent degree; she was, indeed, the next in beauty to my angel; nay, she had disputed the preference, and had some among her admirers who were blind enough to give it in her favour.’

‘Well,’ cries the lady, ‘I will allow you to call them blind; but Miss Osborne was a charming girl.’

‘She certainly was handsome,’ answered he, ‘and a very considerable fortune; so I thought my Amelia would have little difficulty in believing me, when I fixed on her as my mistress. And I concluded, that my thus placing my affections on her known enemy, would be the surest method of eradicating every tender idea with which I had been ever honoured by Amelia.’

‘Well then, to Amelia I went; she received me with more than usual coldness and reserve. In which, to confess the truth, there appeared to me more of anger than indifference, and more of dejection than of either. After some short introduction, I revived the discourse of my amour, and presently mentioned Miss Osborne as the lady whose name I had concealed: adding, that the true reason why I did not mention her before, was, that I apprehended there was some little distance between them, which I hoped to have the happiness of accommodating.’

‘Amelia answered with much gravity: “If you know, Sir, that there is any distance between us, I suppose you know the reason of that distance; and then, I think, I could not have expected to be affronted by her name. I would not have you think, Mr. Booth, that I hate Miss Osborne. No! Heaven is my witness, I despise her too much.”’

" Indeed, when I reflect how much I loved the woman, who hath treated me so cruelly, I own it gives me pain. When I lay, as I then imagined, and as all about me believed, upon my death-bed, in all the agonies of pain and misery, to become the object of laughter to my dearest friend! O Mr. Booth, it is a cruel reflection! And could I after this have expected from you—but why not from you, to whom I am a person entirely indifferent, if such a friend could treat me so barbarously?"

" During the greatest part of this speech, the tears streamed from her bright eyes; I could endure it no longer. I caught up the word indifferent, and repeated it, saying, "Do you think then, Madam, that Miss Emily is indifferent to me?"

" Yes surely I do," answered she, " I know I am; indeed, why should I not be indifferent to you?"

" Have my eyes," said I, " then declared nothing."

" O there is no need of your eyes," answered she. " Your tongue hath declared that you have singled out of all womankind, my greatest, I will say, my basest enemy. I own, I once thought that character would have been no recommendation to you—But why did I think so? I was born to deceive myself."

" I then fell on my knees before her; and forcing her hand, cried out, "O my Amelia, I can bear no longer. You are the only mistress of my affections; you are the deity I adore." In this stile I ran on for two or three minutes, what it is impossible to repeat, till a torrent of contending passions, together with the surprise, overpowered her gentle spirits, and she fainted away in my arms.

" To describe my sensation till she returned to herself, is not in my power.—'You need not,' cried Miss Matthews. 'Oh, happy Amelia! why had I not been blessed with such a passion?'—'I am convinced, Madam,' continued he, 'you cannot expect all the particulars of the tender scene which ensued. I was not enough in my senses to remember it all. Let it suffice to say, that that behaviour with which Amelia, while ignorant of its motive had been so

much displeased, when she became sensible of that motive, proved the strongest recommendation to her favour; and she was pleased to call it generous.'

" Generous!" repeated the lady, "and so it was, almost beyond the reach of humanity. I question whether you ever had an equal."

Perhaps the critical reader may have the same doubt with Miss Matthews; and, lest he should, we will here make a gap in our history, to give him an opportunity of accurately considering whether this conduct of Mr. Booth was natural or no; and consequently, whether we have in this place maintained or deviated from that strict adherence to universal truth, which we profess above all other historians.

CH A P. III.

THE NARRATIVE CONTINUED, MORE OF THE TOUCHSTONE.

BOOOTH made a proper acknowledgment of Miss Matthews's civility, and then renewed his story.

" We were upon the footing of lovers; and Amelia threw off her reserve more and more, till at length I found all that return of my affection which the tenderest lover can require."

" My situation would now have been a paradise, had not my happiness been interrupted with the same reflections I have already mentioned: had I not in short concluded, that I must derive all my joys from the almost certain ruin of that dear creature to whom I should owe them."

" This thought haunted me night and day; till I, at last, grew unable to support it: I therefore resolved in the strongest manner to lay it before Amelia."

" One evening, then, after the highest professions of the most disinterested love, in which Heaven knows my sincerity! I took an occasion to speak to Amelia, in the following manner:

" Too true is it, I am afraid, my dearest creature, that the highest human happiness is imperfect. How rich would be my cup, was it not for one poisonous drop which imbit-

" ters

"ters the whole! O Amelia, what
"must be the consequence of my ever
"having the honour to call you mine!
"—You know my situation in life,
"and you know your own: I have
"nothing more than the poor provi-
"sion of an ensign's commission to
"depend on; your sole dependance
"is on your mother: should any act
"of disobedience defeat your expec-
"tations, how wretched must your
"lot be with me! O Amelia, how
"ghastly an object to my mind is the
"apprehension of your distress! can
"I bear to reflect a moment on the
"certainty of your foregoing all
"the conveniences of life; on the
"possibility of your suffering all it's
"most dreadful inconveniences! what
"must be my misery then, to see you
"in such a situation, and to upbraid
"myself with being the accursed cause
"of bringing you to it: suppose, too,
"in such a season, I should be sum-
"moned from you. Could I submit
"to see you encounter all the hazards,
"the fatigues of war, with me! you
"could not yourself, however willing,
"support them a single campaign.
"What then; must I leave you to
"starve alone, deprived of the tender-
"ness of a husband, deprived too of
"the tenderness of the best of mothers,
"through my means? a woman most
"dear to me, for being the parent,
"the nurse, and the friend of my
"Amelia. But, O my sweet crea-
"ture, carry your thoughts a little
"farther. Think of the tenderest
"consequences, the dearest pledges of
"our love. Can I bear to think of
"entailing beggary on the posterity of
"my Amelia! on our—O Heavens!
"on our children?—On the other
"side, is it possible even to mention the
"word—I will not, must not, cannot,
"cannot part with you. What must
"we do, Amelia? It is now I sincerely
"ask your advice?"

"What advice can I give you,"
"said she, "in such an alternative!
"would to Heaven we had never met!"

"These words were accompanied
"with a sigh, and a look inexpressibly
"tender, the tears at the same time
"overflowing all her lovely cheeks. I
"was endeavouring to reply, when I
"was interrupted by what soon put an
"end to the scene.

"Our amour had already been buzz-
"ed all over the town; and it came
"at last to the ears of Mrs. Harris:
"I had, indeed, observed of late a great
"alteration in that lady's behaviour
"towards me, whenever I visited at
"the house; nor could I for a long
"time, before this evening, ever ob-
"tain a private interview with Amelia;
"and now, it seems, I owed it to her
"mother's intention of over-hearing
"all that passed between us.

"At the period then above-men-
"tioned, Mrs. Harris burst from the
"closet, where she had hid herself, and
"surprized her daughter, reclining on
"my bosom, in all that tender sorrow
"I have just described. I will not at-
"tempt to paint the rage of the mother,
"or the daughter's confusion or my
"own. "Here are very fine doings,
"indeed!" cries Mrs. Harris. "You
"have made a noble use, Amelia, of
"my indulgence, and the trust I re-
"posed in you.—As for you, Mr.
"Booth, I will not accuse you; you
"have used my child as I ought to
"have expected; I may thank my-
"self for what hath happened:" with
"much more of the same kind, before
"she would suffer me to speak; but,
"at last, I obtained a hearing, and
"offered to excuse my poor Amelia,
"who was ready to sink into the earth
"under the oppression of grief, by tak-
"ing as much blame as I could on my-
"self. Mrs. Harris answered, "No,
"Sir, I must say you are innocent in
"comparison of her; nay, I can say,
"I have heard you use dissuasive ar-
"guments; and I promise you they
"are of weight. I have, I thank
"Heaven, one dutiful child, and I
"shall henceforth think her my only
"one:" She then forced the poor,
"trembling, fainting Amelia, out of
"the room; which when she had done,
"she began very coolly to reason with
"me on the folly, as well as iniquity,
"which I had been guilty of; and re-
"peated to me almost every word I had
"before urged to her daughter. In
"fine, she at last obtained of me a pro-
"mise, that I would soon go to my
"regiment, and submit to any misery,
"rather than that of being the ruin of
"Amelia.

"I now, for many days, endured
"the greatest torments which the hu-
"man

‘man mind is, I believe, capable of feeling; and I can honestly say, I tried all the means, and applied every argument which I could raise, to cure me of my love. And to make these the more effectual, I spent every night in walking backwards and forwards in sight of Mrs. Harris’s house, where I never failed to find some object or other, which raised some tender idea of my lovely Amelia, and almost drove me to distraction.’

‘And don’t you think, Sir,’ said Miss Matthews, ‘you took a most preposterous method to cure yourself?’

‘Alas, Madam!’ answered he, ‘you cannot see it in a more absurd light than I do; but those know little of real love or grief, who do not know how much we deceive ourselves when we pretend to aim at the cure of either. It is with these, as it is with some distempers of the body, nothing is in the least agreeable to us, but what serves to heighten the disease.’

‘At the end of a fortnight, when I was driven almost to the highest degree of despair, and could contrive no method of conveying a letter to Amelia, how was I surprized, when Mrs. Harris’s servant brought me a card, with an invitation from the mother herself, to drink tea that evening at her house!’

‘You will easily believe, Madam, that I did not fail to agreeable an appointment. On my arrival, I was introduced into a large company of men and women, Mrs. Harris and my Amelia being part of the company.’

‘Amelia seemed in my eyes to look more beautiful than ever, and behaved with all the gaiety imaginable. The old lady treated me with much civility; but the young lady took little notice of me, and addressed most of her discourse to another gentleman present. Indeed, she now and then gave me a look of no discouraging kind; and I observed her colour change more than once, when her eyes met mine: circumstances which, perhaps, ought to have afforded me sufficient comfort; but they could not allay the thousand doubts and fears with which I was alarmed; for my anxious thoughts

suggested no less to me than that Amelia had made her peace with her mother at the price of abandoning me for ever, and of giving her ear to some other lover. All my prudence now vanished at once; and I would that instant have gladly run away with Amelia, and have married her without the least consideration of any consequences.

‘With such thoughts I had tormented myself for near two hours, till most of the company had taken their leave. This I was myself incapable of doing; nor do I know when I should have put an end to my visit, had not Dr. Harrison taken me away almost by force, telling me in a whisper, that he had something to say to me of great consequence.’

‘You know the doctor, Madam—’

‘Very well, Sir,’ answered Miss Matthews; ‘and one of the best men in the world he is, and an honour to the sacred order to which he belongs.’

‘You will judge,’ replied Booth, ‘by the sequel, whether I have reason to think him so.’ He then proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAP. IV.

THE STORY OF MR. BOOTH CONTINUED. IN THIS CHAPTER THE READER WILL PERCEIVE A GLIMPSE OF THE CHARACTER OF A VERY GOOD DIVINE; WITH SOME MATTERS OF A VERY TENDER KIND.

THE doctor conducted me into his study; and then desiring me to sit down, began, as near as I can remember, in these words, or at least to this purpose:

‘You cannot imagine, young gentleman, that your love for Miss Emily is any secret in this place; I have known it some time, and have been, I assure you, very much your enemy in this affair.’

‘I answered, that I was very much obliged to him.’

‘Why, so you are,’ replied he, ‘and so perhaps you will think yourself, when you know all. I went about a fortnight ago to Mrs. Harris, to acquaint her with my apprehensions

"apprehensions on her daughter's account; for though the matter was much talked of, I thought it might possibly not have reached her ears. I will be very plain with you. I advised her to take all possible care of the young lady, and even to send her to some place where she might be effectually kept out of your reach while you remained in the town."

"And do you think, Sir," said I, "that this was acting a kind part by me? or do you expect that I should thank you on this occasion?"

"Young man," answered he, "I did not intend you any kindness; nor do I desire any of your thanks."

"My intention was, to preserve a worthy lady from a young fellow of whom I had heard no good character, and whom I imagined to have a design of stealing a human creature for the sake of her fortune."

"It was very kind of you, indeed," answered I, "to entertain such an opinion of me."

"Why, Sir," replied the doctor, "it is the opinion which, I believe, most of you young gentlemen of the order of the rag deserve. I have known some instances, and have heard of more, where such young fellows have committed robbery under the name of marriage."

"I was going to interrupt him with some anger, when he desired me to have a little patience; and then informed me, that he had visited Mrs. Harris, with the above-mentioned design, the evening after the discovery I have related; that Mrs. Harris, without waiting for his information, had recounted to him all which had happened the evening before; and indeed she must have an excellent memory, for I think she repeated every word I said; and added, that she had confined her daughter to her chamber, where she kept her a close prisoner, and had not seen her since."

"I cannot express, nor would modestly suffer me if I could, all that now past. The doctor took me by the hand, and burst forth into the warmest commendations of the sense and generosity which he was pleased to say discovered themselves in my speech. You know, Madam, his

strong and singular way of expressing himself on all occasions, especially when he is affected with any thing. "Sir," said he, "if I knew half a dozen such instances in the army, the painter should put red liveries upon all the saints in my closet."

"From this instant the doctor told me, he had become my friend and zealous advocate with Mrs. Harris, on whom he had at last prevailed, though not without the greatest difficulty, to consent to my marrying Amelia, upon condition that I settled every penny which the mother should lay down; and that she would retain a certain sum in her hands, which she would at any time deposit for my advancement in the army."

"You will, I hope, Madam, conceive, that I made no hesitation at these conditions; nor need I mention the joy which I felt on this occasion, or the acknowledgment I paid the doctor, who is, indeed, as you say, one of the best of men."

"The next morning I had permission to visit Amelia, who received me in such a manner, that I now concluded my happiness to be complete."

"Every thing was now agreed on all sides, and lawyers employed to prepare the writings; when an unexpected cloud arose suddenly in our serene sky, and all our joys were obscured in a moment."

"When matters were, as I apprehended, drawing near a conclusion, I received an express that a sister, whom I tenderly loved, was seized with a violent fever, and earnestly desired me to come to her. I immediately obeyed the summons; and, as it was then about two in the morning, without staying even to take leave of Amelia, for whom I left a short billet, acquainting her with the reason of my absence."

"The gentleman's house where my sister then was, stood at fifty miles distance; and though I used the utmost expedition, the unmerciful distemper had, before my arrival, entirely deprived the poor girl of her senses, as it soon after did of her life."

"Not all the love I bore Amelia, nor the tumultuous delight with which the approaching hour of possessing her filled my heart, could, for

for a while, allay my grief at the loss of my beloved Nancy. Upon my soul, I cannot yet mention her name without tears. Never brother and sister had, I believe, a higher friendship for each other. Poor dear girl! whilst I sat by her in her light-headed fits, she repeated scarce any other name but mine: and it plainly appeared, that when her dear reason was ravished away from her, it had left my image on her fancy, and that the last use she had made of it was to think on me.—“Send for my dear Billy immediately,” she cried, “I know he will come to me in a moment. Will nobody fetch him to me? pray don’t kill me before I see him once more. You durst not use me so if he was here.”—Every accent still rings in my ears—O heavens! to hear this, and at the same time to see the poor delirious creature deriving the greatest horrors from my sight, and mistaking me for a highwayman who had a little before robbed her. But I ask your pardon, the sensations I felt are to be known only from experience, and to you must appear dull and insipid. At last she seemed for a moment to know me, and cried, “O heavens! my dearest brother!” upon which she fell into immediate convulsions, and died away in my arms.

Here Booth stopped a moment, and wiped his eyes; and Miss Matthews, perhaps out of complaisance, wiped her’s.

C H A P. V.

CONTAINING STRANGE REVOLUTIONS OF FORTUNE.

BOOTH proceeded thus:

“This loss perhaps, Madam, you will think, had made me miserable enough; but fortune did not think so: for on the day when my Nancy was to be buried, a courier arrived from Dr. Harrison with a letter, in which the doctor acquainted me, that he was just come from Mrs. Harris, when he dispatched the express; and earnestly desired me to return the very instant I received his letter, as I valued my Amelia. Though if the daughter, added he, should take

after her mother (as most of them do) it will be, perhaps, wiser in you to stay away.

“I presently sent for the messenger into my room, and with much difficulty extorted from him, that a great squire in his coach and six was come to Mrs. Harris’s, and that the whole town said he was shortly to be married to Amelia.

“I now soon perceived how much superior my love for Amelia was to every other passion; poor Nancy’s idea disappeared in a moment; I quitted the dear lifeless corpse, over which I had shed a thousand tears, left the care of the funeral to others, and posted, I may almost say flew, back to Amelia, and alighted at the doctor’s house, as he had desired me in his letter.

“The good man presently acquainted me with what had happened in my absence. Mr. Winckworth had, it seems, arrived the very day of my departure with a grand equipage, and without delay, had made formal proposals to Mrs. Harris; offering to settle any part of his vast estate, in whatever manner she pleased, on Amelia. These proposals the old lady had, without any deliberation, accepted, and had insisted, in the most violent manner, on her daughter’s compliance: which Amelia had as peremptorily refused to give; insisting on her part, on the consent which her mother had before given to our marriage, in which she was heartily seconded by the doctor, who declared to her, as he now did to me, that we ought as much to be esteemed man and wife, as if the ceremony had already passed between us.

“These remonstrances, the doctor told me, had worked no effect on Mrs. Harris, who still persisted in her avowed resolution of marrying her daughter to Winckworth, whom the doctor had likewise attacked; telling him, that he was paying his addresses to another man’s wife: but all to no purpose, the young gentleman was too much in love to hearken to any dissuaves.

“We now entered into a consultation what means to employ. The doctor earnestly protested against any violence to be offered to the person of Winckworth; which, I believe, I had





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had rashly threatened; declaring, that if I made any attempt of that kind, he would for ever abandon my cause. I made him a solemn promise of forbearance. At last, he determined to pay another visit to Mrs. Harris, and if he found her obdurate, he said he thought himself at liberty to join together without any farther consent of the mother; which every parent, he said, had a right to refuse, but not retract when given, unless the party himself, by some conduct of his, gave a reason.

The doctor having made his visit with no better success than before, the matter now debated was, how to get possession of Amelia by stratagem; for she was now a closer prisoner than ever, was her mother's bed-fellow by night, and never out of her sight by day.

While we were deliberating on this point, a wine-merchant of the town came to visit the doctor, to inform him that he had just bottled off a hoghead of excellent old port, of which he offered to spare him a hamper, saying, that he was that day to send in twelve dozen to Mrs. Harris.

The doctor now smiled at a conceit which came into his head; and taking me aside, asked me if I had love enough for the young lady to venture into the house in a hamper. I joyfully leapt at the proposal, to which the merchant, at the doctor's intercession, consented: for I believe, Madam, you know the great authority which that worthy man had over the whole town. The doctor, moreover, promised to procure a licence, and to perform the office for us at his house, if I could find any means of conveying Amelia thither.

In this hamper then I was carried to the house, and deposited in the entry, where I had not lain long before I was again removed and packed up in a cart, in order to be sent five miles into the country: for I heard the orders given as I lay in the entry; and there I likewise heard that Amelia and her mother were to follow me the next morning.

I was unloaded from my cart, and set down with the rest of the lumber, in a great hall. Here I remained above three hours, impatiently wait-

ing for the evening, when I had determined to quit a posture, which was become very uneasy, and break my prison; but fortune contrived to release me sooner, by the following means: the house where I now was, had been left in the care of one maid-servant. This faithful creature came into the hall, with the footman who had driven the cart. A scene of the highest fondness having passed between them, the fellow proposed, and the maid consented, to open the hamper and drink a bottle together, which they agreed their mistress would hardly miss in such a quantity. They presently began to execute their purpose. They opened the hamper, and to their great surprize discovered the contents.

I took an immediate advantage of the consternation which appeared in the countenances of both the servants, and had sufficient presence of mind to improve the knowledge of those secrets to which I was privy. I told them that it entirely depended on their behaviour to me whether their mistress should ever be acquainted, either with what they had done, or with what they had intended to do; for that if they would keep my secret, I would reciprocally keep theirs. I then acquainted them with my purpose of lying concealed in the house, in order to watch an opportunity of obtaining a private interview with Amelia.

In the situation in which these two delinquents stood, you may be assured it was not difficult for me to seal up their lips. In short, they agreed to whatever I proposed. I lay that evening in my dear Amelia's bed-chamber, and was in the morning conveyed into an old lumber garret, where I was to wait till Amelia (whom the maid promised, on her arrival, to inform of my place of concealment) could find some opportunity of seeing me.

I ask pardon for interrupting you, cries Miss Matthews, but you bring to my remembrance a foolish story which I heard at that time, though at a great distance from you: that an officer had, in confederacy with Miss Harris, broke open her mother's cellar, and stole away a great quantity of her wine. I mention

it only to shew you what sort of foundations most stories have.

Booth told her he had heard some such thing himself; and then continued his story as in the next chapter.

CHAP. VI.

CONTAINING MANY SURPRIZING
ADVENTURES.

HERE, continued he, I remained the whole day in hopes of a happiness, the expected approach of which gave me such delight, that I would not have exchanged my poor lodgings for the finest palace in the universe.

A little after it was dark, Mrs. Harris arrived, together with Amelia and her sister. I cannot express how much my heart now began to flutter; for as my hopes every moment increased, strange fears which I had not felt before began now to intermingle with them.

When I had continued full two hours in these circumstances, I heard a woman's step tripping up stairs, which I fondly hoped was my Amelia; but all on a sudden the door flew open, and Mrs. Harris herself appeared at it, with a countenance pale as death, her whole body trembling, I suppose with anger; she fell upon me in the most bitter language. It is not necessary to repeat what she said, nor indeed can I, I was so shocked and confounded on this occasion.—In a word, the scene ended with my departing without seeing Amelia.

“And pray,” cries Miss Matthews, “how happened this unfortunate discovery?”

Booth answered, that the lady at supper ordered a bottle of wine, which neither myself, said he, nor the servants, had presence of mind to provide. Being told there was none in the house, though she had been before informed that the things came all safe; she had sent for the maid, who being unable to devise any excuse, had fallen on her knees, and after confessing her design of opening a bottle, which she imputed to the fellow, betrayed poor me to her mis-
tress.

Well, Madam, after a lecture of about a quarter of an hour's duration from Mrs. Harris, I suffered her to conduct me to the outer gate of her court-yard, whence I set forward in a disconsolate condition of mind, towards my lodgings. I had five miles to walk in a dark and rainy night; but how can I mention these trifling circumstances, as any aggravation of my disappointment.

“How was it possible,” cries Miss Matthews, “that you could be got out of the house without seeing Miss Harris?”

“I assure you, Madam,” answered Booth, “I have often wondered at it myself; but my spirits were so much sunk at the sight of her mother, that no man was ever a greater coward than I was at that instant. Indeed, I believe my tender concern for the terrors of Amelia, were the principal cause of my submission. However it was, I left the house, and walked about an hundred yards, when at the corner of the garden-wall, a female voice, in a whisper cried out, “Mr. Booth.” The person was extremely near me, but it was so dark I could scarce see her; nor did I, in the confusion I was in, immediately recognize the voice. I answered in a line of Congreve's, which burst from my lips spontaneously; for I am sure I had no intention to quote plays at that time:

“Who calls that wretched thing that was
Alphonso?”

Upon which a woman leapt into my arms, crying—“O, it is indeed my Alphonso, my only Alphonso!” O, Miss Matthews! guess what I felt, when I found I had my Amelia in my arms. I embraced her with an extasy not to be described, at the same instant pouring a thousand tendernesses into her ears; at least, if I could express so many to her in a minute; for in that time, the alarm began at the house: Mrs. Harris had missed her daughter, and the court was presently full of lights and noises of all kinds.

I now lifted Amelia over a gate, and jumping after, we crept along together by the side of a hedge a different way from what led to the town, as I imagined that would be the road
through





through which they would pursue us. In this opinion I was right: for we heard them pass along that road, and the voice of Mrs. Harris herself, who ran with the rest, notwithstanding the darkness and the rain. By these means we luckily made our escape, and clambering over hedge and ditch, my Amelia performing the part of an heroine all the way, we at length arrived at a little green lane, where stood a vast spreading oak, under which we sheltered ourselves from a violent storm.

When this was over, and the moon began to appear, Amelia declared, she knew very well where she was; and a little farther striking into another lane, to the right, she said, that would lead us to a house where we should be both safe and unsuspected. I followed her directions, and we at length came to a little cottage about three miles distant from Mrs. Harris's house.

As it now rained very violently, we entered this cottage, in which we espied a light, without any ceremony. Here we found an elderly woman sitting by herself at a little fire, who had no sooner viewed us, than she instantly sprung from her seat, and starting back, gave the strongest tokens of amazement; upon which Amelia said, "Be not surprized, nurse, though you see me in a strange pickle, I own." The old woman after having several times blessed herself, and expressed the most tender concern for the lady, who stood dripping before her, began to bestir herself in making up the fire; at the same time entreating Amelia, that she might be permitted to furnish her with some clothes, which she said, though not fine, were clean and wholesome, and much dryer than her own. I seconded this motion so vehemently, that Amelia, though she declared herself under no apprehension of catching cold, (she hath indeed the best constitution in the world) at last consented, and I retired without doors, under a shed, to give my angel an opportunity of dressing herself in the only room which the cottage afforded below stairs.

At my return into the room, Amelia insisted on my exchanging my coat for one which belonged to the old

woman's son. — "I am very glad," cried Miss Matthews, "to find she did not forget you. I own I thought, it somewhat cruel to turn you out into the rain!" — "O Miss Matthews," continued he, taking no notice of her observation, "I had now an opportunity of contemplating the vast power of exquisite beauty; which nothing almost can add to or diminish. Amelia, in the poor rags of her old nurse, looked scarce less beautiful than I have seen her appear at a ball or an assembly." — "Well, well," cries Miss Matthews, "to be sure she did—but pray go on with your story."

The old woman, continued he, after having equipped us as well as she could, and placed our wet clothes before the fire, began to grow inquisitive; and after some ejaculations, she cried, "O my dear young Madam, my mind misgives me hugely! and pray who is this fine young gentleman? Oh! Miss Emmy, Miss Emmy, I am afraid, Madam, knows nothing of all this matter." — "Suppose he should be my husband, nurse," answered Amelia. "Oh, good! and if he be," replies the nurse, "I hope he is some great gentleman or other, with a vast estate, and a coach and six: for to be sure if an he was the greatest lord in the land, you would deserve it all." — "But why do I attempt to mimic the honest creature! In short, she discovered the greatest affection for my Amelia: with which I was much more delighted, than I was offended at the suspicions she shewed of me, or the many bitter curses which she denounced against me, if I ever proved a bad husband to so sweet a young lady."

I so well improved the hint given me by Amelia, that the old woman had no doubt of our being really married; and comforting herself, that if it was not as well as it might have been, yet Madam had enough for us both, and that happiness did not always depend on great riches, she began to rail at the old lady for having turned us out of doors, which I scarce told an untruth in asserting. And when Amelia said, she hoped her nurse would not betray her, the good woman answered with much warmth, "Betray you, my dear

“ young Madam! no, that I would not if the king would give me all that he is worth. No, not if Madam herself would give me the great house, and the whole farm belonging to it.”

“ The good woman then went out and fetched a chicken from the roost, which she killed, and began to pick, without asking any questions. Then summoning her son, who was in bed, to her assistance, she began to prepare the chicken for our supper. This she afterwards set before us in so neat, I may almost say elegant a manner, that whoever would have disdained it, either doth not know the sensation of hunger, or doth not deserve to have it gratified. Our food was attended with some ale, which our kind hostess said she intended not to have tapped till Christmas: “ but,” added she, “ I little thought ever to have the honour of seeing my dear honoured lady in this poor place.”

“ For my own part, no human being was then an object of envy to me; and even Amelia seemed to be in pretty good spirits; she softly whispered to me, that she perceived there might be happiness in a cottage.”

“ A cottage!” cries Miss Matthews sighing, “ a cottage with the man one loves is a palace.”

“ When supper was ended,” continued Booth, “ the good woman began to think of our farther wants, and very earnestly recommended her bed to us; saying it was a very neat though homely one, and that she could furnish us with a pair of clean sheets. She added some persuasives which painted my angel all over with vermilion. As for myself, I behaved so awkwardly and foolishly, and so readily agreed to Amelia’s resolution of sitting up all night, that if it did not give the nurse any suspicion of our marriage, it ought to have inspired her with the utmost contempt for me.

“ We both endeavoured to prevail with nurse to retire to her own bed, but found it utterly impossible to succeed; she thanked heaven she understood breeding better than that. And so well bred was the good woman, that we could scarce get her out of the room the whole night. Luckily for us we both understood

French, by means of which we consulted together, even in her presence, upon the measures we were to take in our present exigency. At length it was resolved that I should send a letter by this young lad whom I have just before mentioned, to our worthy friend the doctor, desiring his company at our hut, since we thought it utterly unsafe to venture to the town, which we knew would be in an uproar on our account before the morning.”

Here Booth made a full stop, smiled, and then said, he was going to mention so ridiculous a distress, that he could scarce think of it without laughing. What this was the reader shall know in the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

THE STORY OF BOOTH CONTINUED. MORE SURPRIZING ADVENTURES.

“ FROM what trifles, dear Miss Matthews,” cried Booth, “ may some of our greatest distresses arise! do you not perceive I am going to tell you we had neither pen, ink, nor paper, in our present exigency.”

“ A verbal message was now our only resource; however, we contrived to deliver it in such terms, that neither nurse nor her son could possibly conceive any suspicion from it of the present situation of our affairs. Indeed, Amelia whispered me, I might safely place any degree of confidence in the lad; for he had been her foster-brother, and she had a great opinion of his integrity. He was in truth a boy of very good natural parts; and Dr. Harrison, who had received him into his family at Amelia’s recommendation, had bred him up to write and read very well, and had taken some pains to infuse into him the principles of honesty and religion. He was not, indeed, even now discharged from the doctor’s service; but had been at home with his mother for some time on account of the small-pox, from which he was lately recovered.

“ I have said so much,” continued Booth, “ of the boy’s character, that you may not be surprized at some

stories

stories which I shall tell you of him hereafter.

I am going now, Madam, to relate to you one of those strange accidents, which are produced by such a train of circumstances, that mere chance hath been thought incapable of bringing them together; and which have therefore given birth, in superstitious minds, to Fortune, and to several other imaginary beings.

We were now impatiently expecting the arrival of the doctor: our messenger had been gone much more than a sufficient time, which to us, you may be assured, appeared not at all shorter than it was, when nurse, who had gone out of doors on some errand, came running hastily to us, crying out, "O, my dear young Madam, her ladyship's coach is just at the door!" Amelia turned pale as death at these words; indeed, I feared she would have fainted, if I could be said to fear, who had scarce any of my senses left, and was in a condition little better than my angel's.

While we were both in this dreadful situation, Amelia fallen back in her chair with the countenance in which ghosts are painted, myself at her feet with a complexion of no very different colour, and nurse screaming out, and throwing water in Amelia's face, Mrs. Harris entered the room. At the sight of this scene, she threw herself likewise into a chair, and called immediately for a glass of water, which Miss Betty her daughter supplied her with: for as to nurse, nothing was capable of making any impression on her, whilst she apprehended her young mistress to be in danger.

The doctor had now entered the room, and coming immediately up to Amelia, after some expressions of surprize, he took her by the hand, called her his little sugar-plum, and assured her there were none but friends present. He then led her tottering across the room to Mrs. Harris. Amelia then fell upon her knees before her mother, but the doctor caught her up, saying, "Use that posture, child, only to the Almighty." But I need not mention this singularity of his to you who know him so well, and must

have heard him often dispute against addressing ourselves to man in the humblest posture which we use towards the Supreme Being.

I will tire you with no more particulars; we were soon satisfied that the doctor had reconciled us and our affairs to Mrs. Harris; and we now proceeded directly to church, the doctor having before provided a licence for us.

But where is the strange accident? cried Miss Matthews. Sure you raised more curiosity than you have satisfied.

Indeed, Madam, answered he, your reproof is just; I had like to have forgotten it: but you cannot wonder at me, when you reflect on that interesting part of my story which I am now relating. But before I mention this accident, I must tell you what happened after Amelia's escape from her mother's house. Mrs. Harris at first ran out into the lane among her servants, and pursued us (so she imagined) along the road leading to the town; but that being very dirty, and a violent storm of rain coming, she took shelter in an alehouse about half a mile from her own house, whither she sent for her coach: she then drove together with her daughter to town; where soon after her arrival, she sent for the doctor, her usual privy-counsellor in all her affairs. They sat up all night together, the doctor endeavouring, by arguments and persuasions, to bring Mrs. Harris to reason; but all to no purpose, though, as he hath informed me, Miss Betty seconded him with the warmest entreaties.

Here Miss Matthews laughed; of which Booth begged to know the reason; she, at last, after many apologies, said, it was the first good thing she ever heard of Miss Betty: "Nay," said she, "and asking your pardon for my opinion of your sister, since you will have it, I always conceived her to be the deepest of hypocrites."

Booth fetched a sigh, and said, he was afraid she had not always acted so kindly;—and then after a little hesitation proceeded.

You will be pleased, Madam, to remember, the lad was sent with a verbal message to the doctor; which message was no more than to acquaint him

him where we were, and to desire the favour of his company, or that he would send a coach to bring us to whatever place he would please to meet us at. This message was to be delivered to the doctor himself, and the messenger was ordered, if he found him not at home, to go to him wherever he was. He fulfilled his orders, and told it to the doctor in the presence of Mrs. Harris.

‘Oh! the idiot,’ cries Miss Matthews. ‘Not at all,’ answered Booth: ‘he is a very sensible fellow, as you will perhaps say hereafter. He had not the least reason to suspect that any secrecy was necessary: for we took the utmost care he should not suspect it. Well, Madam, this accident, which appeared so unfortunate, turned in the highest degree to our advantage, Mrs. Harris no sooner heard the message delivered, than she fell into the most violent passion imaginable, and accused the doctor of being in the plot, and of having confederated with me in the design of carrying off her daughter.’

‘The doctor, who had hitherto used only soothing methods, now talked in a different strain. He confessed the accusation, and justified his conduct. He said, he was no meddler in the family affairs of others, nor should he have concerned himself with her’s, but at her own request; but that since Mrs. Harris herself had made him an agent in this matter, he would take care to acquit himself with honour, and above all things to preserve a young lady for whom he had the highest esteem: “For she is,” cries he, (and by heavens he said true!) “the most worthy, generous and noble, of all human beings. You have yourself, Madam,” said he, “consented to the match. I have, at your request, made the match;”—and then he added some particulars relating to his opinion of me, which my modesty forbids me to repeat.’—‘Nay, but,’ cries Miss Matthews, ‘I insist on your conquest of that modesty for once. We women do not love to hear one another’s praises, and I will be made amends by hearing the praises of a man, and of a man whom, perhaps,’ added she, with a leer, ‘I shall not think much the bet-

ter of upon that account.’—‘In obedience to your commands then, Madam,’ continued he, ‘the doctor was so kind to say, he had enquired into my character, and had found that I had been a dutiful son, and an affectionate brother. “Relations,” said he, “in which, whoever discharges his duty well, gives us a well-grounded hope, that he will behave as properly in all the rest.” He concluded with saying, that Amelia’s happiness, her heart, nay, her very reputation, were all concerned in this matter, to which, as he had been made instrumental, he was resolved to carry her through it; and then taking the licence from his pocket, declared to Mrs. Harris, that he would go that instant and marry her daughter wherever he found her. This speech, the doctor’s voice, his look, and his behaviour, all which are sufficiently calculated to inspire awe, and even terror, when he pleases, frightened poor Mrs. Harris, and wrought a more sensible effect than it was in his power to produce by all his arguments and entreaties; and I have already related what followed.’

‘Thus the strange accident of our wanting pen, ink, and paper, and our not trusting the boy with our secret, occasioned the discovery to Mrs. Harris: that discovery put the doctor upon his metal, and produced that blessed event which I have recounted to you, and which as my mother hath since confessed, nothing but the spirit which he had exerted after the discovery, could have brought about.’

‘Well, Madam, you now see me married to Amelia; in which situation you will, perhaps, think my happiness incapable of addition. Perhaps it was so; and yet I can with truth say, that the love which I then bore Amelia, was not comparable to what I bear her now.’—‘Happy Amelia!’ cried Miss Matthews. ‘If all men were like you, all women would be blessed; nay, the whole world would be so in a great measure: for upon my soul, I believe, that from the damned inconstancy of your sex to ours, proceeds half the miseries of mankind.’

That

That we may give the reader leisure to consider well the foregoing sentiment, we will here put an end to this chapter.

C H A P. VIII.

IN WHICH OUR READERS WILL PROBABLY BE DIVIDED IN THEIR OPINION OF MR. BOOTH'S CONDUCT.

BOOTH proceeded as follows:

'The first months of our marriage produced nothing remarkable enough to mention. I am sure I need not tell Miss Matthews that I found in my Amelia every perfection of human nature. Mrs. Harris at first gave us some little uneasiness. She had rather yielded to the doctor, than given a willing consent to the match; however, by degrees, she became more and more satisfied, and at last seemed perfectly reconciled. This we ascribed a good deal to the kind offices of Miss Betty, who had always appeared to be my friend. She had been greatly assisting to Amelia in making her escape, which I had no opportunity of mentioning to you before, and in all things behaved so well, outwardly at least, to myself as well as her sister, that we regarded her as our sincerest friend.

'About half a year after our marriage, two additional companies were added to our regiment, in one of which I was preferred to the command of a lieutenant. Upon this occasion, Miss Betty gave the first intimation of a disposition which we have since too severely experienced.'

'Your servant, Sir,' says Miss Matthews, 'then I find I was not mistaken in my opinion of the lady. No, no, shew me any goodness in a censorious prude, and—'

As Miss Matthews hesitated for a simile or an execration, Booth proceeded: 'You will please to remember, Madam, there was formerly an agreement between myself and Mrs. Harris, that I should settle all my Amelia's fortune on her, except a certain sum, which was to be laid out in my advancement in the army; but as our marriage was carried on in the manner you have heard, no

'such agreement was ever executed. And since I was become Amelia's husband, not a word of this matter was ever mentioned by the old lady; and as for myself, I declare I had not yet awakened from that delicious dream of bliss in which the possession of Amelia had lulled me.'

Here Miss Matthews sighed, and cast the tenderest of looks on Booth, who thus continued his story:

'Soon after my promotion, Mrs. Harris one morning took an occasion to speak to me on this affair. She said, that as I had been promoted gratis to a lieutenantancy, she would assist me with money to carry me yet a step higher: and if more was required than was formerly mentioned, it should not be wanting, since she was so perfectly satisfied with my behaviour to her daughter. Adding, that she hoped I had still the same inclination to settle on my wife the remainder of her fortune.

'I answered with very warm acknowledgments of my mother's goodness; and declared, if I had the world, I was ready to lay it at my Amelia's feet. And so, Heaven knows, I would ten thousand worlds.

'Mrs. Harris seemed pleased with the warmth of my sentiments, and said, she would immediately send to her lawyer and give him the necessary orders; and thus ended our conversation on this subject.

'From this time there was a very visible alteration in Miss Betty's behaviour. She grew reserved to her sister as well as to me. She was fretful and captious on the slightest occasion: nay, she affected much to talk on the ill consequences of an imprudent marriage, especially before her mother; and if ever any little tenderness or endearments escaped me in public towards Amelia, she never failed to make some malicious remark on the short duration of violent passions; and when I have expressed a fond sentiment for my wife, her sister would kindly wish she might hear as much seven years hence.

'All these matters have been since suggested to us by reflection: for while they actually passed, both Amelia and myself had our thoughts too

‘ too happily engaged to take notice of what discovered itself in the mind of any other person.

‘ Unfortunately for us, Mrs. Harris’s lawyer happened at this time to be at London, where business detained him upwards of a month; and as Mrs. Harris would on no occasion employ any other, our affair was under an entire suspension till his return.

‘ Amelia, who was now big with child, had often expressed the deepest concern at her apprehensions of my being some time commanded abroad; a circumstance which she declared, if it should ever happen to her, even though she should not then be in the same situation as at present, would infallibly break her heart. These remonstrances were made with such tenderness, and so much affected me, that to avoid any probability of such an event, I endeavoured to get an exchange into the horse-guards, a body of troops which very rarely goes abroad, unless where the king himself commands in person. I soon found an officer for my purpose, the terms were agreed on, and Mrs. Harris had ordered the money which I was to pay to be ready, notwithstanding the opposition made by Miss Betty, who openly dissuaded her mother from it; alledging that the exchange was highly to my disadvantage; that I could never hope to rise in the army after it; not forgetting, at the same time, some insinuations very prejudicial to my reputation as a soldier.

‘ When every thing was agreed on, and the two commissions were actually made out, but not signed by the king; one day, at my return from hunting, Amelia flew to me, and eagerly embracing me, cried out, “ O Billy, I have news for you, which delights my soul. Nothing sure was ever so fortunate as the exchange you have made. The regiment you was formerly in is ordered for Gibraltar.”

‘ I received this news with far less transport than it was delivered. I answered coldly, since the case was so, I heartily hoped the commissions might be both signed. “ What do you say!” replied Amelia eagerly: “ sure you told me every thing was

“ entirely settled. That look of yours frightens me to death.”—But I am running into too minute particulars. In short, I received a letter by that very post, from the officer with whom I had exchanged, insisting, that though his majesty had not signed the commissions, that still the bargain was valid, partly urging it as a right, and partly desiring it as a favour, that he might go to Gibraltar in my room.

‘ This letter convinced me in every point. I was now informed that the commissions were not signed, and consequently that the exchange was not completed. Of consequence the other could have no right to insist on going; and as for granting him such a favour, I too clearly saw I must do it at the expence of my honour. I was now reduced to a dilemma, the most dreadful which I think any man can experience; in which I am not ashamed to own, I found love was not so overmatched by honour as he ought to have been. The thoughts of leaving Amelia, in her present condition, to misery, perhaps to death or madness, were insupportable; nor could any other consideration but that which now tormented me on the other side, have combated them a moment.

‘ No woman upon earth,” cries Miss Matthews, “ can despise want of spirit in a man more than myself; and yet I cannot help thinking you was rather too nice on this occasion.”

‘ You will allow, Madam,” answered Booth, “ that whoever offends against the laws of honour in the least instance, is treated as the highest delinquent. Here is no excuse, no pardon; and he doth nothing who leaves any thing undone. But if the conflict was so terrible with myself alone, what was my situation in the presence of Amelia! how could I support her sighs, her tears, her agonies, her despair! could I bear to think myself the cruel cause of her sufferings, for so I was! could I endure the thought of having it in my power to give her instant relief, for so it was, and refuse it her!

‘ Miss Betty was now again become my friend. She had scarce been civil to me for a fortnight last past, yet now she commended me to the skies, and

and as severely blamed her sister, whom she arraigned of the most contemptible weakness, in preferring my safety to my honour; she said many ill-natured things on the occasion, which I shall not now repeat. In the midst of this hurricane, the good doctor came to dine with Mrs. Harris, and at my desire delivered his opinion on the matter.

Here Mr. Booth was interrupted in his narrative, by the arrival of a person whom we shall introduce in the next chapter.

CHAP. IX.

CONTAINING A SCENE OF A DIFFERENT KIND FROM ANY OF THE PRECEDING.

THE gentleman who now arrived was the keeper; or, if you please, (for so he pleased to call himself) the governor of the prison.

He used so little ceremony at his approach, that the bolt, which was very slight on the inside, gave way, and the door immediately flew open: He had no sooner entered the room than he acquainted Miss Matthews that he had brought her very good news, for which he demanded a bottle of wine as his due.

This demand being complied with, he acquainted Miss Matthews that the wounded gentleman was not dead, nor was his wound thought to be mortal; that loss of blood, and, perhaps, his fright, had occasioned his fainting away; 'but I believe, Madam,' said he, 'if you take the proper measures, you may be bailed to-morrow, I expect the lawyer here this evening, and if you put the business into his hands, I warrant it will be done. Money to be sure must be parted with, that is to be sure. People to be sure will expect to touch a little in such cases. For my own part, I never desire to keep a prisoner longer than the law allows, not I; I always inform them they can be bailed as soon as I know it. I never make any bargain, not I; I always love to leave those things to the gentlemen and ladies themselves. I never suspect gentlemen and ladies of wanting generosity.'

Miss Matthews made a very slight answer to all these friendly professions.

She said she had done nothing she repented of, and was indifferent as to the event. 'All I can say,' cries she, 'is, that if the wretch is alive, there is no greater villain in life than himself;' and instead of mentioning any thing of the bail, she begged the keeper to leave her again alone with Mr. Booth. The keeper replied, 'Nay, Madam, perhaps it may be better to stay a little longer here, if you have not bail ready, than to buy them too dear. Besides, a day or two hence, when the gentleman is past all danger of recovery, to be sure some folks that would expect an extraordinary fee now, cannot expect to touch any thing. And to be sure you shall want nothing here. The best of all things are to be had here for money, both eatable and drinkable; though I say it, I shan't turn my back to any of the taverns for either eatables or wind. The captain there need not have been so shy of owning himself when he first came in; we have had captains and other great gentlemen here before now; and no shame to them, though I say it. Many a great gentleman is sometimes found in places that don't become them half so well; let me tell them that, Captain Booth, let me tell them that.'

'I see, Sir,' answered Booth a little discomposed, 'that you are acquainted with my title as well as my name.'

'Aye, Sir,' cries the keeper, 'and I honour you the more for it. I love the gentlemen of the army. I was in the army myself formerly; in the Lord of Oxford's horse. It is true I rode private; but I had money enough to have bought in quarter-master, when I took it into my head to marry, and my wife she did not like that I should continue a soldier, she was all for a private life; and so I came to this business.'

'Upon my word, Sir,' answered Booth, 'you consulted your wife's inclinations very notably; but pray, will you satisfy my curiosity in telling me how you became acquainted that I was in the army? for my dress, I think, could not betray me.'

'Betray,' replied the keeper, 'there is no betraying here, I hope; I am not a person to betray people. But you are so shy and peery, you would almost make one suspect there was

' more in the matter. And if there be, I promise you, you need not be afraid of telling it me. You will excuse me giving you a hint; but the sooner the better, that's all. Others may be before-hand with you, and first come first served on these occasions, that's all. Informers are odious, there is no doubt of that, and no one would care to be an informer if he could help it, because of the ill usage they always receive from the mob; yet it is dangerous to trust too much; and when safety and a good part of the reward too are on one side, and the gallows on the other, I know which a wise man would chuse.'

' What the devil do you mean by all this?' cries Booth.

' No offence, I hope,' answered the keeper; ' I speak for your good, and if you have been upon the snaffling lay—you understand me, I am sure.'

' Not I,' answered Booth, ' upon my honour.'

' Nay, nay,' replied the keeper, with a contemptuous sneer, ' if you are so peery as that comes to, you must take the consequence. But for my part, I know I would not trust Robinson with two-pence untold.'

' What do you mean?' cries Booth: ' who is Robinson?'

' And you don't know Robinson?' answered the keeper with great emotion. To which Booth replying in the negative; the keeper, after some tokens of amazement, cried out, ' Well, captain, I must say you are the best at it, of all the gentlemen I ever saw. However, I will tell you this: the lawyer and Mr. Robinson have been laying their heads together about you above half an hour this afternoon. I overheard them mention Captain Booth several times; and for my part, I would not answer that Mr. Murphy is not now gone about the business; but if you will impeach any to me of the road, or any thing else, I will step away to his worship Thrasher this instant, and I am sure I have interest enough with him to get you admitted an evidence.'

' And so,' cries Booth, ' you really take me for a highwayman?'

' No offence, captain, I hope,' said the keeper: ' as times go, there are many worse men in the world than

those. Gentlemen may be driven to distress, and when they are, I know no more genteeler way than the road. It hath been many a brave man's case, to my knowledge, and men of as much honour too as any in the world.'

' Well, Sir,' said Booth, ' I assure you, I am not that gentleman of honour you imagine me.'

Miss Matthews, who had long understood the keeper no better than Mr. Booth, no sooner heard his meaning explained, than she was fired with greater indignation than the gentleman had expressed. ' How dare you, Sir,' said she to the keeper, ' insult a man of fashion, and who hath had the honour to bear his majesty's commission in the army, as you yourself own you know? If his misfortunes have sent him hither, sure we have no laws that will protect such a fellow as you in insulting him?'—' Fellow!' muttered the keeper: ' I would not advise you, Madam, to use such language to me.'—' Do you dare threaten me!' replied Miss Matthews in a rage: ' venture in the least instance to exceed your authority, with regard to me, and I will prosecute you with the utmost vengeance.'

A scene of very high altercation now ensued, till Booth interposed, and quieted the keeper, who was, perhaps, enough inclined to an accommodation; for, in truth, he waged unequal war. He was, besides, unwilling to incense Miss Matthews, whom he expected to be bailed out the next day, and who had more money left than he intended she should carry out of the prison with her; and as for any violent or unjustifiable methods, the lady had discovered much too great a spirit to be in danger of them. The governor, therefore, in a very gentle tone, declared, that if he had given any offence to the gentleman, he heartily asked his pardon; that if he had known him to be really a captain, he should not have entertained any such suspicions; but that captain was a very common title in that place, and belonged to several gentlemen that had never been in the army, or at most had rid private like himself. ' To be sure, captain,' said he, ' as you yourself own, your dress is not very military;' (for he had on a plain fustian suit) ' and besides, as the lawyer says, *noscitur a sociis* is a very good rule. And I don't believe there is a greater rascal upon

earth

‘earth than that same Robinson that I was talking of. Nay, I assure you, I wish there may be no mischief hatching against you. But if there is, I will do all I can with the lawyer to prevent it. To be sure Mr. Murphy is one of the cleverest men in the world at the law; that even his enemies must own: and as I recommend him to all the business I can, (and it is not a little, to be sure, that arises in this place) why one good turn deserves another. And I may expect that he will not be concerned in any plot to ruin any friend of mine; at least, when I desire him not. I am sure he could not be an honest man if he would.’

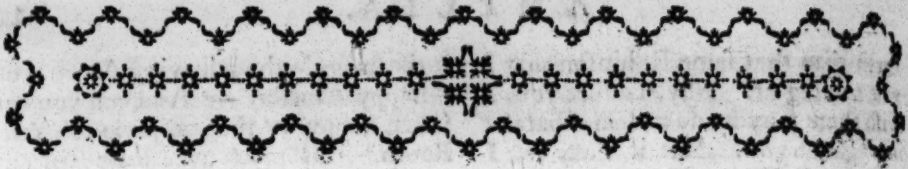
Booth was then satisfied that Mr. Robinson, whom he did not yet know by name, was the gamester who had won his money at play. And now, Miss Matthews, who had very impatiently borne this long interruption, prevailed on the keeper to withdraw. As soon as he was gone, Mr. Booth began to felicitate her upon the news of the wounded gentleman being in a fair likelihood of recovery. To which, after a short silence, she answered, ‘There is something, perhaps, which you will not easily guess, that makes your congratulations more agreeable to me than the first account I heard of the villain’s having escaped the fate he deserves: for, I do assure you, at first, it did not make me amends for the interruption of my curiosity. Now, I hope, we shall be disturbed no more, till you have finished your whole story. — You left off, I think, somewhere in

‘the struggle about leaving Amelia, the happy Amelia.’—‘And can you call her happy at such a period?’ cries Booth. ‘Happy! aye, happy in any situation,’ answered Miss Matthews, ‘with such a husband. I, at least, may well think so, who have experienced the very reverse of her fortune; but I was not born to be happy. I may say with the poet:

‘The blackest ink of fate was sure my lot,
‘And when fate writ my name, it made a blot.’

‘Nay, nay, dear Miss Matthews,’ answered Booth, ‘you must and shall banish such gloomy thoughts. Fate hath, I hope, many happy days in store for you.’—‘Do you believe it, Mr. Booth,’ replied she; ‘indeed you know the contrary—you must know—for you can’t have forgot. No Amelia in the world can have quite obliterated—forgetfulness is not in our own power: if it was, indeed, I have reason to think—But I know not what I am saying. Pray, do proceed in that story.’

Booth so immediately complied with this request, that it is possible he was pleased with it. To say the truth, if all which unwittingly dropt from Miss Matthews was put together, some conclusions might, it seems, be drawn from the whole, which could not convey a very agreeable idea to a constant husband. Booth therefore proceeded to relate what is written in the third book of this history.



A M E L I A,

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

IN WHICH MR. BOOTH RESUMES
HIS STORY.



I am not mistaken, Ma-
dam,' continued Booth,
'I was just going to ac-
quaint you with the doc-
tor's opinion, when we
were interrupted by the
keeper.

'The doctor having heard counsel on
both sides, that is to say, Mrs. Har-
ris for my staying, and Miss Betty for
my going, at last delivered his own
sentiments. As for Amelia, she sat
silent, drowned in her tears; nor was
I myself in a much better situation.
"As the commissions are not signed,"
said the doctor, "I think you may
be said to remain in your former
regiment; and therefore I think you
ought to go on this expedition: your
duty to your king and country, whose
bread you have eaten, requires it; and
this is a duty of too high a nature to
admit the least deficiency. Regard
to your character likewise requires
you to go; for the world, which
might justly blame your staying at
home if the case was even fairly
stated, will not deal so honestly by
you: you must expect to have every
circumstance against you heightened,
and most of what makes for your de-
fence omitted; and thus you will be
stigmatized as a coward, without any

palliation. As the malicious dispo-
sition of mankind is too well known,
and the cruel pleasure which they
take in destroying the reputations of
others; the use we are to make of
this knowledge is to afford no handle
to reproach: for, bad as the world
is, it seldom falls on any man who
hath not given some slight cause for
censure, though this, perhaps, is often
aggravated ten thousand fold; and
when we blame the malice of the ag-
gravation, we ought not to forget
our own imprudence in giving the
occasion. Remember, my boy, your
honour is at stake; and you know
how nice the honour of a soldier is
in these cases. This is a treasure,
which he must be your enemy in-
deed who would attempt to rob you
of. Therefore you ought to con-
sider every one as your enemy, who,
by desiring you to stay, would rob
you of your honour."

"Do you hear that, sister?" cries
Miss Betty. "Yes, I do hear it,"
answered Amelia, with more spirit
than I ever saw her exert before,
and would preserve his honour at
the expence of my life. I will pre-
serve it, if it should be at that ex-
pence; and since it is Dr. Harrison's
opinion that he ought to go, I give
my consent.—Go, my dear hus-
band," cried she, falling upon her
knees; "may every angel of Heaven
guard and preserve you."—I can-
not repeat her words without being
affected," said he, wiping his eyes:
the

the excellence of that woman, no words can paint: Miss Matthews, she hath every perfection in human nature.

I will not tire you with the repetition of any more that pass on that occasion; nor with the quarrel that ensued between Mrs. Harris and the doctor; for the old lady could not submit to my leaving her daughter in her present condition. She fell severely on the army, and cursed the day in which her daughter was married to a soldier, not sparing the doctor for having had some share in the match. I will omit likewise the tender scene which pass between Amelia and myself previous to my departure.

Indeed, I beg you would not, cries Miss Matthews; nothing delights me more than scenes of tenderness. I should be glad to know, if possible, every syllable which was uttered on both sides.

I will indulge you then, cries Booth, as far as is in my power. Indeed, I believe, I am able to recollect much the greatest part; for the impression is never to be effaced from my memory.

He then proceeded as Miss Matthews desired; but lest all our readers should not be of her opinion, we will, according to our usual custom, endeavour to accommodate ourselves to every taste, and shall therefore place this scene in a chapter by itself, which we desire all our readers who do not love, or who perhaps do not know the pleasure of tenderness, to pass over; since they may do this without any prejudice to the thread of the narrative.

CH A P. II.

CONTAINING A SCENE OF THE
TENDER KIND.

THE doctor, Madam, continued Booth, spent his evening at Mrs. Harris's house, where I sat with him whilst he smoked his pillow pipe, as his phrase is. Amelia was retired above half an hour to her chamber, before I went to her. At my entrance I found her on her knees; a posture in which I never disturbed her. In a few minutes she arose, came to me, and embracing me, said, she had been

praying for resolution to support the cruellest moment she had ever undergone, or could possibly undergo. I reminded her how much more bitter a farewell would be on a death-bed, when we never could meet, in this world at least, again. I then endeavoured to lessen all those objects which alarmed her most, and particularly the danger I was to encounter; upon which head I seemed a little to comfort her. But the probable length of my absence, and the certain length of my voyage, were circumstances which no oratory of mine could even palliate. "Oh, heavens!" said she, bursting into tears, "can I bear to think that hundreds, thousands for aught I know, of miles or leagues, that lands and seas are between us! What is the prospect from that mount in our garden, where I have sat so many happy hours with my Billy? what is the distance between that and the farthest hill which we see from thence, compared to the distance which will be between us? You cannot wonder at this idea; you must remember, my Billy, at this place, this very thought came formerly into my foreboding mind. I then begged you to leave the army: why would you not comply? Did I not tell you then, that the smallest cottage we could survey from the mount, would be with you a paradise to me: it would be so still; why can't my Billy think so? Am I so much his superior in love? Where is the difference, Billy; or if there be any, will it reach our ears in our little hut? Are glory and fame, and not his Amelia, the happiness of my husband? Go then, purchase them at my expence. You will pay a few sighs, perhaps a few tears at parting, and then new scenes will drive away the thoughts of poor Amelia from your bosom; but what assistance shall I have in my affliction? Not that any change of scene could drive you one moment from my remembrance; yet here every object I behold will place your loved idea in the liveliest manner before my eyes. This is the bed in which you have reposed; that is the chair on which you sat: upon these boards you have stood; these books you have read to me. Can I walk among our beds of flowers, without

“without viewing your favourites; nay, those which you have planted with your own hands? Can I see one beauty from our beloved mount, which you have not pointed out to me?” Thus she went on; the woman, Madam, you see, still prevailing.—“Since you mention it,” says Miss Matthews, with a smile, “I own the same observation occurred to me. It is too natural to us to consider ourselves only, Mr. Booth.”—“You shall hear,” he cried. “At last, the thoughts of her present condition suggested themselves. “But if,” said she, “my situation, even in health, will be so intolerable, how shall I, in the danger and agonies of child-birth, support your absence!” Here she stopped, and looking on me with all the tenderness imaginable, cried out, “And am I then such a wretch, to wish for your presence at such a season! Ought I not to rejoice that you are out of the hearing of my cries, or the knowledge of my pains! if I die, will you not have escaped the horrors of a parting ten thousand times more dreadful than this! Go, go, my Billy; the very circumstance which made me most dread your departure, hath perfectly reconciled me to it. I perceive clearly now that I was only wishing to support my own weakness with your strength, and to relieve my own pains at the price of yours. Believe me, my love, I am ashamed of myself.” I caught her in my arms with raptures not to be expressed in words, called her my heroine; sure none ever better deserved that name; after which we remained for some time speechless, and locked in each other’s embraces.—“I am convinced,” said Miss Matthews, with a sigh, “there are moments in life worth purchasing with worlds.”

“At length the fatal morning came. I endeavoured to hide every pang of my heart, and to wear the utmost gaiety in my countenance. Amelia acted the same part. In these assumed characters we met the family at breakfast; at their breakfast, I mean, for we were both full already. The doctor had spent above an hour that morning in discourse with Mrs. Harris, and had in some measure reconciled her to my departure. He

now made use of every art to relieve the poor distressed Amelia; not by inveighing against the folly of grief, or by seriously advising her not to grieve; both which were sufficiently performed by Miss Betty. The doctor, on the contrary, had recourse to every means which might cast a veil over the idea of grief, and raise comfortable images in my angel’s mind. He endeavoured to lessen the supposed length of my absence, by discoursing on matters which were more distant in time. He said, he intended next year to rebuild a part of his parsonage-house; “and you, captain,” says he, “shall lay the corner-stone, I promise you:” with many other instances of the like nature; which produced, I believe, some good effect on us both.

Amelia spoke but little; indeed, more tears than words dropt from her: however, she seemed resolved to bear her affliction with resignation. But when the dreadful news arrived, that the horses were ready, and I, having taken my leave of all the rest, at last approached her, she was unable to support the conflict with nature any longer; and clinging round my neck, she cried, “Farewel, farewell for ever; for I shall never, never, see you more!” At which words the blood entirely forsook her lovely cheeks, and she became a lifeless corpse in my arms.

Amelia continued so long motionless, that the doctor, as well as Mrs. Harris, began to be under the most terrible apprehensions: so they informed me afterwards; for at that time I was incapable of making any observation. I had indeed very little more use of my senses than the dear creature whom I supported. At length, however, we were all delivered from our fears; and life again visited the loveliest mansion that human nature ever afforded it.

I had been, and yet was, so terrified with what had happened, and Amelia continued yet so weak and ill, that I determined, whatever might be the consequence, not to leave her that day: which resolution she was no sooner acquainted with, than she fell on her knees, crying, “Good Heaven, I thank thee for this reprieve at least. Oh! that every hour

“of

"of my future life could be crammed
"into this dear day."

"Our good friend the doctor remain-
"ed with us. He said, he had in-
"tended to visit a family in some afflic-
"tion; "but I don't know," says he,
"why I should ride a dozen miles af-
"ter affliction, when we have enough
"here." Of all mankind, the doctor is
"the best of comforters. As his excessive
"good-nature makes him take vast de-
"light in the office; so his great penetra-
"tion into the human mind, joined to
"his great experience, renders him the
"most wonderful proficient in it; and
"he so well knows when to sooth, when
"to reason, and when to ridicule, that
"he never applies any of those arts
"improperly, which is almost univer-
"sally the case with the physicians
"of the mind, and which it requires
"very great judgment and dexterity to
"avoid."

"The doctor principally applied
"himself to ridiculing the dangers of
"the siege, in which he succeeded so
"well, that he sometimes forced a
"smile even into the face of Amelia.
"But what most comforted her, were
"the arguments he used to convince
"her of the probability of my speedy,
"if not immediate return. He said,
"the general opinion was, that the
"place would be taken before our ar-
"rival there: in which case, we should
"have nothing more to do, than to make
"the best of our way home again."

"Amelia was so lulled by these arts,
"that she passed the day much better
"than I expected. Though the doc-
"tor could not make pride strong en-
"ough to conquer love; yet, he ex-
"alted the former to make some stand
"against the latter; inasmuch, that
"my poor Amelia, I believe more than
"once, flattered herself, to speak the
"language of the world, that her rea-
"son had gained an entire victory over
"her passion; till love brought up a
"reinforcement, if I may use that term,
"of tender ideas, and bore down all
"before him."

"In the evening, the doctor and I
"passed another half hour together,
"when he proposed to me to endeavour
"to leave Amelia asleep in the morn-
"ing, and promised me to be at hand
"when she awaked, and to support her
"with all the assistance in his power."

"He added, that nothing was more
"foolish, than for friends to take leave
"of each other. "It is true, indeed,"
"says he, "in the common acquaint-
"ance and friendship of the world,
"this is a very harmless ceremony;
"but between two persons who really
"love each other, the church of Rome
"never invented a penance half so se-
"vere as this, which we absurdly im-
"pose on ourselves."

"I greatly approved the doctor's pro-
"posal; thanked him; and promised,
"if possible, to put it in execution. He
"then shook me by the hand, and hearti-
"ly wished me well: saying, in his blunt
"way: "Well, boy, I hope to see
"thee crowned with laurels at thy re-
"turn. One comfort I have, at least,
"that stone walls and a sea will pre-
"vent thee from running away."

"When I had left the doctor, I re-
"paired to my Amelia, whom I found
"in her chamber, employed in a very
"different manner from what she had
"been the preceding night; she was
"busy in packing up some trinkets in
"a casket, which she desired me to
"carry with me. This casket was her
"own work, and she had just fastened
"it as I came to her."

"Her eyes very plainly discovered
"what had passed while she was en-
"gaged in her work; however, her
"countenance was now serene, and she
"spoke, at least with some cheerfulness.
"But after some time, "You must
"take care of this casket, Billy," said
"she; "you must indeed, Billy—
"for—" Here passion almost choked
"her, till a flood of tears gave her re-
"lief, and then she proceeded—"for I
"shall be the happiest woman that ever
"was born, when I see it again."—I
"told her, with the blessing of God
"that day would soon come. "Soon!"
"answered she, "no, Billy, not soon;
"a week is an age—but yet the happy
"day may come. It shall, it must,
"it will! Yes, Billy, we shall meet,
"never to part again—even in this
"world, I hope."—Pardon my weak-
"ness, Miss Matthews; but upon my
"soul, I cannot help it;" cried he,
"wiping his eyes. "Well, I wonder at
"your patience, and I will try it no
"longer—Amelia, tired out with so
"long a struggle between variety of
"passions, and having not closed her
"eyes

“ eyes during three successive nights, towards the morning fell into a profound sleep. In which sleep I left her—and having dressed myself with all the expedition imaginable, singing, whistling, hurrying, attempting by every method to banish thought, I mounted my horse, which I had over-night ordered to be ready, and galloped away from that house where all my treasure was deposited.

“ Thus, Madam, I have, in obedience to your commands, run through a scene, which, if it hath been tiresome to you, you must yet acquit me of having obtruded upon you. This I am convinced of, that no one is capable of tasting such a scene, who hath not a heart full of tenderness; and perhaps not even then, unless he hath been in the same situation.”

C H A P. III.

IN WHICH MR. BOOTH SETS FORWARD ON HIS JOURNEY.

“ **W**ELL, Madam, we have now taken our leave of Amelia. I rode a full mile before I once suffered myself to look back; but now being come to the top of a little hill, the last spot I knew which could give me a prospect of Mrs. Harris’s house, my resolution failed; I stopped and cast my eyes backward. Shall I tell you what I felt at that instant! I do assure you I am not able. So many tender ideas crowded at once into my mind, that, if I may use the expression, they almost dissolved my heart. And now, Madam, the most unfortunate accident came first into my head. This was, that I had in the hurry and confusion left the dear casket behind me. The thought of going back at first suggested itself; but the consequences of that were too apparent. I therefore resolved to send my man, and in the mean time to ride on softly on my road. He immediately executed my orders, and after some time, feeding my eyes with that delicious, and yet heart-felt prospect, I at last turned my horse to descend the hill, and proceeded about a hundred yards, when, considering with myself, that I should lose no time by a second indulgence, I again turned back, and once more

“ feasted my sight with the same painful pleasure, till my man returned, bringing me the casket, and an account that Amelia still continued in the sweet sleep I left her. I now suddenly turned my horse for the last time, and with the utmost resolution pursued my journey.

“ I perceived my man at his return. But before I mention any thing of him, it may be proper, Madam, to acquaint you who he was. He was the foster-brother of my Amelia. This young fellow had taken it into his head to go into the army; and he was desirous to serve under my command. The doctor consented to discharge him; his mother at last yielded to his importunities; and I was very easily prevailed on to list one of the handsomest young fellows in England.

“ You will easily believe I had some little partiality to one whose milk Amelia had sucked; but as he had never seen the regiment, I had no opportunity to shew him any great mark of favour. Indeed, he waited on me as my servant; and I treated him with all the tenderness which can be used to one in that station.

“ When I was about to change into the horse-guards, the poor fellow began to droop, fearing that he should no longer be in the same corps with me; though certainly that would not have been the case. However, he had never mentioned one word of his dissatisfaction. He is, indeed, a fellow of a noble spirit; but when he heard that I was to remain where I was, and that we were to go to Gibraltar together, he fell into transports of joy little short of madness. In short, the poor fellow had imbibed a very strong affection for me; though this was what I knew nothing of till long after.

“ When he returned to me then, as I was saying, with the casket, I observed his eyes all over blubbered with tears. I rebuked him a little too rashly on this occasion. “Heyday!” says I, “what is the meaning of this; I hope I have not a milk-sop with me. If I thought you would shew such a face to the enemy, I would leave you behind.”—“Your honour need not fear that,” answered he; “I shall find nobody there that I shall love well enough to make me

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"cry." I was highly pleased with this answer, in which I thought I could discover both sense and spirit. I then asked him what had occasioned those tears since he had left me; (for he had no sign of any at that time) and whether he had seen his mother at Mrs. Harris's. He answered in the negative, and begged that I would ask him no more questions; adding, that he was not very apt to cry, and he hoped he should never give me such another opportunity of blaming him. I mention this only as an instance of his affection towards me; for I never could account for those tears, any otherwise than by placing them to the account of that distress in which he had left me at that time. We travelled full forty miles that day, without baiting; when arriving at the inn where I intended to rest that night, I retired immediately to my chamber, with my dear Amelia's casket, the opening of which was the nicest repast, and to which every other hunger gave way.

It is impossible to mention to you all the little matters with which Amelia had furnished this casket. It contained medicines of all kinds, which her mother, who was the Lady Bountiful of that country, had supplied her with. The most valuable of all to me was a lock of her dear hair, which I have from that time to this worn in my bosom. What would I have then given for a little picture of my dear angel, which she had lost from her chamber about a month before, and which we had the highest reason in the world to imagine her sister had taken away! for the suspicion lay only between her and Amelia's maid, who was of all creatures the honestest, and whom her mistress had often trusted with things of much greater value: for the picture which was set in gold, and had two or three little diamonds round it, was worth about twelve guineas only; whereas Amelia left jewels in her care of much greater value.

"Sure," cries Miss Matthews, "she could not be such a poultry pilferer." "Not on account of the gold or the jewels," cries Booth. "We imputed it to mere spite, with which I assure you she abounds; and she knew that

next to Amelia herself, there was nothing which I valued so much as this little picture: for such a resemblance did it bear to the original, that Hogarth himself did never, I believe, draw a stronger likeness. Spite therefore was the only motive to this cruel depredation; and indeed her behaviour on the occasion sufficiently convinced us both of the justice of our suspicion, though we neither of us durst accuse her; and she herself had the assurance to insist very strongly (though she could not prevail) with Amelia to turn away her innocent maid, saying, she would not live in the house with a thief."

Miss Matthews now discharged some curses on Miss Betty, not much worth repeating, and then Mr. Booth proceeded in his relation.

C H A P. IV.

A SEA-PIECE.

THE next day we joined the regiment, which was soon after to embark. Nothing but mirth and jollity were in the countenance of every other officer and soldier; and as I now met several friends whom I had not seen for above a year before, I passed several happy hours, in which poor Amelia's image seldom obtruded itself to interrupt my pleasure. To confess the truth, dear Miss Matthews, the tenderest of passions is capable of subsiding; nor is absence from our dearest friends so unsupportable as it may at first appear. Distance of time and place do really cure what they seem to aggravate; and taking leave of our friends resembles taking leave of the world; concerning which, it hath been often said, that it is not death, but dying, which is terrible. Here Miss Matthews burst into a fit of laughter, and cried, "I sincerely ask your pardon; but I cannot help laughing at the gravity of your philosophy." Booth answered, that the doctrine of the passions had been always his favourite study; that he was convinced every man acted entirely from that passion which was uppermost: "Can I then think," said he, "without entertaining the utmost contempt for myself, that any pleasure upon earth could drive the

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'thoughts

thoughts of Amelia one instant from my mind.

At length we embarked on board a transport, and sailed for Gibraltar: but the wind, which was at first fair, soon chopped about; so that we were obliged for several days, to beat to windward, as the sea phrase is. During this time, the taste which I had of a sea-faring life did not appear extremely agreeable. We rolled up and down in a little narrow cabin, in which were three officers, all of us extremely sea-sick; our sickness being much aggravated by the motion of the ship, by the view of each other, and by the stench of the men. But this was but a little taste indeed of the misery which was to follow: for we were got about six leagues to the westward of Scilly, when a violent storm arose at north-east, which soon raised the waves to the height of mountains. The horror of this is not to be adequately described to those who have never seen the like. The storm began in the evening, and as the clouds brought on the night apace, it was soon entirely dark; nor had we, during many hours, any other light than what was caused by the jarring elements, which frequently sent forth flashes, or rather streams of fire; and whilst these presented the most dreadful objects to our eyes, the roaring of the winds, and the dashing of the waves against the ship and each other, formed a sound altogether as horrible for our ears; while our ship, sometimes lifted up as it were to the skies, and sometimes swept away at once as into the lowest abyss, seemed to be the sport of the winds and seas. The captain himself almost gave all for lost, and expressed his apprehension of being inevitably cast on the rocks of Scilly, and beat to pieces. And now, while some on board were addressing themselves to the Supreme Being, and others applying for comfort to strong liquors, my whole thoughts were entirely engaged by my Amelia. A thousand tender ideas crowded into my mind. I can truly say, that I had not a single consideration about myself, in which she was not concerned. Dying to me was leaving her; and the fear of never seeing her more, was a dagger stuck in my heart. Again, all the

terrors with which this storm, if it reached her ears, must fill her gentle mind on my account, and the agonies which she must undergo, when she heard of my fate, gave me such intolerable pangs, that I now repented my resolution, and wished, I own I wished, that I had taken her advice, and preferred love and a cottage to all the dazzling charms of honour.

While I was tormenting myself with these meditations, and had concluded myself as certainly lost, the master came into the cabin, and with a cheerful voice, assured us that we had escaped the danger, and that we had certainly passed to the westward of the rock. This was comfortable news to all present; and my captain, who had been some time on his knees, leapt suddenly up, and testified his joy with a great oath.

A person unused to the sea would have been astonished at the satisfaction which now discovered itself in the master or in any on board: for the storm still raged with great violence, and the day-light which now appeared, presented us with sights of horror sufficient to terrify minds which were not absolute slaves to the passion of fear; but so great is the force of habit, that what inspires a landman with the highest apprehension of danger, gives not the least concern to a sailor, to whom rocks and quicksands are almost the only objects of terror.

The master, however, was a little mistaken in the present instance; for he had not left the cabin above an hour, before my man came running to me, and acquainted me that the ship was half full of water; that the sailors were going to hoist out the boat and save themselves, and begged me to come that moment along with him, as I tendered my preference. With this account, which was conveyed to me in a whisper, I acquainted both the captain and ensign; and we all together immediately mounted the deck, where we found the master making use of all his oratory to persuade the sailors, that the ship was in no danger; and at the same time employed all his authority to set the pumps agoing, which he assured them would keep the water under, and save his dear Lovely Peg-

gy, (for that was the name of the ship) which he swore he loved as dearly as his own soul.

Indeed this sufficiently appeared; for the leak was so great, and the water flowed in so plentifully, that his Lovely Peggy was half filled, before he could be brought to think of quitting her; but now the boat was brought along-side the ship; and the master himself, notwithstanding all his love for her, quitted his ship, and leapt into the boat. Every man present attempted to follow his example, when I heard the voice of my servant roaring forth my name in a kind of agony. I made directly to the ship side, but was too late: for the boat, being already over-laden, put directly off. And now, Madam, I am going to relate to you an instance of heroic affection in a poor fellow towards his master, to which love itself, even among persons of superior education, can produce but few similar instances. My poor man being unable to get me with him into the boat, leaped suddenly into the sea, and swam back to the ship; and when I gently rebuked him for his rashness, he answered, he chose rather to die with me, than to live to carry the account of my death to my Amelia; at the same time bursting into a flood of tears, he cried, "Good Heavens! what will that poor lady feel when she hears of this!" This tender concern for my dear love, endeared the poor fellow more to me than the gallant instance which he had just before given of his affection towards myself.

And now, Madam, my eyes were shocked with a sight, the horror of which can scarce be imagined: for the boat had scarce got four hundred yards from the ship, when it was swallowed up by the merciless waves, which now ran so high, that out of the number of persons which were in the boat, none recovered the ship; though many of them we saw miserably perish before our eyes, some of them very near us, without any possibility of giving them the least assistance.

But whatever we felt for them, we felt, I believe, more for ourselves, expecting every minute when we should share the same fate. Among the rest, one of our officers appeared

quite stupified with fear. I never indeed saw a more miserable example of the great power of that passion: I must not, however, omit doing him justice, by saying that I afterwards saw the same man behave well in an engagement, in which he was wounded. Though there, likewise, he was said to have betrayed the same passion of fear in his countenance.

The other of our officers was no less stupified (if I may so express myself) with fool-hardiness, and seemed almost insensible of his danger. To say the truth, I have, from this and some other instances which I have seen, been almost inclined to think, that the courage as well as cowardice of fools, proceeds from not knowing what is or what is not the proper object of fear: indeed, we may account for the extreme hardness of some men, in the same manner as for the terrors of children at a bugbear; the child knows not but that the bugbear is the proper object of fear, the blockhead knows not that a cannon-ball is so.

As to the remaining part of the ship's crew, and the soldiery, most of them were dead drunk; and the rest were endeavouring, as fast as they could, to prepare for death in the same manner.

In this dreadful situation we were taught that no human condition should inspire men with absolute despair: for as the storm had ceased for some time, the swelling of the sea began considerably to abate; and we now perceived the man of war which convoyed us, at no great distance astern. Those aboard her easily perceived our distress, and made towards us. When they came pretty near, they hoisted out two boats to our assistance. These no sooner approached the ship, than they were instantaneously filled, and I myself got a place in one of them, chiefly by the aid of my honest servant, of whose fidelity to me on all occasions I cannot speak or think too highly. Indeed I got into the boat so much the more easily, as a great number on board the ship were rendered by drink incapable of taking any care for themselves. There was time, however, for the boat to pass and re-pass; so that when we came to call

over names, three only, of all that remained in the ship after the loss of her own boat, were missing.

The captain, ensign, and myself, were received with many congratulations by our officers on board the man of war. The sea-officers too, all except the captain, paid us their compliments, though these were of the rougher kind, and not without several jokes on our escape. As for the captain himself, we scarce saw him during many hours; and when he appeared, he presented a view of majesty beyond any that I had ever seen. The dignity which he preserved, did indeed give me rather the idea of a Mogul, or a Turkish emperor, than of any of the monarchs of Christendom. To say the truth, I could resemble his walk on the deck to nothing but to the image of Captain Gulliver strutting among the Lilliputians; he seemed to think himself a being of an order superior to all around him, and more especially to us of the land service. Nay, such was the behaviour of all the sea-officers and sailors to us and our soldiers, that instead of appearing to be subjects of the same prince, engaged in one quarrel, and joined to support one cause; we landmen rather seemed to be captives on board an enemy's vessel. This is a grievous misfortune, and often proves so fatal to the service, that it is great pity some means could not be found of curing it.

Here Mr. Booth stopt a while, to take breath. We will therefore give the same refreshment to the reader.

C H A P. V.

THE ARRIVAL OF BOOTH AT GIBRALTAR, WITH WHAT THERE BEFEL HIM.

THE adventures,' continued Booth, 'which happened to me from this day till my arrival at Gibraltar, are not worth recounting to you. After a voyage, the remainder of which was tolerably prosperous, we arrived in that garrison, the natural strength of which is so well known to the whole world,

About a week after my arrival, it was my fortune to be ordered on a

fally-party, in which my left-leg was broke with a musquet-ball; and I should most certainly have either perished miserably, or must have owed my preservation to some of the enemy, had not my faithful servant carried me off on his shoulders, and afterwards, with the assistance of one of his comrades, brought me back into the garrison.

The agony of my wound was so great, that it threw me into a fever, from whence my surgeon apprehended much danger. I now began again to feel for my Amelia, and for myself on her account: and the disorder of my mind occasioned by such melancholy contemplations, very highly aggravated the distemper of my body; insomuch, that it would probably have proved fatal, had it not been for the friendship of one Captain James, an officer of our regiment, and an old acquaintance, who is undoubtedly one of the pleasantest companions, and one of the best-natured men in the world. This worthy man, who had a head and a heart perfectly adequate to every office of friendship, stayed with me almost day and night during my illness; and by strengthening my hopes, raising my spirits, and cheering my thoughts, preserved me from destruction.

The behaviour of this man alone is a sufficient proof of the truth of my doctrine, that all men act entirely from their passions; for Bob James can never be supposed to act from any motive of virtue and religion, since he constantly laughs at both; and yet his conduct towards me alone, demonstrates a degree of goodness which, perhaps, few of the votaries of either virtue or religion can equal.

'You need not take much pains,' answered Miss Matthews with a smile, 'to convince me of your doctrine. I have been always an advocate for the same. I look upon the two words you mention, to serve only as cloaks under which hypocrisy may be the better enabled to cheat the world. I have been of that opinion ever since I read that charming fellow Mandevil.'

'Pardon me, Madam,' answered Booth, 'I hope you do not agree with Mandevil neither, who hath represented human nature as a picture of

the highest deformity. He hath left out of his system the best passion which the mind can possess, and attempts to derive the effects or energies of that passion, from the base impulses of pride or fear. Whereas, it is as certain that love exists in the mind of man, as that it's opposite hatred doth, and the same reasons will equally prove the existence of the one, as the existence of the other.'

'I don't know, indeed,' replied the lady, 'I never thought much about the matter. This I know, that when I read Mandevil, I thought all he said was true; and I have been often told, that he proves religion and virtue to be only mere names. However, if he denies there is any such thing as love, that is most certainly wrong.—I am afraid I can give him the lye myself.'

'I will join with you, Madam, in that,' answered Booth, 'at any time.'

'Will you join with me?' answered she, looking eagerly at him—'O Mr. Booth, I know not what I was going to say—What—where did you leave off?—I would not interrupt you—but I am impatient to know something.'

'What, Madam?' cries Booth. 'If I can give you any satisfaction—'
'No, no,' said she, 'I must hear all, I would not for the world break the thread of your story. Besides, I am afraid to ask.—Pray, pray, Sir, go on.'

'Well, Madam,' cries Booth, 'I think I was mentioning the extraordinary acts of friendship done me by Captain James; nor can I help taking notice of the almost unparalleled fidelity of poor Atkinson, (for that was my man's name) who was not only constant in the assiduity of his attendance, but during the time of my danger demonstrated a concern for me which I can hardly account for, as my prevailing on his captain to make him a serjeant was the first favour he ever received at my hands, and this did not happen till I was almost perfectly recovered of my broken leg. Poor fellow! I shall never forget the extravagant joy his halbert gave him; I remember it the more, because it was one of the happiest days of my own life: for it was upon this day that I received a letter from my dear Amelia, after a

long silence, acquainting me that she was out of all danger from her lying-in.

'I was now once more able to perform my duty; when (so unkind was the fortune of war) the second time I mounted the guard, I received a violent contusion from the bursting of a bomb. I was felled to the ground, where I lay breathless by the blow, till honest Atkinson came to my assistance, and conveyed me to my room, where a surgeon immediately attended me.

'The injury I had now received, was much more dangerous in my surgeon's opinion than the former; it caused me to spit blood, and was attended with a fever and other bad symptoms, so that very fatal consequences were apprehended.

'In this situation the image of Amelia haunted me day and night; and the apprehensions of never seeing her more were so intolerable, that I had thoughts of resigning my commission, and returning home, weak as I was, that I might have, at least, the satisfaction of dying in the arms of my love. Captain James, however, persisted in dissuading me from any such resolution. He told me my honour was too much concerned, attempted to raise my hopes of recovery to the utmost of his power; but chiefly he prevailed on me by suggesting, that if the worst which I apprehended should happen, it was much better for Amelia, that she should be absent, than present, in so melancholy an hour. "I know," cried he, "the extreme joy which must arise in you from meeting again with Amelia, and the comfort of expiring in her arms; but consider what she herself must endure upon the dreadful occasion, and you would not wish to purchase any happiness at the price of so much pain to her." This argument at length prevailed on me; and it was after many long debates resolved, that she should not even know my present condition till my doom either for life or death was absolutely fixed.'

'Oh, Heavens! how great, how generous!' cried Miss Matthews. Booth, thou art a noble fellow; and I scarce think there is a woman upon earth worthy so exalted a passion.'

Booth

Booth made a modest answer to the compliment which Miss Matthews had paid him: this drew more civilities from the lady; and these again more acknowledgments. All which we shall pass by, and proceed with our history.

CHAP. VI.

CONTAINING MATTERS WHICH
WILL PLEASE SOME READERS.

TWO months, and more, had I continued in a state of uncertainty, sometimes with more flattering, and sometimes with more alarming symptoms; when one afternoon poor Atkinson came running into my room, all pale and out of breath, and begged me not to be surprized at his news. I asked him eagerly what was the matter, and if it was any thing concerning Amelia. I had scarce uttered the dear name, when she herself rushed into the room, and ran hastily to me, crying, "Yes, it is, it is your Amelia herself."

"There is nothing so difficult to describe, and generally so dull when described, as scenes of excessive tenderness."

"Can you think so?" says Miss Matthews; "surely there is nothing so charming!—O, Mr. Booth, our sex is damned by the want of tenderness in yours. O, were they all like you!—certainly no man was ever your equal."

"Indeed, Madam," cries Booth, "you honour me too much—But—well—when the first transports of our meeting were over, Amelia began gently to chide me for having concealed my illness from her; for in three letters which I had writ her since the accident had happened, there was not the least mention of it, or any hint given by which she could possibly conclude I was otherwise than in perfect health. And when I had excused myself, by assigning the true reason, she cried, 'O Mr. Booth! and do you know so little of your Amelia, as to think I could or would survive you!—would it not be better for one dreadful sight to break my heart all at once, than to break it by degrees?'—O Billy!

"can any thing pay me for the loss of this embrace!"—But I ask your pardon—how ridiculous doth my fondness appear in your eyes!"

"How often," answered she, "shall I assert the contrary? What would you have me say, Mr. Booth? shall I tell you I envy Mrs. Booth, of all the women in the world? would you believe me if I did? I hope you—what am I saying!—Pray make no farther apology, but go on."

"After a scene," continued he, "too tender to be conceived by many, Amelia informed me that she had received a letter from an unknown hand, acquainting her with my misfortune, and advising her, if she ever desired to see me more, to come directly to Gibraltar. She said, she should not have delayed a moment after receiving this letter, had not the same ship brought her one from me written with rather more than usual gaiety, and in which there was not the least mention of my indisposition. This, she said, greatly puzzled her and her mother, and the worthy divine endeavoured to persuade her to give credit to my letter, and to impute the other to a species of wit with which the world greatly abounds. This consists entirely in doing various kinds of mischief to our fellow-creatures; by belying one, deceiving another, exposing a third, and drawing in a fourth to expose himself: in short, by making some the objects of laughter, others of contempt; and indeed, not seldom, by subjecting them to very great inconveniences, perhaps to ruin, for the sake of a jest."

"Mrs. Harris and the doctor derived the letter from this species of wit. Miss Betty, however, was of a different opinion, and advised poor Amelia to apply to an officer whom the governor had sent over in the same ship; by whom the report of my illness was so strongly confirmed, that Amelia immediately resolved on her voyage."

"I had a great curiosity to know the author of this letter; but not the least trace of it could be discovered. The only person with whom I lived in any great intimacy, was Captain James; and he, Madam, from what I have already told you, you will think to be
the

the last person I could suspect; besides, he declared upon his honour, that he knew nothing of the matter; and no man's honour is, I believe, more sacred. There was indeed an ensign of another regiment, who knew my wife, who had sometimes visited me in my illness; but he was a very unlikely man to interest himself much in any affairs which did not concern him: and he too declared he knew nothing of it.

And did you never discover this secret? cried Miss Matthews.

Never to this day, answered Booth.

I fancy, said she, I could give a shrewd guess. What so likely, as that Mrs. Booth, when you left her, should have given her foster-brother orders to send her word of whatever befel you?—Yet stay—that could not be, neither; for then she would not have doubted whether she should leave dear England on the receipt of the letter. No, it must have been by some other means—yet that, I own, appeared extremely natural to me; for if I had been left by such a husband, I think I should have pursued the same method.

No, Madam, cried Booth, it must have been conveyed by some other channel; for my Amelia, I am certain, was entirely ignorant of the manner; and as for poor Atkinson, I am convinced he would not have ventured to take such a step without acquainting me. Besides, the poor fellow had, I believe, such a regard for my wife, out of gratitude for the favours she had done his mother, that I make no doubt he was highly rejoiced at her absence from my melancholy scene. Well, whoever writ it, is a matter very immaterial; yet as it seemed so odd and unaccountable an incident, I could not help mentioning it.

From the time of Amelia's arrival, nothing remarkable happened till my perfect recovery; unless I should observe her remarkable behaviour, so full of care and tenderness, that it was perhaps without a parallel.

O no, Mr. Booth, cries the lady; it is fully equalled, I am sure, by your gratitude. There is nothing, I believe, so very rare, as gratitude

in your sex, especially in husbands.

So kind a remembrance is, indeed, more than a return to such an obligation: for where is the mighty obligation which a woman confers, who being possessed of an inestimable jewel, is so kind to herself as to be careful and tender of it! I do not say this to lessen your opinion of Mrs. Booth; I have no doubt but that she loves you as well as she is capable. But I would not have you think so meanly of our sex, as to imagine there are not a thousand women susceptible of true tenderness towards a meritorious man. Believe me, Mr. Booth, if I had received such an account of an accident having happened to such a husband, a mother and a parson would not have held me a moment: I should have leaped into the first fishing-boat I could have found, and bid defiance to the winds and waves. O there is no true tenderness but in a woman of spirit. I would not be understood all this while to reflect on Mrs. Booth. I am only defending the cause of my sex; for, upon my soul, such compliments to a wife are a satire on all the rest of woman-kind.

Sure you jest, Miss Matthews, answered Booth, with a smile. However, if you please, I will proceed in my story.

CH A P. VII.

THE CAPTAIN, CONTINUING HIS STORY, RECOUNTS SOME PARTICULARS WHICH WE DOUBT NOT TO MANY GOOD PEOPLE WILL APPEAR UNNATURAL.

I Was scarce sooner recovered from my indisposition than Amelia herself fell ill. This, I am afraid, was occasioned by the fatigues which I could not prevent her from undergoing on my account; for as my disease went off with violent sweats, during which the surgeon strictly ordered that I should lie by myself, my Amelia could not be prevailed upon to spend many hours in her own bed. During my restless fits, she would sometimes read to me several hours together. Indeed it was not with-

out

“out difficulty that she ever quitted my
“bed-side. These fatigues, added to the
“uneasiness of her mind, overpowered
“her weak spirits, and threw her in-
“to one of the worst disorders that can
“possibly attend a woman. A disorder
“very common among the ladies, and
“our physicians have not agreed upon
“its name. Some call it the fever on
“the spirits, some a nervous fever, some
“the vapours, and some the hysterics.”

“O say no more,” cries Miss Mat-
thews, “I pity you, I pity you from
“my soul. A man had better be
“plagued with all the curses of Egypt,
“than with a vapourish wife.”

“Pity me, Madam!” answered Booth;
“pity rather that dear creature, who,
“from her love and care of my un-
“worthy self, contracted a distemper,
“the horrors of which are scarce to be
“imagined. It is indeed a sort of
“complication of all diseases together,
“with almost madness added to them.
“In this situation, the siege being at
“an end, the governor gave me leave
“to attend my wife to Montpelier, the
“air of which was judged to be most
“likely to restore her to health. Upon
“this occasion she wrote to her mo-
“ther to desire a remittance, and set
“forth the melancholy condition of
“her health, and her necessity for
“money, in such terms as would
“have touched any bosom not void of
“humanity, though a stranger to the
“unhappy sufferer. Her sister answered
“it, and I believe I have a copy of the
“answer in my pocket. I keep it by
“me as a curiosity, and you would
“think it more so, could I shew you
“my Amelia’s letter.” He then search-
ed his pocket-book, and finding the
letter, among many others, he read it
in the following words:

“DEAR SISTER,

“MY mamma, being much dis-
“ordered, hath commanded
“me to tell you, she is both shocked
“and surprized at your extraordinary
“request, or as she chuses to call it,
“order for money. You know, my
“dear, she says, that your marriage
“with this red-coat man was entirely
“against her consent, and the opinion
“of all your family, (I am sure I may
“here include myself in that number)
“and yet, after this fatal act of diso-
“bedience, she was prevailed on to

“receive you as her child; not, how-
“ever, nor are you to understand it,
“as the favourite which you was be-
“fore. She forgave you, but this
“was as a christian and a parent; still
“preserving in her own mind a just
“sense of your disobedience, and a just
“resentment on that account. And
“yet, notwithstanding this resent-
“ment, she desires you to remember,
“that when you a second time ven-
“tured to oppose her authority, and
“nothing would serve you but taking
“a ramble (an indecent one I can’t
“help saying) after your fellow, she
“thought fit to shew the excess of a
“mother’s tenderness, and furnished
“you with no less than fifty pounds
“for your foolish voyage. How can
“she then be otherwise than surprized
“at your present demand? which,
“should she be so weak to comply with,
“she must expect to be every month
“repeated, in order to supply the ex-
“travagance of a young rakish offi-
“cer. You say she will compassionate
“your sufferings; yes, surely she doth
“greatly compassionate them, and so
“do I too, though you was neither so
“kind nor so civil as to suppose I
“should. But I forgive all your slights
“to me, as well now as formerly.
“Nay, I not only forgive, but I pray
“daily for you. But, dear sister, what
“could you expect less than what hath
“happened? you should have believed
“your friends, who were wiser and
“older than you. I do not here mean
“myself, though I own I am eleven
“months and some odd weeks your
“superior; though, had I been young-
“er, I might, perhaps, have been able
“to advise you: for wisdom, and
“what some may call beauty, do not
“always go together. You will not
“be offended at this: for I know in
“your heart you have always held
“your head above some people, whom,
“perhaps, other people have thought
“better of; but why do I mention
“what I scorn so much? No, my
“dear sister, Heaven forbid it should
“ever be said of me, that I value my-
“self upon my face — not but if I
“could believe men perhaps — but I
“hate and despise men — you know I
“do, my dear, and I wish you had
“despised them as much; but *justa*
“*est alea*, as the doctor says. You
“are to make the best of your for-
“tune.

“ tune. What fortune I mean my
“ mama may please to give you : for
“ you know all is in her power. Let
“ me advise you then to bring your
“ mind to your circumstances, and re-
“ member (for I cannot help writing
“ it, as it is for your own good) the
“ vapours are a distemper which very
“ ill become a knapsack. Remem-
“ ber, my dear, what you have done ;
“ remember what my mama hath
“ done ; remember we have something
“ of yours to keep, and do not confi-
“ der yourself as an only child—no,
“ nor as a favourite child ; but be
“ pleased to remember, dear sister, your
“ most affectionate sister, and

“ most obedient humble servant,
“ E. HARRIS.”

“ O brave Miss Betty,” cried Miss
Matthews ; “ I always held her in high
esteem, but I protest she exceeds e-
ven what I could have expected from
her.

“ This letter, Madam,” cries Booth,
“ you will believe, was an excellent
“ cordial for my poor wife’s spirits.
“ So dreadful indeed was the effect it
“ had upon her, that as she had read
“ it in my absence, I found her at
“ my return home in the most violent
“ fits ; and so long was it before she
“ recovered her senses, that I despair-
“ ed of that blessed event ever hap-
“ pening, and my own senses very nar-
“ rowly escaped from being sacrificed
“ to my despair. However, she came
“ at last to herself, and I began to
“ consider of every means of carrying
“ her immediately to Montpelier, which
“ was now become much more neces-
“ sary than before.

“ Though I was greatly shocked
“ at the barbarity of the letter, yet I
“ apprehended no very ill consequences
“ from it ; for as it was believed all
“ over the army that I had married a
“ great fortune, I had received offers
“ of money, if I wanted it, from more
“ than one. Indeed, I might have
“ easily carried my wife to Montpelier
“ at any time ; but she was extremely
“ averse to the voyage, being desirous
“ of our returning to England, as I
“ had leave to do ; and she grew daily
“ so much better, that had it not been
“ for the receipt of that cursed—
“ which I have just read to you, I am

“ persuaded she might have been able
“ to return to England in the next ship.

“ Among others, there was a colo-
“ nel in the garrison, who had not
“ only offered, but importuned me to
“ receive some money of him : I now
“ therefore repaired to him ; and as a
“ reason of altering my resolution, I
“ produced the letter, and at the same
“ time acquainted him with the true
“ state of my affairs. The colonel
“ read the letter, shook his head, and
“ after some silence, said, he was sorry
“ I had refused to accept his offer be-
“ fore ; but that he had now so ordered
“ matters, and disposed of his money,
“ that he had not a shilling left to spare
“ from his own occasions.

“ Answers of the same kind I had
“ from several others, but not one
“ penny could I borrow of any ; for I
“ have been since firmly persuaded that
“ the honest colonel was not content
“ with denying me himself, but took
“ effectual means, by spreading the se-
“ cret I had so foolishly trusted him
“ with, to prevent me from succeeding
“ elsewhere : for such is the nature of
“ men, that whoever denies himself to
“ do you a favour, is unwilling that it
“ should be done to you by any other.

“ This was the first time I had ever
“ felt that distress which arises from
“ the want of money ; a distress very
“ dreadful indeed in a married state ;
“ for what can be more miserable than
“ to see any thing necessary to the pre-
“ servation of a beloved creature, and
“ not be able to supply it ?

“ Perhaps you may wonder, Madam,
“ that I have not mentioned Captain
“ James on this occasion ; but he was at
“ that time laid up at Algiers, (whither
“ he had been sent by the governor) in
“ a fever. However, he returned time
“ enough to supply me, which he did
“ with the utmost readiness, on the
“ very first mention of my distress ; and
“ the good colonel, notwithstanding
“ his having disposed of his money,
“ discounted the captain’s draft. You
“ see, Madam, an instance in the
“ generous behaviour of my friend
“ James, how false are all universal
“ satires against human kind. He is
“ indeed one of the worthiest men the
“ world ever produced.

“ But, perhaps, you will be more
“ pleased still with the extravagant ge-
“ nerosity
“ I

nerosity of my serjeant. 'The day before the return of Mr. James, the poor fellow came to me, with tears in his eyes, and begged I would not be offended at what he was going to mention. He then pulled a purse from his pocket, which contained, he said, the sum of twelve pounds, and which he begged me to accept, crying he was sorry it was not in his power to lend me whatever I wanted. I was so struck with this instance of generosity and friendship in such a person, that I gave him an opportunity of pressing me a second time, before I made him an answer. Indeed I was greatly surprized how he came to be worth that little sum, and no less at his being acquainted with my own wants. In both which points he presently satisfied me. As to the first, it seems, he had plundered a Spanish officer of fifteen pistoles; and as to the second, he confessed he had it from my wife's maid, who had overheard some discourse between her mistress and me. Indeed, people, I believe, always deceive themselves, who imagine they can conceal distress circumstances from their servants: for these are always extremely quick-sighted on such occasions.'

'Good Heaven!' cries Miss Matthews, 'how astonishing is such behaviour in so low a fellow!'

'I thought so myself,' answered Booth; 'and yet I know not, on a more strict examination into the matter, why we should be more surprized to see greatness of mind discover itself in one degree or rank of life, than in another. Love, benevolence, or what you please to call it, may be the reigning passion in a beggar as well as in a prince; and whenever it is, it's energies will be the same.'

'To confess the truth, I am afraid we often compliment what we call upper life, with too much injustice, at the expence of the lower. As it is no rare thing to see instances which degrade human nature, in persons of the highest birth and education; so I apprehend, that examples of whatever is really great and good, have been sometimes found amongst those who have wanted all such advantages. In reality, palaces, I make no doubt, do sometimes contain nothing but dreariness and darkness, and the sun of

righteousness hath shone forth with all it's glory in a cottage.'

CH A P. VIII.

THE STORY OF BOOTH CONTINUED.

MR. Booth thus went on: 'We now took leave of the garrison, and having landed at Marseilles, arrived at Montpellier, without any thing happening to us worth remembrance, except the extreme sickness of poor Amelia; but I was afterwards well repaid for the terrors which it occasioned me, by the good consequences which attended it: for I believe it contributed, even more than the air of Montpellier, to the perfect re-establishment of her health.'

'I ask your pardon for interrupting you,' cries Miss Matthews, 'but you never satisfied me whether you took the serjeant's money. You have made me half in love with that charming fellow.'

'How can you imagine, Madam,' answered Booth, 'I should have taken from a poor fellow what was of so little consequence to me, and at the same time of so much to him? Perhaps now you will derive this from the passion of pride.'

'Indeed,' says she, 'I neither derive it from the passion of pride, nor from the passion of folly; but methinks you should have accepted the offer; and I am convinced you hurt him very much when you refused it. But pray proceed in your story.' Then Booth went on as follows:

'As Amelia recovered her health, and spirits daily, we began to pass our time very pleasantly at Montpellier: for the greatest enemy to the French will acknowledge, that they are the best people in the world to live amongst for a little while. In some countries it is almost as easy to get a good estate as a good acquaintance. In England, particularly, acquaintance is of almost as slow growth as an oak; so that the age of man scarce suffices to bring it to any perfection, and families seldom contract any great intimacy till the third, or at least the second generation. So shy indeed are we English of letting a stranger into our houses,

that one would imagine we regarded all such as thieves. Now the French are the very reverse. Being a stranger among them entitles you to the better place, and to the greater degree of civility; and if you wear but the appearance of a gentleman, they never suspect you are not one. Their friendship indeed seldom extends so far as their purse; nor is such friendship usual in other countries. To say the truth, politeness carries friendship far enough in the ordinary occasions of life, and those who want this accomplishment rarely make amends for it by their sincerity: for bluntness, or rather rudeness, as it commonly deserves to be called, is not always so much a mark of honesty as it is taken to be.

The day after our arrival we became acquainted with Mons. Bagillard. He was a Frenchman of great wit and vivacity, with a greater share of learning than gentlemen are usually possessed of. As he lodged in the same house with us, we were immediately acquainted; and I liked his conversation so well, that I never thought I had too much of his company. Indeed I spent so much of my time with him, that Amelia (I know not whether I ought to mention it) grew uneasy at our familiarity, and complained of my being too little with her, from my violent fondness for my new acquaintance; for our conversation turning chiefly upon books, and principally Latin ones (for we read several of the classics together) she could have but little entertainment by being with us. When my wife had once taken it into her head that she was deprived of my company by Mr. Bagillard, it was impossible to change her opinion; and though I now spent more of my time with her than I had ever done before, she still grew more and more dissatisfied, till at last she very earnestly desired me to quit my lodgings, and insisted upon it with more vehemence than I had ever known her express before. To say the truth, if that excellent woman could ever be thought unreasonable, I thought she was so on this occasion.

But in what light soever her desires appeared to me, as they manifestly arose from an affection of which I had daily the most endearing proofs, I re-

solved to comply with her, and accordingly removed to a distant part of the town; for it is my opinion, that we can have but little love for the person whom we will never indulge in an unreasonable demand. Indeed, I was under a difficulty with regard to Mons. Bagillard; for as I could not possibly communicate to him the true reason for quitting my lodgings, so I found it as difficult to deceive him by a counterfeit one; besides, I was apprehensive I should have little less of his company than before. I could, indeed, have avoided this dilemma, by leaving Montpellier; for Amelia had perfectly recovered her health; but I had faithfully promised Captain James to wait his return from Italy, whither he was gone some time before from Gibraltar; nor was it proper for Amelia to take any long journey, she being now near six months gone with child.

This difficulty, however, proved to be less than I had imagined it; for my French friend, whether he suspected any thing from my wife's behaviour, though she never, as I observed, shewed him the least incivility, became suddenly as cold on his side. After our leaving the lodgings, he never made above two or three formal visits; indeed his time was soon after entirely taken up by an intrigue with a certain countess, which blazed all over Montpellier.

We had not been long in our new apartments, before an English officer arrived at Montpellier, and came to lodge in the same house with us. This gentleman, whose name was Bath, was of the rank of a major, and had so much singularity in his character, that, perhaps, you never heard of any like him. He was far from having any of those bookish qualifications, which had before caused my Amelia's disquiet. It is true, his discourse generally turned on matters of no feminine kind; war and martial exploits being the ordinary topics of his conversation: however, as he had a sister with whom Amelia was greatly pleased, an intimacy presently grew between us, and we four lived in one family.

The major was a great dealer in the marvellous, and was constantly the little hero of his own tale. This

‘made him very entertaining to Amelia, who, of all persons in the world, hath the truest taste and enjoyment of all the ridiculous; for whilst no one sooner discovers it in the character of another, no one so well conceals her knowledge of it from the ridiculous person. I cannot help mentioning a sentiment of her’s on this head, as I think it doth her great honour. “If I had the same contempt,” said she, “for ridiculous people, with the generality of the world, I should rather think them the objects of tears than laughter; but, in reality, I have known several who in some parts of their characters have been extremely ridiculous, in others have been altogether as amiable. For instance,” said she, “here is the major, who tells us of many things which he has never seen, and of others which he hath never done, and both in the most extravagant excess; and yet how amiable is his behaviour to his poor sister, whom he hath not only brought over hither for her health, at his own expence, but is come to bear her company!” I believe, Madam, I repeat her very words; for I am very apt to remember what she says.

‘You will easily believe, from a circumstance I have just mentioned in the major’s favour, especially when I have told you that his sister was one of the best of girls, that it was entirely necessary to hide from her all kind of laughter at any part of her brother’s behaviour. To say the truth, this was easy enough to do; for the poor girl was so blinded with love and gratitude, and so highly honoured and revered her brother, that she had not the least suspicion that there was a person in the world capable of laughing at him.

‘Indeed, I am certain she never made the least discovery of our ridicule; for I am well convinced she would have resented it: for besides the love she bore her brother, she had a little family pride which would sometimes appear. To say the truth, if she had any fault, it was that of vanity; but she was a very good girl upon the whole, and none of us are entirely free from faults.’

‘You are a good-natured fellow, Will,’ answered Miss Matthews;

‘but vanity is a fault of the first magnitude in a woman, and often the occasion of many others.’

To this Booth made no answer, but continued his story.

‘In this company we passed two or three months very agreeably, till the major and I both betook ourselves to our several nurseries; my wife being brought to bed of a girl, and Miss Bath confined to her chamber by a surfeit, which had like to have occasioned her death.’

Here Miss Matthews burst into a loud laugh, of which when Booth asked the reason, she said she could not forbear, at the thoughts of two such nurses: ‘and did you really,’ says she, ‘make your wife’s caudle yourself?’

‘Indeed, Madam,’ said he, ‘I did; and do you think that so extraordinary?’

‘Indeed, I do,’ answered she; ‘I thought the best husbands had looked on their wives lying-in as a time of festival and jollity. What, did you not even get drunk in the time of your wife’s delivery? tell me honestly how you employed yourself at this time?’

‘Why then, honestly,’ replied he, ‘and in defiance of your laughter, I lay behind her bolster, and supported her in my arms; and upon my soul, I believe I felt more pain in my mind than she underwent in her body. And now answer me as honestly: do you really think it a proper time for mirth, when the creature one loves to distraction is undergoing the most rack-ing torments, as well as in the most imminent danger? and—but I need not express any more tender circumstances.’

‘I am to answer honestly,’ cried she. ‘Yes, and sincerely,’ cries Booth. ‘Why then, honestly and sincerely,’ says she, ‘may I never see Heaven, if I don’t think you an angel of a man.’

‘Nay, Madam,’ answered Booth—but, indeed, you do me too much honour, there are many such husbands;—nay, have we not an example of the like tenderness in the major? though as to him, I believe, I shall make you laugh. While my wife lay in, Miss Bath being extremely ill, I went one day to the door of her apartment, to enquire after her health,

health, as well as for the major, whom I had not seen during a whole week. I knocked softly at the door, and being bid to open it, I found the major in his sister's antichamber warming her posset. His dress was certainly whimsical enough, having on a woman's bed-gown, and a very dirty flannel night-cap, which being added to a very odd person (for he is a very awkward thin man near seven feet high) might have formed, in the opinion of most men, a very proper object of laughter. The major started from his seat at my entering into the room, and with much emotion, and a great oath, cried out, "Is it you, Sir?" I then enquired after his and his sister's health. He answered, that his sister was better, and he was very well: "though I did not expect, Sir," cried he, with not a little confusion, "to be seen by you in this situation." I told him, I thought it impossible he could appear in a situation more becoming his character. "You do not?" answered he. "By G— I am very much obliged to you for that opinion; but I believe, Sir, however my weakness may prevail on me to descend from it, no man can be more conscious of his own dignity than myself." His sister then called to him from the inner room; upon which he rang the bell for her servant, and then after a stride or two across the room, he said, with an elated aspect, "I would not have you think, Mr. Booth, because you have caught me in this dishabille, by coming upon me a little too abruptly, I cannot help saying a little too abruptly, that I am my sister's nurse. I know better what is due to the dignity of a man, and I have shewn it in a line of battle. I think I have made a figure there, Mr. Booth, and becoming my character; by G— I ought not to be despised too much, if my nature is not totally without it's weaknesses." He uttered this, and some more of the same kind, with great majesty, or, as he called it, dignity. Indeed, he used some hard words that I did not understand; for all his words are not to be found in a dictionary. Upon the whole I could not easily refrain from laughter; however, I conquered myself, and soon after retired from him, astonished that it was possible for a man

to possess true goodness, and be, at the same time, ashamed of it. But if I was surprized at what had past at this visit, how much more was I surprized the next morning, when he came very early to my chamber, and told me, he had not been able to sleep one wink at what had past between us! "There were some words of yours," said he, "which must be farther explained before we part. You told me, Sir, when you found me in that situation, which I cannot bear to recollect, that you thought I could not appear in one more becoming my character; these were the words, I shall never forget them. Do you imagine that there is any of the dignity of a man wanting in my character; do you think that I have, during my sister's illness, behaved with a weakness that savours too much of effeminacy? I know how much it is beneath a man to whine and whimper about a trifling girl as well as you, or any man; and if my sister had died, I should have behaved like a man on the occasion. I would not have you think I confined myself from company merely upon her account. I was very much disordered myself. And when you surprized me in that situation, I repeat again, in that situation, her nurse had not left the room three minutes, and I was blowing the fire for fear it should have gone out." In this manner he ran on almost a quarter of an hour, before he would suffer me to speak. At last, looking steadfastly in his face, I asked him if I must conclude that he was in earnest. "In earnest," says he, repeating my words, "do you then take my character for a jest?"—"Look'e, Sir," said I, very gravely, "I think we know one another very well; and I have no reason to suspect you should impute it to fear, when I tell you, I was so far from intending to affront you, that I meant you one of the highest compliments. Tenderness for women is so far from lessening, that it proves a true manly character. The manly Brutus shewed the utmost tenderness to his Portia; and the great king of Sweden, the bravest, and even fiercest of men, shut himself up three whole days in the midst of a campaign, and would see no company on the death of a favourite."

"vourite sister." At these words, I saw his features soften; and he cried out, "D—n me, I admire the king of Sweden of all the men in the world; and he is a rascal that is ashamed of doing any thing which the king of Sweden did. And yet if any king of Sweden in France was to tell me that his sister had more merit than mine, by G—, I'd knock his brains about his ears. Poor little Betty! she is the honestest, worthiest girl, that ever was born. Heaven be praised, she is recovered! for, if I had lost her, I never should have enjoyed another happy moment." In this manner he ran on some time, till the tears began to overflow; which, when he perceived, he stopt—perhaps he was unable to go on; for he seemed almost choaked—after a short silence, however, having wiped his eyes with his handkerchief, he fetched a deep sigh, and cried, "I am ashamed you should see this, Mr. Booth; but d—n me, nature will get the better of dignity." I now comforted him with the example of Xerxes, as I had before done with that of the king of Sweden; and soon after we sat down to breakfast together with much cordial friendship: for I assure you, with all his oddity, there is not a better-natured man in the world than the major.

"Good-natured, indeed!" cries Miss Matthews, with great scorn. "A fool! how can you mention such a fellow with commendation?"

Booth spoke as much as he could in defence of his friend; indeed he had represented him in as favourable a light as possible, and had particularly left out those hard words, with which, as he hath observed a little before, the major interlarded his discourse. Booth then proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAP. IX.

CONTAINING VERY EXTRAORDINARY MATTERS.

"MISS Bath," continued Booth, "now recovered so fast, that she was abroad as soon as my wife. Our little party *quarrée* began to grow agreeable again; and we mixed with the company of the place

more than we had done before. Monsieur Bagillard now again renewed his intimacy; for the countess his mistress was gone to Paris. At which my wife at first shewed no dissatisfaction; and I imagined, that as she had a friend and companion of her own sex (for Miss Bath and she had contracted the highest fondness for each other) she would the less miss my company. However, I was disappointed in this expectation; for she soon began to express her former uneasiness, and her impatience for the arrival of Captain James, that we might entirely quit Montpellier.

"I could not avoid conceiving some little displeasure at this humour of my wife, which I was forced to think a little unreasonable."—"A little, do you call it," says Miss Matthews; "Good heavens! what a husband are you!"—"How little worthy," answered he, "as you will say hereafter, of such a wife as my Amelia! One day as we were sitting together, I heard a violent scream; upon which my wife starting up, cried out, 'Sure that's Miss Bath's voice!'" and immediately ran towards the chamber whence it proceeded. I followed her; and when we arrived, we there beheld the most shocking sight imaginable; Miss Bath lying dead on the floor, and the major all bloody kneeling by her, and roaring out for assistance. Amelia, though she was herself in a little better condition than her friend, ran hastily to her, bared her neck, and attempted to loosen her stays, while I ran up and down, scarce knowing what I did, calling for water and cordials, and dispatching several servants one after another for doctors and surgeons.

"Water, cordials, and all necessary implements being brought, Miss Bath was at length recovered, and placed in her chair, when the major seated himself by her. And now the young lady being restored to life, the major, who, till then, had engaged as little of his own, as of any other person's attention, became the object of all our considerations, especially his poor sister's; who had no sooner recovered sufficient strength, than she began to lament her brother, crying out that he was killed; and bitterly bewailing her fate, in having revived from her swoon to behold so dread-

ful a spectacle. While Amelia applied herself to sooth the agonies of her friend, I began to enquire into the condition of the major. In which I was assisted by a surgeon, who now arrived. The major declared with great cheerfulness, that he did not apprehend his wound to be in the least dangerous, and therefore begged his sister to be comforted, saying, he was convinced the surgeon would soon give her the same assurance; but that good man was not so liberal of assurances as the major had expected; for as soon as he had probed the wound, he afforded no more than hopes, declaring that it was a very ugly wound; but added, by way of consolation, that he had cured many much worse.

When the major was dressed, his sister seemed to possess his whole thoughts, and all his care was to relieve her grief. He solemnly protested, that it was no more than a flesh wound, and not very deep, nor could, as he apprehended, be in the least dangerous; and as for the cold expressions of the surgeon, he very well accounted for them from a motive too obvious to be mentioned. From these declarations of her brother, and the interposition of her friends; and above all, I believe, from that vast vent which she had given to her fright, Miss Bath seemed a little pacified; Amelia therefore at last prevailed; and as terror abated, curiosity became the superior passion. I therefore now began to enquire what had occasioned that accident, whence all the uproar arose.

The major took me by the hand, and looking very kindly at me, said, "My dear Mr. Booth, I must begin by asking your pardon; for I have done you an injury, for which nothing but the height of friendship in me can be an excuse; and therefore nothing but the height of friendship in you can forgive." This preamble, Madam, you will easily believe, greatly alarmed all the company, but especially me. I answered, "Dear major, I forgive you, let it be what it will; but what is it possible you can have done to injure me?"—"That," replied he, "which I am convinced a man of your honour and dignity of nature, by G—, must conclude to

be one of the highest injuries. I have taken out of your own hands the doing of yourself justice. I am afraid I have killed the man who hath injured your honour. I mean, that villain Bagillard—but I cannot proceed; for you, Madam," said he to my wife, "are concerned; and I know what is due to the dignity of your sex." Amelia, I observed, turned pale at these words, but eagerly begged him to proceed. "Nay, Madam," answered he, "if I am commanded by a lady, it is a part of my dignity to obey." He then proceeded to tell us, that Bagillard had rallied him, upon a supposition that he was pursuing my wife with a view of gallantry; telling him that he could never succeed; giving hints, that if it had been possible, he should have succeeded himself; and ended with calling my poor Amelia an accomplished prude; upon which the major gave Bagillard a box in the ear, and both immediately drew their swords.

The major had scarce ended his speech, when a servant came into the room, and told me there was a friar below who desired to speak with me in great haste. I shook the major by the hand, and told him I not only forgave him, but was extremely obliged to his friendship; and then going to the friar, I found that he was Bagillard's confessor, from whom he came to me, with an earnest desire of seeing me, that he might ask my pardon, and receive my forgiveness before he died, for the injury he had intended me. My wife at first opposed my going, from some sudden fears on my account; but when she was convinced they were groundless, she consented.

I found Bagillard in his bed; for the major's sword had passed up to the very hilt through his body. After having very earnestly asked my pardon, he made me many compliments on the possession of a woman who, joined to the most exquisite beauty, was mistress of the most impregnable virtue; as a proof of which, he acknowledged the vehemence as well as ill success of his attempts; and to make Amelia's virtue appear the brighter, his vanity was so predominant, he could not forbear running over the names

names of several women of fashion who had yielded to his passion, which, he said, had never raged so violently for any other as for my poor Amelia; and that this violence, which he had found wholly unconquerable, he hoped would procure his pardon at my hands. It is unnecessary to mention what I said on the occasion. I assured him of my entire forgiveness; and so we parted. To say the truth, I afterwards thought myself almost obliged to him for a meeting with Amelia, the most luxuriously delicate that can be imagined.

I now ran to my wife, whom I embraced with raptures of love and tenderness. When the first torrent of these was a little abated, "Confess to me, my dear," said she, "could your goodness prevent you from thinking me a little unreasonable in expressing so much uneasiness at the loss of your company, while I ought to have rejoiced in the thoughts of your being so well entertained? I know you must; and then consider what I must have felt, while I knew I was daily lessening myself in your esteem, and forced into a conduct, which I was sensible must appear to you, who was ignorant of my motive, to be mean, vulgar, and selfish. And yet what other course had I to take, with a man whom no denial, no scorn could abash? But if this was a cruel task, how much more wretched still was the constraint I was obliged to wear in his presence before you, to shew outward civility to the man whom my soul detested, for fear of any fatal consequence from your suspicion; and this too, while I was afraid he would construe it to be an encouragement. Do you not pity your poor Amelia, when you reflect on her situation?"—"Pity," cried I, "my love! is pity an adequate expression for esteem, for adoration? But how, my love, could he carry this on so secretly—by letters?"—"O no, he offered me many; but I never would receive but one, and that I returned him. Good God, I would not have such a letter in my possession for the universe; I thought my eyes contaminated with reading it!" "O brave," cried Miss Matthews: "heroic, I protest.

Had I a wish that did not bear
The stamp and image of my dear,
I'd pierce my heart thro' every vein,
And die to let it out again."

"And can you really," cried he, "laugh at so much tenderness?"—"I laugh at tenderness! O Mr. Booth," answered she, "thou knowest but little of Calista."—"I thought formerly," cried he, "I knew a great deal, and thought you, of all women in the world, to have the greatest—" "Of all women!—take care, Mr. Booth," said she. "By Heaven, if you thought so, you thought truly—But what is the object of my tenderness, such an object as—" "Well, Madam," says he, "I hope you will find one."—"I thank you for that hope, however," says she, "cold as it is; but pray go on with your story:" which command he immediately obeyed.

CHAP. X.

CONTAINING A LETTER OF A VERY CURIOUS KIND.

THE major's wound," continued Booth, "was really as slight as he believed it; so that in a few days he was perfectly well; nor was Bagillard, though run through the body, long apprehended to be in any danger of his life. The major then took me aside, and wishing me heartily joy of Bagillard's recovery, told me I should now, by the gift (as it were) of Heaven, have an opportunity of doing myself justice. I answered, I could not think of any such thing: for that when I imagined he was on his death-bed, I had heartily and sincerely forgiven him. "Very right," replied the major, "and consistent with your honour, when he was on his death-bed, but that forgiveness was only conditional, and is revoked by his recovery." I told him I could not possibly revoke it; for that my anger was really gone. "What hath anger," cried he, "to do with the matter? the dignity of my nature hath been always my reason for drawing my sword; and when that is concerned, I can as readily fight with the man I love, as with the

"man

"man I hate." I will not tire you with the repetition of the whole argument, in which the major did not prevail; and I really believe, I sunk a little in his esteem upon that account, till Captain James, who arrived soon after, again perfectly reinstated me in his favour.

When the captain was come, there remained no cause of our longer stay at Montpelier; for as to my wife, she was in a better state of health than I had ever known her, and Miss Bath had not only recovered her health, but her bloom; and from a pale skeleton, was become a plump, handsome, young woman. James was again my cashier; for, far from receiving any remittance, it was now a long time since I had received any letter from England, though both myself and my dear Amelia had written several, both to my mother and sister; and now at our departure from Montpelier, I bethought myself of writing to my good friend the doctor, acquainting him with our journey to Paris, whither I desired he would direct his answer.

At Paris we all arrived, without encountering any adventure on the road worth relating; nor did any thing of consequence happen here during the first fortnight: for as you know neither Captain James nor Miss Bath, it is scarce worth telling you, that an affection, which afterwards ended in a marriage, began now to appear between them, in which it may appear odd to you that I made the first discovery of the lady's flame, and my wife of the captain's.

The seventeenth day after our arrival at Paris, I received a letter from the doctor, which I have in my pocket-book; and, if you please, I will read it to you: for I would not willingly do any injury to his words.

The lady, you may easily believe, desired to hear the letter, and Booth read it as follow:

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,

"FOR I will now call you so, as you have neither of you now any other parent in this world. Of this

"melancholy news I should have sent you earlier notice, if I had thought you ignorant of it, or indeed if I had known whither to have written. If your sister hath received any letters from you, she hath kept them a secret, and perhaps out of affection to you hath repositied them in the same place where she keeps her goodness, and, what I am afraid is much dearer to her, her money. The reports concerning you have been various; so is always the case in matters where men are ignorant: for when no man knows what the truth is, every man thinks himself at liberty to report what he pleases. Those who wish you well, son Booth, say simply that you are dead; others, that you ran away from the siege, and was cashiered. As for my daughter, all agree that she is a saint above; and there are not wanting those who hint that her husband sent her thither. From this beginning you will expect, I suppose, better news than I am going to tell you; but pray, my dear children, why may not I, who have always laughed at my own afflictions, laugh at yours, without the censure of much malevolence? I wish you could learn this temper from me; for, take my word for it, nothing truer ever came from the mouth of a heathen, than that sentence,

"Leve fit quod bene fertur onus."

"And though I must confess, I never thought Aristotle (whom I do not take for so great a blockhead as some who have never read him) doth not very well resolve the doubt which he hath raised in his Ethics, viz. How a man, in the midst of king Priam's misfortunes, can be called happy? yet I have long thought that there is no calamity so great, that a christian philosopher may not reasonably laugh at it. If the heathen Cicero, doubting of immortality (for so wise a man must have doubted of that which had such slender arguments to support it) could assert it as the office of wisdom, Hu-

* The burden becomes light by being well borne.

names of several women of fashion who had yielded to his passion, which, he said, had never raged so violently for any other as for my poor Amelia; and that this violence, which he had found wholly unconquerable, he hoped would procure his pardon at my hands. It is unnecessary to mention what I said on the occasion. I assured him of my entire forgiveness; and so we parted. To say the truth, I afterwards thought myself almost obliged to him for a meeting with Amelia, the most luxuriously delicate that can be imagined.

I now ran to my wife, whom I embraced with raptures of love and tenderness. When the first torrent of these was a little abated, "Confess to me, my dear," said she, "could your goodness prevent you from thinking me a little unreasonable in expressing so much uneasiness at the loss of your company, while I ought to have rejoiced in the thoughts of your being so well entertained? I know you must; and then consider what I must have felt, while I knew I was daily lessening myself in your esteem, and forced into a conduct, which I was sensible must appear to you, who was ignorant of my motive, to be mean, vulgar, and selfish. And yet what other course had I to take, with a man whom no denial, no scorn could abash? But if this was a cruel task, how much more wretched still was the constraint I was obliged to wear in his presence before you, to shew outward civility to the man whom my soul detested, for fear of any fatal consequence from your suspicion; and this too, while I was afraid he would construe it to be an encouragement. Do you not pity your poor Amelia, when you reflect on her situation?"—"Pity," cried I, "my love! is pity an adequate expression for esteem, for adoration? But how, my love, could he carry this on so secretly—by letters?"—"O no, he offered me many; but I never would receive but one, and that I returned him. Good God, I would not have such a letter in my possession for the universe; I thought my eyes contaminated with reading it!" "O brave," cried Miss Matthews: "heroic, I protest.

'Had I a wish that did not bear
'The stamp and image of my dear,
'I'd pierce my heart thro' every vein,
'And die to let it out again.'

'And can you really,' cried he, 'laugh at so much tenderness?'—'I laugh at tenderness! O Mr. Booth,' answered she, 'thou knowest but little of Calista.'—"I thought formerly," cried he, 'I knew a great deal, and I thought you, of all women in the world, to have the greatest—' "Of all women!—take care, Mr. Booth," said she. 'By Heaven, if you thought so, you thought truly—But what is the object of my tenderness, such an object as—' "Well, Madam," says he, 'I hope you will find one.'—"I thank you for that hope, however," says she, 'cold as it is; but pray go on with your story:' which command he immediately obeyed.

CHAP. X.

CONTAINING A LETTER OF A VERY CURIOUS KIND.

THE major's wound,' continued Booth, 'was really as slight as he believed it; so that in a few days he was perfectly well; nor was Bagillard, though run through the body, long apprehended to be in any danger of his life. The major then took me aside, and wishing me heartily joy of Bagillard's recovery, told me I should now, by the gift (as it were) of Heaven, have an opportunity of doing myself justice. I answered, I could not think of any such thing: for that when I imagined he was on his death-bed, I had heartily and sincerely forgiven him. "Very right," replied the major, "and consistent with your honour, when he was on his death-bed, but that forgiveness was only conditional, and is revoked by his recovery." I told him I could not possibly revoke it; for that my anger was really gone. "What hath anger," cried he, "to do with the matter? the dignity of my nature hath been always my reason for drawing my sword; and when that is concerned, I can as readily fight with the man I love, as with the

"man

"man I hate." I will not tire you with the repetition of the whole argument, in which the major did not prevail; and I really believe, I sunk a little in his esteem upon that account, till Captain James, who arrived soon after, again perfectly reinstated me in his favour.

When the captain was come, there remained no cause of our longer stay at Montpelier; for as to my wife, she was in a better state of health than I had ever known her, and Miss Bath had not only recovered her health, but her bloom; and from a pale skeleton, was become a plump, handsome, young woman. James was again my cashier; for, far from receiving any remittance, it was now a long time since I had received any letter from England, though both myself and my dear Amelia had written several, both to my mother and sister; and now at our departure from Montpelier, I bethought myself of writing to my good friend the doctor, acquainting him with our journey to Paris, whither I desired he would direct his answer.

At Paris we all arrived, without encountering any adventure on the road worth relating; nor did any thing of consequence happen here during the first fortnight: for as you know neither Captain James nor Miss Bath, it is scarce worth telling you, that an affection, which afterwards ended in a marriage, began now to appear between them, in which it may appear odd to you that I made the first discovery of the lady's flame, and my wife of the captain's.

The seventeenth day after our arrival at Paris, I received a letter from the doctor, which I have in my pocket-book; and, if you please, I will read it to you: for I would not willingly do any injury to his words.

The lady, you may easily believe, desired to hear the letter, and Booth read it as follow:

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,

"FOR I will now call you so, as you have neither of you now any other parent in this world. Of this

"melancholy news I should have sent you earlier notice, if I had thought you ignorant of it, or indeed if I had known whither to have written. If your sister hath received any letters from you, she hath kept them a secret, and perhaps out of affection to you hath repositied them in the same place where she keeps her goodness, and, what I am afraid is much dearer to her, her money. The reports concerning you have been various; so is always the case in matters where men are ignorant: for when no man knows what the truth is, every man thinks himself at liberty to report what he pleases. Those who wish you well, son Booth, say simply that you are dead; others, that you ran away from the siege, and was cashiered. As for my daughter, all agree that she is a saint above; and there are not wanting those who hint that her husband sent her thither. From this beginning you will expect, I suppose, better news than I am going to tell you; but pray, my dear children, why may not I, who have always laughed at my own afflictions, laugh at yours, without the censure of much malevolence? I wish you could learn this temper from me; for, take my word for it, nothing truer ever came from the mouth of a heathen, than that sentence,

"Leve fit quod bene fertur onus".

"And though I must confess, I never thought Aristotle (whom I do not take for so great a blockhead as some who have never read him) doth not very well resolve the doubt which he hath raised in his Ethics, viz. How a man, in the midst of king Priam's misfortunes, can be called happy? yet I have long thought that there is no calamity so great, that a christian philosopher may not reasonably laugh at it. If the heathen Cicero, doubting of immortality (for so wise a man must have doubted of that which had such slender arguments to support it) could assert it as the office of wisdom, Hu-

* The burden becomes light by being well borne.

" *manas res despicere atque infra se positas arbitrari* *.

" Which passage, with much more to the same purpose, you will find in the third book of his Tusculan Questions.

" With how much greater confidence may a good christian despise, and even deride, all temporary and short transitory evils! If the poor wretch, who is trudging on to his miserable cottage, can laugh at the storms and tempests, the rain and whirlwinds which surround him, while his richest hope is only that of rest; how much more cheerfully must a man pass through such transient evils, whose spirits are buoyed up with the certain expectation of finding a noble palace, and the most sumptuous entertainment ready to receive him? I do not much like the simile; but I cannot think of a better. And yet, inadequate as the simile is, we may, I think, from the actions of mankind, conclude that they will consider it as much too strong; for in the case I have put of the entertainment, is there any man so tender or poor-spirited as not to despise and often to deride the fiercest of those inclemencies which I have mentioned; but in our journey to the glorious mansions of everlasting bliss, how severely is every little rub, every trifling accident lamented; and if fortune showers down any of her heavier storms upon us, how wretched do we presently appear to ourselves and to others! The reason of this can be no other, than that we are not in earnest in our faith; at the best, we think with too little attention, on this our great concern. While the most paultry matters of this world, even those pitiful trifles, those childish gewgaws, riches and honours, are transacted with the utmost eagerness, and most serious application, the grand weighty affair of immortality is postponed and disregarded, nor ever brought into the least competition with our affairs here. If one of my cloth should begin a discourse of heaven in the scenes of business or pleasure,

" in the court of requests, at Garraway's, or at White's, would he gain a hearing, unless, perhaps, of some sorry jester who would desire to ridicule him? would he not presently acquire the name of the mad parson, and be thought by all men worthy of Bedlam? or would he not be treated as the Romans treated their Aretalogi †, and considered in the light of a buffoon. But why should I mention those places of hurry and worldly pursuit?—What attention do we engage even in the pulpit? here, if a sermon be prolonged a little beyond the usual hour, doth it not set half the audience asleep? as I question not I have by this time both my children. Well then, like a good-natured surgeon, who prepares his patient for a painful operation, by endeavouring as much as he can to deaden his sensation, I will now communicate to you, in your slumbering condition, the news with which I threatened you. Your good mother, you are to know, is dead at last, and hath left her whole fortune to her elder daughter. This is all the ill news I have to tell you. Confess now, if you are awake, did you not expect it was much worse? did not you apprehend that your charming child was dead? far from it, he is in perfect health, and the admiration of every body; what is more, he will be taken care of, with the tenderness of a parent, till your return. What pleasure must this give you! if indeed any thing can add to the happiness of a married couple, who are extremely and deservedly fond of each other, and, as you write me, in perfect health. A superstitious heathen would have dreaded the malice of Nemesis in your situation; but as I am a christian, I shall venture to add another circumstance to your felicity, by assuring you, that you have, besides your wife, a faithful and zealous friend. Do not, therefore, my dear children, fall into that fault which the excellent Thucydides observes, is too common in human nature, to bear heavily the being deprived of

* To look down on all human affairs as matters below his consideration.

† A set of beggarly philosophers, who diverted great men at their tables with burlesque discourses on virtue.

“ the smaller good, without conceiving, at the same time, any gratitude for the much greater blessings which we are suffered to enjoy. I have only farther to tell you, my son, that when you call at Mr. Morand’s, Rue Dauphine, you will find yourself worth a hundred pounds. Good Heaven! how much richer are you than millions of people who are in want of nothing! Farewel, and know me for

“ Your sincere
“ and affectionate friend.”

‘ There, Madam,’ cries Booth, ‘ how do you like the letter?’

‘ Oh! extremely,’ answered she; ‘ the doctor is a charming man; I always loved dearly to hear him preach. I remember to have heard of Mrs. Harris’s death above a year before I left the country; but never knew the particulars of her will before. I am extremely sorry for it, upon my honour.’

‘ Oh, fye! Madam,’ cries Booth, ‘ have you so soon forgot the chief purport of the doctor’s letter?’

‘ Aye, aye,’ cried she, ‘ these are very pretty things to read, I acknowledge; but the loss of fortune is a serious matter; and I am sure a man of Mr. Booth’s understanding must think so.’—‘ One consideration, I must own, Madam,’ answered he, ‘ a good deal baffled all the doctor’s arguments. This was the concern for my little growing family, who must one day feel the loss; nor was I so easy upon Amelia’s account as upon my own, though she herself put on the utmost cheerfulness, and stretched her invention to the utmost to comfort me. But sure, Madam, there is something in the doctor’s letter to admire beyond the philosophy of it; what think you of that easy, generous, friendly manner, in which he sent me the hundred pounds?’

‘ Very noble and great indeed,’ replied she; ‘ but go on with your story; for I long to hear the whole.’

CH A P. XI.

IN WHICH MR. BOOTH RELATES
HIS RETURN TO ENGLAND.

‘ NOTHING remarkable, as I remember, happened during our stay at Paris, which we left soon after, and came to London. Here we rested only two days, and then, taking leave of our fellow-travellers, we set out for Wiltshire, my wife being so impatient to see the child which she had left behind her, that the child she carried with her was almost killed with the fatigue of the journey.

‘ We arrived at our inn late in the evening. Amelia, though she had no great reason to be pleased with any part of her sister’s behaviour, resolved to behave to her, as if nothing wrong had ever happened. She therefore sent a kind note to her the moment of our arrival, giving her her option, whether she would come to us at the inn, or whether we should that evening wait on her. The servant, after waiting an hour, brought us an answer, excusing her from coming to us so late, as she was disordered with a cold, and desiring my wife by no means to think of venturing out after the fatigue of her journey; saying, she would, on that account, defer the great pleasure of seeing her till the morning: without taking any more notice of your humble servant, than if no such person had been in the world, though I had very civilly sent my compliments to her. I should not mention this trifle, if it was not to shew you the nature of the woman, and that it will be a kind of key to her future conduct.

‘ When the servant returned, the good doctor, who had been with us almost all the time of his absence, hurried us away to his house, where we presently found a supper and a bed prepared for us. My wife was eagerly desirous to see her child that night; but the doctor would not suffer it; and as he was at nurse at a distant part of the town, and the doctor assured her he had seen him in perfect health that evening, she suffered herself at last to be dissuaded.

‘ We spent that evening in the most agreeable manner: for the doctor’s wit and humour, joined to the highest cheerfulness and good-nature, made him the most agreeable com-

panion in the world; and he was now in the highest spirits, which he was pleased to place to our account. We sat together to a very late hour: for so excellent is my wife's constitution, that she declared she was scarce sensible of any fatigue from her late journies.

Amelia slept not a wink all night, and in the morning early the doctor accompanied us to the little infant. The transports we felt on this occasion were really enchanting, nor can any but a fond parent conceive, I am certain, the least idea of them. Our imaginations suggested a hundred agreeable circumstances, none of which had, perhaps, any foundation. We made words and meaning out of every sound, and in every feature I found out some resemblance to my Amelia, as she did to me.

But I ask your pardon for dwelling on such incidents; and will proceed to scenes which, to most persons, will be more entertaining.

We went hence to pay a visit to Miss Harris, whose reception of us was, I think, truly ridiculous; and as you know the lady, I will endeavour to describe it particularly. At our first arrival we were ushered into a parlour, where we were suffered to wait almost an hour. At length the lady of the house appeared in deep mourning, with a face, if possible, more dismal than her dress, in which, however, there was every appearance of art. Her features were indeed screwed up to the very height of grief. With this face, and in the most solemn gait, she approached Amelia, and coldly saluted her. After which, she made me a very distant formal courtsey, and we all sat down. A short silence now ensued, which Miss Harris at length broke, with a deep sigh, and said, "Sister, here is a great alteration in this place since you saw it last; Heaven hath been pleased to take my poor mother to itself." (Here she wiped her eyes, and then continued) "I hope I know my duty, and have learned a proper resignation to the Divine will; but something is to be allowed to grief for the best of mothers; for so she was to us both: and if at last she made any distinction, she must have

had her reasons for so doing. I am sure I can truly say I never wished, much less desired it." The tears now stood in poor Amelia's eyes; indeed she had paid too many already to the memory of so unnatural a parent. She answered with the sweetness of an angel, that she was far from blaming her sister's emotions on so tender an occasion; that she heartily joined with her in her grief: for that nothing which her mother had done in the latter part of her life, could efface the remembrance of that tenderness which she had formerly shewn her. Her sister caught hold of the word efface, and rung the changes upon it. "Efface!" cried she, "O Miss Emily, (for you must not expect me to repeat names that will be for ever odious) I wish indeed every thing could be effaced. Effaced! O that that was possible; we might then have still enjoyed my poor mother: for I am convinced she never recovered her grief on a certain occasion." Thus she ran on, and after many bitter strokes upon her sister, at last directly charged her mother's death on my marriage with Amelia. I could be silent then no longer. I reminded her of the perfect reconciliation between us before my departure, and the great fondness which she expressed for me; nor could I help saying in very plain terms, that if she had ever changed her opinion of me, as I was not conscious of having deserved such a change by my own behaviour, I was well convinced to whose good offices I owed it. Guilt hath very quick ears to an accusation. Miss Harris immediately answered to the charge. She said such suspicions were no more than she expected; that they were of a piece with every other part of my conduct, and gave her one consolation, that they served to account for her sister Emily's unkindness, as well to herself as to her poor deceased mother, and in some measure lessened the guilt of it with regard to her, since it was not easy to know how far a woman is in the power of her husband. My dear Amelia reddened at this reflection on me; and begged her sister to name any single instance of unkindness or disrespect, in which she had ever offended. To this the

other

other answered, (I am sure I repeat her words, though I cannot mimic either the voice or air with which they were spoken) "Pray, Miss Emily, which is to be the judge; yourself or that gentleman? I remember the time when I could have trusted to your judgment in any affair; but you are now no longer mistress of yourself, and are not answerable for your actions. Indeed it is my constant prayer that your actions may not be imputed to you. It was the constant prayer of that blessed woman, my dear mother, who is now a saint above; a saint whose name I can never mention without a tear, though I find you can hear it without one. I cannot help observing some concern on so melancholy an occasion; it seems due to decency; but perhaps (for I always wish to excuse you) you are forbid to cry." The idea of being bid or forbid to cry, struck so strongly on my fancy, that indignation only could have prevented me from laughing. But my narrative, I am afraid, begins to grow tedious. In short, after hearing, for near an hour, every malicious insinuation which a fertile genius could invent, we took our leave, and separated, as persons, who would never willingly meet again.

The next morning after this interview, Amelia received a long letter from Miss Harris; in which, after many bitter invectives against me, she excused her mother, alledging that she had been driven to do as she did, in order to prevent Amelia's ruin, if her fortune had fallen into my hands. She likewise very remotely hinted that she would be only a trustee for her sister's children, and told her, that on one condition only, she would consent to live with her as a sister; this was, if she could by any means be separated from that man, as she was pleased to call me, who had caused so much mischief in the family.

I was so enraged at this usage, that, had not Amelia intervened, I believe I should have applied to a magistrate for a search-warrant for that picture, which there was so much reason to suspect she had stolen; and which, I am convinced, upon a search, we

should have found in her possession.

"Nay, it is possible enough," cries Miss Matthews; "for I believe there is no wickedness of which the lady is not capable."

"This agreeable letter was succeeded by another of the like comfortable kind, which informed me that the company in which I was, being an additional one raised in the beginning of the war, was reduced; so that I was now a lieutenant on half-pay."

"Whilst we were meditating on our present situation, the doctor came to us. When we related to him the manner in which my sister had treated us, he cried out, "Poor soul! I pity her heartily;" for this is the severest resentment he ever expresses: indeed I have often heard him say, that a wicked soul is the greatest object of compassion in the world." A sentiment which we shall leave the reader a little time to digest.

C H A P. XII.

IN WHICH MR. BOOTH CONCLUDES HIS STORY.

THE next day the doctor set out for his parsonage, which was thirty miles distant, whither Amelia and myself accompanied him, and where we stayed with him all the time of his residence there, being almost three months.

The situation of the parish under my good friend's care is very pleasant. It is placed among meadows, washed by a clear-trout stream, and flanked on both sides by downs. His house indeed would not much attract the admiration of the virtuoso. He built it himself, and it is remarkable only for its plainness, with which the furniture so well agrees, that there is no one thing in it that may not be absolutely necessary, except books, and the prints of Mr. Hogarth, whom he calls a moral satirist.

Nothing, however, can be imagined more agreeable than the life that the doctor leads in this homely house, which he calls his earthly paradise. All his parishioners, whom he treats as his children, regard him as their common

common father. Once in a week he constantly visits every house in the parish, examines, commends, and rebukes, as he finds occasion. This is practised likewise by his curate in his absence; and so good an effect is produced by this their care, that no quarrels ever proceed either to blows or law-suits; no beggar is to be found in the whole parish; nor did I ever hear a very profane oath all the time I lived in it.

But to return, from so agreeable a digression, to my own affairs, that are much less worth your attention. In the midst of all the pleasures I tasted in this sweet place, and the most delightful company, the woman and man whom I loved above all things, melancholy reflections concerning my unhappy circumstances would often steal into my thoughts. My fortune was now reduced to less than forty pounds a year; I had already two children, and my dear Amelia was again with child.

One day the doctor found me sitting by myself, and employed in melancholy contemplations on this subject. He told me he had observed me growing of late very serious; that he knew the occasion, and neither wondered at, nor blamed me. He then asked me if I had any prospect of going again into the army; if not, what scheme of life I proposed to myself.

I told him, that as I had no powerful friends, I could have but little expectations in a military way; that I was incapable of thinking of any other scheme, as all business required some knowledge or experience, and likewise money to set up with; of all which I was destitute.

"You must know then, child," said the doctor, "that I have been thinking on this subject as well as you: for I can think, I promise you, with a pleasant countenance." These were his words. "As to the army, perhaps means might be found of getting you another commission; but my daughter seems to have a violent objection to it; and to be plain, I fancy you yourself will find no glory make you amends for your absence from her. And for my part," said he, "I never think those men wise,

who for any worldly interest forego the greatest happiness of their lives. If I mistake not," says he, "a country life, where you could be always together, would make you both much happier people."

I answered, that of all things I preferred it most; and I believed Amelia was of the same opinion.

The doctor, after a little hesitation, proposed to me to turn farmer, and offered to let me his parsonage, which was then become vacant. He said, it was a farm which required but little stock, and that little should not be wanting.

I embraced this offer very eagerly, and with great thankfulness, and immediately repaired to Amelia to communicate it to her, and to know her sentiments.

Amelia received the news with the highest transports of joy; she said that her greatest fear had always been of my entering again into the army. She was so kind as to say, that all stations of life were equal to her, unless as one afforded her more of my company than another. "And as to our children," said she, "let us breed them up to an humble fortune; they will be contented with it: for none," added my angel, "deserve happiness, or indeed, are capable of it, who make any particular station a necessary ingredient."

Thus, Madam, you see me degraded from my former rank in life; no longer Captain Booth, but Farmer Booth at your service.

During my first year's continuance in this new scene of life, nothing, I think, remarkable happened; the history of one day would, indeed, be the history of the whole year.

"Well pray then," said Miss Matthews, "do let us hear the history of that day; I have a strange curiosity to know how you could kill your time; and do, if possible, find out the very best day you can."

If you command me, Madam, answered Booth, "you must yourself be accountable for the dulness of the narrative. Nay, I believe, you have imposed a very difficult task on me; for the greatest happiness is incapable of description.

I rose

‘ I rose, then, Madam——’

‘ O the moment you waked, undoubtedly,’ said Miss Matthews.

‘ Usually,’ said he, ‘ between five and six.’

‘ I will have no usually,’ cried Miss Matthews; ‘ you are confined to a day, and it is to be the best and happiest in the year.’

‘ Nay, Madam,’ cries Booth, ‘ then I must tell you the day in which Amelia was brought to bed, after a painful and dangerous labour; for that I think was the happiest day of my life.’

‘ I protest,’ said she, ‘ you are become Farmer Booth, indeed. What a happiness have you painted to my imagination! you put me in mind of a newspaper, where my lady such-a-one is delivered of a son, to the great joy of some illustrious family.’

‘ Why then, I do assure you, Miss Matthews,’ cries Booth, ‘ I scarce know a circumstance that distinguished one day from another. The whole was one continued series of love, health, and tranquility. Our lives resembled a calm sea.’

‘ The dullest of all ideas,’ cries the lady.

‘ I know,’ said he, ‘ it must appear dull in description; for who can describe the pleasures which the morning air gives to one in perfect health; the flow of spirits which springs up from exercise; the delights which parents feel from the prattle and innocent follies of their children; the joy with which the tender smile of a wife inspires a husband; or lastly, the chearful, solid comfort, which a fond couple enjoy in each other’s conversation!——All these pleasures, and every other of which our situation was capable, we tasted in the highest degree. Our happiness was, perhaps, too great; for fortune seemed to grow envious of it, and interposed one of the most cruel accidents that could have befallen us, by robbing us of our dear friend the doctor.’

‘ I am sorry for it,’ said Miss Matthews; ‘ he was indeed a valuable man, and I never heard of his death before.’

‘ Long may it be before any one hears of it,’ cries Booth. ‘ He is,

indeed, dead to us; but will, I hope, enjoy many happy years of life. You know, Madam, the obligations he had to his patron the earl; indeed, it was impossible to be once in his company without hearing of them: I am sure you will neither wonder that he was chosen to attend the young lord in his travels as his tutor, nor that the good man, however disagreeable it might be (as in fact it was) to his inclination, should comply with the earnest request of his friend and patron.

‘ By this means I was bereft not only of the best companion in the world, but of the best counsellor; a loss of which I have since felt the bitter consequence; for no greater advantage, I am convinced, can arrive to a young man who hath any degree of understanding, than an intimate converse with one of riper years, who is not only able to advise, but who knows the manner of advising. By this means alone, youth can enjoy the benefit of the experience of age, and that at a time of life when such experience will be of more service to a man than when he hath lived long enough to acquire it of himself.

‘ From want of my sage counsellor, I now fell into many errors. The first of these was in enlarging my business, by adding a farm of one hundred a year to the parsonage; in renting which I had also as bad a bargain as the doctor had before given me a good one. The consequence of which was, that whereas at the end of the first year, I was worth upwards of fourscore pounds; at the end of the second, I was near half that sum worse (as the praise is) than nothing.

‘ A second folly I was guilty of, in uniting families with the curate of the parish, who had just married, as my wife and I thought, a very good sort of a woman. We had not, however, lived one month together, before I plainly perceived this good sort of woman had taken a great prejudice against my Amelia; for which, if I had not known something of the human passions, and that high place which envy holds among them, I should not have been able to ac-

count;

count; for so far was my angel from having given her any cause of dislike, that she had treated her not only with civility, but kindness.

' Besides superiority in beauty, which, I believe, all the world would have allowed to Amelia, there was another cause of this envy, which I am almost ashamed to mention, as it may well be called my greatest folly. You are to know then, Madam, that from a boy I had been always fond of driving a coach, in which I valued myself on having some skill. This, perhaps, was an innocent, but I allow it to have been a childish vanity. As I had an opportunity, therefore, of buying an old coach and harness very cheap, (indeed they cost me but twelve pounds) and as I considered the same horses which drew my waggons, would likewise draw my coach, I resolved on indulging myself in the purchase.

' The consequence of setting up this poor old-coach is inconceivable. Before this, as my wife and myself had very little distinguished ourselves from the other farmers and their wives, either in our dress, or our way of living, they treated us as their equals; but now they began to consider us as elevating ourselves into a state of superiority, and immediately began to envy, hate, and declare war against us. The neighbouring little squires, too, were uneasy to see a poor renter become their equal in a matter in which they placed so much dignity; and not doubting but it arose in me from the same ostentation, they began to hate me likewise, and to turn my equipage into ridicule; asserting that my horses, which were as well matched as any in the kingdom, were of different colours and sizes; with much more of that kind of wit, the only basis of which is lying.

' But what will appear most surprising to you, Madam, was, that the curate's wife, who being lame, had more use of the coach than my Amelia, (indeed, she seldom went to church in any other manner) was one of my bitterest enemies on the occasion. If she had ever any dispute with Amelia, which all the sweetness of my poor girl could not sometimes avoid, she was sure to introduce with

a malicious sneer, "Though my husband doth not keep a coach, Madam." Nay, she took this opportunity to upbraid my wife with the loss of her fortune, alledging, that some folks might have had as good pretensions to a coach as other folks, and a better too, as they brought a better fortune to their husbands. But that all people had not the art of making bricks without straw!

' You will wonder, perhaps, Madam, how I can remember such stuff, which, indeed, was a long time only matter of amusement to both Amelia and myself; but we at last experienced the mischievous nature of envy, and that it tends rather to produce tragical than comical events. My neighbours now began to conspire against me. They nick-named me, in derision, the squire farmer. Whatever I bought, I was sure to buy dearer; and when I sold, I was obliged to sell cheaper than any other. In fact they were all united; and while they every day committed trespasses on my lands with impunity, if any of my cattle escaped into their fields, I was either forced to enter into a law-suit, or to make amends four-fold for the damages sustained.

' The consequences of all this could be no other than that ruin which ensued. Without tiring you with particulars, before the end of four years, I became involved in debt near three hundred pounds more than the value of all my effects. My landlord seized my stock for rent; and to avoid immediate confinement in prison, I was forced to leave the country, with all that I hold dear in the world, my wife, and my poor little family.

' In this condition, I arrived in town five or six days ago. I had just taken a lodging in the verge of the court, and writ my dear Amelia word where she might find me, when she had settled her affairs in the best manner she could. That very evening, as I was returning home from a coffee-house, a fray happening in the street, I endeavoured to assist the injured party, when I was seized by the watch, and after being confined all night in the round-house, was conveyed in the morning before a justice of the peace, who committed me hi-

ther;

‘ther; where I should probably have
‘starved, had I not, from your hands,
‘found a most unaccountable prefer-
‘vation. And here, give me leave to
‘assure you, my dear Miss Matthews,
‘that whatever advantage I may have
‘reaped from your misfortune, I sin-
‘cerely lament it; nor would I have
‘purchased any relief to myself at the

‘price of seeing you in this dreadful
‘place.’

He spake these last words with great
tendernefs: for he was a man of con-
summate good-nature, and had for-
merly had much affection for this young
lady; indeed, more than the generality
of people are capable of entertaining
for any person whatsoever.

122
END OF THE ~~SECOND~~ VOLUME.



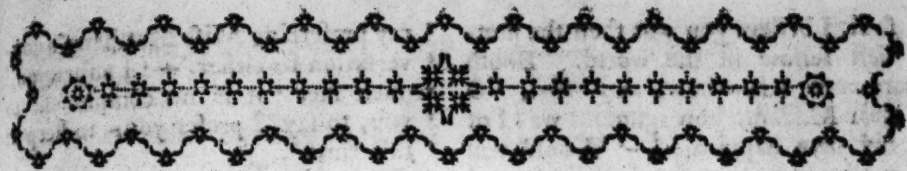
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A M E L I A.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

CONTAINING VERY MYSTERIOUS
MATTER.

ISS Matthews did not in the least fall short of Mr. Booth in expressions of tenderness. Her eyes, the most eloquent orators on such occasions, exerted their utmost force; and, at the conclusion of his speech, she cast a look as languishingly sweet, as ever Cleopatra gave to Anthony. In real fact, this Mr. Booth had been her first love, and had made more impressions on her young heart, which the learned in this branch of philosophy affirm, and perhaps truly, are never to be eradicated.

When Booth had finished his story, a silence ensued of some minutes; an interval which the painter would describe much better than the writer. Some readers may, however, be able to make pretty pertinent conjectures, by what I have said above, especially when they are told that Miss Matthews broke the silence by a sigh, and cried, 'Why is Mr. Booth unwilling to allow me the happiness of thinking my misfortunes have been of some little advantage to him? Sure the happy Amelia would not be so selfish to envy me that pleasure. No; not if she was as much the fondest as she is the happiest of women.'—'Good Heaven! Madam,' said he, 'do you call my

'poor Amelia the happiest of women?'—'Indeed I do,' answered she briskly; 'O, Mr. Booth, there is a speck of white in her fortune, which, when it falls to the lot of a sensible woman, makes her full amends for all the crosses which can attend her. Perhaps she may not be sensible of it; but if it had been my blest fate—O Mr. Booth, could I have thought when we were first acquainted, that the most agreeable man in the world had been capable of making the kind, the tender, the affectionate husband—the happy Amelia in those days was unknown; Heaven had not then given her a prospect of the happiness it intended her—but yet it did intend it her: for sure there is a fatality in the affairs of love; and the more I reflect on my own life, the more I am convinced of it. O heavens! how a thousand little circumstances crowd into my mind. When you first marched into our town, you had then the colours in your hand; as you passed under the window where I stood, my glove by accident dropt into the street; you stooped, took up my glove, and, putting it upon the spike belonging to your colours, lifted it up to the window. Upon this, a young lady, who stood by, said, "So, Miss, the young officer hath accepted your challenge." I blushed then, and I blush now, when I confess to you, I thought you the prettiest young fellow I had ever seen; and, upon my

soul,

'soul, I believe you was then the prettiest fellow in the world.' Booth here made a low bow, and cried, 'O dear Madam, how ignorant was I of my own happiness.'—'Would you really have thought so?' answered she: 'however, there is some politeness, if there be no sincerity in what you say.' Here the governor of the enchanted castle interrupted them, and entering the room without any ceremony, acquainted the lady and gentleman, that it was locking-up time; and addressing Booth, by the name of captain, asked him if he would not please to have a bed; adding, that he might have one in the next room to the lady, but that it would come dear; for that he never let a bed in that room under a guinea, nor could he afford it cheaper to his father.

No answer was made to this proposal; but Miss Matthews, who had already learnt some of the ways of the house, said, she believed Mr. Booth would like to drink a glass of something; upon which the governor immediately trumpeted forth the praises of his rack-punch, and, without waiting for any farther commands, presently produced a large bowl of that liquor.

The governor having recommended the goodness of his punch by a hearty draught, began to revive the other matter, saying, that he was just going to bed, and must first lock up. 'But suppose,' said Miss Matthews, with a smile, 'the captain and I should have a mind to sit up all night.'—'With all my heart,' said the governor; 'but I expect a consideration for those matters. For my part, I don't enquire into what doth not concern me; but single and double are two things. If I lock up double, I expect half a guinea; and I'm sure the captain cannot think that's out of the way. It is but the price of a bagnio.'

Miss Matthews's face became of the colour of scarlet at those words. However, she mustered up her spirits, and turning to Booth, said, 'What say you, captain; for my own part, I had never less inclination to sleep? which hath the greater charms for you, the punch or the pillow?'—'I hope, Madam,' answered Booth, 'you have a better opinion of me, than to doubt

my preferring Miss Matthews's conversation to either.'—'I assure you,' replied she, 'it is no compliment to you, to say, I prefer yours to sleep at this time.'

The governor then, having received his fee, departed; and turning the key, left the gentleman and lady to themselves.

In imitation of him, we will lock up likewise a scene which we do not think proper to expose to the eyes of the public. If any over curious readers should be disappointed on this occasion, we will recommend such readers to the apologies with which certain gay ladies have lately been pleased to oblige the world, where they will possibly find every thing recorded that past at this interval.

But though we decline painting the scene, it is not our intention to conceal from the world the frailty of Mr. Booth, or of his fair partner, who certainly past that evening in a manner inconsistent with the strict rules of virtue and chastity.

To say the truth, we are much more concerned for the behaviour of the gentleman, than of the lady; not only for his sake, but for the sake of the best woman in the world, whom we should be sorry to consider as yoked to a man of no worth nor honour.

We desire, therefore, the good-natured and candid reader will be pleased to weigh attentively the several unlucky circumstances which occurred so critically, that fortune seemed to have used her utmost endeavours to ensnare poor Booth's constancy. Let the reader set before his eyes a fine young woman, in a manner a first love, conferring obligations, and using every art to soften, to allure, to win, and to inflame; let him consider the time and place; let him remember that Mr. Booth was a young fellow in the highest vigour of life; and lastly, let him add one single circumstance, that the parties were alone together: and then if he will not acquit the defendant, he must be convicted; for I have nothing more to say in his defence.

CHAP. II.

THE LATTER PART OF WHICH
WE EXPECT WILL PLEASE OUR
READER

READER BETTER THAN THE FORMER.

A Whole week did our lady and gentleman live in this criminal conversation, in which the happiness of the former was much more perfect than that of the latter; for though the charms of Miss Matthews, and her excessive endearments, sometimes lulled every thought in the sweet lethargy of pleasure; yet in the intervals of his fits, his virtue alarmed and roused him, and brought the image of poor injured Amelia to haunt and torment him. In fact, if we regard this world only, it is the interest of every man to be either perfectly good, or completely bad. He had better destroy his conscience, than gently wound it. The many bitter reflections which every bad action costs a mind in which there are any remains of goodness, are not to be compensated by the highest pleasures which such an action can produce.

So it happened to Mr. Booth. Repentance never failed to follow his transgressions; and yet so perverse is our judgment, and so slippery is the descent of vice, when once we are entered into it; the same crime which he now repented of, became a reason for doing that which was to cause his future repentance; and he continued to sin on, because he had begun. His repentance however returned still heavier and heavier, till at last it flung him into a melancholy, which Miss Matthews plainly perceived, and at which she could not avoid expressing some resentment in obscure hints, and ironical compliments on Amelia's superiority to her whole sex, who could not cloy a gay young fellow by many years possession. She would then repeat the compliments which others had made to her own beauty—and could not forbear once crying out, 'Upon my soul! my dear Billy, I believe the chief disadvantage on my side, is in my superior fondness; for love, in the minds of men, hath one quality at least of a fever, which is to prefer coldness in the object. Confess, dear Will, is there not something vastly refreshing in the cool air of a prude?' Booth fetched a deep sigh, and begged her never more to mention Amelia's name. 'O Will,' cries she, 'did that request proceed from the motive I

could wish, I should be the happiest of womankind.'—'You would not sure, Madam,' said Booth, 'desire a sacrifice, which I must be a villain to make to any?'—'Desire!' answered she, 'are there any bounds to the desires of love! have not I been sacrificed? hath not my first love been torn from my bleeding heart? I claim a prior right—As for sacrifices, I can make them too! and would sacrifice the whole world at the least call of my love.'

Here she delivered a letter to Booth, which she had received within an hour, the contents of which were these:

"DEAREST MADAM,

"THOSE only who truly know what love is, can have any conception of the horrors I felt at hearing of your confinement at my arrival in town, which was this morning. I immediately sent my lawyer to enquire into the particulars, who brought me the agreeable news that the man whose heart's blood ought not to be valued at the rate of a single hair of yours, is entirely out of all danger, and that you might be admitted to bail. I presently ordered him to go with two of my tradesmen, who are to be bound in any sum for your appearance, if he should be mean enough to prosecute you. Though you may expect my attorney with you soon, I would not delay sending this, as I hope the news will be agreeable to you. My chariot will attend at the same time to carry you wherever you please. You may easily guess what a violence I have done to myself in not waiting on you in person; but I, who know your delicacy, feared it might offend, and that you might think me ungenerous enough to hope from your distresses an happiness, which I am resolved to owe to your free gift alone, when your good-nature shall induce you to bestow on me what no man living can merit. I beg you will pardon all the contents of this hasty letter, and do me the honour of believing me, dearest Madam, your most passionate admirer, and most obedient humble servant,

"DAMON."

Booth

Booth thought he had somewhere before seen the same hand; but in his present hurry of spirits could not recollect whose it was; nor did the lady give him any time for reflection: for he had scarce read the letter, when she produced a little bit of paper, and cried out, 'Here, Sir, here are the contents which he fears will offend me.' She then put a bank-bill of a hundred pound into Mr. Booth's hands; and asked him with a smile, if he did not think she had reason to be offended with so much insolence.

Before Booth could return an answer, the governor arrived, and introduced Mr. Rogers the attorney, who acquainted the lady that he brought her discharge from her confinement, and that a chariot waited at the door to attend her wherever she pleased.

She received the discharge from Mr. Rogers, and said she was very much obliged to the gentleman who employed him, but that she would not make use of the chariot, as she had no notion of leaving that wretched place in a triumphant manner; in which resolution, when the attorney found her obstinate, he withdrew, as did the governor with many bows, and as many ladyships.

They were no sooner gone, than Booth asked the lady why she would refuse the chariot of a gentleman who had behaved with such excessive respect. She looked earnestly upon him, and cried, 'How unkind is that question! do you imagine I would go and leave you in such a situation? thou knowest but little of Calista. Why, do you think I would accept this hundred pounds from a man I dislike, unless it was to be serviceable to the man I love? I insist on your taking it as your own, and using whatever you want of it.'

Booth protested in the solemnest manner, that he would not touch a shilling of it, saying, he had already received too many obligations at her hands, and more than ever he should be able, he feared, to repay. 'How unkind,' answered she, 'is every word you say! why will you mention obligations? love never confers any. It doth every thing for its own sake. I am not therefore obliged to the man whose passion makes him generous: for I feel how inconsiderable the whole

'world would appear to me, if I could throw it after my heart.'

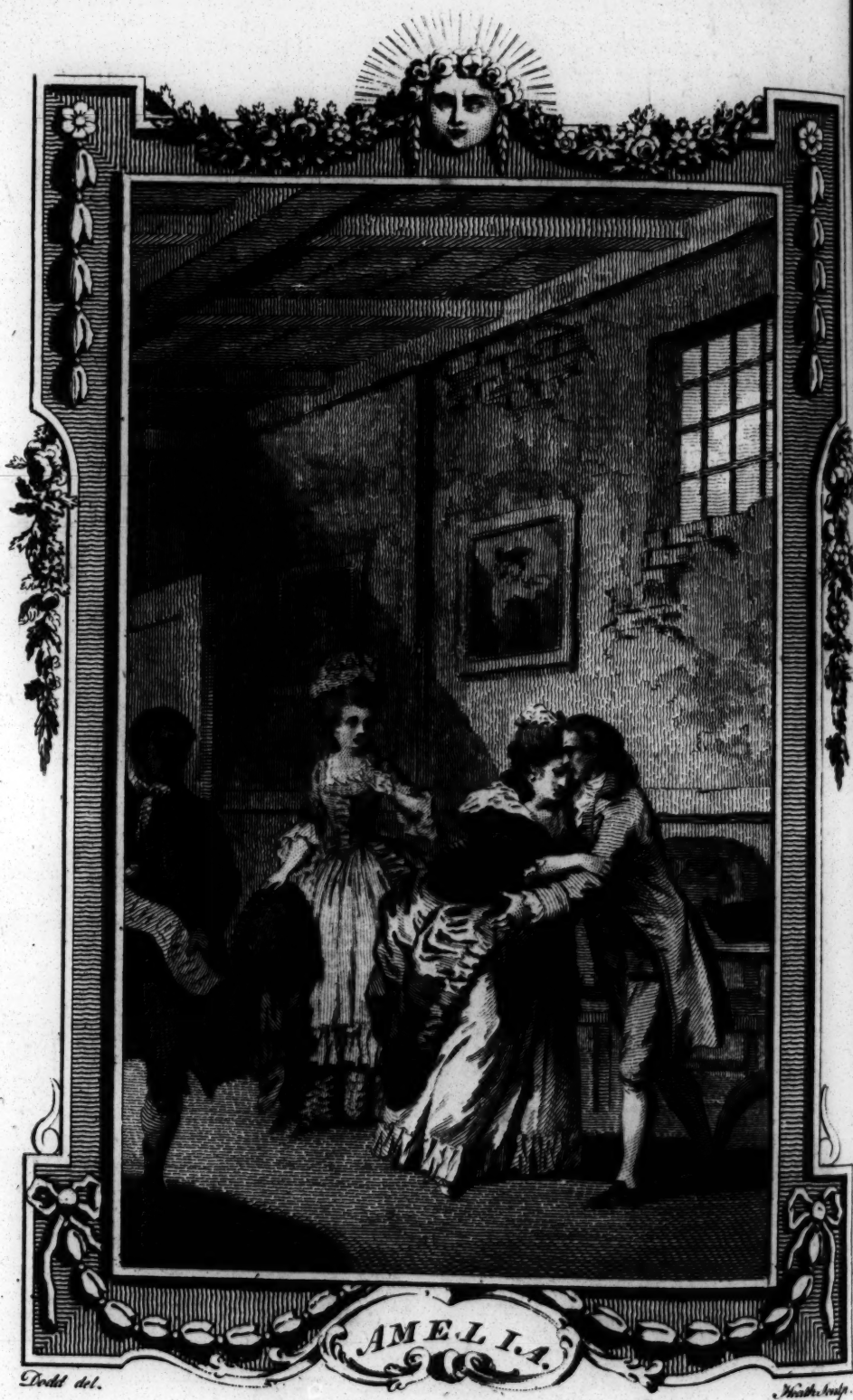
Much more of this kind past, she still pressing the bank-note upon him, and he as absolutely refusing, till Booth left the lady to dress herself, and went to walk in the area of the prison.

Miss Matthews now applied to the governor to know by what means she might procure the captain his liberty. The governor answered, 'As he cannot get bail, it will be a difficult matter; and money to be sure there must be: for people no doubt, expect to touch on these occasions. When prisoners have not wherewithal as the law requires to entitle themselves to justice, why they must be beholden to other people, to give them their liberty; and people will not to be sure suffer others to be beholden to them for nothing, whereof there is good reason: for how should we all live, if it was not for these things!'—'Well, well,' said she, 'and how much will it cost?' 'How much!' answered he; 'how much! why, let me see—' Here he hesitated some time, and then answered, that for five guineas he would undertake to procure the captain his discharge—that being the sum which he computed to remain in the lady's pocket; for as to the gentleman's, he had long been acquainted with the emptiness of it.

Miss Matthews, to whom money was as dirt, (indeed she may be thought not to have known the value of it) delivered him the bank-bill, and bid him get it changed: 'for if the whole,' says she, 'will procure him his liberty, he shall have it this evening.'

'The whole, Madam,' answered the governor, as soon as he had recovered his breath: for it almost forsook him at the sight of the black word hundred. 'No, no. There might be people indeed—but I am not one of those. A hundred! no, nor nothing like it. As for myself, as I said, I will be content with five guineas, and I am sure that's little enough. What other people will expect, I cannot exactly say. To be sure his worship's clerk will expect to touch pretty handsomely; as for his worship himself, he never touches any thing, that is, not to speak of; but then the constable will expect something, and the watchmen must have something; and the lawyers





lawyers on both sides they must have their fees for finishing. — ‘ Well,’ said she, ‘ I leave all to you. If it costs me twenty pounds I will have him discharged this afternoon. But you must give his discharge into my hands, without letting the captain know any thing of the matter.’

The governor promised to obey her commands in every particular; nay, he was so very industrious, that though dinner was then just coming upon the table, at her earnest request, he set out immediately on the purpose, and went, as he said, in pursuit of the lawyer.

All the other company assembled at table as usual, where poor Booth was the only person out of spirits. This was imputed by all present to a wrong cause; nay, Miss Matthews herself either could not, or would not, suspect that there was any thing deeper than the despair of being speedily discharged, that lay heavy on his mind.

However, the mirth of the rest, and a pretty liberal quantity of punch, which he swallowed after dinner, (for Miss Matthews had ordered a very large bowl at her own expence, to entertain the good company at her farewell) so far exhilarated his spirits, that when the young lady and he retired to their tea, he had all the marks of gaiety in his countenance, and his eyes sparkled with good-humour.

The gentleman and lady had spent about two hours in tea and conversation, when the governor returned, and privately delivered to the lady the discharge for her friend, and the sum of eighty-two pounds five shillings; the rest having been, he said, disbursed in the business, of which he was ready at any time to render an exact account.

Miss Matthews being again alone with Mr. Booth, she put the discharge into his hands, desiring him to ask her no questions; and adding, ‘ I think, Sir, we have neither of us now any thing more to do at this place.’ She then summoned the governor, and ordered a bill of that day’s expence, for long scores were not usual there; and at the same time ordered a hackney-coach, without having yet determined whither she would go, but fully determined she was, wherever she went, to take Mr. Booth with her.

The governor was now approaching with a long roll of paper, when a faint

voice was heard to cry out hastily, ‘ Where is he?’ — and presently a female spectre, all pale and breathless, rushed into the room, and fell into Mr. Booth’s arms, where she immediately fainted away.

Booth made shift to support his lovely burden; though he was himself in a condition very little different from her’s. Miss Matthews likewise, who presently recollected the face of Amelia, was struck motionless with the surprise; nay, the governor himself, though not easily moved at sights of horror, stood aghast, and neither offered to speak nor stir.

Happily for Amelia, the governess of the mansion had out of curiosity followed her into the room, and was the only useful person present on this occasion; she immediately called for water, and ran to the lady’s assistance, fell to loosening her stays, and performed all the offices proper at such a season; which had so good an effect, that Amelia soon recovered the disorder which the violent agitation of her spirits had caused, and found herself alive and awake in her husband’s arms.

Some tender caresses, and a soft whisper or two past privately between Booth and his lady; nor was it without great difficulty that poor Amelia put some restraint on her fondness, in a place so improper for a tender interview. She now cast her eyes round the room, and fixing them on Miss Matthews, who stood like a statue; she soon recollected her, and addressing her by her name, said, ‘ Sure, Madam, I cannot be mistaken in those features; though meeting you here might almost make me suspect my memory!’

Miss Matthews’s face was now all covered with scarlet. The reader may easily believe she was on no account pleased with Amelia’s presence; indeed, she expected from her some of those insults, of which virtuous women are generally so liberal to a frail sister: but she was mistaken; Amelia was not one

Who thought the nation ne’er could thrive,
Till all the whores were burnt alive.

Her virtue could support itself with its own intrinsic worth, without borrowing any assistance from the vices of other women; and she considered their natural infirmities as the objects of pity, not of contempt or abhorrence.

When

When Amelia, therefore, perceived the visible confusion in Miss Matthews, she presently called to remembrance some stories which she had imperfectly heard; for as she was not naturally attentive to scandal, and had kept very little company since her return to England, she was far from being a mistress of the lady's whole history. However, she had heard enough to impute her confusion to the right cause; she advanced to her, and told her she was extremely sorry to meet her in such a place, but hoped that no very great misfortune was the occasion of it.

Miss Matthews began, by degrees, to recover her spirits. She answered with a reserved air, 'I am much obliged to you, Madam, for your concern; we are all liable to misfortunes in this world. Indeed, I know not why I should be much ashamed of being in any place where I am in such good company.'

Here Booth interposed. He had before acquainted Amelia in a whisper, that his confinement was at an end. 'The unfortunate accident, my dear,' said he, 'which brought this young lady to this melancholy place, is entirely determined; and she is now as absolutely at her liberty as myself.'

Amelia imputing the extreme coldness and reserve of the lady to the cause already mentioned, advanced still more and more in proportion as she drew back: till the governor, who had withdrawn some time, returned, and acquainted Miss Matthews that her coach was at the door; upon which, the company soon separated. Amelia and Booth went together in Amelia's coach, and poor Miss Matthews was obliged to retire alone, after having satisfied the demands of the governor, which in one day only had amounted to a pretty considerable sum: for he with great dexterity proportioned his bills to the abilities of his guests.

It may seem, perhaps, wonderful to some readers, that Miss Matthews should have maintained that cold reserve towards Amelia, so as barely to keep within the rules of civility, instead of embracing an opportunity which seemed to offer, of gaining some degree of intimacy with a wife, whose husband she was so fond of; but besides that her spirits were entirely disconcerted by so sudden and unexpected

a disappointment; and besides the extreme horrors which she conceived at the presence of her rival, there is, I believe, something so outrageously suspicious in the nature of all vice, especially when joined with any great degree of pride, that the eyes of those whom we imagine privy to our failings, are intolerable to us, and we are apt to aggravate their opinions to our disadvantage far beyond the reality.

CHAP. III.

CONTAINING WISE OBSERVATIONS
OF THE AUTHOR, AND OTHER
MATTERS.

THERE is nothing more difficult than to lay down any fixed and certain rules for happiness; or indeed to judge with any precision of the happiness of others, from the knowledge of external circumstances. There is sometimes a little speck of black in the brightest and gayest colours of fortune, which contaminates and deadens the whole. On the contrary, when all without looks dark and dismal, there is often a secret ray of light within the mind, which turns every thing to real joy and gladness.

I have in the course of my life seen many occasions to make this observation; and Mr. Booth was at present a very pregnant instance of it's truth. He was just delivered from a prison, and in the possession of his beloved wife and children; and (which might be imagined greatly to augment his joy) fortune had done all this for him within an hour, without giving him the least warning or reasonable expectation of this strange reverse in his circumstances; and yet it is certain, that there were very few men in the world more seriously miserable than he was at this instant. A deep melancholy seized his mind, and cold damp sweats overspread his person, so that he was scarce animated; and poor Amelia, instead of a fond warm husband, bestowed her caresses on a dull lifeless lump of clay. He endeavoured however at first, as much as possible, to conceal what he felt, and attempted what is the hardest of all tasks, to act the part of a happy man; but he found no supply of spirits to carry on this deceit, and would have probably

probably sunk under this attempt, had not poor Amelia's simplicity helped him to another fallacy, in which he had much better success.

This worthy woman very plainly perceived the disorder in her husband's mind; and having no doubt of the cause of it, especially when she saw the tears stand in his eyes at the sight of his children, threw her arms round his neck, and embracing him with rapturous fondness, cried out, 'My dear Billy, let nothing make you uneasy. Heaven will, I doubt not, provide for us and these poor babes. Great fortunes are not necessary to happiness. For my own part, I can level my mind with any state; and for those poor little things, whatever condition of life we breed them to, that will be sufficient to maintain them in. How many thousands abound in affluence, whose fortunes are much lower than ours! for it is not from nature, but from education and habit, that our wants are chiefly derived. Make yourself easy therefore, my dear love; for you have a wife who will think herself happy with you, and endeavour to make you so, in any situation. Fear nothing, Billy: industry will always provide us a wholesome meal; and I will take care, that neatness and cheerfulness shall make it a pleasant one.'

Booth presently took the cue which she had given him. He fixed his eyes on her for a minute, with great earnestness and inexpressible tenderness; and then cried, 'O my Amelia, how much are you my superior in every perfection! how wise, how great, how noble are your sentiments! why can I not imitate what I so much admire? why can I not look with your constancy on those dear little pledges of our loves? All my philosophy is baffled with the thought, that my Amelia's children are to struggle with a cruel, hard, unfeeling world, and to buffet those waves of fortune which have overwhelmed their father. Here, I own, I want your firmness, and am not without an excuse for wanting it; for am I not the cruel cause of all your wretchedness? have I not stepped between you and fortune, and been the cursed obstacle to all your greatness and happiness?'

'Say not so, my love,' answered she.

'Great I might have been, but never happy with any other man. Indeed, dear Billy, I laugh at the fears you formerly raised in me; what seemed so terrible at a distance, now it approaches nearer, appears to have been a mere bugbear—and let this comfort you, that I look on myself at this day as the happiest of women; nor have I done any thing which I do not rejoice in, and would, if I had the gift of prescience, do again.'

Booth was so overcome with this behaviour, that he had no words to answer. To say the truth, it was difficult to find any worthy of the occasion. He threw himself prostrate at her feet, whence poor Amelia was forced to use all her strength, as well as entreaties, to raise and replace him in his chair.

Such is ever the fortitude of perfect innocence, and such the depression of guilt in minds not utterly abandoned. Booth was naturally of a sanguine temper; nor would any such apprehensions as he mentioned have been sufficient to have restrained his joy at meeting with his Amelia. In fact, a reflection on the injury he had done her was the sole cause of his grief. This it was that enervated his heart, and threw him into agonies which all that profusion of heroic tenderness that the most excellent of women intended for his comfort served only to heighten and aggravate; as the more she rose in his admiration, the more she quickened his sense of his own unworthiness.

After a disagreeable evening, the first of that kind that he had ever past with his Amelia, in which he had the utmost difficulty to force a little cheerfulness, and in which her spirits were at length overpowered by discerning the oppression on his, they retired to rest, or rather to misery, which need not be described.

The next morning at breakfast, Booth began to recover a little from his melancholy, and to taste the company of his children. He now first thought of enquiring of Amelia, by what means she had discovered the place of his confinement. Amelia, after gently rebuking him for not having himself acquainted her with it; informed him, that it was known all over the country, and that she had traced the original of it to her sister, who had spread the news with a malicious joy, and added a circumstance

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which

which would have frightened her to death, had not her knowledge of him made her give little credit to it, which was, that he was committed for murder. But though she had discredited this part, she said, the not hearing from him, during several successive posts, made her too apprehensive of the rest. That she got a conveyance therefore for herself and children to Salisbury, from whence the stage-coach had brought them to town; and having deposited the children at his lodging, of which he had sent her an account on his first arrival in town, she took a hack, and came directly to the prison where she heard he was, and where she found him.

Booth excused himself, and with truth, as to his not having writ: for in fact he had writ twice from the prison, though he had mentioned nothing of his confinement; but as he sent away his letters after nine at night, the fellow to whom they were entrusted, had burnt them both for the sake of putting the two pence in his own pocket, or rather in the pocket of the keeper of the next gin-shop.

As to the account which Amelia gave him, it served rather to raise than to satisfy his curiosity. He began to suspect, that some person had seen both him and Miss Matthews together in the prison, and had confounded her case with his; and this the circumstance of murder made the more probable. But who this person should be, he could not guess. After giving himself therefore some pains in forming conjectures to no purpose, he was forced to rest contented with his ignorance of the real truth.

Two or three days now past without producing any thing remarkable; unless it were, that Booth more and more recovered his spirits, and had now almost regained his former degree of cheerfulness, when the following letter arrived again to torment him:

‘ DEAR BILLY,

‘ **T**O convince you I am the most reasonable of women, I have given you up three whole days to the unmolested possession of my fortunate rival; I can refrain no longer from letting you know that I lodge in Dean-street, not far from the church, at the sign of the Pelican and Trumpet; where I expect this evening to see you. Believe me, I am with more affection

‘ than any other woman in the world
‘ can be, my dear Billy, your affectionate, fond, doating,
‘ F. MATTHEWS.’

Booth tore the letter with rage, and threw it into the fire; resolving never to visit the lady more, unless it was to pay her the money she had lent him, which he was determined to do the very first opportunity: for it was not at present in his power.

This letter threw him back into his fit of dejection, in which he had not continued long, when a packet from the country brought him the following from his friend Dr. Harrison:

‘ Lyons, Jan. 21. N. S.

‘ SIR,

‘ **T**HOUGH I am now on my return home, I have taken up my pen to communicate to you some news I have heard from England, which gives me much uneasiness, and concerning which I can indeed deliver my sentiments with much more ease this way than any other. In my answer to your last, I very freely gave you my opinion, in which it was my misfortune to disapprove of every step you had taken; but those were all pardonable errors. Can you be so partial to yourself, upon cool and sober reflection, to think what I am going to mention is so? I promise you, it appears to me a folly of so monstrous a kind, that had I heard it from any but a person of the highest honour, I should have rejected it as utterly incredible. I hope you already guess what I am about to name; since Heaven forbid your conduct should afford you any choice of such gross instances of weakness! In a word, then, you have set up an equipage. What shall I invent in your excuse, either to others, or to myself? In truth, I can find no excuse for you, and what is more, I am certain you can find none for yourself. I must deal therefore very plainly and sincerely with you. Vanity is always contemptible; but when joined with dishonesty, it becomes odious and detestable. At whose expence are you to support this equipage? Is it not entirely at the expence of others; and will it not finally end

‘in that of your poor wife and children? you know you are two years in arrears to me. If I could impute this to any extraordinary or common accident, I think I should never have mentioned it; but I will not suffer my money to support the ridiculous, and, I must say, criminal vanity, of any one. I expect therefore to find at my return, that you have either discharged my whole debt, or your equipage. Let me beg you seriously to consider your circumstances and condition in life, and to remember that your situation will not justify any the least unnecessary expence. “Simply to be poor,” says my favourite Greek historian, “was not held scandalous by the wise Athenians; but highly so, to owe that poverty to our own indiscretion.” Present my affections to Mrs. Booth, and be assured, that I shall not, without great reason, and great pain too, ever cease to be,
 ‘Your most faithful friend,

‘R. HARRISON.’

Had this letter come at any other time, it would have given Booth the most sensible affliction; but so totally had the affair of Miss Matthews possessed his mind, that, like a man in a most raging fit of the gout, he was scarce capable of any additional torture; nay, he even made an use of this latter epistle, as it served to account to Amelia for that concern which he really felt on another account. The poor deceived lady therefore applied herself to give him comfort where he least wanted it. She said he might easily perceive that the matter had been misrepresented to the doctor, who would not, she was sure, retain the least anger against him, when he knew the real truth.

After a short conversation on this subject, in which Booth appeared to be greatly consoled by the arguments of his wife, they parted. He went to take a walk in the Park, and she remained at home to prepare him his dinner.

He was no sooner departed, than his little boy, not quite six years old, said to Amelia, ‘La! mama, what is the matter with my poor papa? what makes him look so as if he was go-

ing to cry? he is not half so merry as he used to be in the country.’ Amelia answered, ‘Oh! my dear! your papa is only a little thoughtful; he will be merry again soon.’ Then looking fondly on her children, she burst into an agony of tears, and cried, ‘Oh, heavens! what have these poor little infants done? why will the barbarous world endeavour to starve them, by depriving us of our only friend?—O, my dear, your father is ruined, and we are undone.’ The children presently accompanied their mother’s tears; and the daughter cried, ‘Why, will any body hurt poor papa? hath he done any harm to any body?’—‘No, my dear child,’ said the mother, ‘he is the best man in the world, and therefore they hate him.’ Upon which the boy, who was extremely sensible at his years, answered, ‘Nay, mama, how can that be? have not you often told me, that if I was good every body would love me?’—‘All good people will,’ answered she. ‘Why don’t they love papa, then?’ replied the child; ‘for I am sure he is very good?’—‘So they do, my dear,’ said the mother; ‘but there are more bad people in the world, and they will hate you for your goodness.’—‘Why then bad people,’ cries the child, ‘are loved by more than the good.’—‘No matter for that, my dear,’ said she; ‘the love of one good person is more worth having, than that of a thousand wicked ones: nay, if there was no such person in the world, still you must be a good boy; for there is one in heaven who will love you, and his love is better for you than that of all mankind.’

This little dialogue, we are apprehensive, will be read with contempt by many; indeed we should not have thought it worth recording, was it not for the excellent example which Amelia here gives to all mothers. This admirable woman never let a day pass, without instructing her children in some lesson of religion and morality. By which means she had, in their tender minds, so strongly annexed the ideas of fear and shame to every idea of evil of which they were susceptible, that it must require great pains and length of habit to separate them.

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Though she was the tenderest of mothers, she never suffered any symptom of malevolence to shew itself in their most trifling actions without discouragement, without rebuke; and, if it broke forth with any rancour, without punishment. In which she had such success, that not the least marks of pride, envy, malice, or spite, discovered itself in any of their little words or deeds.

CHAP. IV.

IN WHICH AMELIA APPEARS IN NO UNAMIAABLE LIGHT.

AMELIA, with the assistance of a little girl, who was their only servant, had dressed her dinner; and she had likewise dressed herself as neat as any lady who had a regular set of servants could have done; when Booth returned, and brought with him his friend James, whom he had met with in the Park; and who, as Booth absolutely refused to dine away from his wife, to whom he had promised to return, had invited himself to dine with him. Amelia had none of that paultry pride, which possesses so many of her sex, and which disconcerts their tempers, and gives them the air and looks of furies, if their husbands bring in an unexpected guest, without giving them timely warning to provide a sacrifice to their own vanity. Amelia received her husband's friend with the utmost complaisance and good-humour: she made indeed some apology for the homeliness of her dinner; but it was politely turned as a compliment to Mr. James's friendship, which could carry him where he was sure of being so ill entertained; and gave not the least hint how magnificently she would have provided, *had she expected the favour of so much good company*. A phrase which is generally meant to contain not only an apology for the lady of the house, but a tacit satire on her guests for their intrusion, and is at least a strong insinuation that they are not welcome.

Amelia failed not to enquire very earnestly after her old friend Mrs. James, formerly Miss Bath, and was very sorry to find that she was not in town. The truth was, as James had

married out of a violent liking of, or appetite to, her person, possession had surfeited him, and he was now grown so heartily tired of his wife, that he had very little of his company; she was forced therefore to content herself with being the mistress of a large house and equipage in the country, ten months in the year by herself. The other two he indulged her with the diversions of the town; but then, though they lodged under the same roof, she had little more of her husband's society, than if they had been one hundred miles apart. With all this, as she was a woman of calm passions, she made herself contented; for she had never had any violent affection for James; the match was of the prudent kind, and to her advantage: for his fortune, by the death of an uncle, was become very considerable; and she had gained every thing by the bargain, but a husband, which her constitution suffered her to be very well satisfied without.

When Amelia, after dinner, retired to her children, James began to talk to his friend concerning his affairs. He advised Booth very earnestly to think of getting again into the army, in which he himself had met with such success, that he had obtained the command of a regiment, to which his brother-in-law was lieutenant-colonel. These preferments they both owed to the favour of fortune only: for though there was no objection to either of their military characters; yet neither of them had any extraordinary desert: and if merit in the service was a sufficient recommendation, Booth, who had been twice wounded in the siege, seemed to have the fairest pretensions; but he remained a poor-half-pay lieutenant, and the others were, as we have said, one of them a lieutenant-colonel, and the other had a regiment. Such rises we often see in life, without being able to give any satisfactory account of the means, and therefore ascribe them to the good fortune of the person.

Both Colonel James and his brother-in-law were members of parliament: for as the uncle of the former had left him, together with his estate, an almost certain interest in a borough, so he chose to confer this favour on Colonel Bath; a circumstance which would have been highly immaterial to mention here, but as it serves to set forth the goodness

goodness of James, who endeavoured to make up in kindness to the family, what he wanted in fondness for his wife.

Colonel James then endeavoured all in his power to persuade Booth to think again of a military life, and very kindly offered him his interest towards obtaining him a company in the regiment under his command. Booth must have been a madman in his present circumstances to have hesitated one moment at accepting such an offer; and he well knew Amelia, notwithstanding her aversion to the army, was much too wise to make the least scruple of giving her consent. Nor was he, as it appeared afterwards, mistaken in his opinion of his wife's understanding: for she made not the least objection when it was communicated to her, but contented herself with an express stipulation, that wherever he was commanded to go (for the regiment was now abroad) she would accompany him.

Booth therefore accepted his friend's proposal with a profusion of acknowledgments; and it was agreed, that Booth should draw up a memorial of his pretensions, which Colonel James undertook to present to some man of power, and to back it with all the force he had.

Nor did the friendship of the colonel stop here. 'You will excuse me, dear Booth,' said he, 'if after what you have told me,' (for he had been very explicit in revealing his affairs to him) 'I suspect you must want money at this time. If that be the case, as I am certain it must be, I have fifty pieces at your service.' This generosity brought the tears into Booth's eyes; and he at length confessed, that he had not five guineas in the house; upon which James gave him a bank-bill for twenty pounds, and said he would give him thirty more the next time he saw him.

Thus did this generous colonel (for generous he really was to the highest degree) restore peace and comfort to this little family; and, by this act of beneficence, make two of the worthiest people two of the happiest that evening.

Here, reader, give me leave to stop a minute, to lament that so few are to be found of this benign disposition; that while wantonness, vanity, avarice and ambition, are every day rioting

and triumphing in the follies and weakness, the ruin and desolation of mankind, scarce one man in a thousand is capable of tasting the happiness of others. Nay, give me leave to wonder that pride, which is constantly struggling, and often imposing on itself to gain some little pre-eminence, should so seldom hint to us the only certain as well as laudable way of setting ourselves above another man; and that is, by becoming his benefactor.

CHAP. V.

CONTAINING AN EULOGIUM UPON INNOCENCE, AND OTHER GRAVE MATTERS.

BOOOTH past that evening, and all the succeeding day, with his Amelia, without the interruption of almost a single thought concerning Miss Matthews, after having determined to go on the Sunday, the only day he could venture without the verge in the present state of his affairs, and pay her what she had advanced for him in the prison. But she had not so long patience; for the third day, while he was sitting with Amelia, a letter was brought to him. As he knew the hand, he immediately put it in his pocket unopened, not without such an alteration in his countenance, that had Amelia, who was then playing with one of the children, cast her eyes towards him, she must have remarked it. This accident, however, luckily gave him time to recover himself: for Amelia was so deeply engaged with the little one, that she did not even remark the delivery of the letter. The maid soon after returned into the room, saying, the chairman desired to know if there was any answer to the letter. 'What letter?' cries Booth. 'The letter I gave you just now,' answered the girl. 'Sure,' cries Booth, 'the child is mad; you gave me no letter.'—'Yes, indeed I did, Sir,' said the poor girl. 'Why then, as sure as fate,' cries Booth, 'I threw it into the fire, in my reverie.' 'Why, child, why did you not tell me it was a letter? Bid the chairman come up—stay, I will go down myself; for he will otherwise dirt the stairs with his feet.'

Amelia was gently chiding the girl for

for her carelessness; when Booth returned, saying, it was very true that she had delivered him a letter from Colonel James, and that perhaps it might be of consequence. 'However,' says he, 'I will step to the coffee-house, and send him an account of this strange accident, which I know he will pardon in my present situation.'

Booth was overjoyed at this escape, which poor Amelia's total want of all jealousy and suspicion, made it very easy for him to accomplish: but his pleasure was considerably abated, when upon opening the letter, he found it to contain, mixed with several very strong expressions of love, some pretty warm ones of the upbraiding kind; but what most alarmed him was, a hint that it was in her power (Miss Matthews's) to make Amelia as miserable as herself. Besides, the general knowledge of

— *Furens quid seemina possit,*

he had more particular reasons to apprehend the rage of a lady who had given so strong an instance how far she could carry her revenge. She had already sent a chairman to his lodgings, with a positive command not to return without an answer to her letter. This might of itself have possibly occasioned a discovery; and he thought he had great reason to fear, that if she did not carry matters so far as purposely and avowedly to reveal the secret to Amelia, her indiscretion would at least effect the discovery of that which he would at any price have concealed. Under these terrors he might, I believe, be considered as the most wretched of human beings.

O innocence, how glorious and happy a portion art thou to the breast that possesses thee! thou fearest neither the eyes nor the tongues of men. Truth, the most powerful of all things, is thy strongest friend; and the brighter the light is in which thou art displayed, the more it discovers thy transcendent beauties. Guilt, on the contrary, like a base thief, suspects every eye that beholds him to be privy to his transgressions, and every tongue that mentions his name, to be proclaiming them. Fraud and falsehood are his weak and treacherous allies; and he lurks trembling in the dark, dreading every ray of light, lest it should disco-

ver him, and give him up to shame and punishment.

While Booth was walking in the Park with all these horrors in his mind, he again met his friend Colonel James, who soon took notice of that deep concern which the other was incapable of hiding. After some little conversation, Booth said, 'My dear colonel, I am sure I must be the most insensible of men, if I did not look on you as the best and the truest friend; I will, therefore, without scruple, repose a confidence in you of the highest kind. I have often made you privy to my necessities, I will now acquaint you with my shame, provided you have leisure enough to give me a hearing: for I must open to you a long history, since I will not reveal my fault, without informing you, at the same time, of those circumstances which, I hope, will in some measure excuse it.'

The colonel very readily agreed to give his friend a patient hearing. So they walked directly to a coffee-house at the corner of Spring Garden, where being in a room by themselves, Booth opened his whole heart, and acquainted the colonel with his amour with Miss Matthews from the very beginning, to his receiving that letter which had caused all his present uneasiness, and which he now delivered into his friend's hand.

The colonel read the letter very attentively twice over; (he was silent, indeed, long enough to have read it oftener:) and then turning to Booth, said, 'Well, Sir; and is it so grievous a calamity, to be the object of a young lady's affection; especially of one whom you allow to be so extremely handsome?'—'Nay, but my dear friend,' cries Booth, 'do not jest with me; you who know my Amelia.'—'Well, my dear friend,' answered James, 'and you know Amelia, and this lady too—but what would you have me do for you?'—'I would have you give me your advice,' says Booth, 'by what method I shall get rid of this dreadful woman without a discovery.'—'And do you really,' cries the other, 'desire to get rid of her?'—'Can you doubt it,' says Booth, 'after what I have communicated to you, and after

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‘what your yourself have seen in my family? for I hope, notwithstanding this fatal slip, I do not appear to you in the light of a profligate.’— ‘Well,’ answered James, ‘and whatever light I may appear to you in, if you are really tired of the lady, and if she be really what you have represented her, I’ll endeavour to take her off your hands; but I insist upon it, that you do not deceive me in any particular.’ Booth protested in the most solemn manner, that every word which he had spoken was strictly true; and being asked whether he would give his honour never more to visit the lady, he assured James that he never would. He then, at his friend’s request, delivered him Miss Matthews’s letter, in which was a second direction to her lodgings; and declared to him, that if he could bring him safely out of this terrible affair, he should think himself to have a still higher obligation to his friendship, than any which he had already received from it.

Booth pressed the colonel to go home with him to dinner; but he excused himself, being, as he said, already engaged. However, he undertook in the afternoon to do all in his power, that Booth should receive no more alarms from the quarter of Miss Matthews, whom the colonel undertook to pay all the demands she had on his friend. They then separated: the colonel went to dinner at the King’s Arms, and Booth returned in high spirits to meet his Amelia.

The next day, early in the morning, the colonel came to the coffee-house, and sent for his friend, who lodged but at a little distance. The colonel told him he had a little exaggerated the lady’s beauty; however, he said, he excused that: ‘for you might think perhaps,’ cries he, ‘that your inconstancy to the finest woman in the world, might want some excuse. Be that as it will,’ said he, ‘you may make yourself easy; as it will be, I am convinced, your own fault, if you have ever any farther molestation from Miss Matthews.’

Booth poured forth very warmly a great profusion of gratitude on this occasion; and nothing more any wise material past at this interview, which

was very short; the colonel being in a great hurry, as he had, he said, some business of very great importance to transact that morning.

The colonel had now seen Booth twice, without remembering to give him the thirty pounds. This the latter imputed entirely to forgetfulness; for he had always found the promises of the former to be equal in value with the notes or bonds of other people. He was more surprized at what happened the next day; when meeting his friend in the Park, he received only a cold salute from him; and though he past him five or six times, and the colonel was walking with a single officer of no great rank, and with whom he seemed in no earnest conversation; yet could not Booth, who was alone, obtain any farther notice from him.

This gave the poor man some alarm; though he could scarce persuade himself there was any design in all this coldness or forgetfulness. Once he imagined that he had lessened himself in the colonel’s opinion, by having discovered his inconstancy to Amelia; but the known character of the other, presently cured him of this suspicion, for he was a perfect libertine with regard to women; that being indeed the principal blemish in his character, which otherwise might have deserved much commendation for good-nature, generosity, and friendship. But he carried this one to a most unpardonable height: and made no scruple of openly declaring, that if he ever liked a woman well enough to be uneasy on her account, he would cure himself, if he could, by enjoying her, whatever might be the consequence.

Booth could not therefore be persuaded that the colonel would so highly resent, in another, a fault of which he was himself most notoriously guilty. After much consideration, he could derive this behaviour from nothing better than a capriciousness in his friend’s temper, from a kind of inconstancy of mind, which makes men grow weary of their friends, with no more reason than they often are of their mistresses. To say the truth, there are jilts in friendship as well as in love; and by the behaviour of some men in both, one would almost imagine that they industriously sought to gain

gain the affections of others, with a view only of making the parties miserable.

This was the consequence of the colonel's behaviour to Booth. Former calamities had afflicted him; but this almost distracted him: and the more so, as he was not able well to account for such conduct, nor to conceive the least reason of it.

Amelia, at his return, presently perceived the disturbance in his mind, though he endeavoured with his utmost power to hide it; and he was at length prevailed upon by her entreaties to discover to her the cause of it; which she no sooner heard, than she applied as judicious a remedy to his disordered spirits, as either of those great mental physicians, Tully or Aristotle, could have thought of. She used many arguments to persuade him that he was in an error; and had mistaken forgetfulness and carelessness for a designed neglect.

But as this physic was only eventually good, and as its efficacy depended on her being in the right, a point in which she was not apt to be too positive, she thought fit to add some consolation of a more certain and positive kind. 'Admit,' said she, 'my dear, that Mr. James should prove the unaccountable person you have suspected, and should, without being able to alledge any cause, withdraw his friendship from you, (for surely the accident of burning his letter is too trifling and ridiculous to mention) why should this grieve you? The obligations he hath conferred on you, I allow, ought to make his misfortunes almost your own; but they should not, I think, make you see his faults so very sensibly, especially when, by one of the greatest faults in the world committed against yourself, he hath considerably lessened all obligations: for sure, if the same person who hath contributed to my happiness at one time, doth every thing in his power maliciously and wantonly to make me miserable at another, I am very little obliged to such a person. And let it be a comfort to my dear Billy, that however other friends may prove false and fickle to him, he hath one friend, whom no inconstancy of her own, nor any change of his fortune, nor

time, nor age, nor sickness, nor any accident, can ever alter; but who will esteem, will love, and doat on him for ever.' So saying, she flung her snowy arms about his neck, and gave him a caress so tender, that it seemed almost to balance all the malice of his fate.

And, indeed, the behaviour of Amelia would have made him completely happy, in defiance of all adverse circumstances, had it not been for those bitter ingredients which he himself had thrown into his cup; and which prevented him from truly relishing Amelia's sweetness, by cruelly reminding him how unworthy he was of this excellent creature.

Booth did not long remain in the dark as to the conduct of James, which, at first, appeared to him to be so great a mystery; for this very afternoon he received a letter from Miss Matthews, which unravelled the whole affair. By this letter, which was full of bitterness and upbraiding, he discovered that James was his rival with that lady, and was, indeed, the identical person who had sent the hundred pound note to Miss Matthews, when in the prison. He had reason to believe, likewise, as well by the letter as by other circumstances, that James had hitherto been an unsuccessful lover: for the lady, though she had forfeited all title to virtue, had not yet so far forfeited all pretensions to delicacy, as to be, like the dirt in the street, indifferently common to all. She distributed her favours only to those she liked, in which number that gentleman had not the happiness of being included.

When Booth had made this discovery, he was not so little versed in human nature, as any longer to hesitate at the true motive to the colonel's conduct; for he well knew how odious a sight a happy rival is to an unfortunate lover. I believe he was, in reality, glad to assign the cold treatment he had received from his friend, to a cause which, however unjustifiable, is, at the same time, highly natural; and to acquit him of a levity, fickleness, and caprice, which he must have been unwillingly obliged to have seen in a much worse light.

He now resolved to take the first opportunity of accosting the colonel, and of coming to a perfect explanation upon

upon the whole matter. He debated likewise with himself, whether he should not throw himself at Amelia's feet, and confess a crime to her which he found so little hopes of concealing, and which he foresaw would occasion him so many difficulties and terrors to endeavour to conceal. Happy had it been for him, had he wisely pursued this step; since, in all probability, he would have received immediate forgiveness from the best of women! but he had not sufficient resolution; or, to speak, perhaps, more truly, he had too much pride to confess his guilt, and preferred the danger of the highest inconveniencies, to the certainty of being put to the blush.

C H A P. VI.

IN WHICH MAY APPEAR THAT
VIOLENCE IS SOMETIMES DONE
TO THE NAME OF LOVE.

WHEN that happy day came, in which unhallowed hands are forbidden to contaminate the shoulders of the unfortunate, Booth went early to the colonel's house, and being admitted to his presence, began with great freedom, though with great gentleness, to complain of his not having dealt with him with more openness. 'Why, my dear colonel,' said he, 'would you not acquaint me with that secret which this letter hath disclosed?' James read the letter, at which his countenance changed more than once; and then, after a short silence, said, 'Mr. Booth, I have been to blame, I own it; and you upbraid me with justice. The true reason was, that I was ashamed of my own folly. D—n me, Booth, if I have not been a most consummate fool, a very dupe to this woman; and she hath a particular pleasure in making me so. I know what the impertinence of virtue is, and I can submit to it; but to be treated thus by a whore. You must forgive me, dear Booth; but your success was a kind of triumph over me which I could not bear. I own, I have not the least reason to conceive any anger against you; and yet, curse me, if I should not have been

less displeased at your lying with my own wife; nay, I could almost have parted with half my fortune to you more willingly, than have suffered you to receive that trifle of my money which you received at her hands. However, I ask your pardon; and I promise you, I will never more think of you with the least ill-will, on the account of this woman: but as for her, d—n me, if I do not enjoy her by some means or other, whatever it costs me; for I am already above two hundred pounds out of pocket, without having scarce had a smile in return.'

Booth expressed much astonishment at this declaration; he said, he could not conceive how it was possible to have such an affection for a woman, who did not shew the least inclination to return it. James gave her a hearty curse; and said, 'Pox of her inclination! I want only the possession of her person; and that you will allow is a very fine one. But, besides my passion for her, she hath now piqued my pride; for how can a man of my fortune brook being refused by a whore?'—'Since you are so set on the business,' cries Booth, 'you will excuse my saying so, I fancy you had better change your method of applying to her: for, as she is, perhaps, the vainest woman upon earth, your bounty may probably do you little service; nay, may rather actually disoblige her. Vanity is plainly her predominant passion, and if you will administer to that, it will infallibly throw her into your arms. To this I attribute my own unfortunate success. While she relieved my wants and distresses, she was daily feeding her own vanity; whereas, as every gift of yours asserted your superiority, it rather offended than pleased her. Indeed, women generally love to be of the obliging side; and if we examine their favourites, we shall find them to be much oftener such as they have conferred obligations on, than such as they have received them from.'

There was something in this speech which pleased the colonel; and he said with a smile, 'I don't know how it is, Will; but you know women better than I.'—Perhaps, colonel, an-

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answered Booth, 'I have studied their minds more.'—'I don't however much envy you your knowledge,' replied the other: 'for I never think their minds worth considering. However, I hope I shall profit a little by your experience with Miss Matthews. Damnation seize the proud insolent harlot! the devil take me, if I don't love her more than I ever loved a woman!'

The rest of their conversation turned on Booth's affairs. The colonel again reassumed the part of a friend, gave him the remainder of the money, and promised to take the first opportunity of laying his memorial before a great man.

Booth was greatly overjoyed at this success. Nothing now lay on his mind, but to conceal his frailty from Amelia, to whom he was afraid Miss Matthews, in the rage of her resentment, would communicate it. This apprehension made him stay almost constantly at home; and he trembled at every knock at the door. His fear moreover betrayed him into a meanness which he would have heartily despised on any other occasion. This was, to order the maid to deliver him any letter directed to Amelia, at the same time strictly charging her not to acquaint her mistress with her having received any such orders.

A servant of any acuteness would have formed strange conjectures from such an injunction; but this poor girl was of perfect simplicity; so great indeed was her simplicity, that had not Amelia been void of all suspicion of her husband, the maid would have soon after betrayed her master.

One afternoon while they were drinking tea, little Betty, so was the maid called, came into the room; and calling her master forth, delivered him a card which was directed to Amelia. Booth having read the card, on his return into the room, chid the girl for calling him, saying, 'If you can read, child, you must see it was directed to your mistress.' To this the girl answered pertly enough: 'I am sure, Sir, you ordered me to bring every letter first to you.' This hint, with many women, would have been sufficient to have blown up the whole affair; but Amelia, who heard

what the girl said, through the medium of love and confidence, saw the matter in a much better light than it deserved; and looking tenderly on her husband, said, 'Indeed, my love, I must blame you for a conduct, which perhaps, I ought rather to praise, as it proceeds only from the extreme tenderness of your affection. But, why will you endeavour to keep any secrets from me? believe me, for my own sake you ought not: for as you cannot hide the consequences, you make me always suspect ten times worse than the reality. While I have you and my children well before my eyes, I am capable of facing any news which can arrive: for what ill news can come (unless, indeed, it concerns my little babe in the country) which doth not relate to the badness of our circumstances? and those, I thank Heaven, we have now a fair prospect of retrieving. Besides, dear Billy, though my understanding be much inferior to yours, I have sometimes had the happiness of luckily hitting on some argument which hath afforded you comfort. This you know, my dear, was the case with regard to Colonel James, whom I persuaded you to think you had mistaken, and you see the event proved me in the right.' So happily, both for herself and Mr. Booth, did the excellence of this good woman's disposition deceive her, and force her to see every thing in the most advantageous light to her husband.

The card being now inspected, was found to contain the compliments of Mrs. James to Mrs. Booth, with an account of her being arrived in town, and having brought with her a very great cold. Amelia was overjoyed at the news of her arrival; and having dressed herself in the utmost hurry, left her children to the care of her husband, and ran away to pay her respects to her friend, whom she loved with a most sincere affection. But how was she disappointed, when, eager with the utmost impatience, and exulting with the thoughts of presently seeing her beloved friend, she was answered at the door that the lady was not at home! nor could she, upon telling her name, obtain any admission. This, considering the account she had received of the

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the lady's cold, greatly surprized her; and she returned home very much vexed at her disappointment.

Amelia, who had no suspicion that Mrs. James was really at home, and, as the phrase is, was denied, would have made a second visit the next morning, had she not been prevented by a cold, which she herself now got, and which was attended with a slight fever. This confined her several days to her house, during which Booth officiated as her nurse, and never stirred from her.

In all this time she heard not a word from Mrs. James, which gave her some uneasiness, but more astonishment. The tenth day, when she was perfectly recovered, about nine in the evening, when she and her husband were just going to supper, she heard a most violent thundering at the door, and presently after a rustling of silk upon her stair-case; at the same time a female voice cried out pretty loud, 'Bless me! what am I to climb up another pair of stairs?' upon which Amelia, who well knew the voice, presently ran to the door, and ushered in Mrs. James most splendidly dressed; who put on as formal a countenance, and made as formal a courtesy to her old friend, as if she had been her very distant acquaintance.

Poor Amelia, who was going to rush into her friend's arms, was struck motionless by this behaviour; but recollecting her spirits, as she had an excellent presence of mind, she presently understood what the lady meant, and resolved to treat her in her own way. Down therefore the company sat, and silence prevailed for some time, during which Mrs. James surveyed the room with more attention than she would have bestowed on one much finer. At length the conversation began, in which the weather and the diversions of the town, were well canvassed. Amelia, who was a woman of great humour, performed her part to admiration; so that a by-stander would have doubted, in every other article than dress, which of the two was the most accomplished fine lady.

After a visit of twenty minutes, during which, not a word of any former occurrences was mentioned, nor indeed

any subject of discourse started, except only those two above-mentioned, Mrs. James rose from her chair, and retired in the same formal manner in which she had approached. We will pursue her, for the sake of the contrast, during the rest of the evening. She went from Amelia directly to a rout, where she spent two hours in a crowd of company, talked again and again over the diversions and news of the town, played two rubbers at whist, and then retired to her own apartment, where, having past another hour in undressing herself, she went to her own bed.

Booth and his wife, the moment their companion was gone, sat down to supper on a piece of cold meat, the remains of their dinner. After which, over a pint of wine, they entertained themselves for a while with the ridiculous behaviour of their visitant. But Amelia declaring she rather saw her as the object of pity than anger, turned the discourse to pleasanter topics. The little actions of their children, the former scenes and future prospects of their life, furnished them with many pleasant ideas, and the contemplation of Amelia's recovery threw Booth into raptures. At length they retired, happy in each other.

It is possible some readers may be no less surprized at the behaviour of Mrs. James, than was Amelia herself, since they may have perhaps received so favourable an impression of that lady from the account given of her by Mr. Booth, that her present demeanour may seem unnatural and inconsistent with her former character. But they will be pleased to consider the great alteration in her circumstances, from a state of dependency on a brother, who was himself no better than a soldier of fortune, to that of being wife to a man of a very large estate, and considerable rank in life. And what was her present behaviour more than that of a fine lady, who considered form and show as essential ingredients of human happiness, and imagined all friendship to consist in ceremony, courtesies, messages, and visits? In which opinion she hath the honour to think with much the greater part of one sex, and no small number of the other.

CHAP. VII.

CONTAINING A VERY EXTRAORDINARY AND PLEASANT INCIDENT.

THE next evening Booth and Amelia went to walk in the park with their children. They were now on the verge of the parade, and Booth was describing to his wife the several buildings round it; when, on a sudden, Amelia missing her little boy, cried out, 'Where's little Billy;' upon which, Booth casting his eyes over the grass, saw a foot-soldier shaking the boy at a little distance. At this sight, without making any answer to his wife, he leapt over the rails, and running directly up to the fellow, who had a firelock with a bayonet fixed in his hand, he seized him by the collar, and tript up his heels, and at the same time wrested his arms from him. A serjeant upon duty seeing the affray at some distance, ran presently up, and being told what had happened, gave the centinel a hearty curse, and told him he deserved to be hanged. A by-stander gave this information; for Booth was returned with his little boy to meet Amelia, who staggered towards him as fast as she could, all pale and breathless, and scarce able to support her tottering limbs. The serjeant now came up to Booth, to make an apology for the behaviour of the soldier, when of a sudden he turned almost as pale as Amelia herself. He stood silent whilst Booth was employed in comforting and recovering his wife; and then addressing himself to him, said, 'Bless me! lieutenant, could I imagine it had been your honour; and was it my little master that the rascal used so—I am glad I did not know it, for I should certainly have run my halbert into him.'

Booth presently recognized his old faithful servant Atkinson, and gave him a hearty greeting; saying, he was very glad to see him in his present situation. 'Whatever I am,' answered the serjeant, 'I shall always think I owe it to your honour.' Then taking the little boy by the hand, he cried, 'What a vast fine young gentleman master is grown!' and curling the soldier's inhumanity, swore

heartily he would make him pay for it.

As Amelia was much disordered with her fright, she did not recollect her foster-brother, till he was introduced to her by Booth; but she no sooner knew him, than she bestowed a most obliging smile on him; and calling him by the name of honest Joe, said she was heartily glad to see him in England. 'See, my dear,' cries Booth, 'what preferment your old friend is come to. You would scarce know him, I believe, in his present state of finery.'—'I am very well pleased to see it,' answered Amelia, 'and I wish him joy of being made an officer, with all my heart.' In fact, from what Mr. Booth said, joined to the serjeant's laced coat, she believed that he had obtained a commission. So weak and absurd is human vanity, that this mistake of Amelia's possibly put poor Atkinson out of countenance; for he looked at this instant more silly than he had ever done in his life; and making her a most respectful bow, muttered something about obligations, in a scarce articulate or intelligible manner.

The serjeant had, indeed, among many other qualities, that modesty which a Latin author honours by the name of ingenuous: nature had given him this, notwithstanding the meanness of his birth; and six years conversation in the army had not taken it away. To say the truth, he was a noble fellow; and Amelia, by supposing he had a commission in the guards, had been guilty of no affront to that honourable body.

Booth had a real affection for Atkinson, though in fact he knew not half his merit. He acquainted him with his lodgings, where he earnestly desired to see him.

Amelia, who was far from being recovered from the terrors into which the seeing her husband engaged with the soldier had thrown her, desired to go home; nor was she well able to walk without some assistance. While she supported herself therefore on her husband's arm, she told Atkinson, she should be obliged to him, if he would take care of the children. He readily accepted the office; but, upon offering his hand to Miss, she refused, and burst into tears. Upon which, the tender mother resigned Booth to her children, and put

put herself under the serjeant's protection; who conducted her safe home, though she often declared she feared she should drop down by the way. The fear of which so affected the serjeant, (for besides the honour which he himself had for the lady, he knew how tenderly his friend loved her) that he was unable to speak; and had not his nerves been so strongly braced that nothing could shake them, he had enough in his mind to have set him a trembling equally with the lady.

When they arrived at the lodgings, the mistress of the house opened the door, who, seeing Amelia's condition, threw open the parlour, and begged her to walk in; upon which she immediately flung herself into a chair; and all present thought she would have fainted away. However, she escaped that misery; and having drank a glass of water with a little white wine mixed in it, she began, in a little time, to regain her complexion; and at length assured Booth that she was perfectly recovered; but declared she had never undergone so much, and earnestly begged him never to be so rash for the future. She then called her little boy, and gently chid him; saying, 'You must never do so more, Billy; you see what mischief you might have brought upon your father; and what you have made me suffer.'—'La! mama,' said the child, 'what harm did I do? I did not know that people might not walk in the green fields in London. I am sure if I did a fault, the man punished me enough for it; for he pinched me almost through my slender arm.' He then bared his little arm, which was greatly discoloured by the injury it had received. Booth uttered a most dreadful execration at this sight; and the serjeant, who was now present, did the like.

Atkinson now returned to his guard, and went directly to the officer to acquaint him with the soldier's inhumanity; but he, who was about fifteen years of age, gave the serjeant a great curse, and said the soldier had done very well, for that idle boys ought to be corrected. This however did not satisfy poor Atkinson, who the next day, as soon as the guard was relieved, beat the fellow most unmercifully, and told him he would remember him as long as he stayed in the regiment.

Thus ended this trifling adventure, which some readers will, perhaps, be pleased with seeing related at full length. None, I think, can fail drawing one observation from it; namely, how capable the most insignificant accident is of disturbing human happiness, and of producing the most unexpected and dreadful events. A reflection which may serve to many moral and religious uses.

This accident produced the first acquaintance between the mistress of the house and her lodgers; for hitherto they had scarce exchanged a word together. But the great concern which the good woman had shewn on Amelia's account at this time, was not likely to pass unobserved, or unthanked either, by the husband or wife. Amelia, therefore, as soon as she was able to go up stairs, invited Mrs. Ellison (for that was her name) to her apartment, and desired the favour of her to stay to supper. She readily complied; and they pass a very agreeable evening together, in which the two women seemed to have conceived a most extraordinary liking to each other.

Though beauty in general doth not greatly recommend one woman to another, as it is too apt to create envy; yet, in cases where this passion doth not interfere, a fine woman is often a pleasing object even to some of her own sex; especially when her beauty is attended with a certain air of affability, as was that of Amelia in the highest degree. She was, indeed, a most charming woman; and I know not whether the little scar on her nose did not rather add to than diminish her beauty.

Mrs. Ellison therefore was as much charmed with the loveliness of her fair lodger, as with all her other engaging qualities. She was, indeed, so taken with Amelia's beauty, that she could not refrain from crying out in a kind of transport of admiration, 'Upon my word, Captain Booth, you are the happiest man in the world. Your lady is so extremely handsome, that one cannot look at her without pleasure.'

This good woman herself had none of these attractive charms to the eye. Her person was short, and immoderately fat; her features were none of the most regular; and her complexion (if indeed

indeed she ever had a good one) had considerably suffered by time.

Her good-humour and complaisance, however, were highly pleasing to Amelia. Nay, why should we conceal the secret satisfaction which that lady felt from the compliments paid to her person? since such of my readers as like her best, will not be sorry to find that she was a woman.

CHAP. VIII.

CONTAINING VARIOUS MATTERS.

A Fortnight had now past, since Booth had seen or heard from the colonel; which did not a little surprize him, as they had parted so good friends, and as he had so cordially undertaken his cause concerning the memorial, on which all his hopes depended.

The uneasiness which this gave him, farther encreased, on finding that his friend refused to see him: for he had paid the colonel a visit at nine in the morning, and was told, he was not stirring; and at his return back an hour afterwards, the servant said, his master was gone out: of which Booth was certain of the falshood; for he had, during that whole hour, walked backwards and forwards within sight of the colonel's door, and must have seen him if he had gone out within that time.

The good colonel, however, did not long suffer his friend to continue in this deplorable state of anxiety; for the very next morning Booth received his memorial inclosed in a letter, acquainting him that Mr. James had mentioned his affair to the person he proposed; but that the great man had so many engagements on his hands, that it was impossible for him to make any farther promises at this time.

The cold and distant stile of this letter, and indeed the whole behaviour of James, so different from what it had been formerly, had something so mysterious in it, that it greatly puzzled and perplexed poor Booth; and it was so long before he was able to solve it, that the reader's curiosity will, perhaps, be obliged to us for not leaving him so long in the dark as to this matter. The true reason then of the colonel's conduct was this: his unbounded genero-

sity, together with the unbounded extravagance, and consequently the great necessity of Miss Matthews, had at length overcome the cruelty of that lady, with whom he likewise had luckily no rival. Above all, the desire of being revenged on Booth, with whom she was to the highest degree enraged, had perhaps contributed not a little to his success: for she had no sooner condescended to a familiarity with her new lover, and discovered that Captain James, of whom she had heard so much from Booth, was no other than the identical colonel, than she employed every art of which she was mistress, to make an utter breach of friendship between these two. For this purpose, she did not scruple to insinuate, that the colonel was not at all obliged to the character given of him by his friend; and to the account of this latter she placed most of the cruelty which she had shewn to the former.

Had the colonel made a proper use of his reason, and fairly examined the probability of the fact, he could scarce have been imposed upon to believe a matter so inconsistent with all he knew of Booth, and in which that gentleman must have sinned against all the laws of honour without any visible temptation. But in solemn fact, the colonel was so intoxicated with his love, that it was in the power of his mistress to have persuaded him of any thing; besides, he had an interest in giving her credit; for he was not a little pleased with finding a reason for hating the man, whom he could not help hating without any reason, at least, without any which he durst fairly assign even to himself. Henceforth therefore he abandoned all friendship for Booth, and was more inclined to put him out of the world, than to endeavour any longer at supporting him in it.

Booth communicated this letter to his wife, who endeavoured, as usual, to the utmost of her power, to console him under one of the greatest afflictions which, I think, can befall a man; namely, the unkindness of a friend; but he had luckily at the same time the greatest blessing in his possession, the kindness of a faithful and beloved wife. A blessing, however, which, though it compensates most of the evils of life, rather serves to aggravate the misfortune.

tune of distressed circumstances, from the consideration of the share which she is to bear in them.

This afternoon Amelia received a second visit from Mrs. Ellison, who acquainted her that she had a present of a ticket for the oratorio, which would carry two persons into the gallery; and therefore begged the favour of her company thither.

Amelia with many thanks acknowledged the civility of Mrs. Ellison, but declined accepting her offer; upon which, Booth very strenuously insisted on her going, and said to her, 'My dear, if you knew the satisfaction I have in any of your pleasures, I am convinced you would not refuse the favour Mrs. Ellison is so kind to offer you; for as you are a lover of music, you, who have never been at an oratorio, cannot conceive how you will be delighted.'—'I well know your goodness, my dear,' answered Amelia, 'but I cannot think of leaving my children without some person more proper to take care of them than this poor girl.' Mrs. Ellison removed this objection, by offering her own servant, a very discreet matron, to attend them: but notwithstanding this, and all she could say, with the assistance of Booth, and of the children themselves, Amelia still persisted in her refusal; and the mistress of the house, who knew how far good-breeding allows persons to be pressing on these occasions, took her leave.

She was no sooner departed, than Amelia, looking tenderly on her husband, said, 'How can you, my dear creature, think that music hath any charms for me at this time! Or, indeed, do you believe that I am capable of any sensation worthy the name of pleasure, when neither you nor my children are present, or bear any part of it?'

An officer of the regiment to which Booth had formerly belonged, hearing from Atkinson where he lodged, now came to pay him a visit. He told him, that several of their old acquaintance were to meet the next Wednesday at a tavern, and very strongly pressed him to be one of the company. Booth was, in truth, what is called a hearty fellow, and loved now and then to take a cheerful glass with his friends; but he excused himself at this time. His

friend declared he would take no denial; and he growing very importunate, Amelia at length seconded him. Upon this Booth answered, 'Well, my dear, since you desire me, I will comply, but on one condition, that you go at the same time to the oratorio.' Amelia thought this request reasonable enough, and gave her consent; of which Mrs. Ellison presently received the news, and with great satisfaction.

It may, perhaps, be asked, why Booth could go to the tavern, and not to the oratorio with his wife. In truth, then, the tavern was within hallowed ground, that is to say, in the verge of the court: for of five officers that were to meet there, three, besides Booth, were confined to that air, which hath been always found extremely wholesome to a broken military constitution. And here, if the good reader will pardon the pun, he will scarce be offended at the observation; since, how is it possible that, without running in debt, any person should maintain the dress and appearance of a gentleman, whose income is not half so good as that of a porter? It is true, that this allowance, small as it is, is a great expence to the public; but if several more unnecessary charges were spared, the public might, perhaps, bear a little increase of this without much feeling it. They would not, I am sure, have equal reason to complain at contributing to the maintenance of a set of brave fellows, who, at the hazard of their health, their limbs, and their lives, have maintained the safety and honour of their country; as when they find themselves taxed to the support of a set of drones, who have not the least merit or claim to their favour; and who, without contributing in any manner to the good of the hive, live luxuriously on the labours of the industrious bee.

CHAP. IX.

IN WHICH AMELIA, WITH HER FRIEND, GOES TO THE ORATORIO.

NOTHING happened between the Monday and the Wednesday, worthy a place in this history. Upon the evening of the latter, the two ladies went

went to the oratorio, and were there time enough to get the first row in the gallery. Indeed there was only one person in the house when they came: for Amelia's inclinations, when she gave a loose to them, were pretty eager for this diversion, she being a great lover of music, and particularly of Mr. Handel's compositions. Mrs. Ellison was, I suppose, a great lover likewise of music, for she was the more impatient of the two; which was rather the more extraordinary, as these entertainments were not such novelties to her as they were to poor Amelia.

Though our ladies arrived full two hours before they saw the back of Mr. Handel; yet this time of expectation did not hang extremely heavy on their hands; for besides their own chat, they had the company of a gentleman, whom they found at their first arrival in the gallery; and who, though plainly, or rather roughly dressed, very luckily for the women, happened to be not only well-bred, but a person of very lively conversation. The gentleman on his part seemed highly charmed with Amelia, and in fact was so: for, though he restrained himself entirely within the rules of good-breeding, yet was he in the highest degree officious to catch at every opportunity of shewing his respect, and doing her little services. He procured her a book and wax-candle, and held the candle for her himself during the whole entertainment.

At the end of the oratorio, he declared he would not leave the ladies till he had seen them safe into their chairs or coach; and at the same time very earnestly entreated that he might have the honour of waiting on them. Upon which Mrs. Ellison, who was a very good-humoured woman, answered, 'Ay, sure, Sir, if you please; you have been very obliging to us; and a dish of tea shall be at your service at any time:' and then told him where she lived.

The ladies were no sooner seated in their hackney-coach, than Mrs. Ellison burst into a loud laughter, and cried, 'I'll be hanged, Madam, if you have not made a conquest to-night; and what is very pleasant, I believe the poor gentleman takes you for a single lady.'—'Nay,' answered Amelia, very gravely, 'I protest I began to think at last he was rather too parti-

cular, though he did not venture at a word that I could be offended at; but if you fancy any such thing; I am sorry you invited him to drink tea.'—'Why so?' replied Mrs. Ellison, 'Are you angry with a man for liking you? if you are, you will be angry with almost every man that sees you. If I was a man myself, I declare I should be in the number of your admirers. Poor gentleman, I pity him heartily; he little knows that you have not a heart to dispose of. For my own part, I should not be surprized at seeing a serious proposal of marriage: for I am convinced he is a man of fortune, not only by the politeness of his address, but by the fineness of his linen, and that valuable diamond-ring on his finger. But you will see more of him when he comes to tea.'—'Indeed I shall not,' answered Amelia, 'though I believe you only rally me; I hope you have a better opinion of me, than to think I would go willingly into the company of a man, who had an improper liking for me.' Mrs. Ellison, who was one of the gayest women in the world, repeated the words improper liking, with a laugh; and cried, 'My dear Mrs. Booth, believe me, you are too handsome and too good-humoured for a prude. How can you affect being offended at what I am convinced is the greatest pleasure of womankind; and chiefly, I believe, of us virtuous women? for, I assure you, notwithstanding my gaiety, I am as virtuous as any prude in Europe.'—'Far be it from me, Madam,' said Amelia, 'to suspect the contrary of a bundance of women, who indulge themselves in much greater freedoms than I should take, or have any pleasure in taking: for I solemnly protest, if I know my own heart, the liking of all men, but of one, is a matter quite indifferent to me, or rather would be highly disagreeable.'

This discourse brought them home; where Amelia finding her children asleep, and her husband not returned, invited her companion to partake of her homely fare, and down they sat to supper together. The clock struck twelve; and no news being arrived of Booth, Mrs. Ellison began to express some astonishment at his stay, whence she launched into a general reflection on husbands,

husbands, and soon past to some particular investigations on her own. 'Ah, my dear Madam,' says she, 'I know the present state of your mind by what I have myself often felt formerly. I am no stranger to the melancholy tone of a midnight clock. It was my misfortune to drag on a heavy chain of above fifteen years, with a fottish yoke-fellow. But how can I wonder at my fate, since I see even your superior charms cannot confine a husband from the bewitching pleasures of a bottle.'—'Indeed, Madam,' says Amelia, 'I have no reason to complain, Mr. Booth is one of the soberest of men; but now and then to spend a late hour with his friend, is, I think, highly excusable.'—'O, no doubt,' cries Mrs. Ellison, 'if he can excuse himself; but if I was a man——' Here Booth came in, and interrupted the discourse. Amelia's eyes flashed with joy the moment he appeared; and he discovered no less pleasure in seeing her. His spirits were indeed a little elevated with wine, so as to heighten his good-humour, without in the least disordering his understanding, and made him such delightful company, that though it was past one in the morning, neither his wife nor Mrs. Ellison thought of their beds during a whole hour.

Early the next morning the serjeant came to Mr. Booth's lodgings, and with a melancholy countenance acquainted him, that he had been the night before at an alehouse, where he heard one Mr. Murphy an attorney declare, that he would get a warrant backed against one Captain Booth at the next board of green-cloth. 'I hope, Sir,' said he, 'your honour will pardon me; but by what he said, I was afraid he meant your honour; and therefore I thought it my duty to tell you, for I knew the same thing happen to a gentleman here the other day.'

Booth gave Mr. Atkinson many thanks for his information. 'I doubt not,' said he, 'but I am the person meant; for it would be foolish in me to deny that I am liable to apprehensions of that sort.'—'I hope, Sir,' said the serjeant, 'your honour will soon have reason to fear no man living; but in the mean time, if any accident should happen, my bail is at

your service as far as it will go; and I am a housekeeper, and can swear myself worth one hundred pounds.' Which hearty and friendly declaration received all those acknowledgments from Booth, which it really deserved.

The poor gentleman was greatly alarmed at this news; but he was altogether as much surprized at Murphy's being the attorney employed against him, as all his debts, except only to Captain James, arose in the country, where he did not know that Mr. Murphy had any acquaintance. However, he made no doubt that he was the person intended, and resolved to remain a close prisoner in his own lodgings, till he saw the event of a proposal which had been made him the evening before at the tavern, where an honest gentleman, who had a post under the government, and who was one of the company, had promised to serve him with the secretary at war; telling him, that he made no doubt of procuring him whole pay in a regiment abroad, which in his present circumstances was very highly worth his acceptance; when indeed that, and a gaol, seemed to be the only alternatives that offered themselves to his choice.

Mr. Booth and his lady spent that afternoon with Mrs. Ellison. An incident which we should scarce have mentioned, had it not been that Amelia gave, on this occasion, an instance of that prudence which should never be off it's guard in married women of delicacy: for before she would consent to drink tea with Mrs. Ellison, she made conditions, that the gentleman who had met them at the oratorio should not be let in. Indeed, this circumspection proved unnecessary in the present instance, for no such visitor ever came; a circumstance which gave great content to Amelia; for that lady had been a little uneasy at the raillery of Mrs. Ellison, and had upon reflection magnified every little compliment made her, and every little civility shewn her by the unknown gentleman, far beyond the truth. These imaginations now all subsided again; and she imputed all that Mrs. Ellison had said, either to raillery or mistake.

A young lady made a fourth with them at whist, and likewise stayed the whole evening. Her name was Bennet. She was about the age of five
and

and twenty; but sickness had given her an older look, and had a good deal diminished her beauty; of which, young as she was, she plainly appeared to have only the remains in her present possession. She was in one particular the very reverse of Mrs. Ellifson, being altogether as remarkably grave as the other was gay. This gravity was not however attended with any sourness of temper: on the contrary, she had much sweetness in her countenance, and was perfectly well-bred. In short, Amelia imputed her grave deportment to her ill health, and began to entertain a compassion for her, which in good minds, that is to say, in minds capable of compassion, is certain to introduce some little degree of love or friendship.

Amelia was in short so pleased with the conversation of this lady, that, though a woman of no impertinent curiosity, she could not help taking the first opportunity of enquiring who she was. Mrs. Ellifson said, that she was an unhappy lady, who had married a young clergyman for love, who dying of a consumption, had left her a widow in very indifferent circumstances. This account made Amelia still pity her more, and consequently added to the liking which she had already conceived for her. Amelia therefore desired Mrs. Ellifson to bring her acquainted with Mrs. Bennet, and said she would go any day with her to make that lady a visit. 'There need be no ceremony,' cried Mrs. Ellifson, 'she is a woman of no form: and as I saw plainly she was extremely pleased with Mrs. Booth, I am convinced I can bring her to drink tea with you any afternoon you please.'

The two next days Booth continued at home, highly to the satisfaction of his Amelia, who really knew no happiness out of his company, nor scarce any misery in it. She had, indeed, at all times so much of his company when in his power, that she had no occasion to assign any particular reason for his staying with her, and consequently it could give her no cause of suspicion. The Saturday one of her children was a little disordered with a feverish complaint, which confined her to her room, and prevented her drinking tea in the afternoon with her hus-

band, in Mrs. Ellifson's apartment, where a noble lord, a cousin of Mrs. Ellifson's, happened to be present: for though that lady was reduced in her circumstances, and obliged to let out part of her house in lodgings, she was born of a good family, and had some considerable relations.

His lordship was not himself in any office of state; but his fortune gave him great authority with those who were. Mrs. Ellifson, therefore, very bluntly took an opportunity of recommending Booth to his consideration. She took the first hint from my lord's calling the gentleman captain—to which she answered, 'Aye, I wish your lordship would make him so. It would be but an act of justice, and I know it is in your power to do much greater things.' She then mentioned Booth's services, and the wounds he had received at the siege, of which she had heard a faithful account from Amelia. Booth blushed, and was as silent as a young virgin at the hearing her own praises. His lordship answered, 'Cousin Ellifson, you know you may command my interest; nay, I shall have a pleasure in serving one of Mr. Booth's character: for my part, I think merit in all capacities ought to be encouraged; but I know the ministry are greatly pestered with solicitations at this time. However, Mr. Booth may be assured I will take the first opportunity; and, in the mean time, I shall be glad of seeing him any morning he pleases.' For all these declarations, Booth was not wanting in acknowledgments to the generous peer, any more than he was in secret gratitude to the lady who had shewn so friendly and uncommon a zeal in his favour.

The reader, when he knows the character of this nobleman, may, perhaps, conclude that his seeing Booth alone was a lucky circumstance; for he was so passionate an admirer of women, that he could scarce have escaped the attraction of Amelia's beauty. And few men, as I have observed, have such disinterested generosity, as to serve a husband the better because they are in love with his wife, unless she will condescend to pay a price beyond the reach of a virtuous woman.



AMELIA.

BOOK V.

CHAP. I.

IN WHICH THE READER WILL MEET WITH AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.



OOOTH's affairs were putting on a better aspect than they had ever worn before, and he was willing to make use of the opportunity of one day in seven to taste the fresh air.

At nine in the morning he went to pay a visit to his old friend Colonel James, resolving, if possible, to have a full explanation of that behaviour which appeared to him so mysterious; but the colonel was as inaccessible as the best defended fortress; and it was as impossible for Booth to pass beyond his entry, as the Spaniards found it to take Gibraltar. He received the usual answers; first, that the colonel was not stirring, and an hour after that he was gone out. All that he got by asking farther questions, was only to receive still ruder and ruder answers; by which, if he had been very sagacious, he might have been satisfied how little worth his while it was to desire to go in: for the porter at a great man's door, is a kind of thermometer, by which you may discover the warmth or coldness of his master's friendship. Nay, in the highest stations of all, as the great man himself hath his different kinds of salutation, from an hearty embrace with a kiss, and my dear lord, or dear Sir Charles, down

to, Well, Mr. —, what would you have me do? so the porter, to some bows with respect, to others with a smile, to some he bows more, to others less low, to others not at all. Some he just lets in, and others he just shuts out. And in all this they so well correspond, that one would be inclined to think that the great man and his porter had compared their lists together, and like two actors concerned to act different parts in the same scene, had rehearsed their parts privately together before they ventured to perform in public.

Though Booth did not, perhaps, see the whole matter in this just light, for that in reality it is, yet he was discerning enough to conclude from the behaviour of the servant, especially when he considered that of the master likewise, that he had entirely lost the friendship of James; and this conviction gave him a concern, that not only the flattering prospect of his lordship's favour was not able to compensate, but which even obliterated, and made him for a while forget, the situation in which he had left his Amelia; and he wandered about almost two hours, scarce knowing where he went, till at last he dropt into a coffee-house near St. James's, where he sat himself down.

He had scarce drank his dish of coffee, before he heard a young officer of the Guards cry to another, 'Od, d—n me, Jack, here he comes—here's old 'honour and dignity, faith.' Upon which he saw a chair open, and out issued

a most erect and stately figure indeed, with a vast perriwig on his head, and a vast hat under his arm. This august personage, having entered the room, walked directly up to the upper end, where having paid his respects to all present, of any note, to each according to seniority, he at last cast his eyes on Booth, and very civilly, though somewhat coolly, asked him how he did?

Booth, who had long recognized the features of his old acquaintance Major Bath, returned the compliment with a very low bow; but did not venture to make the first advance to familiarity, as he was truly possessed of that quality which the Greeks considered in the highest light of honour, and which we term modesty; though, indeed, neither ours nor the Latin language hath any word adequate to the idea of the original.

The colonel, after having discharged himself of two or three articles of news, and made his comments upon them, when the next chair to him became vacant, called upon Booth to fill it. He then asked him several questions relating to his affairs; and, when he heard he was out of the army, advised him earnestly to use all means to get in again; saying, that he was a pretty lad, and they must not lose him.

Booth told him in a whisper, that he had a great deal to say to him on that subject, if they were in a more private place; upon this, the colonel proposed a walk in the Park, which the other readily accepted.

During their walk, Booth opened his heart, and among other matters acquainted Colonel Bath, that he feared he had lost the friendship of Colonel James; 'though I am not,' said he, 'conscious of having done the least thing to deserve it.'

Bath answered, 'You are certainly mistaken, Mr. Booth. I have, indeed, scarce seen my brother since my coming to town; for I have been here but two days; however, I am convinced he is a man of too nice honour to do any thing inconsistent with the true dignity of a gentleman.' Booth answered, he was far from accusing him of any thing dishonourable. 'D—n me,' said Bath, 'if there is a man alive can, or dare accuse him: if you have the least reason to take any thing ill, why don't you go to him?

'You are a gentleman, and his rank doth not protect him from giving you satisfaction.'—'The affair is not of any such kind,' says Booth; 'I have great obligations to the colonel, and have more reason to lament than complain; and if I could but see him, I am convinced I should have no cause for either; but I cannot get within his house: it was but an hour ago, a servant of his turned me rudely from the door.'—'Did a servant of my brother use you rudely?' said the colonel with the utmost gravity. 'I do not know, Sir, in what light you see such things; but to me the affront of a servant is the affront of the master; and if he doth not immediately punish it, by all the dignity of a man, I would see the master's nose between my fingers.' Booth offered to explain, but to no purpose; the colonel was got into his stilts, and it was impossible to take him down; nay, it was as much as Booth could possibly do, to part with him without an actual quarrel; nor would he, perhaps, have been able to have accomplished it, had not the colonel by accident turned at last to take Booth's side of the question: and before they separated, he swore many oaths that James should give him proper satisfaction.

Such was the end of this present interview, so little to the content of Booth, that he was heartily concerned he had ever mentioned a syllable of the matter to his honourable friend.

CHAP. II.

IN WHICH BOOTH PAYS A VISIT TO THE NOBLE LORD.

WHEN that day of the week returned, in which Mr. Booth chose to walk abroad, he went to wait on the noble peer according to his kind invitation.

Booth now found a very different reception with this great man's porter, from what he had met with at his friend the colonel's. He no sooner told his name, than the porter with a bow told him his lordship was at home; the door immediately flew wide open; and he was conducted to an anti-chamber, where a servant told him he would acquaint his lordship with his arrival.

'Nor

Nor did he wait many minutes before the same servant returned, and ushered him to his lordship's apartment.

He found my lord alone, and was received by him in the most courteous manner imaginable. After the first ceremonials were over, his lordship began in the following words: 'Mr. Booth, I do assure you, you are very much obliged to my cousin Ellison. She hath given you such a character, that I shall have a pleasure in doing any thing in my power to serve you. But it will be very difficult, I am afraid, to get you a rank at home. In the West-Indies, perhaps, or in some regiment abroad, it may be more easy; and when I consider your reputation as a soldier, I make no doubt of your readiness to go to any place where the service of your country shall call you.' Booth answered, that he was highly obliged to his lordship; and assured him, he would with great cheerfulness attend his duty in any part of the world. 'The only thing grievous in the exchange of countries,' said he, 'in my opinion, is to leave those I love behind me, and I am sure, I shall never have a second trial equal to my first. It was very hard, my lord, to leave a young wife big with her first child, and so affected with my absence, that I had the utmost reason to despair of ever seeing her more. After such a demonstration of my resolution to sacrifice every other consideration to my duty, I hope your lordship will honour me with some confidence, that I shall make no objection to serve in any country.'—'My dear Mr. Booth,' answered the lord, 'you speak like a soldier, and I greatly honour your sentiments. Indeed, I own the justice of your inference from the example you have given: for, to quit a wife, as you say, in the very infancy of marriage, is, I acknowledge, some trial of resolution.' Booth answered with a low bow, and then after some immaterial conversation, his lordship promised to speak immediately to the minister, and appointed Mr. Booth to come to him on the Wednesday morning, that he might be made acquainted with his patron's success. The poor man now blushed and looked silly, till, after some time, he summoned up all his courage to his assistance, and relying on the other's friendship, he opened the

whole affair of his circumstances, and confessed that he did not dare to stir from his lodgings above one day in seven. His lordship expressed great concern at this account, and very kindly promised to take some opportunity of calling on him at his cousin Ellison's; when he hoped, he said, to bring him comfortable tidings.

Booth soon afterwards took his leave with the most profuse acknowledgments for so much goodness, and hastened home to acquaint his Amelia with what had so greatly overjoyed him. She highly congratulated him on his having found so generous and powerful a friend; towards whom both their bosoms burnt with the warmest sentiments of gratitude. She was not however contented, till she had made Booth renew his promise, in the most solemn manner, of taking her with him; after which, they sat down with their little children to a scrag of mutton and broth, with the highest satisfaction, and very heartily drank his lordship's health in a pot of porter.

In the afternoon this happy couple, if the reader will allow me to call poor people happy, drank tea with Mrs. Ellison, where his lordship's praises being again repeated by both the husband and wife, were very loudly echoed by Mrs. Ellison. While they were here, the young lady whom we have mentioned at the end of the last book to have made a fourth at whist, and with whom Amelia seemed so much pleased, came in; she was just returned to town from a short visit in the country, and her present visit was unexpected. It was, however, very agreeable to Amelia, who liked her still better upon a second interview, and was resolved to solicit her farther acquaintance.

Mrs. Bennet still maintained some little reserve, but was much more familiar and communicative than before. She appeared moreover to be as little ceremonious as Mrs. Ellison had reported her, and very readily accepted Amelia's apology for not paying her the first visit, and agreed to drink tea with her the very next afternoon.

Whilst the abovementioned company were sitting in Mrs. Ellison's parlour, Serjeant Atkinson passed by the window, and knocked at the door. Mrs. Ellison no sooner saw him, than she said, 'Pray, Mr. Booth, who is that

‘that genteel young serjeant? he was here every day last week to enquire after you.’ This was indeed a fact; the serjeant was apprehensive of the design of Murphy; but as the poor fellow had received all his answers from the maid or Mrs. Ellison, Booth had never heard a word of the matter. He was however greatly pleased with what he was now told, and burst forth into great praises of the serjeant, which were seconded by Amelia, who added, that he was her foster-brother, and she believed one of the honestest fellows in the world.

‘And I’ll swear,’ cries Mrs. Ellison, ‘he is one of the prettiest.—Do, Mr. Booth, desire him to walk in. A serjeant of the guards is a gentleman; and I had rather give such a man as you describe a dish of tea, than any beau fribble of them all.’

Booth wanted no great solicitation to shew any kind of regard to Atkinson; and accordingly, the serjeant was ushered in, though not without some reluctance on his side. There is, perhaps, nothing more uneasy than those sensations which the French call the *mauvaise honte*, nor any more difficult to conquer; and poor Atkinson would, I am persuaded, have mounted a breach with less concern, than he shewed in walking across a room before three ladies, two of whom were his avowed well-wishers.

Though I do not entirely agree with the late learned Mr. Essex, the celebrated dancing-master’s opinion, that dancing is the rudiment of polite education, as he would, I apprehend, exclude every other art and science; yet it is certain, that persons whose feet have never been under the hands of the professors of that art, are apt to discover this want in their education in every motion, nay, even when they stand or sit still. They seem, indeed, to be overburdened with limbs, which they know not how to use; as if when nature had finished her work, the dancing-master still is necessary to put it in motion.

Atkinson was at present an example of this observation, which doth so much honour to a profession for which I have a very high regard. He was handsome, and exquisitely well made; and yet, as he had never learnt to dance, he made so awkward an appear-

ance in Mrs. Ellison’s parlour, that the good lady herself, who had invited him in, could at first scarce refrain from laughter at his behaviour.

He had not, however, been long in the room, before admiration of his person got the better of such risible ideas. So great is the advantage of beauty in men, as well as women, and so sure is this quality in either sex of procuring some regard from the beholder!

The exceeding courteous behaviour of Mrs. Ellison, joined to that of Amelia and Booth, at length dissipated the uneasiness of Atkinson; and he gained sufficient confidence to tell the company some entertaining stories of accidents that had happened in the army within his knowledge; which, though they greatly pleased all present, are not, however, of consequence enough to have a place in this history.

Mrs. Ellison was so very importunate with her company to stay supper, that they all consented. As for the serjeant, he seemed to be none of the least welcome guests. She was, indeed, so pleased with what she had heard of him, and what she saw of him, that when a little warmed with wine, for she was no flincher at the bottle, she began to indulge some freedoms in her discourse towards him, that a little offended Amelia’s delicacy; nay, they did not seem to be highly relished by the other lady; though I am far from insinuating that these exceeded the bounds of decorum, or were, indeed, greater liberties than ladies of the middle age, and especially widows, do frequently allow to themselves.

CHAP. III.

RELATING PRINCIPALLY TO THE
AFFAIRS OF SERJEANT ATKIN-
SON.

THE next day, when all the same company, Atkinson only excepted, assembled in Amelia’s apartment, Mrs. Ellison presently began to discourse of him, and that in terms not only of approbation, but even of affection. She called him her clever serjeant, and her dear serjeant, repeated often that he was the prettiest fellow in the army, and said, it was a thousand pities he had not a commission; for that,

if he had, she was sure he would become a general.

'I am of your opinion, Madam,' answered Booth; 'and he hath got one hundred pounds of his own already: if he could find a wife now to help him to two or three hundred more, I think he might easily get a commission in a marching regiment; for I am convinced there is no colonel in the army would refuse him.'

'Refuse him, indeed!' says Mrs. Ellison; 'no; he would be a very pretty colonel that did. And upon my honour, I believe there are very few ladies who would refuse him, if he had but a proper opportunity of soliciting them. The colonel and the lady both would be better off, than with one of those pretty masters that I see walking about, and dragging their long swords after them, when they should rather drag their leading-strings.'

'Well said,' cries Booth, 'and spoken like a woman of spirit. Indeed, I believe they would be both better served.'

'True, captain,' answered Mrs. Ellison; 'I would rather leave the two first syllables out of the word gentleman, than the last.'

'Nay, I assure you,' replied Booth, 'there is not a quieter creature in the world. Though the fellow hath the bravery of a lion, he hath the meekness of a lamb. I can tell you stories enow of that kind, and so can my dear Amelia, when he was a boy.'

'O, if the match sticks there,' cries Amelia, 'I positively will not spoil his fortune by my silence. I can answer for him from his infancy, that he was one of the best-natured lads in the world. I will tell you a story or two of him, the truth of which I can testify from my own knowledge. When he was but six years old, he was at play with me at my mother's house, and a great pointing dog bit him through the leg. The poor lad, in the midst of the anguish of his wound, declared he was overjoyed it had not happened to Miss (for the same dog had just before snapt at me, and my petticoats had been my defence.) Another instance of his goodness, which greatly recommended him to my father, and which I have loved him for ever since, was

this: my father was a great lover of birds, and strictly forbade the spoiling of their nests. Poor Joe was one day caught upon a tree, and being concluded guilty, was severely lashed for it; but it was afterwards discovered that another boy, a friend of Joe's, had robbed the nest of its young ones, and poor Joe had climbed the tree in order to restore them; notwithstanding which he submitted to the punishment, rather than he would impeach his companion. But if these stories appear childish and trifling, the duty and kindness he hath shewn to his mother must recommend him to every one. Ever since he hath been fifteen years old, he hath more than half supported her; and when my brother died, I remember particularly, Joe at his desire, for he was much his favourite, had one of his suits given him; but instead of his becoming finer on that occasion, another young fellow came to church in my brother's clothes, and my old nurse appeared the same Sunday in a new gown, which her son had purchased for her with the sale of his legacy.'

'Well, I protest, he is a very worthy creature!' said Mrs. Bennet.

'He is a charming fellow,' cries Mrs. Ellison. 'But then the name of serjeant, Captain Booth, there, as the play says, my pride brings me off again.'

'And whatsoever the fates charge on pride,
'The angels fall, and twenty other good
'faults beside;

'On earth I'm sure—I'm sure—something
'—calling

'Pride saves man, and our sex too, from
'falling.'

Here a footman's rap at the door shook the room; upon which Mrs. Ellison, running to the window, cried out, 'Let me die, if it is not my lord! what shall I do? I must be at home to him; but suppose he should enquire for you, captain, what shall I say? or will you go down with me?'

The company were in some confusion at this instant, and before they had agreed on any thing, Booth's little girl came running into the room, and said, there was a prodigious great gentleman coming up stairs. She was immediately

ately followed by his lordship; who, as, he knew Booth must be at home, made very little or no enquiry at the door.

Amelia was taken somewhat at a surprise, but she was too polite to shew much confusion; for though she knew nothing of the town, she had had a genteel education, and kept the best company the country afforded. The ceremonies therefore past as usual, and they all sat down.

His lordship soon addressed himself to Booth, saying, 'As I have what I think good news for you, Sir, I could not delay giving myself the pleasure of communicating it to you. I have mentioned your affair where I promised you, and I have no doubt of my success. One may easily perceive, you know, from the manner of people's behaving upon such occasions; and indeed, when I related your case, I found there was much inclination to serve you. Great men, Mr Booth, must do things in their own time; but I think you may depend on having something done very soon.'

Booth made many acknowledgments for his lordship's goodness, and now a second time paid all the thanks which would have been due, even had the favour been obtained. This art of promising is the œconomy of a great man's pride; a sort of good husbandry in conferring favours, by which they receive ten-fold in acknowledgments for every obligation; I mean, among those who really intend the service; for there are others who cheat poor men of their thanks, without ever designing to deserve them at all.

This matter being sufficiently discussed, the conversation took a gayer turn; and my lord began to entertain the ladies with some of that elegant discourse which, though most delightful to hear, it is impossible should ever be read.

His lordship was so highly pleased with Amelia, that he could not help being somewhat particular to her; but this particularity distinguished itself only in a higher degree of respect, and was so very polite, and so very distant, that she herself was pleased; and at his departure, which was not till he had far exceeded the length of a common visit, declared he was the finest gentle-

man she had ever seen; with which sentiment her husband and Mrs. Ellison both entirely concurred.

Mrs. Bennet, on the contrary, expressed some little dislike to my lord's complaisance, which she called excessive. 'For my own part,' said she, 'I have not the least relish for those very fine gentlemen. What the world generally calls politeness, I term insincerity; and I am more charmed with the stories which Mrs. Booth told us of the honest serjeant, than with all that the finest gentlemen in the world ever said in their lives.'

'O to be sure,' cries Mrs. Ellison, *All for love, or the world well lost*, is a motto very proper for some folks to wear in their coat of arms; but the generality of the world will, I believe, agree with that lady's opinion of my cousin, rather than with Mrs. Bennet.'

Mrs. Bennet seeing Mrs. Ellison took offence at what she said, thought proper to make some apology, which was very readily accepted, and so ended the visit.

We cannot, however, put an end to the chapter without observing, that such is the ambitious temper of beauty, that it may always apply to itself that celebrated passage in Lucan,

*Nec quenquam jam ferre potest Cæsaris priorem,
Pompeiusve parem.*——

Indeed, I believe it may be laid down as a general rule, that no woman who hath any great pretensions to admiration, is ever well pleased in a company where she perceives herself to fill only the second place. This observation, however, I humbly submit to the judgment of the ladies, and hope it will be considered as retracted by me, if they shall dissent from my opinion.

CHAP. IV.

CONTAINING MATTERS THAT REQUIRE NO PREFACE.

WHEN Booth and his wife were left alone together, they both extremely exulted in their good fortune, in having found so good a friend as his lordship; nor were they wanting in very warm expressions of their gratitude

itude towards Mrs. Ellifon; after which, they began to lay down schemes of living when Booth should have his commission of captain; and after the exactest computation concluded, that with œconomy they should be able to save, at least, fifty pounds a year out of their income, in order to pay their debts.

These matters being well settled, Amelia asked Booth what he thought of Mrs. Bennet. 'I think, my dear,' answered Booth, 'that she hath been formerly a very pretty woman.'—'I am mistaken,' replied she, 'if she be not a very good creature. I don't know I ever took such a liking to any one on so short an acquaintance. I fancy she hath been a very sprightly woman: for if you observe, she discovers by starts a great vivacity in her countenance.'—'I made the same observation,' cries Booth: 'sure some strange misfortune hath befallen her.'—'A misfortune indeed!' answered Amelia. 'Sure, child, you forgot what Mrs. Ellifon told us, that she had lost a beloved husband; a misfortune which I have often wondered at any woman's surviving.' At which words she cast a tender look at Booth; and presently afterwards throwing herself upon his neck, cried, 'O heavens! what a happy creature am I! When I consider the dangers you have gone through, how I exult in my bliss!' The good-natured reader will suppose that Booth was not deficient in returning such tendernefs; after which, the conversation became too fond to be here related.

The next morning Mrs. Ellifon addressed herself to Booth as follows: 'I shall make no apology, Sir, for what I am going to say, as it proceeds from my friendship to yourself, and your dear lady. I am convinced then, Sir, there is something more than accident in your going abroad only one day in the week. Now, Sir, if, as I am afraid, matters are not altogether as well as I wish them, I beg, since I do not believe you are provided with a lawyer, that you will suffer me to recommend one to you. The person I shall mention, is, I assure you, of much ability in his profession, and I have known him do great services to gentlemen un-

der a cloud. Do not be ashamed of your circumstances, my dear friend: they are a much greater scandal to those who have left so much merit unprovided for.'

Booth gave Mrs. Ellifon abundance of thanks for her kindness, and explicitly confessed to her that her conjectures were right, and without hesitation accepted the offer of her friend's assistance.

Mrs. Ellifon then acquainted him with her apprehensions on this account. She said, she had both yesterday and this morning seen two or three very ugly suspicious fellows pass several times by her window. 'Upon all accounts,' said she, 'my dear Sir, I advise you to keep yourself close confined till the lawyer hath been with you. I am sure he will get you your liberty, at least of walking about within the verge. There's something to be done with the board of green cloth, I don't know what; but this I know, that several gentlemen have lived here a long time very comfortably, and have defied all the vengeance of their creditors. However, in the mean time, you must be a close prisoner with your lady; and I believe there is no man in England but would exchange his liberty for the same gaol.'

She then departed in order to send for the attorney, and presently afterwards the serjeant arrived with news of the like kind. He said, he had scraped an acquaintance with Murphy. 'I hope your honour will pardon me,' cries Atkinson, 'but I pretended to have a small demand upon your honour myself, and offered to employ him in the business; upon which he told me, that if I would go with him to the marshal's court, and make affidavit of my debt, he should be able very shortly to get it me; "for I shall have the captain in hold,"' cries he, "within a day or two."—"I wish," said the serjeant, "I could do your honour any service. Shall I walk about all day before the door? or shall I be porter, and watch it in the inside, till your honour can find some means of securing yourself? I hope you will not be offended at me, but I beg you would take care of falling into Murphy's hands; for he hath the character of the greatest villain upon earth. I

' am afraid you will think me too bold, Sir, but I have a little money; if it can be of any service, do, pray your honour, command it. It can never do me so much good any other way. Consider, Sir, I owe all I have to yourself and my dear mistress.'

Booth stood a moment as if he had been thunderstruck, and then, the tears bursting from his eyes, he said: ' Upon my soul, Atkinson, you overcome me. I scarce ever heard of so much goodness, nor do I know how to express my sentiments of it. But be assured, as for your money, I will not accept it, and let it satisfy you, that in my present circumstances it would do me no essential service; but this be assured of likewise, that whilst I live, I shall never forget the kindness of the offer. However, as I apprehend I may be in some danger of fellows getting into the house, for a day or two, as I have no guard but a poor little girl, I will not refuse the goodness you offer to shew in my protection. And I make no doubt but Mrs. Ellison will let you sit in her parlour for that purpose.'

Atkinson with the utmost readiness undertook the office of porter; and Mrs. Ellison as readily allotted him a place in her back parlour, where he continued three days together, from eight in the morning till twelve at night; during which time, he had sometimes the company of Mrs. Ellison, and sometimes of Booth, Amelia, and Mrs. Bennet too; for this last had taken as great a fancy to Amelia, as Amelia had to her; and therefore, as Mr. Booth's affairs were now no secret in the neighbourhood, made her frequent visits during the confinement of her husband, and consequently of her own.

Nothing, as I remember, happened in this interval of time, more worthy notice than the following card, which Amelia received from her old acquaintance Mrs. James. ' Mrs. James sends her compliments to Mrs. Booth, and desires to know how she does; for as she hath not had the favour of seeing her at her own house, or of meeting her in any public place, in so long a time, fears it may be owing to ill health.'

Amelia had long given over all thoughts of her friend, and doubted not but that she was as entirely given

over by her; she was very much surprized at this message, and under some doubt whether it was not meant as an insult, especially from the mention of public places, which she thought so inconsistent with her present circumstances, of which she supposed Mrs. James was well apprized. However, at the entreaty of her husband, who languished for nothing more than to be again reconciled to his friend James, Amelia undertook to pay the lady a visit, and to examine into the mystery of this conduct, which appeared to her so unaccountable.

Mrs. James received her with a degree of civility that amazed Amelia, no less than her coldness had done before. She resolved to come to an éclaircissement, and having sat out some company that came in, when they were alone together, Amelia, after some silence, and many offers to speak, at last said, ' My dear Jenny, (if you will now suffer me to call you by so familiar a name) have you entirely forgot a certain young lady who had the pleasure of being your intimate acquaintance at Montpelier?—' Whom do you mean, dear Madam?' cries Mrs. James, with great concern. ' I mean, myself,' answered Amelia. ' You surprize me, Madam,' replied Mrs. James. ' How can you ask me that question?'—' Nay, my dear, I do not intend to offend you,' cries Amelia; ' but I am really desirous to solve to myself the reason of that coldness which you shewed me, when you did me the favour of a visit. Can you think, my dear, I was not disappointed, when I expected to meet an intimate friend, to receive a cold formal visitant? I desire you to examine your own heart, and answer me honestly, if you do not think I had some little reason to be dissatisfied with your behaviour?'—' Indeed, Mrs. Booth,' answered the other lady, ' you surprize me very much; if there was any thing displeasing to you in my behaviour, I am extremely concerned at it. I did not know I had been defective in any of the rules of civility; but if I was, Madam, I ask your pardon.'—' Is civility, then, my dear,' replied Amelia, ' a synonymous term with friendship? Could I have expected, when I parted the last time with Miss Jenny Bath, to have met her

her the next time in the shape of a fine lady, complaining of the hardship of climbing up two pair of stairs to visit me, and then approaching me with the distant air of a new or a slight acquaintance? Do you think, my dear Mrs. James, if the tables had been turned, if my fortune had been as high in the world as yours, and you in my distress and abject condition, that I would not have climbed as high as the Monument to visit you.—‘Sure, Madam,’ cried Mrs. James, ‘I mistake you, or you have greatly mistaken me. Can you complain of my not visiting you, who have owed me a visit almost these three weeks? Nay, did I not even then send you a card, which sure was doing more than all the friendship and good-breeding in the world required? But indeed, as I had met you in no public place, I really thought you was ill.’—‘How can you mention public places to me,’ said Amelia, ‘when you can hardly be a stranger to my present situation? Did you not know, Madam, that I was ruined?’—‘No, indeed, Madam, did not I,’ replied Mrs. James; ‘I am sure I should have been highly concerned if I had.’—‘Why, sure, my dear,’ cries Amelia, ‘you could not imagine that we were in affluent circumstances, when you found us in such a place, and in such a condition.’—‘Nay, my dear,’ answered Mrs. James, ‘since you are pleased to mention it first yourself, I own, I was a little surprized to see you in no better lodgings; but I concluded you had your own reasons for liking them; and, for my own part, I have laid it down as a positive rule, never to enquire into the private affairs of any one, especially of my friends. I am not of the humour of some ladies, who confine the circle of their acquaintance to one part of the town, and would not be known to visit in the city for the world. For my part, I never dropt an acquaintance with any one, while it was reputable to keep it up; and I can solemnly declare, I have not a friend in the world for whom I have a greater esteem than I have for Mrs. Booth.’

At this instant, the arrival of a new visitant put an end to the discourse, and Amelia soon after took her leave without the least anger, but with some little

unavoidable contempt for a lady, in whose opinion, as we have hinted before, outward form and ceremony constituted the whole essence of friendship; who valued all her acquaintance alike, as each individual served equally to fill up a place in her visiting roll; and who, in reality, had not the least concern for the good qualities or well-being of any of them.

C H A P. V.

CONTAINING MUCH HEROIC MATTER.

AT the end of three days, Mrs. Ellifson’s friend had so far purchased Mr. Booth’s liberty, that he could walk again abroad within the verge, without any danger of having a warrant backed against him by the board before he had notice. As for the ill-looking persons that had given the alarm, it was now discovered that another unhappy gentleman, and not Booth, was the object of their pursuit.

Mr. Booth being now delivered from his fears, went, as he had formerly done, to take his morning walk in the Park. Here he met Colonel Bath in company with some other officers, and very civilly paid his respects to him. But instead of returning the salute, the colonel looked him full in the face with a very stern countenance; and, if he could be said to take any notice of him, it was in such a manner as to inform him he would take no notice of him.

Booth was not more hurt than surprized at this behaviour, and resolved to know the reason of it. He therefore watched an opportunity till the colonel was alone, and then walked boldly up to him, and desired to know if he had given him any offence. The colonel answered hastily, ‘Sir, I am above being offended with you, nor do I think it consistent with my dignity to make you any answer.’ Booth replied, ‘I don’t know, Sir, that I have done any thing to deserve this treatment.’—‘Look’e, Sir,’ cries the colonel, ‘if I had not formerly had some respect for you, I should not think you worth my resentment. However, as you are a gentleman born, and an officer, and as I have had an esteem for you,

‘ I will give you some marks of it, by putting it in your power to do yourself justice. I will tell you, therefore, Sir, that you have acted like a scoundrel.’—‘ If we were not in the Park,’ answered Booth warmly, ‘ I would thank you very properly for that compliment.’—‘ O Sir!’ cries the colonel, ‘ we can be soon in a convenient place.’ Upon which Booth answered, he would attend him wherever he pleased. The colonel then bid him come along, and strutted forward directly up Constitution Hill to Hyde Park, Booth following him at first, and afterwards walking before him, till they came to that place which may properly be called the Field of Blood, being that part a little to the left of the ring which heroes have chosen for the scene of their exit out of this world.

Booth reached the ring some time before the colonel; for he mended not his pace, any more than a Spaniard. To say truth, I believe it was not in his power; for he had so long accustomed himself to one and the same strut, that as a horse used always to trotting can scarce be forced into a gallop, so could no passion force the colonel to alter his pace.

At length, however, both parties arrived at the lists, where the colonel very deliberately took off his wig and coat, and laid them on the grass; and then drawing his sword, advanced to Booth, who had likewise his drawn weapon in his hand, but had made no other preparation for the combat.

The combatants now engaged with great fury, and after two or three passes, Booth ran the colonel through the body, and threw him on the ground, at the same time possessing himself of the colonel’s sword.

As soon as the colonel was become master of his speech, he called out to Booth in a very kind voice, and said, ‘ You have done my business, and satisfied me that you are a man of honour, and that my brother James must have been mistaken: for I am convinced, that no man who will draw his sword in so gallant a manner, is capable of being a rascal. D—n me, give me a buss, my dear boy; I ask your pardon for that infamous appellation I dishonoured your dignity with; but, d—n me,

‘ if it was not purely out of love, and to give you an opportunity of doing yourself justice, which I own you have done like a man of honour. What may be the consequence I know not; but I hope, at least, I shall live to reconcile you with my brother.’

Booth shewed great concern, and even horror in his countenance. ‘ Why, my dear colonel,’ said he, ‘ would you force me to this? For Heaven’s sake, tell me, what I have ever done to offend you?’

‘ Me!’ cried the colonel. ‘ Indeed, my dear child, you never did any thing to offend me. Nay, I have acted the part of a friend to you in the whole affair. I maintained your cause with my brother as long as decency would permit. I could not flatly contradict him, though, indeed, I scarce believed him. But what could I do? If I had not fought with you, I must have been obliged to have fought with him; however, I hope what is done will be sufficient, and that matters may be *discommodated* without your being put to the necessity of fighting any more on this occasion.’

‘ Never regard me,’ cried Booth eagerly; ‘ for Heaven’s sake, think of your own preservation. Let me put you into a chair, and get you a surgeon.’

‘ Thou art a noble lad,’ cries the colonel, who was now got on his legs, ‘ and I am glad the business is so well over. For though your sword went quite through, it slanted so, that I apprehend there is little danger of life. However, I think there is enough done to put an honourable end to the affair, especially as you was so hasty to disarm me. I bleed a little, but I can walk to the house by the water; and if you will send me a chair thither, I shall be obliged to you.’

As the colonel refused any assistance, (indeed he was very able to walk without it, though with somewhat less dignity than usual) Booth set forward to Grosvenor Gate, in order to procure the chair, and soon after returned with one to his friend; whom having conveyed into it, he attended himself on foot into Bond Street, where then lived a very eminent surgeon.

The





The surgeon having proved the wound, turned towards Booth, who was apparently the guilty person, and said with a smile, 'Upon my word, Sir, you have performed the business with great dexterity.'

'Sir,' cries the colonel to the surgeon, 'I would not have you imagine I am afraid to die. I think I know more what belongs to the dignity of a man; and, I believe, I have shewn it at the head of a line of battle. Do not impute my concern to that fear, when I ask you whether there is or is not any danger?'

'Really, colonel,' answered the surgeon, who well knew the complexion of the gentleman then under his hands, 'it would appear like presumption to say, that a man who hath been just run through the body, is in no manner of danger. But this, I think, I may assure you, that I yet perceive no very bad symptoms, and unless something worse should appear, or a fever be the consequence, I hope you may live to be again, with all your dignity, at the head of a line of battle.'

'I am glad to hear that is your opinion,' quoth the colonel, 'for I am not desirous of dying, though I am not afraid of it. But if any thing worse than you apprehend should happen, I desire you will be a witness of my declaration, that this young gentleman is entirely innocent. I forced him to do what he did.—My dear Booth, I am pleased matters are as they are. You are the first man that ever gained an advantage over me; but it was very lucky for you that you disarmed me, and I doubt not but you have the equanimity to think so. If the business, therefore, hath ended without doing any thing to the purpose, it was fortune's pleasure, and neither of our faults.'

Booth heartily embraced the colonel, and assured him of the great satisfaction he had received from the surgeon's opinion; and soon after the two combatants took their leave of each other. The colonel, after he was dressed, went in a chair to his lodgings, and Booth walked on foot to his; where he luckily arrived without meeting any of Mr. Murphy's gang; a danger

which never once occurred to his imagination till he was out of it.

The affair he had been about, had indeed so entirely occupied his mind, that it had obliterated every other idea; among the rest, it caused him so absolutely to forget the time of the day, that though he had exceeded the time of dining above two hours, he had not the least suspicion of being at home later than usual.

CHAP. VI.

IN WHICH THE READER WILL FIND MATTER WORTHY HIS CONSIDERATION.

AMELIA having waited above an hour for her husband, concluded, as he was the most punctual man alive, that he had met with some engagement abroad, and sat down to her meal with her children; which, as it was always uncomfortable in the absence of her husband, was very short; so that before his return, all the apparatus of dining was entirely removed.

Booth sat some time with his wife, expecting every minute when the little maid would make her appearance; at last curiosity, I believe, rather than appetite, made him ask, how long it was to dinner. 'To dinner, my dear!' answered Amelia; 'sure you have dined, I hope?' Booth replied in the negative; upon which, his wife started from her chair, and bestirred herself as nimbly to provide him a repast, as the most industrious hostess in the kingdom doth, when some unexpected guest of extraordinary quality arrives at her house.

The reader hath not, I think, from any passages hitherto recorded in this history, had much reason to accuse Amelia of a blameable curiosity; he will not, I hope, conclude that she gave an instance of any such fault, when, upon Booth's having so long overstaid his time, and so greatly mistaken the hour of the day, and upon some other circumstances of his behaviour, (for he was too honest to be good at concealing any of his thoughts) she said to him, after he had done eating, 'My dear, I am sure something more than
'ordi-

'ordinary hath happened to-day, and
'I beg you will tell me what it is.'

Booth answered, that nothing of any consequence had happened; that he had been detained by a friend, whom he met accidentally, longer than he expected. In short, he made many shuffling and evasive answers; not boldly lying out, which, perhaps, would have succeeded, but poorly and vainly endeavouring to reconcile falsehood with truth; an attempt which seldom fails to betray the most practised deceiver.

How impossible was it, therefore, for Booth to succeed in an art for which nature had so entirely disqualified him! His countenance indeed confessed faster than his tongue denied; and the whole of his behaviour gave Amelia an alarm, and made her suspect something very bad had happened; and as her thoughts turned presently on the badness of their circumstances, she feared some mischief from his creditors had befallen him: for she was too ignorant of such matters to know, that if he had fallen into the hands of the Philistines, (which is the name given by the faithful to bailiffs) he would hardly have been able so soon to recover his liberty. Booth at last perceived her to be uneasy; and as he saw no hopes of contriving any fiction to satisfy her, he thought himself obliged to tell her the truth, or at least part of the truth; and confessed that he had had a little skirmish with Colonel Bath, in which, he said, the colonel had received a slight wound, not at all dangerous: 'And this,' says he, 'is all the whole matter.'—'If it be so,' cries Amelia, 'I thank Heaven no worse hath happened; but why, my dear, will you ever converse with that madman, who can embrace a friend one moment, and fight with him the next?'—'Nay, my dear,' answered Booth, 'you yourself must confess, though he be a little too much on the *qui vive*, he is a man of great honour and good-nature.'—'Tell me not,' replied she, 'of such good-nature and honour as would sacrifice a friend, and a whole family, to a ridiculous whim.—O Heaven!' cried she, falling upon her knees, 'from what misery have I escaped! from what have these poor babes escaped, through your

'gracious providence, this day!—Then turning to her husband, she cried, 'But are you sure the monster's wound is no more dangerous than you say? A monster surely I may call him, who can quarrel with a man that could not, that I am convinced would not offend him.'

Upon this question, Booth repeated the assurances which the surgeon had given them, perhaps with a little enlargement, which pretty well satisfied Amelia; and instead of blaming her husband for what he had done, she tenderly embraced him, and again returned thanks to Heaven for his safety.

In the evening, Booth insisted on paying a short visit to the colonel, highly against the inclination of Amelia, who by many arguments and entreaties endeavoured to dissuade her husband from continuing an acquaintance, in which, she said, she should always foresee much danger for the future. However, she was at last prevailed upon to acquiesce; and Booth went to the colonel, whose lodgings happened to be in the verge, as well as his own.

He found the colonel in his night-gown, and his great chair, engaged with another officer at a game of chess. He rose immediately, and having heartily embraced Booth, presented him to his friend, saying, he had the honour to introduce to him as brave and as *fortitudinous* a man as any in the king's dominions. He then took Booth with him into the next room, and desired him not to mention a word of what had happened in the morning: saying, 'I am very well satisfied that no more hath happened; however, as it ended in nothing, I could wish it might remain a secret.' Booth told him he was heartily glad to find him so well, and promised never to mention it more to any one.

The game at chess being but just begun, and neither of the parties having gained any considerable advantage, they neither of them insisted on continuing it; and now the colonel's antagonist took his leave, and left the colonel and Booth together.

As soon as they were alone, the latter earnestly entreated the former to acquaint him with the real cause of his anger; 'for may I perish,' cries Booth, 'if I can even guess what I have ever
done

‘done to offend either you or your brother Colonel James!’

‘Look’ee, child,’ cries the colonel, ‘I tell you I am for my own part satisfied: for I am convinced that a man who will fight, can never be a rascal; and therefore, why should you enquire any more of me at present: when I see my brother James, I hope to reconcile all matters, and perhaps no more swords need be drawn on this occasion.’ But Booth still persisting in his desire, the colonel, after some hesitation, with a tremendous oath, cried out, ‘I do not think myself at liberty to refuse you, after the indignity I offered you; so, since you demand it of me, I will inform you. My brother told me you had used him dishonourably, and had *divellicated* his character behind his back. He gave me his word too, that he was well assured of what he said. What could I have done, though I own to you I did not believe him, and your behaviour since hath convinced me I was in the right? I must either have given him the lye, and fought with him, or else I was obliged to behave as I did, and fight with you. And now, my lad, I leave it to you to do as you please; but if you are laid under any necessity to do yourself farther justice, it is your own fault.’

‘Alas: colonel,’ answered Booth, ‘besides the obligations I have to the colonel, I have really so much love for him, that I think of nothing less than resentment. All I wish, is to have this affair brought to an elucidation, and to satisfy him that he is in an error: for though his assertions are cruelly injurious, and I have never deserved them; yet I am convinced he would not say what he did not himself think. Some rascal, envious of his friendship for me, hath belyed me to him; and the only resentment I desire, is to convince him of his mistake.’

At these words, the colonel grinned horribly a ghastly smile, or rather sneer, and answered, ‘Young gentleman, you may do as you please; but by the eternal dignity of man, if any man breathing had taken a liberty with my character—here, here—Mr. Booth,’ (shewing his fingers) ‘here, d—n me, should be his nostrils;

‘he should breathe through my hands, and breathe his last, d—n me.’

Booth answered: ‘I think, colonel, I may appeal to your testimony that I dare do myself justice; since he who dare draw his sword against you, can hardly be supposed to fear any other person; but I repeat to you again, that I love Colonel James so well, and am so greatly obliged to him, that it would be almost indifferent to me, whether I directed my sword against his breast, or my own.’

The colonel’s muscles were considerably softened by Booth’s last speech; but he again contracted them into a vast degree of fierceness, before he cried out, ‘Boy, thou hast reason enough to be vain; for thou art the first person that ever could proudly say he gained an advantage over me in combat. I believe, indeed, thou art not afraid of any man breathing; and as I know thou hast some obligations to my brother, I do not commend thee; for nothing more becomes the dignity of a man than gratitude. Besides, as I am satisfied my brother can produce the author of the slander—I say, I am satisfied of that; d—n me, if any man alive dares assert the contrary, for that would be to make my brother himself a liar—I will make him produce his author; and then, my dear boy, your doing yourself proper justice there, will bring you finely out of the whole affair. As soon as my surgeon gives me leave to go abroad, which, I hope, will be in a few days, I will bring my brother James to a tavern, where you shall meet us; and I will engage my honour, my whole dignity to you, to make you friends.’

This assurance of the colonel gave Booth great pleasure; for few persons ever loved a friend better than he did James: and as for doing military justice on the author of that scandalous report which had incensed his friend against him, not Bath himself was ever more ready on such an occasion, than Booth, to execute it. He soon after took his leave, and returned home in high spirits to his Amelia, whom he found in Mrs. Ellison’s apartment, engaged in a party at ombre with that lady and her right honourable cousin.

His lordship had, it seems, had a second

cond interview with the great man, and having obtained farther hopes (for I think there was not yet an absolute promise) of success in Mr. Booth's affairs, his usual good-nature brought him immediately to acquaint Mr. Booth with it. As he did not therefore find him at home, and as he met with the two ladies together, he resolved to stay till his friend's return, which he was assured would not be long, especially as he was so lucky, he said, to have no particular engagement that whole evening.

We remarked before, that his lordship, at the first interview with Amelia, had distinguished her by a more particular address from the other ladies; but that now appeared to be rather owing to his perfect good-breeding, as she was then to be considered as the mistress of the house, than from any other preference. His present behaviour made this still more manifest; for as he was now in Mrs. Ellison's apartment, though she was his relation and an old acquaintance, he applied his conversation rather more to her than to Amelia. His eyes, indeed, were now and then guilty of the contrary distinction, but this was only by stealth; for they constantly withdrew the moment they were discovered. In short, he treated Amelia with the greatest distance, and at the same time with the most profound and awful respect; his conversation was so general, so lively, and so obliging, that Amelia, when she added to his agreeableness the obligations she had to him for his friendship to Booth, was certainly as much pleased with his lordship, as any virtuous woman can possibly be with any man besides her own husband.

CHAP. VII.

CONTAINING VARIOUS MATTERS.

WE have already mentioned the good-humour in which Booth returned home; and the reader will easily believe it was not a little increased by the good-humour in which he found his company. My lord received him with the utmost marks of friendship and affection, and told him, that his affairs went on as well almost as he himself could desire, and that he

doubted not very soon to wish him joy of a company.

When Booth had made a proper return to all his lordship's unparalleled goodness, he whispered Amelia that the colonel was entirely out of danger, and almost as well as himself. This made her satisfaction complete, threw her into such spirits, and gave such a lustre to her eyes, that her face, as Horace says, was too dazzling to be looked at; it was certainly too handsome to be looked at without the highest admiration.

His lordship departed about ten o'clock, and left the company in raptures with him; especially the two ladies, of whom it is difficult to say which exceeded the other in his commendations. Mrs. Ellison swore she believed he was the best of all human kind; and Amelia, without making any exception, declared he was the finest gentleman, and most agreeable man, she had ever seen in her life; adding, it was great pity he should remain single. 'That's true, indeed,' cries Mrs. Ellison; 'and I have often lamented it, nay, I am astonished at it, considering the great liking he always shews for our sex, and he may certainly have the choice of all. The real reason, I believe, is his fondness for his sister's children. I declare, Madam, if you was to see his behaviour to them, you would think they were his own. Indeed, he is vastly fond of all manner of children!'—'Good creature,' cries Amelia; 'if ever he doth me the honour of another visit, I am resolved I will shew him my little things. I think, Mrs. Ellison, as you say my lord loves children, I may say, without vanity, he will not see many such.'—'No, indeed, will he not,' answered Mrs. Ellison; 'and now I think on't, Madam, I wonder at my own stupidity, in never making the offer before: but since you put it into my head, if you will give me leave, I'll take master and miss to wait on my lord's nephew and niece. They are very pretty-behaved children; and little master and miss will be, I dare swear, very happy in their acquaintance: besides, if my lord himself should see them, I know what will happen, for he is the most generous of all human beings.'

Amelia

Amelia very readily accepted the favour which Mrs. Ellifon offered her; but Booth expressed some reluctance. 'Upon my word, my dear,' said he, with a smile, 'this behaviour of ours puts me in mind of the common conduct of beggars; who, whenever they receive a favour, are sure to send other objects to the same fountain of charity. Don't we, my dear, repay our obligations to my lord in the same manner, by sending our children a begging to him?'

'O beastly!' cries Mrs. Ellifon; 'how could such a thought enter your brains!—I protest, Madam, I begin to grow ashamed of this husband of yours.—How can you have so vulgar a way of thinking? Begging, indeed! The poor little dear things a begging! If my lord was capable of such a thought, though he was my own brother instead of my cousin, I should scorn him too much ever to enter his doors.'—'O dear Madam,' answered Amelia, 'you take Mr. Booth too seriously, when he was only in jest; and the children shall wait upon you whenever you please.'

Though Booth had been a little more in earnest than Amelia had represented him, and was not, perhaps, quite so much in the wrong as he was considered by Mrs. Ellifon; yet, seeing there were two to one against him, he wisely thought proper to recede, and let his smile go off with that air of a jest which his wife had given it.

Mrs. Ellifon, however, could not let it pass without paying some compliments to Amelia's understanding, nor without some obscure reflections upon Booth, with whom she was more offended than the matter required. She was indeed a woman of most profuse generosity, and could not bear a thought which she deemed vulgar or sneaking. She afterwards launched forth the most profuse encomiums on his lordship's liberality, and concluded the evening with some instances which he had given of that virtue, which, if not the noblest, is, perhaps, one of the most useful to society, with which great and rich men can be endowed.

The next morning early, Serjeant Atkinson came to wait on Lieutenant Booth, and desired to speak with his honour in private; upon which the lieutenant and serjeant took a walk to-

gether in the Park. Booth expected every minute when the serjeant would open his mouth, under which expectation he continued till he came to the end of the Mall, and so he might have continued till he came to the end of the world; for though several words stood at the end of the serjeant's lips, there they were likely to remain for ever. He was indeed in the condition of a miser, whom a charitable impulse hath impelled to draw a few pence to the edge of his pocket, where they are altogether as secure as if they were in the bottom: for, as the one hath not the heart to part with a farthing, so neither had the other the heart to speak a word.

Booth at length, wondering that the serjeant did not speak, asked him, what his business was; when the latter, with a stammering voice, began the following apology: 'I hope, Sir, your honour will not be angry, nor take any thing amiss of me. I do assure you, it was not of my seeking; nay, I dare not proceed in the matter without first asking you leave. Indeed, if I had taken any liberties from the goodness you have been pleased to shew me, I should look upon myself as one of the most worthless and despicable of wretches; but nothing is farther from my thoughts. I know the distance which is between us; and because your honour hath been so kind and good as to treat me with more familiarity than any other officer ever did, if I had been base enough to take any freedoms, or to encroach upon your honour's goodness, I should deserve to be whipt through the regiment. I hope therefore, Sir, you will not suspect me of any such attempt.'

'What can all this mean, Atkinson?' cries Booth; 'what mighty matter would you introduce with all this previous apology?'

'I am almost ashamed and afraid to mention it,' answered the serjeant, 'and yet I am sure your honour will believe what I have said, and not think any thing owing to my own presumption; and at the same time, I have no reason to think you would do any thing to spoil my fortune in an honest way, when it is dropt into my lap without my own seeking. For may I perish, if it is not all the lady's own goodness! and I hope in

'Heaven, with your honour's leave, I shall live to make her amends for it.' In a word, that we may not detain the reader's curiosity quite so long as he did Booth's, he acquainted that gentleman that he had had an offer of marriage from a lady of his acquaintance, to whose company he had introduced him, and desired his permission to accept of it.

Booth must have been very dull indeed, if after what the serjeant had said, and after what he had heard Mrs. Ellison say, he had wanted any other information concerning the lady. He answered him briskly and cheerfully, that he had his free consent to marry any woman whatever: 'And the greater and richer she is,' added he, 'the more I shall be pleased with the match. I don't enquire who the lady is,' said he, smiling, 'but I hope she will make as good a wife, as I am convinced her husband will deserve.'

'Your honour hath been always too good to me,' cries Atkinson; 'but this I promise you, I will do all in my power to merit the kindness she is pleased to shew me. I will be bold to say she will marry an honest man, though he is but a poor one; and she shall never want any thing which I can give her, or do for her, while my name is Joseph Atkinson.'

'And so her name is a secret, Joe; is it?' cries Booth.

'Why, Sir,' answered the serjeant, 'I hope your honour will not insist upon knowing that, as I think it would be dishonourable in me to mention it.'

'Not at all,' replied Booth; 'I am the farthest in the world from any such desire. I know thee better than to imagine thou wouldst disclose the name of a fair lady.' Booth then shook Atkinson heartily by the hand, and assured him earnestly of the joy he had in his good fortune; for which the good serjeant failed not of making all proper acknowledgments; after which they parted, and Booth returned home.

As Mrs. Ellison opened the door, Booth hastily rushed by; for he had the utmost difficulty to prevent laughing in her face. He ran directly up stairs, and throwing himself into a chair, discharged such a fit of laughter

as greatly surprized, and at first almost frightened, his wife.

Amelia, it will be supposed, presently enquired into the cause of this phenomenon; with which Booth, as soon as he was able, (for that was not within a few minutes) acquainted her. The news did not affect her in the same manner it had affected her husband; on the contrary, she cried, 'I protest I cannot guess what makes you see it in so ridiculous a light. I really think Mrs. Ellison hath chosen very well. I am convinced Joe will make her one of the best of husbands; and, in my opinion, that is the greatest blessing a woman can be possessed of!'

However, when Mrs. Ellison came into the room a little while afterwards to fetch the children, Amelia became of a more risible disposition; especially when the former, turning to Booth, who was then present, said, 'So, captain, my jantee serjeant was very early here this morning. I scolded my maid heartily for letting him wait so long in the entry, like a lacquais, when she might have shewn him into my inner apartment.' At which words, Booth burst out into a very loud laugh; and Amelia herself could no more prevent laughing than she could blushing.

'Heyday!' cries Mrs. Ellison; 'what have I said, to cause all this mirth!' and at the same time blushed, and looked very silly, as is always the case with persons who suspect themselves to be the objects of laughter, without absolutely taking what it is which makes them ridiculous.

Booth still continued laughing; but Amelia, composing her muscles, said, 'I ask your pardon, dear Mrs. Ellison, but Mr. Booth hath been in a strange giggling humour all this morning; and I really think it is infectious.'

'I ask your pardon too, Madam,' cries Booth, 'but one is sometimes unaccountably foolish.'

'Nay, but seriously,' said she, 'what is the matter? Something I said about the serjeant, I believe: but you may laugh as much as you please; I am not ashamed of owning, I think him one of the prettiest fellows I ever saw in my life; and, I own, I scolded my maid for suffering him to wait in my entry;

entry; and where is the mighty ridiculous matter, pray?

'None at all,' answered Booth, 'and I hope the next time he will be ushered into your inner apartment.'

'Why should he not, Sir?' replied she; 'for wherever he is ushered, I am convinced he will behave himself as a gentleman should.'

Here Amelia put an end to the discourse, or it might have proceeded to very great lengths: for Booth was of a wagging inclination; and Mrs. Ellison was not a lady of the nicest delicacy.

C H A P. VIII.

THE HEROIC BEHAVIOUR OF COLONEL BATH.

BOOTH went this morning to pay a second visit to the colonel, where he found Colonel James. Both the colonel and the lieutenant appeared a little shocked at their first meeting, but matters were soon cleared up; for the former presently advanced to the latter, shook him heartily by the hand, and said, 'Mr. Booth, I am ashamed to see you; for I have injured you, and I heartily ask your pardon. I am now perfectly convinced, that what I hinted to my brother, and which I find had like to have produced such fatal consequences, was entirely groundless. If you will be contented with my asking your pardon, and spare me the disagreeable remembrance of what led me into my error, I shall esteem it as the highest obligation.'

Booth answered: 'As to what regards yourself, my dear colonel, I am abundantly satisfied; but as I am convinced some rascal hath been my enemy with you in the cruellest manner, I hope you will not deny me the opportunity of kicking him through the world.'

'By all the dignity of man,' cries Colonel Bath, 'the boy speaks with spirit, and his request is reasonable.'

Colonel James hesitated a moment, and then whispered Booth that he would give him all the satisfaction imaginable concerning the whole affair, when they were alone together; upon which, Booth addressing himself to Colonel Bath, the discourse turned on other

matters, during the remainder of the visit, which was but short, and then both went away together, leaving Colonel Bath as well as it was possible to expect, more to the satisfaction of Booth than of Colonel James, who would not have been displeased if his wound had been more dangerous: for he was grown somewhat weary of a disposition that he rather called captious than heroic, and which, as he every day more and more hated his wife, he apprehended might some time or other give him some trouble; for Bath was the most affectionate of brothers, and had often sworn in the presence of James, that he would eat any man alive who should use his sister ill.

Colonel Bath was well satisfied that his brother and the lieutenant were gone out with a design of tilting; from which he offered not a syllable to dissuade them, as he was convinced it was right, and that Booth could not in honour take, nor the colonel give, any less satisfaction. When they had been gone, therefore, about half an hour, he rang his bell, to enquire if there was any news of his brother; a question which he repeated every ten minutes, for the space of two hours; when having heard nothing of him, he began to conclude that both were killed on the spot.

Whilst he was in this state of anxiety his sister came to see him; for, notwithstanding his desire of keeping it a secret, the duel had blazed all over the town. After receiving some kind congratulations on his safety, and some unkind hints concerning the warmth of his temper, the colonel asked her when she had seen her husband. She answered, not that morning. He then communicated to her his suspicions; told her he was convinced his brother had drawn his sword that day; and that as neither of them had heard any thing from him, he began to apprehend the worst that could happen.

Neither Miss Bellamy, nor Mrs. Ciber, were ever in a greater consternation on the stage, than now appeared in the countenance of Mrs. James. 'Good heavens! brother,' cries she, 'what do you tell me! You have frightened me to death. Let your man get me a glass of water immediately, if you have not a mind to see me die before your face. When, where, how

' was this quarrel? Why did you not prevent it, if you knew of it? Is it not enough to be every day tormenting me with hazarding your own life, but must you bring the life of one who you know must be, and ought to be, so much the dearest of all to me, into danger? Take your sword, brother, take your sword, and plunge it into my bosom; it would be kinder of you, than to fill it with such dreads and terrors.' Here she swallowed the glass of water; and then threw herself back in her chair, as if she had intended to faint away.

Perhaps, if she had so, the colonel would have lent her no assistance: for she had hurt him more than by ten thousand stabs. He sat erect in his chair, with his eyebrows knit, his forehead wrinkled, his eyes flashing with fire, his teeth grating against each other, and breathing horror all around him. In this posture he sat for some time silent, casting disdainful looks at his sister. At last his voice found its way through a passion which had almost choked him, and he cried out: ' Sister, what have I done to deserve the opinion you express of me? Which of my actions hath made you conclude that I am a rascal and a coward? Look at that poor sword, which never woman yet saw but in its sheath; what hath that done to merit your desire that it should be contaminated with the blood of a woman?'

' Alas! brother,' cried she, ' I know not what you say; you are desirous, I believe, to terrify me out of the little senses I have left. What can I have said in the agonies of grief, into which you threw me, to deserve this passion?'

' What have you said!' answered the colonel; ' you have said that which if a man had spoken, nay, d—n me, if he had but hinted that he durst even think, I would have made him eat my sword: by all the dignity of a man, I would have crumbled his soul into powder. But I consider that the words were spoken by a woman, and I am calm again. Consider, my dear, that you are my sister, and behave yourself with more spirit. I have only mentioned to you my surmise. It may not have happened as I suspect; but let what

will have happened, you will have the comfort that your husband hath behaved himself with becoming dignity, and lies in the bed of honour.'

' Talk not to me of such comfort,' replied the lady; ' it is a loss I cannot survive. But why do I sit here lamenting myself? I will go this instant and know the worst of my fate, if my trembling limbs will carry me to my coach. Good morrow, dear brother! whatever becomes of me, I am glad to find you out of danger.' The colonel paid her his proper compliments, and she then left the room; but returned instantly back, saying, ' Brother, I must beg the favour of you to let your footman step to my mantua-maker; I am sure it is a miracle, in my present distracted condition, how it came into my head.' The footman was presently summoned, and Mrs. James delivered him his message, which was to countermand the orders which she had given that very morning, to make her up a new suit of brocade. ' Heaven knows,' says she, ' now, when I can wear brocade, or whether ever I shall wear it!' And now having repeated her message with great exactness, left there should be any mistake, she again lamented her wretched situation, and then departed; leaving the colonel in full expectation of hearing speedy news of the fatal issue of the battle.

But though the reader should entertain the same curiosity, we must be excused from satisfying it, till we have first accounted for an incident which we have related in this very chapter, and which we think deserves some solution. The critic, I am convinced, already is apprized, that I mean the friendly behaviour of James to Booth, which, from what we had before recorded, seemed so little to be expected.

It must be remembered, that the anger which the former of these gentlemen had conceived against the latter, arose entirely from the false account given by Miss Matthews of Booth, whom that lady had accused to Colonel James of having as basely as wickedly traduced his character.

Now, of all the ministers of vengeance, there are none with whom the devil deals so treacherously, as with those whom he employs in executing the mischievous purposes of an angry mistress;

mistress; for no sooner is revenge executed on an offending lover, than it is sure to be repented; and all the anger which before raged against the beloved object, returns with double fury on the head of his assassin.

Miss Matthews, therefore, no sooner heard that Booth was killed, (for so was the report at first, and by a colonel of the army) than she immediately concluded it to be James. She was extremely shocked with the news, and her heart instantly began to relent. All the reasons on which she had founded her love, recurred in the strongest and liveliest colours to her mind, and all the causes of her hatred sunk down and disappeared; or if the least remembrance of any thing which had disobliterated her remained, her heart became his zealous advocate, and soon satisfied her that her own fates were more to be blamed than he, and that without being a villain, he could have acted no otherwise than he had done.

In this temper of mind, she looked on herself as the murderer of an innocent man; and, what to her was much worse, of the man she had loved, and still did love, with all the violence imaginable. She looked on James as the tool with which she had done this murder; and as it is usual for people who have rashly or inadvertently made any animate or inanimate thing the instrument of mischief, to hate the innocent means by which the mischief was effected; (for this is a subtle method which the mind invents to excuse ourselves, the last objects on whom we would willingly wreak our vengeance;) so Miss Matthews now hated and cursed James as the efficient cause of that act which she herself had contrived, and laboured to carry into execution.

She sat down therefore in a furious agitation, little short of madness, and wrote the following letter:

‘I Hope this will find you in the hands of justice, for the murder of one of the best friends that ever man was blest with. In one sense, indeed, he may seem to have deserved his fate, by chusing a fool for his friend; for who but a fool would have believed what the anger and rage of an injured woman suggested? a story so improbable, that I

could scarce be thought in earnest when I mentioned it.

‘Know, then, cruel wretch, that poor Booth loved you of all men breathing; and was, I believe, in your commendation, guilty of as much falshood, as I was in what I told you concerning him.

‘If this knowledge makes you miserable, it is no more than you have made the unhappy

‘F. MATTHEWS.’

CH A P. IX.

BEING THE LAST CHAPTER OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

WE shall now return to Colonel James and Mr. Booth, who walked together from Colonel Bath’s lodging with much more peaceable intention than that gentleman had conjectured, who dreamt of nothing but swords, and guns, and implements of war.

The Birdcage Walk, in the Park, was the scene appointed by James for unburdening his mind. Thither they came, and there James acquainted Booth with all that which the reader knows already, and gave him the letter which we have inserted at the end of the last chapter.

Booth exprest great astonishment at this relation, not without venting some detestation of the wickedness of Miss Matthews; upon which James took him up, saying, he ought not to speak with such abhorrence of faults which love for him had occasioned.

‘Can you mention love, my dear colonel,’ cried Booth, ‘and such a woman, in the same breath?’

‘Yes, faith, can I!’ says James; ‘for the devil take me, if I know a more lovely woman in the world.’ Here he began to describe her whole person; but as we cannot insert all the description, so we shall omit it all: and concluded with saying, ‘Curse me, if I don’t think her the finest creature in the universe. I would give half my estate, Booth, she loved me as well as she doth you; though, on second consideration, I believe I should repent that bargain; for then, very possibly, I should not care a farthing for her.’

‘You

'You will pardon me, dear colonel,' answered Booth; 'but to me there appears somewhat very singular in your way of thinking. Beauty is indeed the object of liking, great qualities of admiration, good ones of esteem; but the devil take me, if I think any thing but love to be the object of love.'

'Is there not something too selfish,' replied James, 'in that opinion? But without considering it in that light, is it not of all things the most insipid? All oil, all sugar; zounds! it is enough to cloy the sharp-set appetite of a parson. Acids, surely, are most likely to quicken.'

'I do not love reasoning in allegories,' cries Booth; 'but with regard to love, I declare I never found any thing cloying in it. I have lived almost alone with my wife near three years together, was never tired with her company, nor ever wished for any other; and I am sure, I never tasted any of the acid you mention to quicken my appetite.'

'This is all very extraordinary and romantic to me,' answered the colonel. 'If I was to be shut up three years with the same woman, which Heaven forbid! nothing, I think, could keep me alive, but a temper as violent as that of Miss Matthews. As to love, it would make me sick to death in the twentieth part of that time. If I was so condemned, let me see, what would I wish the woman to be? I think no one virtue will be sufficient. With the spirit of a tigress, I would have her be a prude, a scold, a scholar, a critic, a wit, a politician, and a Jacobite; and then, perhaps, eternal opposition would keep up our spirits, and wishing one another daily at the devil, we should make a shift to drag on a damnable state of life, without much spleen or vapours.'

'And so you do not intend,' cries Booth, 'to break with this woman?'

'Not more than I have already, if I can help it,' answered the colonel.

'And you will be reconciled to her?' said Booth.

'Yes, faith! will I, if I can,' answered the colonel. 'I hope you have no objection?'

'None, my dear friend,' said Booth, 'unless on your account.'

'I do believe you,' said the colonel; 'and yet, let me tell you, you are a very extraordinary man, not to desire me to quit her on your account. Upon my soul, I begin to pity the woman, who hath placed her affection, perhaps, on the only man in England, of your age, who would not return it. But for my part, I promise you, I like her beyond all other women; and whilst that is the case, my boy, if her mind was as full of iniquity as Pandora's box was of diseases, I'd hug her close in my arms, and only take as much care as possible to keep the lid down, for fear of mischief. But come, dear Booth,' said he, 'let us consider your affairs, for I am ashamed of having neglected them so long; and the only anger I have against this wench, is, that she was the occasion of it.'

Booth then acquainted the colonel with the promises he had received from the noble lord: upon which James shook him by the hand, and heartily wished him joy, crying, 'I do assure you, if you have his interest, you will need no other; I did not know you was acquainted with him.'

To which Mr. Booth answered, that he was but a new acquaintance, and that he was recommended to him by a lady.

'A lady!' cries the colonel: 'well, I don't ask her name. You are a happy man, Booth, amongst the women; and I assure you, you could have no stronger recommendation. The peer loves the ladies, I believe, as well as ever Mark Antony did; and it is not his fault, if he hath not spent as much upon them. If he once fixes his eye upon a woman, he will stick at nothing to get her.'

'Ay, indeed!' cries Booth: 'is that his character?'

'Ay, faith!' answered the colonel, 'and the character of most men besides him. Few of them, I mean, will stick at any thing beside their money. *Jusque à la bourse*, is sometimes the boundary of love, as well as friendship. And, indeed, I never knew any other man part with his money so very freely on these occasions. You see, dear Booth, the confidence I have in your honour.'

'I hope, indeed, you have,' cries Booth; 'but I don't see what instance you now give me of that confidence.'

'Have

'Have not I shewn you,' answered James, 'where you may carry your goods to market? I can assure you, my friend, that is a secret I would not impart to every man in your situation, and all circumstances considered.'

'I am very sorry, Sir,' cries Booth very gravely, and turning as pale as death, 'you should entertain a thought of this kind—a thought, which hath almost frozen up my blood. I am unwilling to believe there are such villains in the world; but there is none of them whom I should detest half so much as myself, if my own mind had ever suggested to me a hint of that kind. I have tasted of some distresses of life, and I know not to what greater I may be driven; but my honour, I thank Heaven, is in my own power; and I can boldly say to fortune, she shall not rob me of it.'

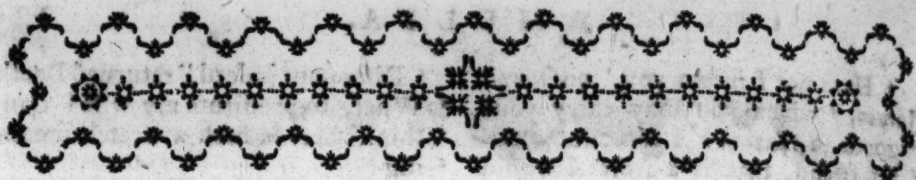
'Have I not exprest that confidence, my dear Booth?' answered the colonel. 'And what you say now well justifies my opinion; for I do agree with you, that, considering all things, it would be the highest instance of dishonour.'

'Dishonour indeed!' returned Booth. 'What, to prostitute my wife! Can I think there is such a wretch breathing?'

'I don't know that,' said the colonel; 'but I am sure, it was very far from my intention to insinuate the least hint of any such matter to you. Nor can I imagine how you yourself could conceive such a thought. The goods I meant, were no other than the charming person of Miss Matthews; for whom, I am convinced, my lord would bid a swingeing price against me.'

Booth's countenance greatly cleared up at this declaration; and he answered with a smile, that he hoped he need not give the colonel any assurances on that head. However, though he was satisfied with regard to the colonel's suspicions, yet some chimeras now arose in his brain, which gave him no very agreeable sensations. What these were, the sagacious reader may probably suspect; but if he should not, we may, perhaps, have occasion to open them in the sequel. Here we will put an end to this dialogue, and to the fifth book of this history.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.



A M E L I A.

BOOK VI.

CHAP. I.

EPICURICS ON BEAUTY, WITH OTHER GRAVE MATTERS.



THE colonel and Booth walked together to the latter's lodging; for as it was not that day in the week in which all parts of the town are indifferent, Booth could not wait on the colonel.

When they arrived in Spring Garden, Booth, to his great surprize, found no one at home but the maid. In truth, Amelia had accompanied Mrs. Ellison and her children to his lordship's; for as her little girl shewed a great unwillingness to go without her, the fond mother was easily persuaded to make one of the company.

Booth had scarce ushered the colonel up to his apartment, when a servant from Mrs. James knocked-hastily at the door. The lady, not meeting with her husband at her return home, began to despair of him, and performed every thing which was decent on the occasion. An apothecary was presently called with hartshorn and sal-volatile, a doctor was sent for, and messengers were dispatched every way; amongst the rest, one was sent to enquire at the lodgings of his supposed antagonist.

The servant hearing that his master was alive and well above stairs, ran up eagerly to acquaint him with the dreadful situation in which he left his miserable lady at home, and likewise with the occasion of all her distress; saying,

that his lady had been at her brother's, and had there heard that his honour was killed in a duel by Captain Booth.

The colonel smiled at this account, and bid the servant make haste back to contradict it. And then turning to Booth, he said, 'Was there ever such another fellow as this brother of mine? I thought, indeed, his behaviour was somewhat odd at the time. I suppose he overheard me whisper that I would give you satisfaction, and thence concluded, we went together with a design of tilting. D—n the fellow, I begin to grow heartily sick of him, and wish I could get well rid of him without cutting his throat; which I sometimes apprehend he will insist on my doing, as a return for my getting him made a lieutenant-colonel.'

Whilst these two gentlemen were commenting on the character of the third, Amelia and her company returned, and all presently came up stairs; not only the children, but the two ladies, laden with trinkets, as if they had been come from a fair. Amelia, who had been highly delighted all the morning with the excessive pleasure which her children enjoyed, when she saw Colonel James with her husband, and perceived the most manifest marks of that reconciliation which she knew had been so long and so earnestly wished by Booth, became so transported with joy, that her happiness was scarce capable of addition. Exercise had painted her face with vermilion; and the highest good-humour had so sweetened

sweetened every feature, and a vast flow of spirits had so lightened up her bright eyes, that she was all a blaze of beauty. She seemed, indeed, as Milton sublimely describes Eve,

—————adorn'd

With what all earth or heaven could bestow
To make her amiable.

Again,

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In ev'ry gesture, dignity and love.

Or, as Waller sweetly, though less sublimely, sings :

Sweetness, truth, and every grace,
Which time and use are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read distinctly in her face.

Or to mention one poet more, and him of all the sweetest: she seemed to be the very person of whom Suckling wrote the following lines, where, speaking of Cupid, he says,

All his lovely looks, his pleasing fires,
All his sweet motions, all his taking smiles,
All that awakes, all that inflames desires,
All that sweetly commands, all that beguiles,
He does into one pair of eyes convey,
And there begs leave that he himself may stay.

Such was Amelia at this time when she entered the room; and having paid her respects to the colonel, she went up to her husband, and cried, 'O my dear! never were any creatures so happy as your little things have been this whole morning; and all owing to my lord's goodness: sure, never was any thing so good-natured, and so generous!' She then made the children produce their presents, the value of which amounted to a pretty large sum; for there was a gold watch amongst the trinkets that cost above twenty guineas.

Instead of discovering so much satisfaction on this occasion as Amelia expected, Booth very gravely answered: 'And pray, my dear, how are we to repay all these obligations to his lordship?'—'How can you ask so strange a question?' cries Mrs. Ellison: 'how little do you know of the

'soul of generosity, (for sure my cousin deserves that name) when you call a few little trinkets given to children an obligation!'—'Indeed, my dear,' cries Amelia, 'I would have stopped his hand, if it had been possible; nay, I was forced at last absolutely to refuse, or I believe he would have laid a hundred pounds out on the children; for I never saw any one so fond of children, which convinces me he is one of the best of men. But I ask your pardon, colonel,' said she, turning to him, 'I should not entertain you with these subjects; yet I know you have goodness enough to excuse the folly of a mother.'

The colonel made a very low assenting bow; and soon after they all sat down to a small repast; for the colonel had promised Booth to dine with him when they first came home together; and what he had since heard from his own house, gave him still less inclination than ever to repair thither.

But besides both these, there was a third and stronger inducement to him to pass the day with his friend; and this was the desire of passing it with his friend's wife. When the colonel had first seen Amelia in France, she was but just recovered from a consumptive habit, and looked pale and thin; besides, his engagements with Miss Bath at that time took total possession of him, and guarded his heart from the impressions of another woman; and when he had dined with her in town, the vexations through which she had lately passed, had somewhat deadened her beauty: besides, he was then engaged, as we have seen, in a very warm pursuit of a new mistress: but now he had no such impediment; for though the reader hath just before seen his warm declarations of a passion for Miss Matthews, yet it may be remembered that he had been in possession of her for above a fortnight; and one of the happy properties of this kind of passion is, that it can with equal violence love half a dozen, or half a score, different objects, at one and the same time.

But, indeed, such were the charms now displayed by Amelia, of which we endeavoured above to draw some faint resemblance, that perhaps no other beauty could have secured him from their influence; and here, to confess a truth in his favour, however the grave,

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or rather the hypocritical part of mankind may censure it, I am firmly persuaded, that to withdraw admiration from exquisite beauty, or to feel no delight in gazing at it, is as impossible, as to feel no warmth from the most scorching rays of the sun. To run away, is all that is in our power: and yet in the former case, if it must be allowed we have the power of running away, it must be allowed also, that it requires the strongest resolution to execute it; for when, as Dryden says,

All paradise is opened in a face,

how natural is the desire of going thither! and how difficult to quit the lovely prospect!

And yet, however difficult this may be, my young readers, it is absolutely necessary, and that immediately too: flatter not yourselves that fire will not scorch as well as warm; and the longer we stay within it's reach, the more we shall burn. The admiration of a beautiful woman, though the wife of our dearest friend, may at first perhaps be innocent; but let us not flatter ourselves it will always remain so: desire is sure to succeed; and wishes, hopes, designs, with a long train of mischiefs, tread close at our heels. In affairs of this kind, we may most properly apply the well-known remark of *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. It fares indeed with us on this occasion, as with the unwary traveller in some parts of Arabia the Desert, whom the treacherous sands imperceptibly betray till he is overwhelmed and lost. In both cases, the only safety is by withdrawing our feet the very first moment we perceive them sliding.

This digression may appear impertinent to some readers; we could not, however, avoid the opportunity of offering the above hints; since of all passions there is none against which we should so strongly fortify ourselves as this, which is generally called love: for no other lays before us, especially in the tumultuous days of youth, such sweet, such strong, and almost irresistible temptations; none hath produced in private life such fatal and lamentable tragedies; and, what is worst of all, there is none to whose poison and infatuation the best of minds are so liable.

Ambition scarce ever produces any evil, but when it reigns in cruel and savage bosoms; and avarice seldom flourishes at all but in the basest and poorest soil. Love, on the contrary, sprouts usually up in the richest and noblest minds; but there, unless nicely watched, pruned, and cultivated, and carefully kept clear of those vicious weeds which are too apt to surround it, it branches forth into wildness and disorder, produces nothing desirable, but chokes up and kills whatever is good and noble in the mind where it so abounds. In short, to drop the allegory, not only tenderness and good-nature, but bravery, generosity, and every virtue, are often made the instruments of effecting the most atrocious purposes of this all-subduing tyrant.

CHAP. II.

WHICH WILL NOT APPEAR, WE PRESUME, UNNATURAL TO ALL MARRIED READERS.

IF the table of poor Booth afforded but an indifferent repast to the colonel's hunger, here was most excellent entertainment of a much higher kind. The colonel began now to wonder within himself at his not having before discovered such incomparable beauty and excellence. This wonder was indeed so natural, that lest it should arise likewise in the reader, we thought proper to give the solution of it in the preceding chapter.

During the first two hours, the colonel scarce ever had his eyes off from Amelia; for he was taken by surprize, and his heart was gone before he suspected himself to be in any danger. His mind, however, no sooner suggested a certain secret to him, than it suggested some degree of prudence to him at the same time; and the knowledge that he had thoughts to conceal, and the care of concealing them, had birth at one and the same instant. During the residue of the day, therefore, he grew more circumspect, and contented himself with now and then stealing a look by chance, especially as the more than ordinary gravity of Booth made him fear that his former behaviour had betrayed to Booth's observa-

tion

tion the great and sudden liking he had conceived for his wife, even before he had observed it himself.

Amelia continued the whole day in the highest spirits and highest good-humour imaginable; never once remarking that appearance of discontent in her husband, of which the colonel had taken notice; so much more quick-sighted, as we have somewhere else hinted, is guilt than innocence! Whether Booth had in reality made any such observations on the colonel's behaviour as he had suspected, we will not undertake to determine; yet so far may be material to say, as we can with sufficient certainty, that the change in Booth's behaviour that day, from what was usual with him, was remarkable enough. None of his former vivacity appeared in his conversation; and his countenance was altered from being the picture of sweetness and good-humour, not indeed to sourness or moroseness, but to gravity and melancholy.

Though the colonel's suspicion had the effect which we have mentioned on his behaviour, yet it could not persuade him to depart. In short, he sat in his chair as if confined to it by enchantment, stealing looks now and then, and humouring his growing passion, without having command enough over his limbs to carry him out of the room, till decency at last forced him to put an end to his preposterous visit. When the husband and wife were left alone together, the latter resumed the subject of her children, and gave Booth a particular narrative of all that had passed at his lordship's, which he, though something had certainly disconcerted him, affected to receive with all the pleasure he could; and this affectation, however awkwardly he acted his part, passed very well on Amelia: for she could not well conceive a displeasure, of which she had not the least hint of any cause; and indeed at a time when, from his reconciliation with James, she imagined her husband to be entirely and perfectly happy.

The greatest part of that night Booth passed awake; and if during the residue he might be said to sleep, he could scarce be said to enjoy repose; his eyes were no sooner closed, than he was pursued and haunted by the most frightful and terrifying dreams, which threw

him into so restless a condition, that he soon disturbed his Amelia, and greatly alarmed her with apprehensions that he had been seized by some dreadful disease; though he had not the least symptoms of a fever by any extraordinary heat, or any other indication, but was rather colder than usual.

As Booth assured his wife that he was very well, but found no inclination to sleep, she likewise bid adieu to her slumbers, and attempted to entertain him with her conversation; upon which his lordship occurred as the first topic; and she repeated to him all the stories which she had heard from Mrs. Ellison, of the peer's goodness to his sister, and his nephew and niece. 'It is impossible, my dear,' says she, 'to describe their fondness for their uncle, which is to me an incontestible sign of a parent's goodness.' In this manner she ran on for several minutes; concluding at last, that it was pity so very few had such generous minds joined to immense fortunes.

Booth, instead of making a direct answer to what Amelia had said, cried coldly, 'But do you think, my dear, it was right to accept all those expensive toys which the children brought home? And I ask you again, what return we are to make for these obligations?'

'Indeed, my dear,' cries Amelia, 'you see this matter in too serious a light. Though I am the last person in the world who would lessen his lordship's goodness, (indeed I shall always think we are both infinitely obliged to him) yet sure you must allow the expence to be a mere trifle to such a vast fortune. As for return, his own benevolence, in the satisfaction it receives, more than repays itself; and I am convinced he expects no other.'

'Very well, my dear,' cries Booth, 'you shall have it your way: I must confess I never yet saw any reason to blame your discernment; and, perhaps, I have been in the wrong, to give myself so much uneasiness on this account.'

'Uneasiness, child!' said Amelia eagerly. 'Good heavens! hath this made you uneasy?'

'I do own it hath,' answered Booth; 'and it hath been the only cause of breaking my repose.'

'Why then I wish,' cries Amelia, 'all the things had been at the devil, before ever the children had seen them; and whatever I may think myself, I promise you, they shall never more accept the value of a farthing. If upon this occasion I have been the cause of your uneasiness, you will do me the justice to believe that I was totally innocent.'

At those words Booth caught her in his arms, and with the tenderest embrace, emphatically repeating the word innocent, cried, 'Heaven forbid I should think otherwise! O thou art the best of creatures that ever blessed a man!'

'Well but,' said she smiling, 'do confess, my dear, the truth; I promise you, I won't blame you nor disesteem you for it; but is not pride really at the bottom of this fear of an obligation?'

'Perhaps it may,' answered he; 'or if you will, you may call it fear. I own I am afraid of obligations, as the worst kind of debts; for I have generally observed those who confer them, expect to be repaid ten thousand fold.'

Here ended all that is material of their discourse; and a little time afterwards, they both fell fast asleep in one another's arms; from which time Booth had no more restlessness, nor any farther perturbation in his dreams.

Their repose, however, had been so much disturbed in the former part of the night, that as it was very late before they enjoyed that sweet sleep I have just mentioned, they lay a-bed the next day till noon, when they both arose with the utmost cheerfulness; and while Amelia bestirred herself in the affairs of her family, Booth went to visit the wounded colonel.

He found that gentleman still proceeding very fast in his recovery, with which he was more pleased than he had reason to be with his reception; for the colonel received him very coldly indeed, and when Booth told him he had received perfect satisfaction from his brother, Bath erected his head, and answered with a sneer, 'Very well, Sir, if you think these matters can be so made up, d—n me, if it is any business of mine. My dignity hath not been injured.'

'No one, I believe,' cries Booth, 'dare injure it.'

'You believe so!' said the colonel; 'I think, Sir, you might be assured of it; but this, at least, you may be assured of, that if any man did, I would tumble him down the precipice of hell, d—n me! that you may be assured of.'

As Booth found the colonel in this disposition, he had no great inclination to lengthen out his visit, nor did the colonel himself seem to desire it; so he soon returned back to his Amelia, whom he found performing the office of a cook, with as much pleasure as a fine lady generally enjoys in dressing herself out for a ball.

C H A P. III.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY LOOKS
A LITTLE BACKWARDS.

BEFORE we proceed farther in our history, we shall recount a short scene to our reader, which passed between Amelia and Mrs. Ellison whilst Booth was on his visit to colonel Bath. We have already observed, that Amelia had conceived an extraordinary affection for Mrs. Bennet, which still increased every time she saw her. She thought she discovered something wonderfully good and gentle in her countenance and disposition, and was very desirous of knowing her whole history.

She had a very short interview with that lady this morning in Mrs. Ellison's apartment. As soon, therefore, as Mrs. Bennet was gone, Amelia acquainted Mrs. Ellison with the good opinion she had conceived of her friend, and likewise with her curiosity to know her story: 'For there must be something uncommonly good,' said she, 'in one who can so truly mourn for a husband above three years after his death.'

'O,' cries Mrs. Ellison, 'to be sure the world must allow her to have been one of the best of wives. And indeed, upon the whole, she is a good sort of woman; and what I like her the best for, is a strong resemblance that she bears to yourself in the form of her person, and still more in her voice. But for my own part, I know nothing remarkable in her fortune, unless what I have told you; that she was the daughter of a clergyman, had
' little

' little or no fortune, and married a poor parson for love, who left her in the utmost distress. If you please, I will shew you a letter which she writ to me at that time, though I insist upon your promise never to mention it to her; indeed, you will be the first person I ever shewed it to.' She then opened her scrutoire, and taking out the letter delivered it to Amelia, saying, ' There, Madam, is, I believe, as fine a picture of distress as can well be drawn.'

' DEAR MADAM,

' **A**S I have no other friend on earth but yourself, I hope you will pardon my writing to you at this season; though I do not know that you can relieve my distresses, or if you can, have I any pretence to expect that you should. My poor dear, O heavens! —my—lies dead in the house, and after I had procured sufficient to bury him, a set of ruffians have entered my house, seized all I have, have seized his dear, dear corpse, and threaten to deny it burial. For Heaven's sake, send me, at least, some advice; little Tommy stands now by me crying for bread, which I have not to give him. I can say no more, than that I am, your most distressed humble servant,

' M. BENNET.'

Amelia read the letter over twice, and then returning it, with tears in her eyes, asked how the poor creature could possibly get through such distress.

' You may depend upon it, Madam,' said Mrs. Ellison, ' the moment I read this account, I posted away immediately to the lady. As to the seizing the body, that I found was a mere bugbear; but all the rest was literally true. I sent immediately for the same gentleman that I recommended to Mr. Booth, left the care of burying the corpse to him, and brought my friend and her little boy immediately away to my own house, where she remained some months in the most miserable condition. I then prevailed with her to retire into the country, and procured her a lodging with a friend at St. Edmond's Bury, the air and gaiety of which place by degrees recovered her; and she returned in

' about a twelvemonth to town, as well, I think, as she is at present.'

' I am almost afraid to ask,' cries Amelia; ' and yet I long, methinks, to know what is become of the poor little boy.'

' He hath been dead,' said Mrs. Ellison, ' a little more than half a year; and the mother lamented him at first almost as much as she did her husband; but I found it indeed rather an easier matter to comfort her, though I sat up with her near a fortnight upon the latter occasion.'

' You are a good creature,' said Amelia, ' and I love you dearly.'

' Alas, Madam,' cries she, ' what could I have done, if it had not been for the goodness of that best of men, my noble cousin! His lordship no sooner heard of the widow's distress from me, than he immediately settled one hundred and fifty pounds a year upon her during her life.'

' Well! how noble, how generous was that!' said Amelia. ' I declare I begin to love your cousin, Mrs. Ellison.'

' And I declare, if you do,' answered she, ' there is no love lost, I verily believe; if you had heard what I heard him say yesterday behind your back—'

' Why, what did he say, Mrs. Ellison?' cries Amelia.

' He said,' answered the other, ' that you was the finest woman his eyes ever beheld. Ah! it is in vain to wish, and yet I cannot help wishing too. O Mrs. Booth! if you had been a single woman, I firmly believe I could have made you the happiest in the world. And I sincerely think, I never saw a woman who deserved it more.'

' I am obliged to you, Madam,' cries Amelia, ' for your good opinion; but I really look on myself already as the happiest woman in the world. Our circumstances, it is true, might have been a little more fortunate; but, O my dear Mrs. Ellison, what fortune can be put in the balance with such a husband as mine!'

' I am afraid, dear Madam,' answered Mrs. Ellison, ' you would not hold the scale fairly. I acknowledge, indeed, Mr. Booth is a very pretty gentleman; Heaven forbid I should endeavour to lessen him in your opinion! yet, if I was to be brought to

'to confession, I could not help saying, I see where the superiority lies, and that the men have more reason to envy Mr. Booth, than the women have to envy his lady.'

'Nay, I will not bear this,' replied Amelia: 'you will forfeit all my love, if you have the least disrespectful opinion of my husband. You do not know him, Mrs. Ellifon; he is the best, the kindest, the worthiest of all his sex. I have observed, indeed, once or twice before, that you have taken some dislike to him. I cannot conceive for what reason. If he hath said or done any thing to disoblige you, I am sure I can justly acquit him of design. His extreme vivacity makes him sometimes a little too heedless; but, I am convinced, a more innocent heart, or one more void of offence, was never in a human bosom.'

'Nay, if you grow serious,' cries Mrs. Ellifon, 'I have done. How is it possible you should suspect I had taken any dislike to a man to whom I have always shewn so perfect a regard! But to say I think him, or almost any other man in the world, worthy of yourself, is not within my power, with truth. And since you force the confession from me, I declare, I think such beauty, such sense, and such goodness united, might aspire without vanity to the arms of any monarch in Europe.'

'Alas! my dear Mrs. Ellifon,' answered Amelia, 'do you think happiness and a crown so closely united? How many miserable women have lain in the arms of kings! Indeed, Mrs. Ellifon, if I had all the merit you compliment me with, I should think it all fully rewarded with such a man as, I thank Heaven, hath fallen to my lot; nor would I, upon my soul, exchange that lot with any queen in the universe.'

'Well, there are enough of our sex,' said Mrs. Ellifon, 'to keep you in countenance; but I shall never forget the beginning of a song of Mr. Congreve's, that my husband was so fond of that he was always singing it.'

'Love's but a frailty of the mind,
'When 'tis not with ambition join'd.

'Love without interest makes but an unfavoury dish, in my opinion.'

'And pray how long hath this been your opinion?' said Amelia, smiling.

'Ever since I was born,' answered Mrs. Ellifon; 'at least, ever since I can remember.'

'And have you never,' said Amelia, 'deviated from this generous way of thinking?'

'Never once,' answered the other, 'in the whole course of my life.'

'O Mrs. Ellifon! Mrs. Ellifon!' cries Amelia; 'why do we ever blame those who are disingenuous in confessing their faults, when we are so often ashamed to own ourselves in the right? Some women now, in my situation, would be angry that you had not made confidantes of them; but I never desire to know more of the secrets of others, than they are pleased to entrust me with. You must believe, however, that I should not have given you these hints of my knowing all, if I had disapproved of your choice. On the contrary, I assure you, I highly approve it. The gentility he wants, it will be easy in your power to procure for him; and as for his good qualities, I will myself be bound for them: and I make not the least doubt, as you have owned to me yourself that you have placed your affections on him, you will be one of the happiest women in the world.'

'Upon my honour,' cries Mrs. Ellifon, very gravely, 'I do not understand one word of what you mean!'

'Upon my honour, you astonish me,' said Amelia; 'but I have done.'

'Nay then,' said the other, 'I insist upon knowing what you mean.'

'Why, what can I mean,' answered Amelia, 'but your marriage with Serjeant Atkinson?'

'With Serjeant Atkinson!' cries Mrs. Ellifon, eagerly; 'my marriage with a serjeant!'

'Well, with Mr. Atkinson then; Captain Atkinson, if you please; for so I hope to see him.'

'And have you really no better opinion of me,' said Mrs. Ellifon, 'than to imagine me capable of such condescension? What have I done, dear Mrs. Booth, to deserve so low a place in your esteem? I find, indeed, as Solomon says, *Women ought to watch the door of their lips*. How little did I imagine, that a little harmless freedom in discourse could persuade any one that I could entertain a serious in-

tention

‘reputation of disgracing my family! for
‘of a very good family am I come, I
‘assure you, Madam, though I now
‘let lodgings. Few of my lodgers, I
‘believe, ever came of a better.’

‘If I have offended you, Madam,’
said Amelia, ‘I am very sorry, and ask
‘your pardon; but besides what I heard
‘from yourself, Mr. Booth told me.’

‘O yes,’ answered Mrs. Ellifson;
‘Mr. Booth, I know, is a very good
‘friend of mine. Indeed, I know you
‘better, than to think it could be your
‘own suspicion. I am very much ob-
‘liged to Mr. Booth, truly.’

‘Nay,’ cries Amelia, ‘the serjeant
‘himself is in fault; for Mr. Booth,
‘I am positive, only repeated what he
‘had from him.’

‘Impudent coxcomb!’ cries Mrs.
Ellifson; ‘I shall know how to keep
‘such fellows at a proper distance for
‘the future. I will tell you, dear
‘Madam, all that happened. When
‘I rose in the morning, I found the
‘fellow waiting in the entry; and, as
‘you had expressed some regard for him
‘as your foster-brother, (nay, he is a
‘very genteel fellow, that I must own)
‘I scolded my maid for not shewing
‘him into my little back room; and I
‘then asked him to walk into the par-
‘lour. Could I have imagined he
‘would have construed such little civi-
‘lity into an encouragement?’

‘Nay, I will have justice done to
‘my poor brother, too,’ said Amelia.
‘I myself have seen you give him much
‘greater encouragement than that.’

‘Well, perhaps I have,’ said Mrs.
Ellifson; ‘I have been always too un-
‘guarded in my speech, and cannot
‘answer for all I have said.’ She then
began to change her note, and with an
affected laugh turned all into ridicule;
and soon afterwards the two ladies se-
parated, both in apparent good-hu-
mour; and Amelia went about those
domestic offices, in which Mr. Booth
found her engaged at the end of the
preceding chapter.

CHAP. IV.

CONTAINING A VERY EXTRAOR-
DINARY INCIDENT.

IN the afternoon, Mr. Booth, with
Amelia and her children, went to
refresh themselves in the Park. The

conversation now turned on what past
in the morning with Mrs. Ellifson; the
latter part of the dialogue, I mean, re-
corded in the last chapter. Amelia told
her husband, that Mrs. Ellifson so
strongly denied all intentions to marry
the serjeant, that she had convinced
her the poor fellow was under an error,
and had mistaken a little too much le-
vity for serious encouragement; and
concluded, by desiring Booth not to
jest with her any more on that subject.

Booth burst into a laugh at what his
wife said. ‘My dear creature,’ said
he, ‘how easy is thy honesty and sim-
‘plicity to be imposed on! how little
‘dost thou guess at the art and false-
‘hood of women! I knew a young la-
‘dy, who, against her father’s con-
‘sent, was married to a brother officer
‘of mine; and as I often used to walk
‘with her, (for I knew her father in-
‘timately well) she would of her own
‘accord take frequent occasions to ri-
‘dicule and vilify her husband, (for
‘so he was at the time) and express
‘great wonder and indignation at the
‘report which she allowed to prevail,
‘that she should condescend ever to
‘look at such a fellow, with any other
‘design than of laughing at and de-
‘spising him. The marriage after-
‘wards became publickly owned, and
‘the lady was reputably brought to
‘bed: since which I have often seen her,
‘nor hath she ever appeared to be in
‘the least ashamed of what she had for-
‘merly said; though, indeed, I be-
‘lieve she hates me heartily for having
‘heard it.’

‘But for what reason,’ cries Ame-
lia, ‘should she deny a fact, when she
‘must be so certain of our discovering
‘it, and that immediately?’

‘I cannot answer what end she may
‘propose,’ said Booth. ‘Sometimes
‘one would be almost persuaded that
‘there was a pleasure in lying itself.
‘But this I am certain, that I would
‘believe the honest serjeant on his bare
‘word, sooner than I would fifty
‘Mrs. Ellifsons on oath. I am con-
‘vinced he would not have said what
‘he did to me, without the strongest
‘encouragement; and, I think, after
‘what we have been both witnesses to,
‘it requires no great confidence in his
‘veracity, to give him an unlimited
‘credit with regard to the lady’s be-
‘haviour.’

To this Amelia made no reply; and
they

they discoursed of other matters during the remainder of a very pleasant walk.

When they returned home, Amelia was surprized to find an appearance of disorder in her apartment. Several of the trinkets, which his lordship had given the children, lay about the room; and a suit of her own clothes, which she had left in her drawers, was now displayed upon the bed.

She immediately summoned her little girl up stairs, who, as she plainly perceived the moment she came up with a candle, had half cried her eyes out; for though the girl had opened the door to them, as it was almost dark, she had not taken any notice of this phenomenon in her countenance.

The girl now fell down upon her knees, and cried, 'For Heaven's sake, Madam, do not be angry with me. Indeed, I was left alone in the house, and hearing somebody knock at the door, I opened it, I am sure, thinking no harm. I did not know but it might have been you, or my master, or Madam Ellison; and immediately as I did, the rogue burst in, and ran directly up stairs, and what he hath robbed you of I cannot tell; but I am sure I could not help it, for he was a great swingeing man, with a pistol in each hand; and if I had dared to call out, to be sure he would have killed me. I am sure I never was in such a fright in my born days, whereof I am hardly come to myself yet. I believe he is somewhere about the house yet, for I never saw him go out.'

Amelia discovered some little alarm at this narrative, but much less than many other ladies would have shewn; for a fright is, I believe, sometimes laid hold of as an opportunity of disclosing several charms peculiar to that occasion; and which, as Mr. Addison says of certain virtues,

— shun the day, and lie conceal'd,
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

Booth having opened the window, and summoned in two chairmen to his assistance, proceeded to search the house; but all to no purpose: the thief was flown, though the poor girl, in her state of terror, had not seen him escape.

But now a circumstance appeared which greatly surprized both Booth and

Amelia; indeed, I believe, it will have the same effect on the reader; and this was, that the thief had taken nothing with him. He had, indeed, tumbled over all Booth's and Amelia's clothes, and the children's toys, but had left all behind him.

Amelia was scarce more pleased than astonished at this discovery, and re-examined the girl; assuring her of an absolute pardon, if she confessed the truth; but grievously threatening her if she was found guilty of the least falsehood. 'As for a thief, child,' says she, 'that is certainly not true; you have had somebody with you, to whom you have been shewing the things; therefore, tell me plainly who it was.'

The girl protested in the solemnest manner that she knew not the person; but as to some circumstances she began to vary a little from her first account, particularly as to the pistols; concerning which, being strictly examined by Booth, she at last cried, 'To be sure, Sir, he must have had pistols about him.' And instead of persisting in his having rushed in upon her, she now confessed, that he had asked at the door for her master and mistress; and that at his desire she had shewn him up stairs, where he at first said he would stay till their return home. 'But, indeed,' cried she, 'I thought no harm; for he looked like a gentleman-like sort of man. And, indeed, so I thought he was for a good while, whereof he sat down and behaved himself very civilly, till he saw some of master's and miss's things upon the chest of drawers; whereof he cried, "Heyday! what's here?" and then he fell to tumbling about the things like any mad. Then I thinks, thinks I to myself, to be sure he is a highwayman, whereof I did not dare to speak to him: for I knew Madam Ellison and her maid was gone out, and what could such a poor girl as I do against a great strong man! And besides, thinks I, to be sure he hath got pistols about him, though I cannot indeed (that I will not do for the world) take my bible-oath that I saw any; yet to be sure he would have soon pulled them out, and shot me dead, if I had ventured to have said any thing to offend him.'

'I know not what to make of this,'
cries

cries Booth. 'The poor girl, I verily believe, speaks to the best of her knowledge. A thief it could not be; for he hath not taken the least thing; and it is plain he had the girl's watch in his hand. If it had been a bailiff, surely he would have staid till our return. I can conceive no other from the girl's account, than that it must have been some madman.'

'O good Sir,' said the girl, 'now you mention it, if he was not a thief, to be sure he must have been a madman; for indeed he looked, and behaved himself too, very much like a madman: for now I remember, he talked to himself, and said many strange kind of words, that I did not understand. Indeed, he looked altogether as I have seen people in Bedlam: besides, if he was not a madman, what good could it do him to throw the things all about the room in such a manner? And he said something too about my master, just before he went down stairs; I was in such a fright, I cannot remember particularly; but I am sure they were very ill words: he said he would do for him, I am sure he said that, and other wicked bad words too, if I could but think of them.'

'Upon my word,' said Booth, 'this is the most probable conjecture; but still I am puzzled to conceive who it should be: for I have no madman to my knowledge of my acquaintance; and it seems, as the girl says, he asked for me.' He then turned to the child, and asked her if she was certain of that circumstance.

The poor maid, after a little hesitation, answered, 'Indeed, Sir, I cannot be very positive; for the fright he threw me into afterwards, drove every thing almost out of my mind.'

'Well, whatever he was,' cries Amelia, 'I am glad the consequence is no worse; but let this be a warning to you, little Betty, and teach you to take more care for the future. If ever you should be left alone in the house again, be sure to let no persons in, without first looking out at the window, and seeing who they are. I promised not to chide you any more on this occasion, and I will keep my word; but it is very plain you desired this person to walk

up into our apartment, which was very wrong, in our absence.'

Betty was going to answer, but Amelia would not let her, saying, 'Don't attempt to excuse yourself; for I mortally hate a liar, and can forgive any fault sooner than falsehood.'

The poor girl then submitted; and now Amelia with her assistance began to replace all things in their order; and little Emily hugging her watch with great fondness, declared she would never part with it any more.

Thus ended this odd adventure, not entirely to the satisfaction of Booth: for, besides his curiosity, which, when thoroughly roused, is a very troublesome passion, he had, as is, I believe, usual with all persons in his circumstances, several doubts and apprehensions of he knew not what. Indeed, fear is never more uneasy, than when it doth not certainly know it's object: for on such occasions the mind is ever employed in raising a thousand bugbears and phantoms, much more dreadful than any realities; and like children, when they tell tales of hobgoblins, seems industrious in terrifying itself.

CHAP. V.

CONTAINING SOME MATTERS NOT VERY UNNATURAL.

MATTERS were scarce sooner reduced into order and decency, than a violent knocking was heard at the door; such indeed as would have persuaded any one not accustomed to the sound, that the madman was returned in the highest spring-tide of his fury.

Instead, however, of so disagreeable an appearance, a very fine lady presently came into the room, no other indeed than Mrs. James herself; for she was resolved to shew Amelia, by the speedy return of her visit, how unjust all her accusations had been of any failure in the duties of friendship: she had moreover another reason to accelerate this visit, and that was, to congratulate her friend on the event of the duel between Colonel Bath and Mr. Booth.

The lady had so well profited by
S Mrs.

Mrs. Booth's remonstrance, that she had now no more of that stiffness and formality which she had worn on a former occasion. On the contrary, she now behaved with the utmost freedom and good-humour, and made herself so very agreeable, that Amelia was highly pleased and delighted with her company.

An incident happened during this visit, that may appear to some too inconsiderable in itself to be recorded; and yet, as it certainly produced a very strong consequence in the mind of Mr. Booth, we cannot prevail on ourselves to pass it by.

Little Emily, who was present in the room while Mrs. James was there, as she stood near that lady, happened to be playing with her watch, which she was so greatly overjoyed had escaped safe from the madman. Mrs. James, who express great fondness for the child, desired to see the watch, which she commended as the prettiest of the kind she had ever seen.

Amelia caught eager hold of this opportunity to spread the praises of her benefactor. She presently acquainted Mrs. James with the donor's name, and ran on with great encomiums on his lordship's goodness, and particularly on his generosity. To which Mrs. James answered, 'O certainly, Madam, his lordship hath universally the character of being extremely generous—where he likes.'

In uttering these words, she laid a very strong emphasis on the three last monosyllables, accompanying them at the same time with a very sagacious look, a very significant leer, and a great flirt with her fan.

The greatest genius the world hath ever produced, observes in one of his most excellent plays, that

—Trifles light as air,

Are to the jealous confirmations strong

As proofs of holy writ.

That Mr. Booth began to be possessed by this sort of fiends, admits, I think, no longer doubt; for at this speech of Mrs. James, he immediately turned pale, and from a high degree of cheerfulness, was all on a sudden struck dumb, so that he spoke not another word till Mrs. James left the room.

The moment that lady drove from the door Mrs. Ellison came up stairs. She entered the room with a laugh, and very plentifully rallied both Booth and Amelia concerning the madman, of which she had received a full account below stairs; and at last asked Amelia, if she could not guess who it was; but, without receiving an answer, went on, saying, 'For my own part, I fancy it must be some lover of yours; some person that hath seen you, and so is run mad with love. Indeed, I should not wonder if all mankind were to do the same.—La! Mr. Booth, what makes you grave? why, you are as melancholy as if you had been robbed in earnest. Upon my word, though, to be serious, it is a strange story; and as the girl tells it, I know not what to make of it. Perhaps it might be some rogue that intended to rob the house, and his heart failed him; yet, even that would be very extraordinary.—What, did you lose nothing, Madam?'

'Nothing at all,' answered Amelia. 'He did not even take the child's watch.'

'Well, captain,' cries Mrs. Ellison, 'I hope you will take more care of the house to-morrow; for your lady and I shall leave you alone to the care of it.—Here, Madam,' said she, 'here is a present from my lord to us; here are two tickets for the masquerade at Ranelagh. You will be so charmed with it—it is the sweetest of all diversions.'

'May I be damned, Madam,' cries Booth, 'if my wife shall go thither!'

Mrs. Ellison stared at these words; and, indeed, so did Amelia; for they were spoke with great vehemence. At length the former cried out with an air of astonishment, 'Not let your lady go to Ranelagh, Sir?'

'No, Madam,' cries Booth; 'I will not let my wife go to Ranelagh.'

'You surprize me,' cries Mrs. Ellison. 'Sure you are not in earnest?'

'Indeed, Madam,' returned he, 'I am seriously in earnest. And what is more, I am convinced she would of her own accord refuse to go.'

'Now, Madam,' said Mrs. Ellison, 'you are to answer for yourself; and I will for your husband, that, if you have

‘have a desire to go, he will not refuse you.’

‘I hope, Madam,’ answered Amelia, with great gravity, ‘I shall never desire to go to any place contrary to Mr. Booth’s inclinations.’

‘Did ever mortal hear the like!’ said Mrs. Ellison; ‘you are enough to spoil the best husband in the universe. Inclinations! what, is a woman to be governed by her husband’s inclinations, though they are ever so unreasonable?’

‘Pardon me, Madam,’ said Amelia; ‘I will not suppose Mr. Booth’s inclination ever can be unreasonable. I am very much obliged to you for the offer you have made me, but I beg you will not mention it more; for, after what Mr. Booth hath declared, if Ranelagh was a heaven upon earth, I would refuse to go to it.’

‘I thank you, my dear,’ cries Booth; ‘I do assure you, you oblige me beyond my power of expression by what you say; but I will endeavour to shew you both my sensibility of such goodness, and my lasting gratitude to it.’

‘And pray, Sir,’ cries Mrs. Ellison, ‘what can be your objection to your lady’s going to a place, which I will venture to say is as reputable as any about town, and which is frequented by the best company?’

‘Pardon me, good Mrs. Ellison,’ said Booth. ‘As my wife is so good to acquiesce without knowing my reasons, I am not, I think, obliged to assign them to any other person.’

‘Well,’ cries Mrs. Ellison, ‘if I had been told this, I would not have believed it. What, refuse your lady an innocent diversion; and that too, when you have not the pretence to say it would cost you a farthing!’

‘Why will you say any more on this subject, dear Madam?’ cries Amelia.

‘All diversions are to me matters of such indifference, that the bare inclinations of any one for whom I have the least value, would at all times turn the balance of mine. I am sure, then, after what Mr. Booth hath said—’

‘My dear,’ cries he, taking her up hastily, ‘I sincerely ask your pardon, I spoke inadvertently, and in a passion;

‘I never once thought of controuling you, nor ever would. Nay, I said in the same breath, you would not go; and, upon my honour, I meant nothing more.’

‘My dear,’ said she, ‘you have no need of making any apology. I am not in the least offended; and am convinced you will never deny me what I shall desire.’

‘Try him, try him, Madam,’ cries Mrs. Ellison; ‘I will be judged by all the women in town, if it is possible for a wife to ask her husband any thing more reasonable. You cannot conceive what a sweet, charming, elegant, delicious place it is. Paradise itself can hardly be equal to it.’

‘I beg you will excuse me, Madam,’ said Amelia; ‘nay, I intreat you will ask me no more; for be assured I must and will refuse. Do let me desire you to give the ticket to poor Mrs. Bennet. I believe it would greatly oblige her.’

‘Pardon me, Madam,’ said Mrs. Ellison. ‘If you will not accept of it, I am not so distressed for want of company as to go to such a public place with all sorts of people, neither. I am always very glad to see Mrs. Bennet at my own house, because I look upon her as a very good sort of woman; but I don’t chuse to be seen with such people in public places.’

Amelia express’d some little indignation at this last speech, which she declared to be entirely beyond her comprehension; and soon afterwards Mrs. Ellison, finding all her efforts to prevail on Amelia were ineffectual, took her leave, giving Mr. Booth two or three sarcastical words, and a much more sarcastical look, at her departure.

CH A P. VI.

A SCENE, IN WHICH SOME LADIES WILL POSSIBLY THINK AMELIA’S CONDUCT EXCEPTIONABLE.

BOOOTH and his wife being left alone, a solemn silence prevailed during a few minutes. At last Amelia, who though a good was yet a human creature, said to her husband, ‘Pray, my dear, do inform me what could

'could put you into so great a passion when Mrs. Ellison first offered me the tickets for this masquerade?'

'I had rather you would not ask me,' said Booth. 'You have obliged me greatly in your ready acquiescence with my desire, and you will add greatly to the obligation by not enquiring the reason of it. This you may depend upon, Amelia, that your good and happiness are the great objects of all my wishes, and the end I propose in all my actions. This view alone could tempt me to refuse you any thing, or to conceal any thing from you.'

'I will appeal to yourself,' answered she, 'whether this be not using me too much like a child; and whether I can possibly help being a little offended at it.'

'Not in the least,' replied he. 'I use you only with the tenderness of a friend. I would only endeavour to conceal that from you, which I think would give you uneasiness if you knew. These are called the pious frauds of friendship.'

'I detest all fraud,' says she; 'and pious is too good an epithet to be joined to so odious a word. You have often, you know, tried these frauds with no better effect than to tease and torment me. You cannot imagine, my dear, but that I must have a violent desire to know the reason of words which, I own, I never expected to have heard. And the more you have shewn a reluctance to tell me, the more eagerly I have longed to know. Nor can this be called a vain curiosity, since I seem so much interested in this affair. If after all this you still insist on keeping the secret, I will convince you I am not ignorant of the duty of a wife, by my obedience; but I cannot help telling you at the same time, you will make me one of the most miserable of women.'

'That is,' cries he, 'in other words, my dear Emily, to say, I will be contented without the secret, but I am resolved to know it nevertheless.'

'Nay, if you say so,' cries she, 'I am convinced you will tell me. Positively, dear Billy, I must and will know.'

'Why then positively,' says Booth, 'I will tell you. And I think I shall

then shew you, that however well you may know the duty of a wife, I am not always able to behave like a husband. In a word, then, my dear, the secret is no more than this: I am unwilling you should receive any more presents from my lord.'

'Mercy upon me!' cries she, with all the marks of astonishment; 'what, a masquerade ticket!'

'Yes, my dear,' cries he; 'that is perhaps the very worst and most dangerous of all. Few men make presents of those tickets to ladies, without intending to meet them at the place. And what do we know of your companion? To be sincere with you, I have not liked her behaviour for some time. What might be the consequence of going with such a woman to such a place, to meet such a person, I tremble to think. And now, my dear, I have told you my reason of refusing her offer with some little vehemence; and, I think, I need explain myself no farther.'

'You need not indeed, Sir,' answered she. 'Good heavens! did I ever expect to hear this! I can appeal to yourself, Mr. Booth, if I have ever done any thing to deserve such a suspicion. If ever any action of mine, nay, if ever any thought had stained the innocence of my soul, I could be contented.'

'How cruelly do you mistake me!' said Booth; 'what suspicion have I ever shewn?'

'Can you ask it,' answered she, 'after what you have just now declared?'

'If I have declared any suspicion of you,' replied he, 'or if I ever entertained a thought leading that way, may the worst of evils that ever afflicted human nature attend me! I know the pure innocence of that tender bosom; I do know it, my lovely angel, and adore it. The snares which might be laid for that innocence, were alone the cause of my apprehension. I feared what a wicked and voluptuous man, resolved to sacrifice every thing to the gratification of a sensual appetite with the most delicious repast, might attempt. If ever I injured the unspotted whiteness of thy virtue in my imagination, may hell—'

'Do not terrify me,' cries she, interrupting

interrupting him, 'with such imprecations. 'O Mr. Booth, Mr. Booth, you must well know that a woman's virtue is always her sufficient guard. No husband, without suspecting that, can suspect any danger from those snares you mention. And why, if you are liable to take such things into your head, may not your suspicions fall on me, as well as on any other? for sure nothing was ever more unjust, I will not say ungrateful, than the suspicions which you have bestowed on his lordship. I do solemnly declare, in all the times I have seen the poor man, he hath never once offered the least forwardness. His behaviour hath been polite, indeed, but rather remarkably distant than otherwise. Particularly when we played at cards together, I don't remember he spoke ten words to me all the evening; and when I was at his house, though he shewed the greatest fondness imaginable to the children, he took so little notice of me, that a vain woman would have been very little pleased with him. And if he gave them many presents, he never offered me one. The first, indeed, which he ever offered me, was that which you in that kind manner forced me to refuse.'

'All this may be only the effect of art,' said Booth. 'I am convinced he doth, nay, I am convinced he must like you; and my good friend James, who perfectly well knows the world, told me, that his lordship's character was that of the most profuse in his pleasures with women; nay, what said Mrs. James this very evening? "His lordship is extremely generous—where he likes."

'I shall never forget the sneer with which she spoke those last words.'

'I am convinced they injure him,' cries Amelia. 'As for Mrs. James, she was always given to be censorious; I remarked it in her long ago as her greatest fault. And as for the colonel, I believe he may find faults enough of this kind in his own bosom, without searching after them among his neighbours. I am sure he hath the most impudent look of all the men I know; and I solemnly declare, the very last time he was here, he put me out of countenance more than once.'

'Colonel James,' answered Booth, 'may have his faults, very probably. I do not look upon him as a saint, nor do I believe he desires I should; but what interest could he have in abusing this lord's character to me? Or why should I question his truth, when he assured me that my lord had never done an act of beneficence in his life, but for the sake of some woman whom he lusted after?'

'Then I myself can confute him,' replied Amelia: 'for besides his services to you, which, for the future, I shall wish to forget, and his kindness to my little babes, how inconsistent is the character which James gives of him, with his lordship's behaviour to his own nephew and niece, whose extreme fondness of their uncle sufficiently proclaims his goodness to them! I need not mention all that I have heard from Mrs. Ellison, every word of which I believe; for I have great reason to think, notwithstanding some little levity, which, to give her her due, she sees and condemns in herself; she is a very good sort of woman.'

'Well, my dear,' cries Booth, 'I may have been deceived, and I heartily hope I am so; but in cases of this nature, it is always good to be on the surest side: for, as Congreve says,

'The wise too jealous are: fools too secure.'

Here Amelia burst into tears; upon which Booth immediately caught her in his arms, and endeavoured to comfort her. Passion, however, for a while obstructed her speech, and at last she cried, 'O Mr. Booth, can I bear to hear the word jealousy from your mouth!'

'Why, my love,' said Booth, 'will you so fatally misunderstand my meaning? How often shall I protest, that it is not of you, but of him that I was jealous. If you could look into my breast, and there read all the most secret thoughts of my heart, you would not see one faint idea to your dishonour.'

'I don't misunderstand you, my dear,' said she, 'so much as I am afraid you misunderstand yourself. What is it you fear? You mention not force, but snares. Is not this to confess, at least, that you have some doubt

'doubt of my understanding? Do you
'then really imagine me so weak as to
'be cheated of my virtue? Am I to be
'deceived into an affection for a man,
'before I perceive the least inward hint
'of my danger? No, Mr. Booth; be-
'lieve me, a woman must be a fool,
'indeed, who can have in earnest such
'an excuse for her actions. I have
'not, I think, any very high opinion
'of my judgment; but so far I shall
'rely upon it, that no man breathing
'could have any such designs as you
'have apprehended, without my im-
'mediately seeing them; and how I
'should then act, I hope my whole
'conduct to you hath sufficiently de-
'clared.'

'Well, my dear,' cries Booth, 'I
'beg you will mention it no more; if
'possible, forget it. I hope, nay, I
'believe, I have been in the wrong,
'pray forgive me.'

'I will, I do forgive you, my dear,'
said she, 'if forgiveness be a proper
'word for one whom you have rather
'made miserable than angry; but let
'me entreat you to banish for ever all
'such suspicions from your mind. I
'hope Mrs. Ellison hath not discover-
'ed the real cause of your passion; but,
'poor woman! if she had, I am con-
'vinced it would go no farther. Oh,
'heavens! I would not for the world
'it should reach his lordship's ears.
'You would lose the best friend that
'ever man had. Nay, I would not
'for his own sake, poor man! for I
'really believe it would affect him
'greatly; and I must, I cannot help
'having an esteem for so much good-
'ness—an esteem which, by this dear
'hand,' said she, taking Booth's hand
and kissing it, 'no man alive shall ever
'obtain by making love to me.'

Booth caught her in his arms, and
tenderly embraced her; after which the
reconciliation soon became compleat;
and Booth in the contemplation of his
happiness entirely buried all his jealous
thoughts.

C H A P. VII.

A CHAPTER IN WHICH THERE IS MUCH LEARNING.

THE next morning, whilst Booth
was gone to take his morning-
walk, Amelia went down into Mrs.

Ellison's apartment, where though she
was received with great civility, yet
she found that lady was not at all
pleased with Mr. Booth; and by some
hints which dropt from her in conversa-
tion, Amelia very greatly apprehended
that Mrs. Ellison had too much suspi-
cion of her husband's real uneasiness;
for that lady declared very openly, she
could not help perceiving what sort of
man Mr. Booth was: 'And though I
'have the greatest regard for you,
'Madam, in the world,' said she, 'yet
'I think myself in honour obliged not
'to impose on his lordship, who, I
'know very well, hath conceived his
'greatest liking to the captain, on my
'telling him that he was the best hus-
'band in the world.'

Amelia's fears gave her much dis-
turbance, and when her husband re-
turned, she acquainted him with them;
upon which occasion, as it was natural,
she resumed a little the topic of their
former discourse; nor could she help
casting, though in very gentle terms,
some slight blame on Booth, for having
entertained a suspicion, which, she said,
might in it's consequence very possibly
prove their ruin, and occasion the loss
of his lordship's friendship.

Booth became highly affected with
what his wife said; and the more, as he
had just received a note from Colonel
James, informing him that the colonel
had heard of a vacant company in the
regiment which Booth had mentioned
to him, and that he had been with his
lordship about it, who had promised to
use his utmost interest to obtain him
the command.

The poor man now express the ut-
most concern for his yesterday's be-
haviour; said, he believed the devil had
taken possession of him; and concluded
with crying out, 'Sure I was born, my
'dearest creature, to be your torment.'

Amelia no sooner saw her husband's
distress, than she instantly forbore what-
ever might seem likely to aggravate it,
and applied herself, with all her power,
to comfort him. 'If you will give
'me leave to offer my advice, my dear-
'est soul,' said she, 'I think all might
'yet be remedied. I think you know
'me too well, to suspect that the desire
'of diversion should induce me to
'mention what I am now going to
'propose. And in that confidence, I
'will ask you to let me accept my lord's
'and

and Mrs. Ellison's offer, and go to the masquerade. No matter how little while I stay there: if you desire it, I will not be an hour from you. I can make an hundred excuses to come home, or tell a real truth, and say I am tired with the place. The bare going will cure every thing.'

Amelia had no sooner done speaking, than Booth immediately approved her advice, and readily gave his consent. He could not, however, help saying, that the shorter her stay was there, the more agreeable it would be to him: 'for you know, my dear,' said he, 'I would never willingly be a moment out of your sight.'

In the afternoon Amelia sent to invite Mrs. Ellison to a dish of tea, and Booth undertook to laugh off all that had past yesterday; in which attempt, the abundant good-humour of that lady gave him great hopes of success.

Mrs. Bennet came that afternoon to make a visit, and was almost an hour with Booth and Amelia, before the entry of Mrs. Ellison.

Mr. Booth had hitherto rather disliked this young lady, and had wondered at the pleasure which Amelia declared she took in her company. This afternoon, however, he changed his opinion, and liked her almost as much as his wife had done. She did, indeed, behave at this time with more than ordinary gaiety; and good-humour gave a glow to her countenance that set off her features, which were very pretty, to the best advantage, and lessened the deadness that had usually appeared in her complexion.

But if Booth was now pleased with Mrs. Bennet, Amelia was still more pleased with her than ever; for when their discourse turned on love, Amelia discovered that her new friend had all the same sentiments on that subject with herself. In the course of their conversation, Booth gave Mrs. Bennet a hint of wishing her a good husband; upon which, both the ladies declaimed against second marriages with equal vehemence.

Upon this occasion, Booth and his wife discovered a talent in their visitant, to which they had been before entirely strangers, and for which they both greatly admired her; and this was, that the lady was a good scholar, in which indeed she had the advantage of poor Amelia, whose reading was confined

to English plays and poetry; besides which, I think, she had conversed only with the divinity of the great and learned Dr. Barrow, and with the histories of the excellent bishop Burnet.

Amelia delivered herself on the subject of second marriages with much eloquence and great good sense; but when Mrs. Bennet came to give her opinion, she spoke in the following manner: 'I shall not enter into the question concerning the legality of bigamy. Our laws certainly allow it, and so, I think, doth our religion. We are now debating only on the decency of it; and in this light, I own myself as strenuous an advocate against it, as any Roman matron would have been in those ages of the commonwealth, when it was held to be infamous. For my own part, how great a paradox soever my opinion may seem, I solemnly declare, I see but little difference between having two husbands at one time, and at several times; and of this I am very confident, that the same degree of love for a first husband, which preserves a woman in the one case, will preserve her in the other. There is one argument which I scarce know how to deliver before you, Sir; but—if a woman hath lived with her first husband without having children, I think it unpardonable in her to carry barrenness into a second family. On the contrary, if she hath children by her first husband, to give them a second father is still more unpardonable.'

'But suppose, Madam,' cries Booth, interrupting her, with a smile, 'she should have had children by her first husband, and have lost them?'

'That is a case,' answered she, with a sigh, 'which I did not desire to think of; and I must own it the most favourable light in which a second marriage can be seen. But the Scriptures, as Petrarch observes, rather suffer them than commend them; and St. Jerome speaks against them with the utmost bitterness.'—'I remember,' cries Booth, (who was willing either to shew his learning, or to draw out the lady's) 'a very wise law of Charondas, the famous law giver of Thurium, by which men who married a second time were removed from all public councils; for it was scarce reasonable

reasonable to suppose, that he who was so great a fool in his own family, should be wise in public affairs. And though second marriages were permitted among the Romans, yet they were at the same time discouraged; and those Roman widows who refused them, were held in high esteem, and honoured with what Valerius Maximus calls the Corona Pudicitiae. In the noble family of Camilli, there was not, in many ages, a single instance of this, which Martial calls adultery:

Quæ toties nubit, non nubit; adultera lege est.

‘True, Sir,’ says Mrs. Bennet; and Virgil calls this a violation of chastity, and makes Dido speak of it with the utmost detestation:

*Sed mihi vel Telus opem prius ima debiscat;
Vel Pater omnipotens aëgat me fulmine ad
umbras,*

Pallentes umbras Erebi, noctemque profundam,

*Ante, pudor, quam te violo, aut tua jura
resolvo.*

*Ille meos, primum qui me sibi junxit, amores,
Ille babeat semper secum, servetque sepulchro.*

She repeated these lines with so strong an emphasis, that she almost frightened Amelia out of her wits, and not a little staggered Booth, who was himself no contemptible scholar. He expressed great admiration of the lady’s learning; upon which she said, it was all the fortune given her by her father, and all the dowry left her by her husband: ‘And sometimes,’ said she, ‘I am inclined to think I enjoy more pleasure from it, than if they had bestowed on me what the world would in general call more valuable.’ She then took occasion, from the surprise which Booth had affected to conceive at her repeating Latin with so good a grace, to comment on that great absurdity (for so she termed it) of excluding women from learning; for which they were equally qualified with the men, and in which so many had made so notable a proficiency; for a proof of which she mentioned Madam Dacier, and many others.

Though both Booth and Amelia outwardly concurred with her sentiments, it may be a question whether they did not assent rather out of complaisance, than from their real judgment.

C H A P. VIII.

CONTAINING SOME UNACCOUNTABLE BEHAVIOUR IN MRS. ELLISON.

MRS. Ellison made her entrance at the end of the preceding discourse. At her first appearance she put on an unusual degree of formality and reserve; but when Amelia had acquainted her that she designed to accept the favour intended her, she soon began to alter the gravity of her muscles, and presently fell in with that ridicule which Booth thought proper to throw on his yesterday’s behaviour.

The conversation now became very lively and pleasant; in which Booth having mentioned the discourse that passed in the last chapter, and having greatly complimented Mrs. Bennet’s speech on that occasion, Mrs. Ellison, who was as strenuous an advocate on the other side, began to rally that lady extremely, declaring it was a certain sign she intended to marry again soon. ‘Married ladies,’ cries she, ‘I believe, sometimes think themselves in earnest in such declarations, though they are oftener, perhaps, meant as compliments to their husbands; but when widows exclaim loudly against second marriages, I would always lay a wager, that the man, if not the wedding-day, is absolutely fixed on.’

Mrs. Bennet made very little answer to this sarcasm. Indeed, she had scarce opened her lips from the time of Mrs. Ellison’s coming into the room, and had grown particularly grave at the mention of the masquerade. Amelia imputed this to her being left out of the party, a matter which is often no small mortification to human pride; and, in a whisper, asked Mrs. Ellison if she could not procure a third ticket; to which she received an absolute negative.

During the whole time of Mrs. Bennet’s stay, which was above an hour afterwards, she remained perfectly silent, and looked extremely melancholy. This made Amelia very uneasy, as she concluded she had guessed the cause of her vexation; in which opinion she was the more confirmed, from certain looks of no very pleasant kind which Mrs. Bennet now and then cast on Mrs. Ellison,

son, and the more than ordinary concern that appeared in the former lady's countenance, whenever the masquerade was mentioned, and which unfortunately was the principal topic of their discourse; for Mrs. Ellifon gave a very elaborate description of the extreme beauty of the place, and elegance of the diversion.

When Mrs. Bennet was departed, Amelia could not help again soliciting Mrs. Ellifon for another ticket, declaring she was certain Mrs. Bennet had a great inclination to go with them; but Mrs. Ellifon again excused herself from asking it of his lordship. 'Be-
'fides, Madam,' says she, 'if I would go thither with Mrs. Bennet, which, I own to you, I don't chuse, as she is a person whom *nobody knows*, I very much doubt whether she herself would like it; for she is a woman of a very unaccountable turn. All her delight lies in books; and as for public diversions, I have often heard her declare her abhorrence of them.'

'What then,' said Amelia, 'could occasion all that gravity, from the moment the masquerade was mentioned?'

'As to that,' answered the other, 'there is no guessing. You have seen her altogether as grave before now. She hath had these fits of gravity at times ever since the death of her husband.'

'Poor creature!' cries Amelia; 'I heartily pity her; for she must certainly suffer a great deal on these occasions. I declare I have taken a strange fancy to her.'

'Perhaps you would not like her so well, if you knew her thoroughly,' answered Mrs. Ellifon. 'She is, upon the whole, but of a whimsical temper; and, if you will take my opinion, you should not cultivate too much intimacy with her. I know you will never mention what I say; but she is like some pictures, which please best at a distance.'

Amelia did not seem to agree with these sentiments, and she greatly importuned Mrs. Ellifon to be more explicit, but to no purpose: she continued to give only dark hints to Mrs. Bennet's disadvantage; and if ever she let drop something a little too harsh, she failed not immediately to contradict herself, by throwing some gentle com-

mendations into the other scale; so that her conduct appeared utterly unaccountable to Amelia; and, upon the whole, she knew not whether to conclude Mrs. Ellifon to be a friend or enemy to Mrs. Bennet.

During this latter conversation, Booth was not in the room: for he had been summoned down stairs by the serjeant, who came to him with news from Murphy, whom he had met that evening, and who assured the serjeant, that if he was desirous of recovering the debt which he had before pretended to have on Booth, he might shortly have an opportunity; for that there was to be a very strong petition to the board the next time they sat. Murphy said farther, that he need not fear having his money; for that to his certain knowledge the captain had several things of great value, and even his children had gold watches.

This greatly alarmed Booth; and still more, when the serjeant reported to him from Murphy, that all these things had been seen in his possession within a day last past. He now plainly perceived, as he thought, that Murphy himself, or one of his emissaries, had been the supposed madman; and he now very well accounted to himself, in his own mind, for all that had happened, conceiving that the design was to examine into the state of his effects, and to try whether it was worth his creditors while to plunder him by law.

At his return to his apartment, he communicated what he had heard to Amelia and Mrs. Ellifon, not disguising his apprehensions of the enemy's intentions; but Mrs. Ellifon endeavoured to laugh him out of his fears, calling him faint-hearted, and assuring him he might depend on her lawyer. 'Till you hear from him,' said she, 'you may rest entirely contented; for take my word for it, no danger can happen to you, of which you will not be timely apprized by him. And as for the fellow that had the impudence to come into your room, if he was sent on such an errand as you mention, I heartily wish I had been at home; I would have secured him safe with a constable, and have carried him directly before Justice Thresher. I know the justice is an enemy to bailiffs, on his own account.'

This heartening speech a little roused the

the courage of Booth, and somewhat comforted Amelia; though the spirits of both had been too much hurried, to suffer them either to give or receive much entertainment that evening; which Mrs. Ellison perceiving, soon took her leave, and left this unhappy couple to seek relief from sleep, that powerful friend to the distressed; though, like other powerful friends, he is not always ready to give his assistance to those who want it most.

CHAP. IX.

CONTAINING A VERY STRANGE INCIDENT.

WHEN the husband and wife were alone, they again talked over the news which the serjeant had brought; on which occasion, Amelia did all she could to conceal her own fears, and to quiet those of her husband. At last she turned the conversation to another subject, and poor Mrs. Bennet was brought on the carpet. 'I should be sorry,' cries Amelia, 'to find I had conceived an affection for a bad woman; and yet I begin to fear Mrs. Ellison knows something of her more than she cares to discover; why else should she be unwilling to be seen with her in public? Besides, I have observed that Mrs. Ellison hath been always backward to introduce her to me, nor would ever bring her to my apartment, though I have often desired her. Nay, she hath given me frequent hints not to cultivate the acquaintance. What do you think, my dear? I should be very sorry to contract an intimacy with a wicked person.'

'Nay, my dear,' cries Booth, 'I know no more of her, nor indeed hardly so much as yourself. But this I think, that if Mrs. Ellison knows any reason why she should not have introduced Mrs. Bennet into your company, she was very much in the wrong in introducing her into it.'

In discourses of this kind they pass the remainder of the evening. In the morning Booth rose early, and going down stairs received from little Betty a

sealed note, which contained the following words :

'Beware, beware, beware!
'For I apprehend a dreadful snare
'Is laid for virtuous innocence,
'Under a friend's false pretence.'

Booth immediately enquired of the girl who brought this note, and was told it came by a chairman, who, having delivered it, departed without saying a word.

He was extremely staggered at what he read, and presently referred the advice to the same affair on which he had received those hints from Atkinson the preceding evening; but when he came to consider the words more maturely, he could not so well reconcile the two last lines of this poetical epistle, if it may be so called, with any danger which the law gave him reason to apprehend. Mr. Murphy and his gang could not be well said to attack his innocence or virtue; nor did they attack him under any colour or pretence of friendship.

After much deliberation on this matter, a very strange suspicion came into his head, and this was that he was betrayed by Mrs. Ellison. He had for some time conceived no very high opinion of that good gentlewoman, and he now began to suspect that she was bribed to betray him. By this means he thought he could best account for the strange appearance of the supposed madman. And when this conceit once had birth in his mind, several circumstances nourished and improved it. Among these were her jocular behaviour and raillery on that occasion, and her attempt to ridicule his fears from the message which the serjeant had brought him.

This suspicion was indeed preposterous, and not at all warranted by, or even consistent with, the character and whole behaviour of Mrs. Ellison; but it was the only one which at that time suggested itself to his mind, and however blameable it might be, it was certainly not unnatural in him to entertain it: for so great a torment is anxiety to the human mind, that we always endeavour to relieve ourselves from it by guesses, however doubtful or uncertain; on all which occasions,

dislike

Like and hatred are the surest guides to lead our suspicion to its object.

When Amelia rose to breakfast, Booth produced the note which he had received, saying, 'My dear, you have so often blamed me for keeping secrets from you, and I have so often, indeed, endeavoured to conceal secrets of this kind from you with such ill success, that I think I shall never more attempt it.' Amelia read the letter hastily, and seemed not a little discomposed; then turning to Booth with a very disconsolate countenance, she said, 'Sure fortune takes a delight in terrifying us! What can be the meaning of this?' Then fixing her eyes attentively on the paper, she perused it for some time, till Booth cried, 'How is it possible, my Emily, you can read such stuff patiently? The verses are certainly as bad as ever were written.'—'I was trying, my dear,' answered she, 'to recollect the hand; for I will take my oath I have seen it before, and that very lately;' and suddenly she cried out with great emotion, 'I remember it perfectly now; it is Mrs. Bennet's hand. Mrs. Ellison shewed me a letter from her but a day or two ago. It is a very remarkable hand, and I am positive it is her's.'

'If it be her's,' cries Booth, 'what can she possibly mean by the latter part of her caution? Sure Mrs. Ellison hath no intention to betray us?'

'I know not what she means,' answered Amelia; 'but I am resolved to know immediately, for I am certain of the hand. By the greatest luck in the world, she told me yesterday where her lodgings were, when she pressed me exceedingly to come and see her. She lives but a very few doors from us, and I will go to her this moment.'

Booth made not the least objection to his wife's design. His curiosity was indeed as great as her's and so was his impatience to satisfy it, though he mentioned not this impatience to Amelia; and perhaps it had been well for him if he had.

Amelia, therefore, presently equipped herself in her walking dress, and leaving her children to the care of her husband, made all possible haste to Mrs. Bennet's lodgings.

Amelia waited near five minutes at Mrs. Bennet's door before any one came to open it; at length a maid-servant appeared, who being asked if Mrs. Bennet was at home, answered with some confusion in her countenance, that she did not know; 'But, Madam,' says she, 'if you will send up your name, I will go and see.' Amelia then told her name; and the wench, after staying a considerable time, returned and acquainted her that Mrs. Bennet was at home. She was then ushered into a parlour, and told that the lady would wait on her presently.

In this parlour Amelia cooled her heels, as the phrase is, near a quarter of an hour. She seemed indeed at this time in the miserable situation of one of those poor wretches who make their morning visits to the great to solicit favours, or perhaps to solicit the payment of a debt; for both are alike treated as beggars, and the latter sometimes considered as the more troublesome beggars of the two.

During her stay here, Amelia observed the house to be in great confusion; a great bustle was heard above stairs, and the maid ran up and down several times in a great hurry.

At length Mrs. Bennet herself came in. She was greatly disordered in her looks, and had, as the women call it, huddled on her clothes in much haste; for in truth, she was in bed when Amelia first came. Of this fact she informed her, as the only apology she could make for having caused her to wait so long for her company.

Amelia very readily accepted her apology, but asked her with a smile, if these early hours were usual with her? Mrs. Bennet turned as red as scarlet at the question, and answered, 'No indeed, dear Madam, I am, for the most part, a very early riser; but I happened accidentally to sit up very late last night. I am sure, I had little expectation of your intending such a favour this morning.'

Amelia, looking very steadfastly at her, said, 'Is it possible, Madam, you should think such a note as this would raise no curiosity in me?' She then gave her the note, asking her if she did not know the hand.

Mrs. Bennet appeared in the utmost surprize and confusion at this instant. Indeed, if Amelia had conceived but

the slightest suspicion before, the behaviour of the lady would have been a sufficient confirmation to her of the truth. She waited not, therefore, for an answer: which, indeed, the other seemed in no haste to give, but conjured her in the most earnest manner to explain to her the meaning of so extraordinary an act of friendship: 'For so,' said she, 'I esteem it; being convinced you must have sufficient reason for the warning you have given me.'

Mrs. Bennet, after some hesitation, answered, 'I need not, I believe, tell you how much I am surprized at what you have shewn me; and the chief reason of my surprize is, how you came to discover my hand. Sure, Madam, you have not shewn it to Mrs. Ellison.'

Amelia declared she had not, but desired she would question her no farther. 'What signifies how I discovered it, since your hand it certainly is?'

'I own it is,' cries Mrs. Bennet, recovering her spirits; 'and since you have not shewn it to that woman, I am satisfied. I begin to guess now whence you might have your information: but no matter; I wish I had never done any thing of which I ought to be more ashamed. No one can, I think, justly accuse me of a crime on that account; and I thank Heaven, my shame will never be directed by the false opinion of the world. Perhaps it was wrong to shew my letter; but when I consider all circumstances, I can forgive it.'

'Since you have guessed the truth,' said Amelia, 'I am not obliged to deny it. She, indeed, shewed me your letter; but I am sure you have not the least reason to be ashamed of it. On the contrary, your behaviour on so melancholy an occasion was highly praise-worthy; and your bearing up

under such afflictions, as the loss of a husband in so dreadful a situation, was truly great and heroical.'

'So Mrs. Ellison, then, hath shewn you my letter?' cries Mrs. Bennet, eagerly.

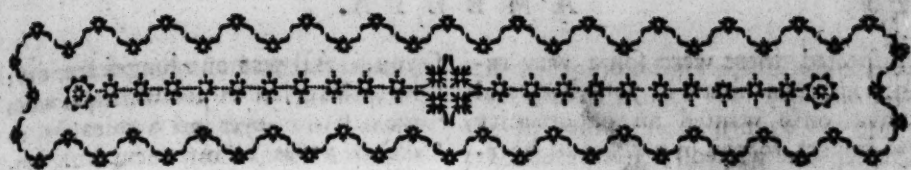
'Why, did not you guess it yourself?' answered Amelia; 'otherwise I am sure I have betrayed my honour in mentioning it. I hope you have not drawn me inadvertently into any breach of my promise. Did you not assert, and that with an absolute certainty, that you knew she had shewn me your letter, and that you was not angry with her for so doing?'

'I am so confused,' replied Mrs. Bennet, 'that I scarce know what I say; yes, yes, I remember I did say so. I wish I had no greater reason to be angry with her than that.'

'For Heaven's sake,' cries Amelia, 'do not delay my request any longer. What you say now greatly increases my curiosity; and my mind will be on the rack till you discover your whole meaning: for I am more and more convinced, that something of the utmost importance was the purport of your message.'

'Of the utmost importance indeed,' cries Mrs. Bennet; 'at least you will own my apprehensions were sufficiently well founded. O gracious Heaven, how happy shall I think myself, if I should have proved your preservation! I will, indeed, explain my meaning; but in order to disclose all my fears in their just colours, I must unfold my whole history to you. Can you have patience, Madam, to listen to the story of the most unfortunate of women?'

Amelia assured her of the highest attention; and Mrs. Bennet soon after began to relate what is written in the seventh book of this history.



A M E L I A.

VOLUME THE THIRD,

BOOK VII.

CHAP. I.

A VERY SHORT CHAPTER, AND
CONSEQUENTLY REQUIRING NO
PREFACE.



RS. Bennet having fastened the door, and both the ladies having taken their places, she once or twice offered to speak, when passion stopt her utterance; and after a minute's silence, she burst into a flood of tears; upon which, Amelia expressing the utmost tenderness for her, as well by her look as by her accent, cried, 'What can be the reason, dear Madam, of all this emotion?'—'O Mrs. Booth,' answered she, 'I find I have undertaken what I am not able to perform. You would not wonder at my emotion, if you knew you had an adulteress and a murderer now standing before you.'

Amelia turned as pale as death at these words; which Mrs. Bennet observing, collected all the force she was able, and a little composing her countenance, cried, 'I see, Madam, I have terrified you with such dreadful words; but I hope you will not think me guilty of these crimes in the blackest degree.'—'Guilty!' cries Amelia, 'O heavens!'—'I believe, indeed, your candour,' continued Mrs. Bennet, 'will be readier to acquit me than I am to acquit myself.'

'Indiscretion, at least, the highest, most unpardonable indiscretion, I shall always lay to my own charge; and when I reflect on the fatal consequences, I can never, never forgive myself.' Here she again began to lament in so bitter a manner, that Amelia endeavoured, as much as she could (for she was herself greatly shocked) to sooth and comfort her; telling her, that if indiscretion was her highest crime, the unhappy consequences made her rather an unfortunate than a guilty person; and concluded by saying, 'Indeed, Madam, you have raised my curiosity to the highest pitch, and I beg you will proceed with your story.'

Mrs. Bennet then seemed a second time going to begin her relation, when she cried out, 'I would, if possible, tire you with no more of my unfortunate life, than just with that part which leads to a catastrophe in which I think you may yourself be interested; but I protest I am at a loss where to begin.'

'Begin wherever you please, dear Madam,' cries Amelia; 'but I beg you will consider my impatience.'—'I do consider it,' answered Mrs. Bennet; 'and therefore would begin with that part of my story which leads directly to what concerns yourself: for how, indeed, should my life produce any thing worthy your notice?'—'Do not say so, Madam,' cries Amelia. 'I assure you I have long suspected

'suspected there were some very remarkable incidents in your life, and have only wanted an opportunity to impart to you my desire of hearing them: I beg, therefore, you would make no more apologies.'—'I will not, Madam,' cries Mrs. Bennet, 'and yet I would avoid any thing trivial; though, indeed, in stories of distress, especially where love is concerned, many little incidents may appear trivial to those who have never felt the passion, which to delicate minds are the most interesting part of the whole.'—'Nay, but, dear Madam,' cries Amelia, 'this is all preface.'

'Well, Madam,' answered Mrs. Bennet, 'I will consider your impatience.' She then rallied all her spirits in the best manner she could, and began as is written in the next chapter.

And here possibly the reader will blame Mrs. Bennet for taking her story so far back, and relating so much of her life in which Amelia had no concern; but in truth, she was desirous of inculcating a good opinion of herself, from recounting those transactions where her conduct was unexceptionable, before she came to the more dangerous and suspicious part of her character. This I really suppose to have been her intention; for to sacrifice the time and patience of Amelia, at such a season, to the mere love of talking of herself, would have been as unpardonable in her, as the bearing it was in Amelia a proof of the most perfect good-breeding.

CH A P. II.

THE BEGINNING OF MRS. BENNET'S HISTORY.

I Was the younger of two daughters of a clergyman in Essex; of one in whose praise if I should indulge my fond heart in speaking, I think my invention could not outgo the reality. He was, indeed, well worthy of the cloth he wore; and that, I think, is the highest character a man can obtain.

'During the first part of my life, even till I reached my sixteenth year, I can recollect nothing to relate to

you. All was one long serene day; in looking back upon which, as when we cast our eyes on a calm sea, no object arises to my view. All appears one scene of happiness and tranquillity.

'On the day, then, when I became sixteen years old, must I begin my history; for on that day I first tasted the bitterness of sorrow.

'My father, besides those prescribed by our religion, kept five festivals every year. These were on his wedding-day, and on the birth-day of each of his little family. On these occasions he used to invite two or three neighbours to his house, and to indulge himself, as he said, in great excess; for so he called drinking a pint of very small punch; and, indeed, it might appear excess to one who on other days rarely tasted any liquor stronger than small-beer.

'Upon my unfortunate birth-day, then, when we were all in a high degree of mirth, my mother having left the room after dinner, and staying away pretty long, my father sent me to see for her. I went according to his orders; but though I searched the whole house, and called after her without doors, I could neither see nor hear her. I was a little alarmed at this (though far from suspecting any great mischief had befallen her) and ran back to acquaint my father, who answered coolly (for he was a man of the calmest temper,) "Very well, my dear, I suppose she is not gone far, and will be here immediately." Half an hour or more past after this, when, she not returning, my father himself expressed some surprize at her stay; declaring, it must be some matter of importance which could detain her at that time from her company. His surprize now increased every minute; and he began to grow uneasy, and to shew sufficient symptoms in his countenance of what he felt within. He then dispatched the servant maid to enquire after her mistress in the parish; but waited not her return; for she was scarce gone out of doors, before he begged leave of his guests to go himself on the same errand. The company now broke up, and attended my father, all endeavouring to give him hopes that

that no mischief had happened. They searched the whole parish, but in vain: they could neither see my mother, nor hear any news of her. My father returned home in a state little short of distraction. His friends in vain attempted to administer either advice or comfort; he threw himself on the floor in the most bitter agonies of despair.

Whilst he lay in this condition, my sister and myself lying by him, all equally, I believe, and completely miserable, our old servant maid came into the room, and cried out, her mind misgave her, that she knew where her mistress was. Upon these words, my father sprung from the floor, and asked her eagerly, "Where?" But, oh! Mrs. Booth, how can I describe the particulars of a scene to you, the remembrance of which chills my blood with horror, and which the agonies of my mind, when it past, made all a scene of confusion! The fact, then, in short was this: my mother, who was a most indulgent mistress to one servant, which was all we kept, was unwilling, I suppose, to disturb her at her dinner; and therefore went herself to fill her tea-kettle at a well, into which, stretching herself too far, as we imagine, the water then being very low, she fell with the tea-kettle in her hand. The missing this, gave the poor old wretch the first hint of her suspicion; which, upon examination, was found to be too well grounded.

What we all suffered on this occasion may more easily be felt than described.—"It may indeed," answered Amelia; "and I am so sensible of it, that unless you have a mind to see me faint before your face, I beg you will order me something; a glass of water, if you please." Mrs. Bennet immediately complied with her friend's request: a glass of water was brought, and some hartshorn drops infused into it; which Amelia having drank off, declared she found herself much better; and then Mrs. Bennet proceeded thus:

"I will not dwell on a scene which I see hath already so much affected your tender heart, and which is as disagreeable to me to relate, as it can be to you to hear. I will, therefore, only mention to you the behaviour of

my father on this occasion, which was indeed becoming a philosopher and a christian divine. On the day after my mother's funeral, he sent for my sister and myself into his room; where, after many caresses, and every demonstration of fatherly tenderness, as well in silence as in words, he began to exhort us to bear with patience the great calamity that had befallen us; saying, that as every human accident, how terrible soever, must happen to us by divine permission at least, a due sense of our duty to our great Creator, must teach us an absolute submission to his will. Not only religion, but common sense must teach us this; "for, oh! my dear children," cries he, "how vain is all resistance, all repining! Could tears wash back again my angel from the grave, I should drain all the juices of my body through my eyes; but, oh! could we fill up that cursed well with our tears, how fruitless would be all our sorrow!" I think I repeat you his very words: for the impression they made on me is never to be obliterated. He then proceeded to comfort us with the cheerful thought that the loss was entirely our own, and that my mother was greatly a gainer by the accident which we lamented. "I have a wife," cries he, "my children, and you have a mother now amongst the heavenly choir: how selfish, therefore, is all our grief! how cruel to her are all our wishes!" In this manner he talked to us near half an hour, though I must frankly own to you, his arguments had not the immediate good effect on us which they deserved; for we retired from him very little the better for his exhortations. However, they became every day more and more forcible upon our recollection: indeed, they were greatly strengthened by his example; for in this, as in all other instances, he practised the doctrines which he taught. From this day he never mentioned my mother more, and soon after recovered his usual cheerfulness in public; though I have reason to think he paid many a bitter sigh in private to that remembrance, which neither philosophy nor christianity could expunge.

My father's advice, enforced by his example, together with the kindness
of

of some of our friends, assisted by that ablest of all the mental physicians, Time, in a few months pretty well restored my tranquillity, when fortune made a second attack on my quiet. My sister, whom I dearly loved, and who as warmly returned my affection, had fallen into an ill state of health some time before the fatal accident which I have related. She was, indeed, at that time so much better, that we had great hopes of her perfect recovery; but the disorder of her mind on that dreadful occasion so affected her body, that she presently relapsed into her former declining state, and thence grew continually worse and worse, till after a decay of near seven months, she followed my poor mother to the grave.

I will not tire you, dear Madam, with repetitions of grief; I will only mention two observations which have occurred to me from reflections on the two losses I have mentioned. The first is, that a mind once violently hurt, grows, as it were, callous to any future impressions of grief; and is never capable of feeling the same pangs a second time. The other observation is, that the arrows of fortune, as well as all others, derive their force from the velocity with which they are discharged; for when they approach you by slow and perceptible degrees, they have but very little power to do you mischief.

The truth of these observations I experienced, not only in my own heart, but in the behaviour of my father, whose philosophy seemed to gain a compleat triumph over this latter calamity.

Our family was now reduced to two; and my father grew extremely fond of me, as if he had now conferred an entire stock of affection on me, that had before been divided. His words, indeed, testified no less; for he daily called me his only darling, his whole comfort, his all. He committed the whole charge of his house to my care, and gave me the name of his little house-keeper, an appellation of which I was then as proud as any minister of state can be of his titles. But though I was very industrious in the discharge of my occupation, I did not, however, neg-

lect my studies, in which I had made so great a proficiency, that I was become a pretty good mistress of the Latin language, and had made some progress in the Greek. I believe, Madam, I have formerly acquainted you, that learning was the chief estate I inherited of my father, in which he had instructed me from my earliest youth.

The kindness of this good man had at length wiped off the remembrance of all losses; and I, during two years, led a life of great tranquillity, I think I might almost say, of perfect happiness.

I was now in the nineteenth year of my age, when my father's good fortune removed us from the county of Essex into Hampshire, where a living was conferred on him by one of his old school-fellows, of twice the value of what he was before possessed of.

His predecessor in this new living had died in very indifferent circumstances, and had left behind him a widow with two small children. My father, therefore, who, with great oeconomy, had a most generous soul, bought the whole furniture of the parsonage-house at a very high price: some of it, indeed, he would have wanted; for though our little habitation in Essex was most compleatly furnished, yet it bore no proportion to the largeness of that house in which he was now to dwell.

His motive, however, to the purchase was, I am convinced, solely generosity; which appeared sufficiently by the price he gave, and may be farther enforced by the kindness he shewed the widow in another instance: for he assigned her an apartment for the use of herself and her little family; which, he told her, she was welcome to enjoy as long as it suited her conveniency.

As this widow was very young, and generally thought to be tolerably pretty, though I own she had a cast with her eyes which I never liked, my father, you may suppose, acted from a less noble principle than I have hinted: but I must in justice acquit him; for these kind offers were made her before ever he had seen her face; and I have the greatest rea-

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son to think, that, for a long time after he had seen her, he beheld her with much indifference.

This act of my father's gave me, when I first heard it, great satisfaction; for I may, at least, with the modesty of the ancient philosophers, call myself a lover of generosity: but when I became acquainted with the widow, I was still more delighted with what my father had done; for though I could not agree with those who thought her a consummate beauty, I must allow that she was very fully possessed of the power of making herself agreeable; and this power she exerted with so much success, with such indefatigable industry to oblige, that within three months I became in the highest manner pleased with my new acquaintance, and had contracted the most sincere friendship for her.

But if I was so pleased with the widow, my father was by this time enamoured of her. She had, indeed, by the most artful conduct in the world, so insinuated herself into his favour, so entirely infatuated him, that he never shewed the least marks of cheerfulness in her absence, and could in truth scarce bear that she should be out of his sight.

She had managed this matter so well, (O she is the most artful of women!) my father's heart was gone before I ever suspected it was in danger. The discovery, you may easily believe, Madam, was not pleasing. The name of a mother-in-law sounded dreadful in my ears; nor could I bear the thought of parting again with a share in those dear affections, of which I had purchased the whole by the loss of a beloved mother and sister.

In the first hurry and disorder of my mind on this occasion, I committed a crime of the highest kind against all the laws of prudence and discretion. I took the young lady herself very roundly to task; treated her designs on my father as little better than a design to commit a theft; and in my passion, I believe, said she might be ashamed to think of marrying a man old enough to be her grandfather; for so in reality he almost was.

The lady on this occasion acted

finely the part of a hypocrite. She affected to be highly affronted at my unjust suspicions, as she called them, and proceeded to such asseverations of her innocence, that she almost brought me to discredit the evidence of my own eyes and ears.

My father, however, acted much more honestly; for he fell the next day into a more violent passion with me than I had ever seen him in before, and asked me, whether I intended to return his paternal fondness by assuming the right of controuling his inclinations? with more of the like kind; which fully convinced me what had passed between him and the lady, and how little I had injured her in my suspicions.

Hitherto, I frankly own, my aversion to this match had been principally on my own account; for I had no ill opinion of the woman, though I thought neither her circumstances, nor my father's age, promised any kind of felicity from such an union: but now I learned some particulars, which, had not our quarrel become public in the parish, I should, perhaps, have never known. In short, I was informed, that this gentle obliging creature, as she had at first appeared to me, had the spirit of a tigress, and was by many believed to have broken the heart of her first husband.

The truth of this matter being confirmed to me upon examination, I resolved not to suppress it. On this occasion fortune seemed to favour me, by giving me a speedy opportunity of seeing my father alone and in good humour. He now first began to open his intended marriage, telling me that he had formerly had some religious objections to bigamy, but he had very fully considered the matter, and had satisfied himself of it's legality. He then faithfully promised me, that no second marriage should in the least impair his affection for me; and concluded with the highest eulogiums on the goodness of the widow, protesting that it was her virtues, and not her person, with which he was enamoured.

I now fell upon my knees before him, and bathing his hand in my tears, which flowed very plentifully from my eyes, acquainted him with

all I had heard; and was so very imprudent, I might almost say so cruel, as to disclose the author of my information.

My father heard me without any indication of passion; and answered coldly, that if there was any proof of such facts, he should decline any farther thoughts of this match. "But child," said he, "though I am far from suspecting the truth of what you tell me, as far as regards your knowledge; yet you know the inclination of the world to slander." However, before we parted, he promised to make a proper enquiry into what I had told him.—But I ask your pardon, dear Madam; I am running minutely into those particulars of my life, in which you have not the least concern.

Amelia stopt her friend short in her apology; and though, perhaps, she thought her impertinent enough, yet (such was her good-breeding) she gave her many assurances of a curiosity to know every incident of her life which she could remember. After which, Mrs. Bennet proceeded as in the next chapter.

C H A P. III.

CONTINUATION OF MRS. BENNET'S STORY.

"I Think, Madam," said Mrs. Bennet, "I told you my father promised me to enquire farther into the affair; but he had hardly time to keep his word: for we separated pretty late in the evening, and early the next morning he was married to the widow.

But though he gave no credit to my information, I had sufficient reason to think he did not forget it, by the resentment which he soon discovered to both the persons whom I had named as my informers.

Nor was it long before I had good cause to believe, that my father's new wife was perfectly well acquainted with the good opinion I had of her, not only from her usage of me, but from certain hints which she threw forth with an air of triumph. One day, particularly, I remember she said to my father, upon his mention-

ing his age, "O, my dear, I hope you have many years yet to live, unless, indeed, I should be so cruel as to break your heart." She spoke these words, looking me full in the face, and accompanied them with a sneer, in which the highest malice was visible, under a thin covering of affected pleasantry.

I will not entertain you, Madam, with any thing so common as the cruel usage of a step-mother; nor of what affected me much more; the unkind behaviour of a father under such an influence. It shall suffice only to tell you, that I had the mortification to perceive the gradual and daily decrease of my father's affection. His smiles were converted into frowns; the tender appellations of child, and dear, were exchanged for plain Molly, that girl, that creature, and sometimes much harder names. I was at first turned all at once into a cypher, and at last seemed to be considered as a nuisance in the family.

Thus altered was the man of whom I gave you such a character at the entrance on my story; but alas! he no longer acted from his own excellent disposition; but was in every thing governed and directed by my mother-in-law. In fact, whenever there is great disparity of years between husband and wife, the younger is, I believe, always possessed of absolute power over the elder: for superstition itself is a less firm support of absolute power than dotage.

But though his wife was so entirely mistress of my father's will, that she could make him use me ill, she could not so perfectly subdue his understanding, as to prevent him from being conscious of such ill usage; and from this consciousness he began inveterately to hate me. Of this hatred he gave me numberless instances; and, I protest to you, I know not any other reason for it than what I have assigned; and the cause, as experience hath convinced me, is adequate to the effect.

While I was in this wretched situation, my father's unkindness having almost broken my heart, he came one day into my room with more anger in his countenance than I had ever seen; and after bitterly upbraiding me with my undutiful behaviour,

behaviour, both to himself and his worthy consort, he bid me pack up my alms, and immediately prepare to quit his house; at the same time gave me a letter, and told me, that would acquaint me where I might find a home; adding, that he doubted not but I expected, and had indeed solicited the invitation; and left me with a declaration that he would have no spies in his family.

The letter I found, on opening it, was from my father's own sister; but before I mention the contents, I will give you a short sketch of her character, as it was somewhat particular. Her personal charms were not great, for she was very tall, very thin, and very homely. Of the defect of her beauty, she was perhaps sensible; her vanity, therefore, retreated into her mind, where there is no looking-glass, and consequently, where we can flatter ourselves with discovering almost whatever beauties we please. This is an encouraging circumstance; and yet I have observed, dear Mrs. Booth, that few women ever seek these comforts from within, till they are driven to it by despair of finding any food for their vanity from without. Indeed, I believe, the first wish of our whole sex is to be handsome.

Here both the ladies fixed their eyes on the glass, and both smiled.

My aunt, however, continued Mrs. Bennet, from despair of gaining any applause this way, had applied herself entirely to the contemplation of her understanding, and had improved this to such a pitch, that at the age of fifty, at which she was now arrived, she had contracted an hearty contempt for much the greater part of both sexes; for the women, as being idiots; and for the men, as the admirers of idiots. That word, and fool, were almost constantly in her mouth, and were bestowed with great liberality among all her acquaintance.

This lady had spent one day only at my father's house in near two years; it was about a month before his second marriage. At her departure she took occasion to whisper me her opinion of the widow, whom she called a pretty idiot, and wondered how her brother could bear such

company under his roof; for neither she nor I had, at that time, any suspicion of what afterwards happened.

The letter which my father had just received, and which was the first she had sent him since his marriage, was of such a nature, that I should be unjust if I blamed him for being offended; fool and idiot were both plentifully bestowed in it, as well on himself as on his wife. But what, perhaps, had principally offended him, was that part which related to me; for after much panegyric on my understanding, and saying he was unworthy of such a daughter, she considered his match not only as the highest indiscretion, as it related to himself, but as a downright act of injustice to me. One expression in it I shall never forget.

"You have placed," said she, "a woman above your daughter, who, in understanding, the only valuable gift of nature, is the lowest in the whole class of pretty idiots." After much more of this kind, it concluded with inviting me to her house.

I can truly say, that when I had read the letter, I entirely forgave my father's suspicion, that I had made some complaints to my aunt of his behaviour; for though I was indeed innocent, there was surely colour enough to suspect the contrary.

Though I had never been greatly attached to my aunt, nor indeed had she formerly given me any reason for such an attachment, yet I was well enough pleased with her present invitation. To say the truth, I led so wretched a life where I then was, that it was impossible not to be a gainer by any exchange.

I could not, however, bear the thoughts of leaving my father with an impression on his mind against me which I did not deserve. I endeavoured, therefore, to remove all his suspicions of my having complained to my aunt, by the most earnest asseverations of my innocence; but they were all to no purpose. All my tears, all my vows, and all my entreaties, were fruitless. My new mother indeed appeared to be my advocate; but she acted her part very poorly, and far from counterfeiting any desire of succeeding in my suit, she could not conceal the exces-

five joy which she felt on the occasion.

Well, Madam, the next day I departed for my aunt's, where, after a long journey of forty miles, I arrived without having once broke my fast on the road: for grief is as capable as food of filling the stomach; and I had too much of the former to admit any of the latter. The fatigue of my journey, and the agitation of my mind, joined to my fasting, so overpowered my spirits, that when I was taken from my horse I immediately fainted away in the arms of the man who helped me from my saddle. My aunt expressed great astonishment at seeing me in this condition, with my eyes almost swollen out of my head with tears; but my father's letter, which I delivered her soon after I came to myself, pretty well, I believe, cured her surprize. She often smiled with a mixture of contempt and anger, while she was reading it; and having pronounced her brother to be a fool, she turned to me, and with as much affability as possible, (for she is no great mistress of affability) said, "Don't be uneasy, dear Molly, for you are come to the house of a friend; of one who hath sense enough to discern the author of all the mischief: depend upon it, child, I will, ere long, make some people ashamed of their folly." This kind reception gave me some comfort, my aunt assuring me that she would convince him how unjustly he had accused me of having made any complaints to her. A paper war was now began between these two, which not only fixed an irreconcilable hatred between them, but confirmed my father's displeasure against me, and in the end, I believe, did me no service with my aunt; for I was considered by both as the cause of their dissention; though, in fact, my step-mother, who very well knew the affection my aunt had for her, had long since done her business with my father; and as for my aunt's affection towards him, it had been abating several years, from an apprehension that he did not pay sufficient deference to her understanding.

I had lived about half a year with my aunt, when I heard of my step-

mother's being delivered of a boy, and the great joy my father expressed on that occasion; but, poor man, he lived not long to enjoy his happiness, for within a month afterwards I had the melancholy news of his death.

Notwithstanding all the disobligations I had lately received from him, I was sincerely afflicted at my loss of him. All his kindness to me in my infancy, all his kindness to me while I was growing up, recurred to my memory, raised a thousand tender melancholy ideas, and totally obliterated all thoughts of his latter behaviour, for which I made also every allowance, and every excuse in my power.

But what may, perhaps, appear more extraordinary, my aunt began soon to speak of him with concern. She said he had some understanding formerly, though his passion for that vile woman had, in a great measure, obscured it; and one day, when she was in an ill-humour with me, she had the cruelty to throw out a hint, that she had never quarrelled with her brother, if it had not been on my account.

My father, during his life, had allowed my aunt very handsomely for my board; for generosity was too deeply riveted in his nature to be plucked out by all the power of his wife. So far, however, she prevailed, that though he died possessed of upwards of 2000*l.* he left me no more than 100*l.* which, as he expressed in his will, was to set me up in some business, if I had the grace to take to any.

Hitherto my aunt had in general treated me with some degree of affection, but her behaviour began now to be changed. She soon took an opportunity of giving me to understand, that her fortune was insufficient to keep me; and, as I could not live on the interest of my own, it was high time for me to consider about going into the world. She added, that her brother having mentioned my setting up in some business in his will, was very foolish; that I had been bred to nothing; and besides, that the sum was too trifling to set me up in any way of reputation; she desired me, therefore, to think of immediately going into service.

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‘ This advice was, perhaps, right enough; and I told her I was very ready to do as she directed me, but I was at that time in an ill state of health; I desired her, therefore, to let me stay with her till my legacy, which was not to be paid till a year after my father’s death, was due; and I then promised to satisfy her for my board, to which she readily consented.

‘ And now, Madam,’ said Mrs. Bennet, sighing, ‘ I am going to open to you those matters which lead directly to that great catastrophe of my life, which hath occasioned my giving you this trouble, and of trying your patience in this manner.’

Amelia, notwithstanding her impatience, made a very civil answer to this; and then Mrs. Bennet proceeded to relate what is written in the next chapter.

C H A P. IV.

FARTHER CONTINUATION.

‘ THE curate of the parish where my aunt dwelt, was a young fellow of about four-and-twenty. He had been left an orphan in his infancy, and entirely unprovided for, when an uncle had the goodness to take care of his education, both at school and at the university. As the young gentleman was intended for the church, his uncle, though he had two daughters of his own, and no very large fortune, purchased for him the next presentation of a living of near 200*l.* a year. The incumbent, at the time of the purchase, was under the age of sixty, and in apparent good health; notwithstanding which he died soon after the bargain, and long before the nephew was capable of orders; so that the uncle was obliged to give the living to a clergyman, to hold it till the young man came of proper age.

‘ The young gentleman had not attained his proper age of taking orders, when he had the misfortune to lose his uncle and only friend; who, thinking he had sufficiently provided for his nephew by the purchase of the living, considered him no farther in his will, but divided all the fortune of which he died possessed between

his two daughters; recommending it to them, however, on his death-bed, to assist their cousin with money sufficient to keep him at the university, till he should be capable of ordination.

‘ But as no appointment of this kind was in the will, the young ladies, who received about 2000*l.* each, thought proper to disregard the last words of their father: for besides that both of them were extremely tenacious of their money, they were great enemies to their cousin, on account of their father’s kindness to him, and thought proper to let him know that they thought he had robbed them of too much already.

‘ The poor young fellow was now greatly distressed, for he had yet above a year to stay at the university, without any visible means of sustaining himself there.

‘ In this distress, however, he met with a friend, who had the good-nature to lend him the sum of twenty pounds, for which he only accepted his bond for forty, and which was to be paid within a year after his being possessed of his living; that is, within a year after his becoming qualified to hold it.

‘ With this small sum, thus hardly obtained, the poor gentleman made a shift to struggle with all difficulties, till he became of due age to take upon himself the character of a deacon. He then repaired to that clergyman to whom his uncle had given the living upon the conditions above-mentioned, to procure a title to ordination; but this, to his great surprise and mortification, was absolutely refused him.

‘ The immediate disappointment did not hurt him so much as the conclusion he drew from it; for he could have but little hopes, that the man who could have the cruelty to refuse him a title, would vouchsafe afterwards to deliver up to him a living of so considerable a value; nor was it long before this worthy incumbent told him plainly, that he valued his uncle’s favours at too high a rate to part with them to any one; nay, he pretended scruples of conscience, and said, that if he had made any slight promises, which he did not now well remember, they were wicked and void; that he looked upon

upon himself as married to his parish, and he could no more give it up, than he could give up his wife, without sin.

The poor young fellow was now obliged to seek farther for a title, which at length he obtained from the rector of the parish where my aunt lived.

He had not long been settled in the curacy, before an intimate acquaintance grew between him and my aunt, for she was a great admirer of the clergy, and used frequently to say, they were the only conversable creatures in the country.

The first time she was in this gentleman's company was at a neighbour's christening, where she stood godmother. Here she displayed her whole little stock of knowledge, in order to captivate Mr. Bennet, (I suppose, Madam, you already guess that to have been his name) and before they parted, gave him a very strong invitation to her house.

Not a word passed at this christening between Mr. Bennet and myself; but our eyes were not unemployed. Here, Madam, I first felt a pleasing kind of confusion, which I know not how to describe. I felt a kind of uneasiness, yet did not wish to be without it. I longed to be alone, yet dreaded the hour of parting. I could not keep my eyes off from the object which caused my confusion, and which I was at once afraid of, and enamoured with. But why do I attempt to describe my situation to one who must, I am sure, have felt the same!

Amelia smiled, and Mrs. Bennet went on thus: "O Mrs. Booth, had you seen the person of whom I am now speaking, you would not condemn the suddenness of my love. Nay, indeed, I had seen him there before, though this was the first time I had ever heard the music of his voice. O! it was the sweetest that was ever heard."

Mr. Bennet came to visit my aunt the very next day. She imputed this respectful haste to the powerful charms of her understanding, and resolved to lose no opportunity in improving the opinion which she imagined he had conceived of her. She became by this desire quite ridieu-

lous, and ran into absurdities and gallimatias scarce credible.

Mr. Bennet, as I afterwards found, saw her in the same light with myself; but as he was a very sensible and well-bred man, he so well concealed his opinion from us both, that I was almost angry, and she was pleased even to raptures, declaring herself charmed with his understanding; though indeed he had said very little, but I believe he heard himself into her good opinion, while he gazed himself into love.

The two first visits which Mr. Bennet made to my aunt, though I was in the room all the time, I never spoke a word; but on the third, on some argument which arose between them, Mr. Bennet referred himself to me. I took his side of the question, as indeed I must to have done justice, and repeated two or three words of Latin. My aunt reddened at this, and expressed great disdain of my opinion, declaring she was astonished that a man of Mr. Bennet's understanding could appeal to the judgment of a silly girl: "Is she," said my aunt, bridling herself, "fit to decide between us?" Mr. Bennet spoke very favourably of what I had said; upon which my aunt burst almost into a rage, treated me with downright scurrility, called me conceited fool, abused my poor father for having taught me Latin, which, she said, had made me a downright coxcomb, and made me prefer myself to those who were a hundred times my superiors in knowledge. She then fell foul on the learned languages, declared they were totally useless, and concluded that she had read all that was worth reading, though she thanked Heaven she understood no language but her own.

Before the end of his visit, Mr. Bennet reconciled himself very well to my aunt, which, indeed, was no difficult task for him to accomplish; but from that hour she conceived a hatred and rancour towards me, which I could never appease.

My aunt had, from my first coming into her house, expressed great dislike to my learning. In plain truth, she envied me that advantage. This envy I had long ago discovered, and

‘ had taken great pains to smother it, ‘ carefully avoiding ever to mention a ‘ Latin word in her presence, and al- ‘ ways submitting to her authority ; ‘ for indeed I despised her ignorance ‘ too much to dispute with her. By ‘ these means I had pretty well suc- ‘ ceeded, and we lived tolerably toge- ‘ ther. But the affront paid to her ‘ understanding by Mr. Bennet in my ‘ favour, was an injury never to be ‘ forgiven to me. She took me severe- ‘ ly to task that very evening, and re- ‘ minded me of going to service in such ‘ earnest terms, as almost amounted to ‘ literally turning me out of doors ; ‘ advising me, in the most insulting ‘ manner, to keep my Latin to myself ; ‘ which, she said, was useless to any ‘ one, but ridiculous when pretended ‘ to by a servant.

‘ The next visit Mr. Bennet made at ‘ our house, I was not suffered to be ‘ present. This was much the shortest ‘ of all his visits ; and when he went ‘ away, he left my aunt in a worse ‘ humour than ever I had seen her. ‘ The whole was discharged on me in ‘ the usual manner, by upbraiding me ‘ with my learning, conceit, and po- ‘ verty ; reminding me of obligations, ‘ and insisting on my going immedi- ‘ ately to service. With all this I was ‘ greatly pleased, as it assured me, that ‘ Mr. Bennet had said something to her ‘ in my favour ; and I would have pur- ‘ chased a kind expression of his at al- ‘ most any price.

‘ I should scarce, however, have been ‘ so sanguine as to draw this conclusion, ‘ had I not received some hints, that I ‘ had not unhappily placed my affec- ‘ tions on a man who made me no re- ‘ turn : for though he had scarce ad- ‘ dressed a dozen sentences to me, (for, ‘ indeed, he had no opportunity) yet ‘ his eyes had revealed certain secrets ‘ to mine, with which I was not dis- ‘ pleased.

‘ I remained, however, in a state of ‘ anxiety near a month ; sometimes ‘ pleasing myself, with thinking Mr. ‘ Bennet’s heart was in the same situa- ‘ tion with my own ; sometimes doubt- ‘ ing that my wishes had flattered and ‘ deceived me ; and not in the least ‘ questioning that my aunt was my ‘ rival : for I thought no woman could ‘ be proof against the charms that had ‘ subdued me. Indeed, Mrs. Booth,

‘ he was a charming young fellow ; I ‘ must, I must pay this tribute to his ‘ memory. O, gracious Heaven, why, ‘ why did I ever see him ! why was I ‘ doomed to such misery !—Here she ‘ burst into a flood of tears, and remain- ‘ ed incapable of speech for some time ; ‘ during which, the gentle Amelia en- ‘ deavoured all she could to sooth her ; ‘ and gave sufficient marks of sympa- ‘ thizing in the tender affliction of her ‘ friend.

Mrs. Bennet at length recovered ‘ her spirits, and proceeded as in the ‘ next chapter.

C H A P. V.

THE STORY OF MRS. BENNET CON- ‘ TINUED.

‘ I Scarce know where I left off. ‘ Oh ! I was, I think, telling you, ‘ that I esteemed my aunt as my rival ; ‘ and it is not easy to conceive a greater ‘ degree of detestation than I had for ‘ her ; and what may, perhaps, appear ‘ strange, as she daily grew more and ‘ more civil to me, my hatred increased ‘ with her civility ; for I imputed it ‘ all to her triumph over me, and to ‘ her having secured, beyond all ap- ‘ prehension, the heart I longed for.

‘ How was I surprized, when one ‘ day, with as much good-humour as ‘ she was mistress of, (for her coun- ‘ tenance was not very pleasing) she ‘ asked me how I liked Mr. Bennet ! ‘ The question, you will believe, Ma- ‘ dam, threw me into great confusion ; ‘ which she plainly perceived ; and, ‘ without waiting for my answer, told ‘ me, she was very well satisfied ; for ‘ that it did not require her discernment ‘ to read my thoughts in my coun- ‘ tenance. “ Well, child,” said she, ‘ “ I have suspected this a great while, ‘ “ and I believe it will please you to ‘ “ know, that I yesterday made the same ‘ “ discovery in your lover.” This, I ‘ confess to you, was more than I could ‘ well bear, and I begged her to say no ‘ more to me at this time on that sub- ‘ ject. “ Nay, child,” answered she, ‘ “ I must tell you all, or I should not ‘ “ act a friendly part : Mr. Bennet, I ‘ “ am convinced, hath a passion for ‘ “ you ; but it is a passion which I ‘ “ think you should not encourage.

“ For,

"For, to be plain with you, I fear he is in love with your person only. Now this is a love, child, which cannot produce that rational happiness which a woman of sense ought to expect." In short, she ran on with a great deal of stuff about rational happiness, and women of sense; and concluded with assuring me, that, after the strictest scrutiny, she could not find that Mr. Bennet had an adequate opinion of my understanding; upon which she vouchsafed to make me many compliments, but mixed with several sarcasms concerning my learning.

"I hope, Madam, however," said she to Amelia, "you have not so bad an opinion of my capacity, as to imagine me dull enough to be offended with Mr. Bennet's sentiments; for which I presently knew so well to account. I was, indeed, charmed with his ingenuity, who had discovered, perhaps, the only way of reconciling my aunt to those inclinations which I now assured myself he had for me.

"I was not long left to support my hopes by my sagacity. He soon found an opportunity of declaring his passion. He did this in so forcible, though gentle a manner, with such a profusion of fervency and tenderness at once, that his love, like a torrent, bore every thing before it; and I am almost ashamed to own to you, how very soon he prevailed upon me to—in short, to be an honest woman, and to confess to him the plain truth.

"When we were upon a good footing together, he gave me a long relation of what had past at several interviews with my aunt, at which I had not been present. He said, he had discovered, that as she valued herself chiefly on her understanding, so she was extremely jealous of mine, and hated me on account of my learning. That as he had loved me passionately from his first seeing me, and had thought of nothing, from that time, but of throwing himself at my feet, he saw no way so open to propitiate my aunt as that which he had taken, by commending my beauty; a perfection to which she had long resigned all claim, at the expence of my understanding, in which he la-

mented my deficiency to a degree almost of ridicule. This he imputed chiefly to my learning. On this occasion he advanced a sentiment, which so pleased my aunt, that she thought proper to make it her own; for I heard it afterwards more than once from her own mouth. Learning, he said, had the same effect on the mind, that strong liquors have on the constitution; both tending to eradicate all our natural fire and energy. His flattery had made such a dupe of my aunt, that she assented, without the least suspicion of his sincerity, to all he said: so sure is vanity to weaken every fortress of the understanding, and to betray us to every attack of the enemy.

"You will believe, Madam, that I readily forgave him all he had said, not only from that motive which I have mentioned, but as I was assured he had spoke the reverse of his real sentiments. I was not, however, quite so well pleased with my aunt, who began to treat me as if I was really an idiot. Her contempt, I own, a little piqued me; and I could not help often expressing my resentment, when we were alone together, to Mr. Bennet; who never failed to gratify me, by making her conceit the subject of his wit; a talent which he possessed in the most extraordinary degree.

"This proved of very fatal consequence; for one day, while we were enjoying ourselves in a very thick arbour in the garden, my aunt stole upon us unobserved, and overheard our whole conversation. I wish, my dear, you understood Latin, that I might repeat you a sentence, in which the rage of a tygress, that hath lost her young, is described. No English poet, as I remember, hath come up to it; nor am I myself equal to the undertaking. She burst in upon us, open-mouthed, and after discharging every abusive word almost in the only language she understood, on poor Mr. Bennet, turned us both out of doors; declaring she would send my rags after me, but would never more permit me to set my foot within her threshold.

"Consider, dear Madam, to what a wretched condition we were now reduced. I had not yet received the small

‘ small legacy left me by my father ;
 ‘ nor was Mr. Bennet master of five
 ‘ pounds in the whole world.

‘ In this situation, the man I doated
 ‘ on to distraction had but little diffi-
 ‘ culty to persuade me to a proposal,
 ‘ which, indeed, I thought generous
 ‘ in him to make ; as it seemed to pro-
 ‘ ceed from that tenderness for my re-
 ‘ putation, to which he ascribed it ; in-
 ‘ deed, it could proceed from no mo-
 ‘ tive with which I should have been
 ‘ displeased. In a word, within two
 ‘ days we were man and wife.

‘ Mr. Bennet now declared himself
 ‘ the happiest of men ; and for my
 ‘ part, I sincerely declare, I envied no
 ‘ woman upon earth. How little,
 ‘ alas ! did I then know, or suspect, the
 ‘ price I was to pay for all my joys !
 ‘ A match of real love is, indeed, tru-
 ‘ ly paradise ; and such perfect happi-
 ‘ ness seems to be the forbidden fruit to
 ‘ mortals, which we are to lament hav-
 ‘ ing tasted during the rest of our lives.

‘ The first uneasiness which attacked
 ‘ us after our marriage was on my
 ‘ aunt’s account. It was very disagree-
 ‘ able to live under the nose of so near
 ‘ a relation, who did not acknowledge
 ‘ us, but, on the contrary, was ever
 ‘ doing us all the ill turns in her
 ‘ power ; and making a party against
 ‘ us in the parish, which it is always
 ‘ easy enough to do amongst the vul-
 ‘ gar, against persons who are their
 ‘ superiors in rank, and at the same
 ‘ time their inferiors in fortune. This
 ‘ made Mr. Bennet think of procuring
 ‘ an exchange, in which intention he
 ‘ was soon after confirmed by the ar-
 ‘ rival of the rector. It was the rector’s
 ‘ custom to spend three month’s every
 ‘ year at his living ; for which purpose
 ‘ he reserved an apartment in his par-
 ‘ sonage-house, which was full large
 ‘ enough for two such little families
 ‘ as then occupied it : we, at first,
 ‘ promised ourselves some little con-
 ‘ venience from his boarding with us ;
 ‘ and Mr. Bennet began to lay aside
 ‘ his thoughts of leaving his curacy,
 ‘ at least for some time. But these
 ‘ golden ideas presently vanished ; for
 ‘ though we both used our utmost en-
 ‘ deavours to please him, we soon found
 ‘ the impossibility of succeeding. He
 ‘ was, indeed, to give you his character
 ‘ in a word, the most peevish of mor-
 ‘ tals. This temper, notwithstanding

‘ that he was both a good and a pious
 ‘ man, made his company so insuffe-
 ‘ rable, that nothing could compensate
 ‘ it. If his breakfast was not ready
 ‘ to a moment ; if a dish of meat was too
 ‘ much or too little done ; in short, if
 ‘ any thing failed of exactly hitting his
 ‘ taste, he was sure to be out of humour
 ‘ all that day ; so that, indeed, he was
 ‘ scarce ever in a good temper a whole
 ‘ day together : for fortune seems to
 ‘ take a delight in thwarting this kind
 ‘ of disposition, to which human life,
 ‘ with it’s many crosses and accidents,
 ‘ is in truth by no means fitted.

‘ Mr. Bennet was now, by my de-
 ‘ sire as well as his own, determined to
 ‘ quit the parish ; but when he attempt-
 ‘ ed to get an exchange, he found it a
 ‘ matter of more difficulty than he had
 ‘ apprehended ; for the rector’s tem-
 ‘ per was so well known among the
 ‘ neighbouring clergy, that none of
 ‘ them could be brought to think of
 ‘ spending three months in a year with
 ‘ him.

‘ After many fruitless enquiries,
 ‘ Mr. Bennet thought best to remove
 ‘ to London, the great mart of all
 ‘ affairs ecclesiastical and civil. This
 ‘ project greatly pleased him, and
 ‘ he resolved, without more delay,
 ‘ to take his leave of the rector,
 ‘ which he did in the most friendly
 ‘ manner possible, and preached his
 ‘ farewell sermon ; nor was there a
 ‘ dry eye in the church, except among
 ‘ the few whom my aunt, who remain-
 ‘ ed still inexorable, had prevailed up-
 ‘ on to hate us without any cause.

‘ To London we came, and took up
 ‘ our lodging the first night at the inn
 ‘ where the stage-coach set us down ;
 ‘ the next morning my husband went
 ‘ out early on his business, and return-
 ‘ ed with the good news of having
 ‘ heard of a curacy, and of having
 ‘ equipped himself with a lodging in
 ‘ the neighbourhood of a worthy peer,
 ‘ “ who,” said he, “ was my fellow-
 ‘ “ collegiate : and what is more, I have
 ‘ “ a direction to a person who will ad-
 ‘ “ vance your legacy at a very reason-
 ‘ “ able rate.”

‘ This last particular was extremely
 ‘ agreeable to me ; for our last guinea
 ‘ was now broached, and the rector
 ‘ had lent my husband ten pounds to
 ‘ pay his debts in the country : for with
 ‘ all his peevishness he was a good and

‘ a generous man, and had, indeed, so many valuable qualities, that I lamented his temper, after I knew him thoroughly, as much on his account, as on my own.

‘ We now quitted the inn, and went to our lodgings, where my husband having placed me in safety, as he said, he went about the business of the legacy, with good assurance of success.

‘ My husband returned elated with his success, the person to whom he applied having undertaken to advance the legacy, which he fulfilled as soon as the proper enquiries could be made, and proper instruments prepared for that purpose.

‘ This, however, took up so much time, that as our fund was so very low, we were reduced to some distresses, and obliged to live extremely penurious; nor would all do, without my taking a most disagreeable way of procuring money, by pawning one of my gowns.

‘ Mr. Bennet was now settled in a curacy in town, greatly to his satisfaction, and our affairs seemed to have a prosperous aspect; when he came home to me one morning in much apparent disorder, looking as pale as death, and begged me by some means or other to get him a dram, for that he was taken with a sudden faintness and lowness of spirits.

‘ Frighted as I was, I immediately ran down stairs, and procured some rum of the mistress of the house; the first time, indeed, I ever knew him drink any. When he came to himself, he begged me not to be alarmed, for it was no distemper, but something that had vexed him, which had caused his disorder, which he had now perfectly recovered.

‘ He then told me the whole affair. He had hitherto deferred paying a visit to the lord whom I mentioned to have been formerly his fellow-collegiate, and was now his neighbour, till he could put himself in decent rigging. He had now purchased a new cassock, hat and wig, and went to pay his respects to his old acquaintance, who had received from him many civilities and assistances in his learning at the university, and had promised to return them fourfold hereafter.

‘ It was not without some difficulty that Mr. Bennet got into the antichamber. Here he waited, or, as the phrase is, cooled his heels, for above an hour before he saw his lordship; nor had he seen him then, but by an accident; for my lord was going out, when he casually intercepted him in his passage to his chariot. He approached to salute him with some familiarity, though with some respect, depending on his former intimacy; when my lord stopping short, very gravely told him, he had not the pleasure of knowing him. “How! my lord,” said he, “can you have so soon forgot your old acquaintance Tom Bennet?” — “O, Mr. Bennet,” cries his lordship, with much reserve, “is it you? you will pardon my memory. I am glad to see you, Mr. Bennet; but you must excuse me at present, for I am in very great haste.” He then broke from him, and without more ceremony, or any farther invitation, went directly into his chariot.

‘ This cold reception from a person for whom my husband had a real friendship, and from whom he had great reason to expect a very warm return of affection, so affected the poor man, that it caused all those symptoms which I have mentioned before.

‘ Though this incident produced no material consequence, I could not pass it over in silence, as of all the misfortunes which ever befel him, it affected my husband the most. I need not, however, to a woman of your delicacy, make any comments on a behaviour, which, though I believe it is very common, is nevertheless cruel and base beyond description, and is diametrically opposite to true honour, as well as to goodness.

‘ To relieve the uneasiness which my husband felt on account of his false friend, I prevailed with him to go every night, almost for a fortnight together, to the play; a diversion of which he was greatly fond, and from which he did not think his being a clergyman excluded him. Indeed, it is very well if those austere persons who would be inclined to censure him on this head, have themselves no greater sins to answer for.

‘ From

From this time, during three months, we past our time very agreeably, a little too agreeably, perhaps, for our circumstances; for however innocent diversions may be in other respects, they must be owned to be expensive. When you consider then, Madam, that our income from the curacy was less than forty pounds a year, and that after payment of the debt to the rector, and another to my aunt, with the costs in law which she had occasioned by suing for it, my legacy was reduced to less than seventy pounds, you will not wonder that in diversions, clothes, and the common expences of life, we had almost consumed our whole stock.

The inconsiderate manner in which we had lived for some time, will, I doubt not, appear to you to want some excuse; but I have none to make for it. Two things, however, now happened, which occasioned much serious reflection to Mr. Bennet. The one was, that I grew near my time; the other, that he now received a letter from Oxford, demanding the debt of forty pounds, which I mentioned to you before. The former of these he made a pretence of obtaining a delay for the payment of the latter, promising in two months to pay off half the debt, by which means he obtained a forbearance during that time.

I was now delivered of a son; a matter which should in reality have increased our concern; but, on the contrary, it gave us great pleasure; greater, indeed, could not have been conceived at the birth of an heir to the most plentiful estate; so entirely thoughtless were we, and so little forecast had we of those many evils and distresses to which we had rendered a human creature, and one so dear to us, liable. The day of a christening is in all families, I believe, a day of jubilee and rejoicing; and yet, if we consider the interest of that little wretch who is the occasion, how very little reason would the most sanguine persons have for their joy!

But though our eyes were too weak to look forward for the sake of our child, we could not be blinded to those dangers that immediately threatened ourselves. Mr. Bennet, at the

expiration of the two months, received a second letter from Oxford, in a very peremptory stile, and threatening a suit without any farther delay. This alarmed us in the strongest manner; and my husband, to secure his liberty, was advised for a while to shelter himself in the verge of the court.

And now, Madam, I am entering on that scene which directly leads to all my misery.—Here she stopped and wiped her eyes; and then begging Amelia to excuse her for a few minutes, ran hastily out of the room, leaving Amelia by herself, while she refreshed her spirits with a cordial to enable her to relate what follows in the next chapter.

C H A P. VI.

FARTHER CONTINUED.

MRS. Bennet returning into the room, made a short apology for her absence, and then proceeded in these words:

We now left our lodging, and took a second floor in that very house where you now are, to which we were recommended by the woman where we had before lodged; for the mistresses of both houses were acquainted, and, indeed, we had been all at the play together. To this new lodging, then, (such was our wretched destiny!) we immediately repaired, and were received by Mrs. Ellison (how can I bear the sound of that detested name!) with much civility; she took care, however, during the first fortnight of our residence, to wait upon us every Monday morning for her rent; such being, it seems, the custom of this place, which, as it was inhabited chiefly by persons in debt, is not the region of credit.

My husband, by the singular goodness of the rector, who greatly compassionated his case, was enabled to continue in his curacy, though he could only do the duty on Sundays. He was, however, sometimes obliged to furnish a person to officiate at his expence; so that our income was very scanty; and the poor little remainder of the legacy being almost spent, we were reduced to some difficulties,

and, what was worse, saw still a prospect of greater before our eyes.

Under these circumstances, how agreeable to poor Mr. Bennet must have been the behaviour of Mrs. Ellison, who, when he carried her her rent on the usual day, told him, with a benevolent smile, that he needed not to give himself the trouble of such exact punctuality. She added, that, if it was at any time inconvenient to him, he might pay her when he pleased. "To say the truth," says she, "I never was so much pleased with any lodgers in my life. I am convinced, Mr. Bennet, you are a very worthy man, and you are a very happy one too; for you have the prettiest wife, and the prettiest child I ever saw." These, dear Madam, were the words she was pleased to make use of; and I am sure she behaved to me with such an appearance of friendship and affection, that, as I could not perceive any possible views of interest which she could have in her professions, I easily believed them real.

There lodged in the same house—O Mrs. Booth! the blood runs cold to my heart, and should run cold to yours when I name him—there lodged in the same house a lord—the lord, indeed, whom I have since seen in your company. This lord, Mrs. Ellison told me, had taken a great fancy to my little Charley. Fool that I was, and blinded by my own passion, which made me conceive that an infant, not three months old, could be really the object of affection to any besides a parent; and more especially to a gay young fellow! But if I was silly in being deceived, how wicked was the wretch who deceived me! who used such art, and employed such pains, such incredible pains to deceive me! He acted the part of a nurse to my little infant; he danced it, he lulled it, he kissed it; declared it was the very picture of a nephew of his, his favourite sister's child; and said so many kind and fond things of it's beauty, that I myself, though, I believe, one of the tenderest and fondest of mothers, scarce carried my own ideas of my little darling's perfection beyond the compliments which he paid it.

My lord, however, perhaps from

modesty before my face, fell far short of what Mrs. Ellison reported from him. And now, when she found the impression which was made on me by these means, she took every opportunity of insinuating to me his lordship's many virtues, his great goodness to his sister's children in particular; nor did she fail to drop some hints, which gave me the most simple and groundless hopes of strange consequences from his fondness to my Charley.

When by these means, which, simple as they may appear, were, perhaps, the most artful, my lord had gained something more, I think, than my esteem, he took the surest method to confirm himself in my affection. This was, by professing the highest friendship for my husband; for, as to myself, I do assure you, he never shewed me more than common respect; and I hope you will believe, I should have immediately startled and flown off if he had. Poor I accounted for all the friendship which he expressed for my husband, and all the fondness which he shewed to my boy, from the great prettiness of the one, and the great merit of the other; foolishly conceiving, that others saw with my eyes, and felt with my heart. Little did I dream, that my own unfortunate person was the fountain of all this lord's goodness, and was the intended price of it.

One evening, as I was drinking tea with Mrs. Ellison by my lord's fire, (a liberty which she never scrupled taking when he was gone out) my little Charley, now about half a year old, sitting in her lap; my lord, accidentally no doubt—indeed, I then thought it so—came in. I was confounded, and offered to go; but my lord declared, if he disturbed Mrs. Ellison's company, as he phrased it, he would himself leave the room. When I was thus prevailed on to keep my seat, my lord immediately took my little baby into his lap, and gave it some tea there, not a little at the expence of his embroidery; for he was very richly dressed: indeed, he was as fine a figure as, perhaps, ever was seen. His behaviour on this occasion gave me many ideas in his favour. I thought he discovered good sense, good-nature, condescension, and other good qualities, by

the fondness he shewed to my child, and the contempt he seemed to express for his finery, which so greatly became him: for I cannot deny, but that he was the handsomest and gentlest person in the world; though such considerations advanced him not a step in my favour.

My husband now returned from church, (for this happened on a Sunday) and was, by my lord's particular desire, ushered into the room. My lord received him with the utmost politeness, and with many professions of esteem; which, he said, he had conceived from Mrs. Ellison's representations of his merit. He then proceeded to mention the living, which was detained from my husband, of which Mrs. Ellison had likewise informed him; and said, he thought it would be no difficult matter to obtain a restoration of it by the authority of the bishop, who was his particular friend, and to whom he would take an immediate opportunity of mentioning it. This, at last, he determined to do the very next day; when he invited us both to dinner, where we were to be acquainted with his lordship's success.

My lord now insisted on my husband's staying supper with him, without taking any notice of me; but Mrs. Ellison declared, he should not part man and wife; and that she herself would stay with me. The motion was too agreeable to me to be rejected; and, except the little time I retired to put my child to bed, we spent together the most agreeable evening imaginable; nor was it, I believe, easy to decide, whether Mr. Bennet or myself were most delighted with his lordship and Mrs. Ellison: but this I assure you, the generosity of the one, and the extreme civility and kindness of the other, were the subjects of our conversation all the ensuing night, during which we neither of us closed our eyes.

The next day at dinner, my lord acquainted us, that he had prevailed with the bishop to write to the clergyman in the country; indeed, he told us, that he had engaged the bishop to be very warm in our interest, and had not the least doubt of success. This threw us both into a flow of spirits; and in the afternoon, Mr.

Bennet, at Mrs. Ellison's request, which was seconded by his lordship, related the history of our lives, from our first acquaintance. My lord seemed much affected with some tender scenes, which as no man could better feel, so none could better describe than my husband. When he had finished, my lord begged pardon for mentioning an occurrence which gave him such a particular concern, as it had disturbed that delicious state of happiness in which we had lived at our former lodging. "It would be ungenerous," said he, "to rejoice at an accident, which, though it brought me fortunately acquainted with two of the most agreeable people in the world, was yet at the expence of your mutual felicity. The circumstance I mean, is your debt at Oxford; pray how doth that stand? I am resolved it shall never disturb your happiness hereafter." At these words, the tears burst from my poor husband's eyes; and in an extasy of gratitude, he cried out, "Your lordship overcomes me with generosity. If you go on in this manner, both my wife's gratitude and mine must be bankrupt." He then acquainted my lord with the exact state of the case, and received assurances from him that the debt should never trouble him. My husband was again breaking out into the warmest expressions of gratitude; but my lord stopped him short, saying, "If you have any obligation, it is to my little Charley here, from whose little innocent smiles I have received more than the value of this trifling debt in pleasure." I forgot to tell you, that when I offered to leave the room after dinner, upon my child's account, my lord would not suffer me, but ordered the child to be brought to me. He now took it out of my arms, placed it upon his own knee, and fed it with some fruit from the dessert. In short, it would be more tedious to you than to myself, to relate the thousand little tenderesses he shewed to the child. He gave it many baubles; amongst the rest was a coral, worth, at least, three pounds; and when my husband was confined near a fortnight to his chamber with a cold, he visited the child every day (for to this infant's account

' account were all the visits placed;) and seldom failed of accompanying his visit with a present to the little thing.

' Here, Mrs. Booth, I cannot help mentioning a doubt which hath often arisen in my mind, since I have been enough mistress of myself to reflect on this horrid train which was laid to blow up my innocence. Wicked and barbarous it was to the highest degree, without any question; but my doubt is, whether the art or folly of it be the more conspicuous; for however delicate and refined the art must be allowed to have been, the folly, I think, must, upon a fair examination, appear no less astonishing: for to lay all considerations of cruelty and crime out of the case, what a foolish bargain doth the man make for himself, who purchases so poor a pleasure at so high a price!

' We had lived near three weeks with as much freedom as if we had been all of the same family, when one afternoon my lord proposed to my husband to ride down himself to solicit the surrender; for he said the bishop had received an unsatisfactory answer from the parson, and had writ a second letter more pressing; which his lordship now promised us to strengthen by one of his own, that my husband was to carry with him. Mr. Bennet agreed to this proposal with great thankfulness, and the next day was appointed for his journey. The distance was near seventy miles.

' My husband set out on his journey, and he had scarce left me before Mrs. Ellison came into my room, and endeavoured to comfort me in his absence: to say the truth, though he was to be from me but a few days, and the purpose of his going was to fix our happiness on a sound foundation for all our future days, I could scarce support my spirits under this first separation. But though I then thought Mrs. Ellison's intentions to be most kind and friendly, yet the means she used were utterly ineffectual, and appeared to me injudicious. Instead of soothing my uneasiness, which is always the first physic to be given to grief, she rallied me upon it, and began to

' talk in a very unusual stile of gaiety, in which she treated conjugal love with much ridicule.

' I gave her to understand that she displeased me by this discourse; but she soon found means to give such a turn to it, as made a merit of all she had said. And now, when she had worked me into a good humour, she made a proposal to me, which I at first rejected; but at last fatally, too fatally, suffered myself to be overpersuaded. This was to go to a masquerade at Ranelagh, for which my lord had furnished her with tickets.'

At these words Amelia turned pale as death, and hastily begged her friend to give her a glass of water, some air, or any thing. Mrs. Bennet having thrown open the window, and procured the water, which prevented Amelia from fainting, looked at her with much tenderness, and cried, 'I do not wonder, my dear Madam, that you are affected with my mentioning that fatal masquerade; since I firmly believe the same ruin was intended for you, at the same place: the apprehension of which occasioned the letter I sent you this morning, and all the trial of your patience which I have made since.'

Amelia gave her a tender embrace, with many expressions of the warmest gratitude; assured her, she had pretty well recovered her spirits, and begged her to continue her story; which Mrs. Bennet then did. However, as our readers may likewise be glad to recover their spirits also, we shall here put an end to this chapter.

C H A P. VII.

THE STORY FARTHER CONTINUED.

MR S. Bennet proceeded thus: 'I was at length prevailed on to accompany Mrs. Ellison to the masquerade. Here, I must confess, the pleasantness of the place, the variety of the dresses, and the novelty of the thing, gave me much delight, and raised my fancy to the highest pitch. As I was entirely void of all suspicion, my mind threw off all reserve, and pleasure only filled my thoughts.'

thoughts. Innocence, it is true, possessed my heart; but it was innocence unguarded, intoxicated with foolish desires, and liable to every temptation. During the first two hours, we had many trifling adventures not worth remembering. At length my lord joined us, and continued with me all the evening; and we danced several dances together. I need not, I believe, tell you, Madam, how engaging his conversation is. I wish I could with truth say, I was not pleased with it; or, at least, that I had a right to be pleased with it. But I will disguise nothing from you: I now began to discover that he had some affection for me; but he had already too firm a footing in my esteem to make the discovery shocking. I will, I will own the truth; I was delighted with perceiving a passion in him, which I was not unwilling to think he had had from the beginning, and to derive his having concealed it so long, from his awe of my virtue, and his respect to my understanding. I assure you, Madam, at the same time, my intentions were, never to exceed the bounds of innocence. I was charmed with the delicacy of his passion; and in the foolish, thoughtless turn of mind in which I then was, I fancied I might give some very distant encouragement to such a passion, in such a man, with the utmost safety; that I might indulge my vanity and interest at once, without being guilty of the least injury.

I know Mrs. Booth will condemn all these thoughts, and I condemn them no less myself; for it is now my steadfast opinion, that the woman who gives up the least outwork of her virtue, doth in that very moment betray the citadel.

About two o'clock we returned home, and found a very handsome collation provided for us. I was asked to partake of it; and I did not, I could not refuse. I was not however, entirely void of all suspicion, and I made many resolutions; one of which was, not to drink a drop more than my usual stint. This was, at the utmost, little more than half a pint of small punch.

I adhered strictly to my quantity; but in the quality, I am convinced,

I was deceived; for, before I left the room, I found my head giddy! What the villain gave me, I know not; but besides being intoxicated, I perceived effects from it which are not to be described.

Here, Madam, I must draw a curtain over the residue of that fatal night. Let it suffice, that it involved me in the most dreadful ruin; a ruin to which I can truly say, I never consented; and of which I was scarce conscious, when the villainous man avowed it to my face in the morning.

Thus I have deduced my story to the most horrid period; happy had I been had this been the period of my life; but I was reserved for greater miseries; but before I enter on them, I will mention something very remarkable, with which I was now acquainted, and that will shew there was nothing of accident which had befallen me; but that all was the effect of a long, regular, premeditated design.

You may remember, Madam, I told you that we were recommended to Mrs. Ellison by the woman at whose house we had before lodged. This woman, it seems, was one of my lord's pimps, and had before introduced me to his lordship's notice.

You are to know then, Madam, that this villain, this lord, now confessed to me, that he had first seen me in the gallery at the oratorio; whither I had gone with tickets, with which the woman where I first lodged had presented me, and which were, it seems, purchased by my lord. Here I first met the vile betrayer, who was disguised in a rug coat, and a patch upon his face.

At these words Amelia cried, 'O gracious heavens!' and fell back in her chair. Mrs. Bennet, with proper applications, brought her back to life; and then Amelia acquainted her, that she herself had seen the same person in the same place, and in the same disguise. 'O, Mrs. Bennet,' cried she, 'how am I indebted to you! what words, what thanks, what actions can demonstrate the gratitude of my sentiments! I look upon you, and always shall look upon you, as my preserver from the brink of a precipice, from which I was falling into the same ruin which

' you

‘you have so generously, so kindly,
‘and so nobly disclosed for my sake.’

Here the two ladies compared notes, and it appeared, that his lordship’s behaviour at the oratorio had been alike to both; that he had made use of the very same words, the very same actions to Amelia, which he had practised over before on poor unfortunate Mrs. Bennet. It may, perhaps, be thought strange, that neither of them could recollect him; but so it was. And, indeed, if we consider the force of disguise, the very short time that either of them was with him at this first interview, and the very little curiosity that must have been supposed in the minds of the ladies, together with the amusement in which they were then engaged, all wonder will, I apprehend, cease. Amelia, however, now declared, she remembered his voice and features perfectly well, and was thoroughly satisfied he was the same person. She then accounted for his not having visited in the afternoon, according to his promise, from her declared resolutions to Mrs. Ellison not to see him. She now burst forth into some very satirical invectives against that lady, and declared she had the art, as well as the wickedness, of the devil himself.

Many congratulations now past from Mrs. Bennet to Amelia, which were returned with the most hearty acknowledgments from that lady. But instead of filling our paper with these, we shall pursue Mrs. Bennet’s story, which she resumed, as we shall find in the next chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

FARTHER CONTINUATION.

‘NO sooner,’ said Mrs. Bennet, continuing her story, ‘was my lord departed, than Mrs. Ellison came to me. She behaved in such a manner, when she became acquainted with what had past, that though I was at first satisfied of her guilt, she began to stagger my opinion; and, at length, prevailed upon me entirely to acquit her. She raved like a madwoman against my lord, swore he should not stay a moment in her house, and that she would never speak to him more. In short,

‘had she been the most innocent woman in the world, she could not have spoke nor acted any otherwise; nor could she have vented more wrath and indignation against the betrayer. That part of her denunciation of vengeance, which concerned my lord’s leaving the house, she vowed should be executed immediately; but then, seeming to recollect herself, she said, “Consider, my dear child, it is for your sake alone I speak; will not such a proceeding give some suspicion to your husband?” I answered, that I valued not that; that I was resolved to inform my husband of all, the moment I saw him; with many expressions of detestation of myself, and an indifference for life, and for every thing else.

‘Mrs. Ellison, however, found means to sooth me, and to satisfy me with my own innocence; a point in which, I believe, we are all easily convinced. In short, I was persuaded to acquit both myself and her, to lay the whole guilt upon my lord, and to resolve to conceal it from my husband.

‘That whole day I confined myself to my chamber, and saw no person but Mrs. Ellison. I was, indeed, ashamed to look any one in the face. Happily for me, my lord went into the country without attempting to come near me; for I believe his sight would have driven me to madness.

‘The next day I told Mrs. Ellison, that I was resolved to leave her lodgings the moment my lord came to town; not on her account, (for I really inclined to think her innocent) but on my lord’s, whose face I was resolved, if possible, never more to behold. She told me, I had no reason to quit her house on that score; for that my lord himself had left her lodgings that morning, in resentment, she believed, of the abuses which she had cast on him the day before.

‘This confirmed me in the opinion of her innocence; nor hath she from that day to this, till my acquaintance with you, Madam, done any thing to forfeit my opinion. On the contrary, I owe her many good offices: amongst the rest I have an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds a year from my lord, which I know was owing to her solicitations; for she is

‘not

not void of generosity or good-nature; though, by what I have lately seen, I am convinced she was the cause of my ruin, and hath endeavoured to lay the same snares for you.

But to return to my melancholy story. My husband returned at the appointed time; and I met him with an agitation of mind not to be described. Perhaps the fatigue which he had undergone in his journey, and his dissatisfaction at his ill success, prevented his taking notice of what I feared was too visible. All his hopes were entirely frustrated; the clergyman had not received the bishop's letter; and as to my lord's, he treated it with derision and contempt. Tired as he was, Mr. Bennet would not sit down till he had enquired for my lord, intending to go and pay his compliments. Poor man! he little suspected that he had deceived him, as I have since known, concerning the bishop; much less did he suspect any other injury. But the lord—the villain was gone out of town, so that he was forced to postpone all his gratitude.

Mr. Bennet returned to town late on the Saturday night, nevertheless he performed his duty at church the next day; but I refused to go with him. This, I think, was the first refusal I was guilty of since our marriage; but I was become so miserable, that his presence, which had been the source of all my happiness, was become my bane. I will not say I hated to see him; but I can say I was ashamed, indeed, afraid, to look him in the face. I was conscious of I knew not what: guilt, I hope, it cannot be called.

I hope not; nay, I think not; cries Amelia.

My husband, continued Mrs. Bennet, perceived my dissatisfaction, and imputed it to his ill success in the country. I was pleased with this self-delusion; and yet, when I fairly compute the agonies I suffered at his endeavours to comfort me on that head, I paid most severely for it. O my dear Mrs. Booth, happy is the deceived party between true lovers, and wretched indeed is the author of the deceit!

In this wretched condition I past

a whole week, the most miserable, I think, of my whole life, endeavouring to humour my husband's delusion, and to conceal my own tortures; but I had reason to fear I could not succeed long; for on the Saturday night I perceived a visible alteration in his behaviour to me. He went to bed in an apparent ill-humour, turned suddenly from me; and if I offered at any endearments, he gave me only peevish answers.

After a restless, turbulent night, he rose early on Sunday morning and walked down stairs. I expected his return to breakfast, but was soon informed by the maid that he was gone forth; and that it was no more than seven o'clock. All this, you may believe, Madam, alarmed me. I saw plainly he had discovered the fatal secret, though by what means I could not divine. The state of my mind was very little short of madness. Sometimes I thought of running away from my injured husband, and sometimes of putting an end to my life.

In the midst of such perturbations I spent the day. My husband returned in the evening. O heavens! can I describe what followed! It is impossible; I shall sink under the relation. He entered the room, with a face as white as a sheet, his lips trembling, and his eyes red as coals of fire, and starting as it were from his head. "Molly," cries he, throwing himself into his chair, "are you well?"—"Good heavens," says I, "what's the matter?—Indeed, I cannot say I am well."—"No!" says he, starting from his chair, "false monster, you have betrayed me, destroyed me; you have ruined your husband." Then looking like a fury, he snatched off a large book from the table, and with the malice of a madman threw it at my head, and knocked me down backwards. He then caught me up in his arms, and kissed me with most extravagant tenderness; then looking me steadfastly in the face for several moments, the tears gushed in a torrent from his eyes, and with his utmost violence he threw me again on the floor—kicked me, stamped upon me. I believe, indeed, his in-

‘tent was to kill me, and I believe he thought he had accomplished it.

‘I lay on the ground for some minutes, I believe, deprived of my senses. When I recovered myself, I found my husband lying by my side on his face, and the blood running from him. It seems, when he thought he had dispatched me, he run his head with all his force against a chest of drawers which stood in the room, and gave himself a dreadful wound in his head.

‘I can truly say, I felt not the least resentment for the usage I had received; I thought I deserved it all; though, indeed, I little guessed what he had suffered from me. I now used the most earnest entreaties to him to compose himself; and endeavoured with my feeble arms to raise him from the ground. At length he broke from me, and springing from the ground, flung himself into a chair, when looking wildly at me, he cried, “Go from me, Molly. I beseech you, leave me; I would not kill you.” He then discovered to me—O Mrs. Booth, can you not guess it!—I was, indeed, polluted by the villain; I had infected my husband. O heavens! why do I live to relate any thing so horrid; I will not, I cannot yet survive it. I cannot forgive myself; Heaven cannot forgive me.’

Here she became inarticulate with the violence of her grief, and fell presently into such agonies, that the frightened Amelia began to call aloud for some assistance. Upon this a maid-servant came up, who seeing her mistress in a violent convulsion fit, presently screamed out she was dead; upon which one of the other sex made his appearance, and who should this be but the honest serjeant; whose countenance soon made it evident, that though a soldier, and a brave one too, he was not the least concerned of all the company on this occasion.

The reader, if he hath been acquainted with scenes of this kind, very well knows, that Mrs. Bennet, in the usual time, returned again to the possession of her voice; the first use of which she made, was to express her astonishment at the presence of the serjeant, and, with a frantic air, to enquire who was.

The maid concluding that her mistress was not yet returned to her senses, answered, “Why, ’tis my master, Madam. Heaven preserve your senses, Madam!—Lord, Sir, my mistress must be very bad not to know you.”

What Atkinson thought at this instant, I will not say; but certain it is, he looked not over wise. He attempted twice to take hold of Mrs. Bennet’s hand, but she withdrew it hastily; and presently after rising up from her chair, she declared herself pretty well again, and desired Atkinson and the maid to withdraw; both of whom presently obeyed; the serjeant appearing by his countenance to want comfort almost as much as the lady did to whose assistance he had been summoned.

It is a good maxim, to trust a person entirely, or not at all; for a secret is often innocently blabbed out by those who know but half of it. Certain it is, that the maid’s speech communicated a suspicion to the mind of Amelia, which the behaviour of the serjeant did not tend to remove. What—that is, the sagacious readers may likewise probably suggest to themselves; if not, they must wait our time for disclosing it. We shall now resume the history of Mrs. Bennet; who, after many apologies, proceeded to the matters in the next chapter.

CH A P. IX.

THE CONCLUSION OF MRS. BENNET’S HISTORY.

WHEN I became sensible,’ cries Mrs. Bennet, ‘of the injury I had done my husband, I threw myself at his feet, and embracing his knees, while I bathed them with my tears, I begged a patient hearing, declaring if he was not satisfied with what I should say, I would become a willing victim of his resentment. I said, and I said truly, that if I owed my death that instant to his hands, I should have no other terror, but that of the fatal consequence which it might produce to himself. He seemed a little pacified, and bid me say whatever I pleased. I then gave him a faithful relation

of all that had happened. He heard me with great attention; and, at the conclusion, cried, with a deep sigh, "O Molly, I believe it all! You must have been betrayed as you tell me; you could not be guilty of such baseness, such cruelty, such ingratitude." He then—O it is impossible to describe his behaviour—he expressed such kindness, such tenderness, such concern for the manner in which he had used me—I cannot dwell on this scene—I shall relapse—you must excuse me.

Amelia begged her to omit any thing which so affected her; and she proceeded thus:

My husband, who was more convinced than I of Mrs. Ellison's guilt, declared he would not sleep that night in her house. He then went out to see for a lodging: he gave me all the money he had, and left me to pay her bill, and put up the clothes, telling me, if I had not money enough, I might leave the clothes as a pledge; but he vowed he could not answer for himself, if he saw the face of Mrs. Ellison.

Words can scarce express the behaviour of that artful woman, it was so kind and so generous. She said, she did not blame my husband's resentment, nor could she expect any other, but that he and all the world should censure her. That she hated her house almost as much as we did; and detested her cousin, if possible, more. In fine, she said, that I might leave my clothes there that evening; but that she would send them to us the next morning. That she scorned the thought of detaining them; and as for the paltry debt, we might pay her whenever we pleased: for, to do her justice, with all her vices, she hath some good in her.

"Some good in her indeed!" cried Amelia, with great indignation.

"We were scarce settled in our new lodgings," continued Mrs. Bennet, "when my husband began to complain of a pain in his inside. He told me he feared he had done himself some injury in his rage, and had burst something within him. As to the odious—I cannot bear the thought, the great skill of his surgeon soon entirely cured him; but his other

complaint, instead of yielding to any application, grew still worse and worse, nor ever ended till it brought him to his grave.

"O Mrs. Booth, could I have been certain that I had occasioned this, however innocently I had occasioned it, I could never have survived it; but the surgeon who opened him after his death, assured me, that he died of what they call a polypus in his heart, and that nothing which had happened on account of me, was in the least the occasion of it.

I have, however, related the affair truly to you. The first complaint I ever heard of the kind, was within a day or two after we left Mrs. Ellison's; and this complaint remained till his death, which might induce him, perhaps, to attribute his death to another cause; but the surgeon, who is a man of the highest eminence, hath always declared the contrary to me, with the most positive certainty; and this opinion hath been my only comfort.

When my husband died, which was about ten weeks after we quitted Mrs. Ellison's, of whom I had then a different opinion from what I have now, I was left in the most wretched condition imaginable. I believe, Madam, she shewed you my letter. Indeed she did every thing for me at that time, which I could have expected from the best of friends. She supplied me with money from her own pocket, by which means I was preserved from a distress in which I must have otherwise inevitably perished.

Her kindness to me in this season of distress prevailed on me to return again to her house. Why, indeed, should I have refused an offer so very convenient for me to accept, and which seemed so generous in her to make! Here I lived a very retired life, with my little babe, seeing no company but Mrs. Ellison herself, for a full quarter of a year. At last Mrs. Ellison brought me a parchment from my lord, in which he had settled upon me, at her instance, as she told me, and as I believe it was, an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds a year. This was, I think, the very first time she had mentioned his hate-

ful name to me since my return to her house. And she now prevailed upon me, though, I assure you not without much difficulty, to suffer him to execute the deed in my presence.

‘I will not describe our interview; I am not able to describe it, and I have often wondered how I found spirits to support it. This I will say for him, that, if he was not a real penitent, no man alive could act the part better.’

‘Beside resentment, I had another motive of my backwardness to agree to such a meeting; and this was fear. I apprehended, and surely not without reason, that the annuity was rather meant as a bribe than a recompence, and that farther designs were laid against my innocence: but in this I found myself happily deceived; for neither then, nor at any time since, have I ever had the least solicitation of that kind. Nor, indeed, have I seen the least occasion to think my lord had any such desires.’

‘Good heavens! what are these men! what is this appetite, which must have novelty and resistance for it’s provocatives; and which is delighted with us no longer than while we may be considered in the light of enemies!’

‘I thank you, Madam,’ cries Amelia, ‘for relieving me from my fears on your account; I trembled at the consequence of this second acquaintance with such a man, and in such a situation.’

‘I assure you, Madam, I was in no danger,’ returned Mrs. Benner; ‘for besides that I think I could have pretty well relied on my own resolution, I have heard since, at St. Edmund’s Bury, from an intimate acquaintance of my lord’s, who was an entire stranger to my affairs, that the highest degree of inconstancy is his character; and that few of his numberless mistresses have ever received a second visit from him.’

‘Well, Madam,’ continued she, ‘I think I have little more to trouble you with; unless I should relate to you my long ill state of health, from which I am lately, I thank Heaven, recovered; or unless I should mention to you the most grievous acci-

dent that ever befel me, the loss of my poor dear Charley.’ Here she made a full stop, and the tears ran down into her bosom.

Amelia was silent a few minutes, while she gave the lady time to vent her passion; after which, she began to pour forth a vast profusion of acknowledgements for the trouble she had taken in relating her history; but chiefly for the motive which had induced her to it, and for the kind warning which she had given her by the little note which Mrs. Bennet had sent her that morning.

‘Yes, Madam,’ cries Mrs. Bennet, ‘I am convinced by what I have lately seen, that you are the destined sacrifice to this wicked lord; and that Mrs. Ellison, whom I no longer doubt to have been the instrument of my ruin, intended to betray you in the same manner. The day I met my lord in your apartment, I began to entertain some suspicions, and I took Mrs. Ellison very roundly to task upon them. Her behaviour, notwithstanding many asseverations to the contrary, convinced me I was right; and I intended, more than once, to speak to you, but could not; till last night the mention of the masquerade determined me to delay it no longer. I therefore sent you that note this morning; and am glad you so luckily discovered the writer, as it hath given me this opportunity of easing my mind; and of honestly shewing you, how unworthy I am of your friendship, at the same time that I so earnestly desire it.’

CHAP. X.

BEING THE LAST CHAPTER OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

AMELIA did not fail to make proper compliments to Mrs. Bennet, on the conclusion of her speech in the last chapter. She told her, that from the first moment of her acquaintance she had the strongest inclination to her friendship; and that her desires of that kind were much encreased by hearing her story. ‘Indeed, Madam,’ says she, ‘you are much too severe a judge on yourself; for they must have

very

very little candour, in my opinion, who look upon your case with any severe eye. To me, I assure you, you appear highly the object of compassion; and I shall always esteem you as an innocent and an unfortunate woman.

Amelia would then have taken her leave; but Mrs. Bennet so strongly pressed her to stay to breakfast, that at length she complied: indeed, she had fasted so long, and her gentle spirits had been so agitated with variety of passions, that nature very strongly seconded Mrs. Bennet's motion.

Whilst the maid was preparing the tea-equipage, Amelia, with a little fly-ness in her countenance, asked Mrs. Bennet, if Serjeant Atkinson did not lodge in the same house with her: the other reddened so extremely at the question, repeated the serjeant's name with such hesitation, and behaved so awkwardly, that Amelia wanted no farther confirmation of her suspicions. She would not, however, declare them abruptly to the other, but began a dissertation on the serjeant's virtues; and after observing the great concern which he had manifested, when Mrs. Bennet was in her fit, concluded with saying, she believed the serjeant would make the best husband in the world; for that he had great tenderness of heart, and a gentleness of manners not often to be found in any man, and much seldomer in persons of his rank.

'And why not in his rank?' said Mrs. Bennet. 'Indeed, Mrs. Booth, we rob the lower order of mankind of their due. I do not deny the force and power of education; but when we consider how very injudicious is the education of the better sort in general, how little they are instructed in the practice of virtue, we shall not expect to find the heart much improved by it. And even as to the head, how very slightly do we commonly find it improved, by what is called a genteel education! I have myself, I think, seen instances of as great goodness, and as great understanding too, among the lower sort of people, as among the higher. Let us compare your serjeant, now, with the lord who hath been the subject of our conversation; on which side

would an impartial judge decide the balance to incline?'

'How monstrous then,' cries Amelia, 'is the opinion of those, who consider our matching ourselves the least below us in degree, as a kind of contamination!'

'A most absurd and preposterous sentiment,' answered Mrs. Bennet, warmly; 'how abhorrent from justice, from common sense, and from humanity! but how extremely incongruous with a religion which professes to know no difference of degree, but ranks all mankind on the footing of brethren! Of all kinds of pride, there is none so unchristian as that of station; in reality, there is none so contemptible. Contempt, indeed, may be said to be its own object; for my own part, I know none so despicable as those who despise others.'

'I do assure you,' said Amelia, 'you speak my own sentiments. I give you my word, I should not be ashamed of being the wife of an honest man in any station. Nor, if I had been much higher than I was, should I have thought myself degraded by calling our honest serjeant my husband.'

'Since you have made this declaration,' cries Mrs. Bennet, 'I am sure you will not be offended at a secret I am going to mention to you.'

'Indeed, my dear,' answered Amelia, smiling, 'I wonder rather you have concealed it so long; especially after the many hints I have given you.'

'Nay, pardon me, Madam,' replied the other; 'I do not remember any such hints; and, perhaps, you do not even guess what I am going to say. My secret is this: that no woman ever had so sincere, so passionate a lover, as you have had in the serjeant.'

'I a lover in the serjeant? I!' cries Amelia, a little surprized.

'Have patience,' answered the other; 'I say, you, my dear. As much surprized as you appear, I tell you no more than the truth; and yet it is a truth you could hardly expect to hear from me, especially with so much good-humour; since I will honestly confess to you—but what need have I to confess what I know you guess already!

‘already! Tell me now sincerely, don’t you guess?’

‘I guess, indeed, and hope,’ said she, ‘that he is your husband.’

‘He is, indeed, my husband,’ cries the other; ‘and I am most happy in your approbation. In honest truth, you ought to approve my choice, since you was every way the occasion of my making it. What you said of him, very greatly recommended him to my opinion; but he endeared himself to me most by what he said of you. In short, I have discovered, that he hath always loved you with such a faithful, honest, noble, generous passion, that I was consequently convinced his mind must possess all the ingredients of such a passion; and what are these, but true honour, goodness, modesty, bravery, tenderness, and, in a word, every human virtue? Forgive me, my dear; but I was uneasy till I became myself the object of such a passion.’

‘And do you really think,’ said Amelia, smiling, ‘that I shall forgive you robbing me of such a lover? or, supposing what you banter me with was true, do you really imagine you could change such a passion?’

‘No, my dear,’ answered the other; ‘I only hope I have changed the object: for be assured, there is no greater vulgar error, than that it is impossible for a man who loves one woman, ever to love another. On the contrary, it is certain, that a man who can love one woman so well at a distance, will love another better that is nearer to him. Indeed, I have heard one of the best husbands in the world declare, in the presence of his wife, that he had always loved a princess with adoration. These passions, which reside only in very amorous and very delicate minds, feed only on the delicacies there growing; and leave all the substantial food, and enough of the delicacy too, for the wife.’

The tea being now ready, Mrs. Bennet, or, if you please, for the future, Mrs. Atkinson, proposed to call in her husband; but Amelia objected. She said, she should be glad to see him any other time, but was then in the utmost hurry, as she had been three hours absent from all she most loved; however,

she had scarce drunk a dish of tea before she changed her mind; and saying she would not part man and wife, desired Mr. Atkinson might appear.

The maid answered, that her master was not at home; which words she had scarce spoken, when he knocked hastily at the door, and immediately came running into the room all pale and breathless; and addressing himself to Amelia, cried out, ‘I am sorry, my dear lady, to bring you ill news; but Captain Booth—’ ‘What!’ ‘what!’ cries Amelia, dropping the tea-cup from her hand, ‘is any thing the matter with him?’—‘Don’t be frightened, my dear lady,’ said the serjeant; ‘he is in very good health; but a misfortune hath happened.’—‘Are my children well?’ said Amelia. ‘O, very well,’ answered the serjeant. ‘Pray, Madam, don’t be frightened; I hope it will signify nothing: he is arrested; but I hope to get him out of their damned hands immediately.’—‘Where is he?’ cries Amelia; ‘I will go to him this instant!’—‘He begs you will not,’ answered the serjeant. ‘I have sent his lawyer to him, and am going back with Mrs. Ellison this moment; but I beg your ladyship, for his sake, and for your own sake, not to go.’—‘Mrs. Ellison! what is Mrs. Ellison to do?’ cries Amelia. ‘I must and will go.’ Mrs. Atkinson then interposed, and begged that she would not hurry her spirits, but compose herself, and go home to her children, whither she would attend her. She comforted her with the thoughts, that the captain was in no immediate danger; that she could go to him when she would; and desired her to let the serjeant return with Mrs. Ellison; saying, she might be of service, and that there was much wisdom, and no kind of shame, in making use of bad people on certain occasions.

‘And who,’ cries Amelia, a little come to herself, ‘hath done this barbarous action?’

‘One I am ashamed to name,’ cries the serjeant; ‘indeed, I had always a very different opinion of him; I could not have believed any thing but my own ears and eyes; but Dr. Harrison is the man who hath done the deed.’

‘Dr.



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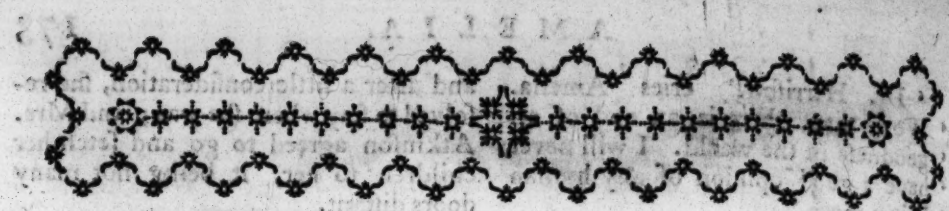
'Dr. Harrison!' cries Amelia. 'Well, then, there is an end of all goodness in the world. I will never have a good opinion of any human being more.'

The serjeant begged that he might not be detained from the captain; and that if Amelia pleased to go home he would wait upon her. But she did not chuse to see Mrs. Ellison at this time;

and after a little consideration, she resolved to stay where she was; and Mrs. Atkinson agreed to go and fetch her children to her, it being not many doors distant.

The serjeant then departed: Amelia, in her confusion, never having once thought of wishing him joy on his marriage.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

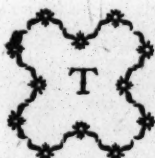


AMELIA.

BOOK VIII.

CHAP. I.

BEING THE FIRST CHAPTER OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.



THE history must now look a little backward to those circumstances which led to the catastrophe mentioned at the end of the last book.

When Amelia went out in the morning, she left her children to the care of her husband. In this amiable office he had been engaged near an hour; and was at that very time lying along on the floor, and his little things crawling and playing about him, when a most violent knock was heard at the door; and immediately a footman, running up stairs, acquainted him, that his lady was taken violently ill, and carried into Mrs. Chenevix's toy-shop.

Booth no sooner heard this account, which was delivered with great appearance of haste and earnestness, than he leapt suddenly from the floor, and leaving his children roaring at the news of their mother's illness, in strict charge with his maid, he ran as fast as his legs could carry him to the place: or towards the place rather; for before he arrived at the shop, a gentleman stooped him full butt, crying, 'Captain, whither so fast?' Booth answered eagerly, 'Whoever you are, friend, don't ask me any questions now.'—'You must pardon me, captain!' answered the gentleman; 'but I have a little business with your honour. In short, captain, I have a small warrant here in my pocket against your honour, at the suit of one Dr. Harrison.'—

'You are a bailiff, then,' says Booth. 'I am an officer, Sir,' answered the other. 'Well, Sir, it is in vain to contend,' cries Booth; 'but let me beg you will permit me only to step to Mrs. Chenevix's. I will attend you, upon my honour, wherever you please, but my wife lies violently ill there.'—'O, for that matter, answered the bailiff, 'you may set your heart at ease. Your lady, I hope, is very well. I assure you, she is not there; you will excuse me, captain, these are only stratagems of war. *Bolus and virtus, quis in a hostes equirit?*'—'Sir, I honour your learning,' cries Booth, 'and could almost kiss you for what you tell me. I assure, I would forgive you five hundred arrests for such a piece of news. Well, Sir, and whither am I to go with you?'—'O, any where; where your honour pleases,' cries the bailiff, 'Then suppose we go to Brown's coffee-house,' said the prisoner. 'No,' answered the bailiff, 'that will not do; that's in the verge of the court.'—'Why, then, to the nearest tavern,' said Booth. 'No, not to a tavern,' cries the other; 'that is not a place of security; and you know, captain, your honour is a shy cock; I have been after your honour these three months. Come, Sir, you must go to my house, if you please.'—'With all my heart,' answered Booth, 'if it be any where hereabouts.'—'O, it is but a little ways off,' replied the bailiff; 'it is only in Gray's Inn Lane, just by almost.' He then called a coach, and desired his prisoner to walk in.

Booth entered the coach without any resistance,

reluctance, which had he been inclined to make, he must have plainly perceived would have been ineffectual, as the bailiff appeared to have several followers at hand, two of whom, beside the commander in chief, mounted with him into the coach. As Booth was a sweet-tempered man, as well as somewhat of a philosopher, he behaved with all the good-humour imaginable, and, indeed, with more than his companions; who, however, shewed him what they call civility, that is, they neither struck him nor spit in his face.

Notwithstanding the pleasantry which Booth endeavoured to preserve, he in reality envied every labourer whom he saw pass by him in his way. The charms of liberty against his will rushed on his mind; and he could not avoid suggesting to himself, how much more happy was the poorest wretch, who without controul could repair to his homely habitation, and to his family, compared to him, who was thus violently, and yet lawfully, torn away from the company of his wife and children! And their condition, especially that of his Amelia, gave his heart many a severe and bitter pang.

At length he arrived at the bailiff's mansion, and was ushered into a room in which were several persons. Booth desired to be alone; upon which the bailiff waited on him up stairs, into an apartment, the windows of which were well fortified with iron bars; but the walls had not the least outwork raised before them; they were, indeed, what is generally called naked, the bricks having been only covered with a thin plaster, which in many places was mouldered away.

The first demand made upon Booth was for coach-hire, which amounted to two shillings, according to the bailiff's account; that being just double the legal fare. He was then asked if he did not chuse a bowl of punch; to which he having answered in the negative, the bailiff replied, 'Nay, Sir, just as you please. I don't ask you to drink, if you don't chuse it; but certainly you know the custom: the house is full of prisoners, and I can't afford gentlemen a room to themselves for nothing.'

Booth presently took this hint, indeed it was a pretty broad one, and told the bailiff, he should not scruple

to pay him his price; but, in fact, he never drank unless at his meals. 'As to that, Sir,' cries the bailiff, 'it is just as your honour pleases. I scorn to impose upon any gentleman in misfortunes: I wish you well out of them, for my part. Your honour can take nothing amiss of me; I only do my duty, what I am bound to do; and as you say you don't care to drink any thing, what will you be pleased to have for dinner?'

Booth then complied in bespeaking a dish of meat, and told the bailiff, he would drink a bottle with him after dinner. He then desired the favour of pen, ink, and paper, and a messenger; all which were immediately procured him, the bailiff telling him he might send wherever he pleased, and repeating his concern for Booth's misfortunes, and a hearty desire to see the end of them.

The messenger was just dispatched with the letter, when who should arrive but honest Atkinson. A soldier of the guards, belonging to the same company with the serjeant, and who had known Booth at Gibraltar, had seen the arrest, and heard the orders given to the coachman. This fellow accidentally meeting Atkinson, had acquainted him with the whole affair.

At the appearance of Atkinson, joy immediately overspread the countenance of Booth. The ceremonials which pass between them are unnecessary to be repeated. Atkinson was soon dispatched to the attorney, and to Mrs. Ellison, as the reader hath before heard from his own mouth.

Booth now greatly lamented that he had writ to his wife. He thought she might have been acquainted with the affair better by the serjeant. Booth begged him, however, to do every thing in his power to comfort her, to assure her that he was in perfect health and good spirits, and to lessen as much as possible the concern which he knew she would have at reading his letter.

The serjeant, however, as the reader hath seen, brought himself the first account of the arrest. Indeed, the other messenger did not arrive till a full hour afterwards. This was not owing to any slowness of his, but to many previous errands which he was to execute before the delivery of the letter; for, notwithstanding the earnest desire which

the bailiff had declared to see Booth out of his troubles, he had ordered the porter, who was his follower, to call upon two or three other bailiffs, and as many attornies, to try to load his prisoner with as many actions as possible.

Here the reader may be apt to conclude, that the bailiff, instead of being a friend, was really an enemy to poor Booth; but in fact, he was not so. His desire was no more than to accumulate bail bonds; for the bailiff was reckoned an honest and good sort of man in his way, and had no more malice against the bodies in his custody, than a butcher hath to those in his; and as the latter, when he takes his knife in hand, hath no idea but of the joints into which he is to cut the carcass; so the former, when he handles his writ, hath no other design but to cut out the body into as many bail bonds as possible. As to the life of the animal, or the liberty of the man, they are thoughts which never obtrude themselves on either.

CHAP. II.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF MR.
BOOTH'S FELLOW-SUFFERERS.

BEFORE we return to Amelia, we must detain our reader a little longer with Mr. Booth, in the custody of Mr. Bondum the bailiff, who now informed his prisoner, that he was welcome to the liberty of the house with the other gentlemen.

Booth asked who those gentlemen were. 'One of them, Sir,' says Mr. Bondum, 'is a very great writer or author, as they call him. He hath been here these five weeks, at the suit of a bookseller, for eleven pound odd money; but he expects to be discharged in a day or two; for he hath writ out the debt. He is now writing for five or six booksellers, and he will get you sometimes, when he sits to it, a matter of fifteen shillings a day: for he is a very good pen, they say; but is apt to be idle. Some days he won't write above five hours; but at other times I have known him at it above sixteen.—'Aye!' cries Booth, 'pray, what are his productions? What doth he write?'—'Why sometimes,'

answered Bondum, 'he writes your history books for your numbers, and sometimes your verses, your poems, what do you call them? and then again he writes news for your newspapers.'—'Aye, indeed! he is a most extraordinary man truly.' 'How doth he get his news here?'—'Why, he makes it, as he doth your parliament speeches for your magazines. He reads them to us sometimes over a bowl of punch. To be sure, it is all one as if one was in the parliament-house. It is about liberty and freedom, and about the constitution of England. I say nothing, for my part, for I will keep my neck out of a halter; but faith, he makes it out plainly to me, that all matters are not as they should be. I am all for liberty, for my part.'—'Is that so consistent with your calling?' cries Booth. 'I thought, my friend, you had lived by depriving men of their liberty.'—'That's another matter,' cries the bailiff; 'that's all according to law, and in the way of business. To be sure, men must be obliged to pay their debts, or else there would be an end of every thing.' Booth desired the bailiff to give him his opinion of liberty. Upon which, he hesitated a moment, and then cried out, 'O, it is a fine thing, it is a very fine thing, and the constitution of England.' Booth told him, that by the old constitution of England, he had heard that men could not be arrested for debt; to which the bailiff answered, that must have been in very bad times. 'Because as why,' says he, 'would it not be the hardest thing in the world if a man could not arrest another for a just and lawful debt? Besides, Sir, you must be mistaken: for, how could that ever be! Is not liberty the constitution of England? Well, and is not the constitution, as a man may say—whereby the constitution, that is the law and liberty, and all that—'

Booth had a little mercy upon the poor bailiff, when he found him rounding in this manner, and told him he had made the matter very clear. Booth then proceeded to enquire after the other gentlemen, his fellows in affliction; upon which Bondum acquainted him that one of the prisoners was a poor fellow. 'He calls himself a gentleman,'

gentleman," said Bondum; but I am sure I never saw any thing genteel by him. In a week that he hath been in my house, he hath drunk only part of one bottle of wine. I intend to carry him to Newgate within a day or two, if he cannot find bail, which I suppose he will not be able to do; for every body says he is an undone man. He hath run out all he hath by losses in business, and one way or other; and he hath a wife and seven children. Here was the whole family here the other day, all howling together. I never saw such a beggarly crew; I was almost ashamed to see them in my house. I thought they seemed fitter for Bridewell than any other place. No be sure, I do not reckon him as proper company for such as you, Sir; but there is another prisoner in the house that I dare say you will like very much. He is, indeed, very much of a gentleman, and spends his money like one. I have had him only three days, and I am afraid he won't stay much longer. They say, indeed, he is a gamester; but what is that to me or any one, as long as a man appears as a gentleman? I always love to speak by people as I find. And, in my opinion, he is fit company for the greatest lord in the land; for he hath very good clothes, and money enough. He is not here for debt, but upon a judge's warrant for an assault and battery; for the tipstaff locks up here."

The bailiff was thus haranguing, when he was interrupted by the arrival of the attorney, whom the trusty serjeant had, with the utmost expedition, found out, and dispatched to the relief of his distressed friend. But before we proceed any farther with the captain, we will return to poor Amelia, for whom, considering the situation in which we left her, the good-natured reader may be, perhaps, in no small degree solicitous.

CHAP. III.

CONTAINING SOME EXTRAORDINARY BEHAVIOUR IN MRS. ELLISON.

THE serjeant being departed to convey Mrs. Ellison to the captain, his wife went to fetch Amelia's children to their mother.

Amelia's concern for the distresses of her husband was aggravated at the sight of her children. "Good heavens!" she cried, "what will, what can become of these poor little wretches! Why have I produced these little creatures, only to give them a share of poverty and misery!" At which words she embraced them eagerly in her arms, and bedewed them both with her tears.

The children's eyes soon overflowed as fast as their mother's, though neither of them knew the cause of her affliction. The little boy, who was the elder, and much the sharper of the two, imputed the agonies of his mother to her illness, according to the account brought to his father in his presence.

When Amelia became acquainted with the child's apprehensions, she soon satisfied him that she was in a perfect state of health; at which the little thing expressed great satisfaction, and said, he was glad she was well again. Amelia told him she had not been in the least disordered. Upon which the innocent cried out, "La! how can people tell such fibs! A great tall man told my papa you was taken very ill at Mrs. Somebody's shop; and my poor papa presently ran down stairs, I was afraid he would have broke his neck, to come to you."

"O the villains!" cries Mrs. Atkinson; "what a stratagem was here to take away your husband!"

"Take away!" answered the child: "what, hath any body taken away papa? Sure that naughty fibbing man hath not taken away papa?"

Amelia begged Mrs. Atkinson to say something to her children, for that her spirits were overpowered. She then threw herself into a chair, and gave a full vent to a passion almost too strong for her delicate constitution.

The scene that followed, during some minutes, is beyond my power of description; I must beg the readers hearts to suggest it to themselves. The children hung on the mother, whom they endeavoured in vain to comfort; as Mrs. Atkinson did in vain attempt to pacify them, telling them all would be well, and they would soon see their papa again.

At length, partly by the persuasions of Mrs. Atkinson, partly from consid-

deration of her little ones, and more, perhaps, from the relief which she had acquired by her tears, Amelia became a little composed.

Nothing worth notice past in this miserable company from this time till the return of Mrs. Ellifson from the bailiff's house; and to draw out scenes of wretchedness to too great a length, is a task very uneasy to the writer, and for which none but readers of a most gloomy complexion will think themselves ever obliged to his labours.

At length Mrs. Ellifson arrived, and entered the room with an air of gaiety rather misbecoming the occasion. When she had seated herself in a chair, she told Amelia that the captain was very well, and in good spirits, and that he earnestly desired her to keep up her's. 'Come, Madam,' said she, 'don't be disconsolate; I hope we shall soon be able to get him out of his troubles. The debts, indeed, amount to more than I expected; however, ways must be found to redeem him. He must own himself guilty of some rashness in going out of the verge, when he knew to what he was liable; but that is not to be remedied. If he had followed my advice, this had not happened; but men will be headstrong.'

'I cannot bear this,' cries Amelia; 'shall I hear that best of creatures blamed for his tenderness to me!'

'Well, I will not blame him,' answered Mrs. Ellifson; 'I am sure I propose nothing but to serve him: and if you will do as much to serve him yourself, he will not long be a prisoner.'

'I do?' cries Amelia; 'Oh, heavens! is there a thing upon earth—'

'Yes, there is a thing upon earth,' said Mrs. Ellifson, 'and a very easy thing too: and yet I will venture my life you start when I propose it. And yet, when I consider that you are a woman of understanding, I know not why I should think so; for sure you must have too much good-sense to imagine that you can cry your husband out of prison. If this would have done, I see you have almost cried your eyes out already. And yet you may do the business by a much pleasanter way than by crying and bawling.'

'What do you mean, Madam?'

cries Amelia. 'For my part, I cannot guess your meaning.'

'Before I tell you, then, Madam,' answered Mrs. Ellifson, 'I must inform you, if you do not already know it, that the captain is charged with actions to the amount of near five hundred pounds. I am sure I would willingly be his bail; but I know my bail would not be taken for that sum. You must consider, therefore, Madam, what chance you have of redeeming him; unless you chuse, as perhaps some wives would, that he should lie all his life in prison.'

At these words Amelia discharged a shower of tears, and gave every mark of the most frantic grief.

'Why there, now,' cries Mrs. Ellifson; 'while you will indulge these extravagant passions, how can you be capable of listening to the voice of reason? I know I am a fool in concerning myself thus with the affairs of others. I know the thankless office I undertake; and yet I love you so, my dear Mrs. Booth, that I cannot bear to see you afflicted, and I would comfort you, if you would suffer me. Let me beg you to make your mind easy; and within these two days I will engage to set your husband at liberty.'

'Hark'e, child; only behave like a woman of spirit this evening, and keep your appointment, notwithstanding what hath happened, and I am convinced there is one who hath the power and the will to serve you.'

Mrs. Ellifson spoke the latter part of her speech in a whisper, so that Mrs. Atkinson, who was then engaged with the children, might not hear her; but Amelia answered aloud, and said, 'What appointment would you have me keep this evening?'

'Nay, nay, if you have forgot,' cries Mrs. Ellifson, 'I will tell you more another time; but come, will you go home? My dinner is ready by this time, and you shall dine with me.'

'Talk not to me of dinners,' cries Amelia; 'my stomach is too full already.'

'Nay, but dear Madam,' answered Mrs. Ellifson, 'let me beseech you to go home with me. I do not care,' says she, whispering, 'to speak before some folks.'

'I have no secret, Madam, in the world.'

'world,' replied Amelia aloud, 'which I would not communicate to this lady; for I shall always acknowledge the highest obligations to her for the secrets she hath imparted to me.'

'Madam,' said Mrs. Ellison, 'I do not interfere with obligations, I am glad the lady hath obliged you so much; and I wish all people were equally mindful of obligations. I hope I have omitted no opportunity of endeavouring to oblige Mrs. Booth, as well as I have some other folks.'

'If by other folks, Madam, you mean me,' cries Mrs. Atkinson, 'I confess, I sincerely believe you intended the same obligation to us both; and I have the pleasure to think it is owing to me that this lady is not as much obliged to you as I am.'

'I protest, Madam, I can hardly guess your meaning,' said Mrs. Ellison. 'Do you really intend to affront me, Madam?'

'I intend to preserve innocence and virtue, if it be in my power, Madam,' answered the other: and sure nothing but the most eager resolution to destroy it, could induce you to mention such an appointment at such a time.'

'I did not expect this treatment from you, Madam,' cries Mrs. Ellison: 'such ingratitude I could not have believed, had it been reported to me by any other.'

'Such impudence,' answered Mrs. Atkinson, 'must exceed, I think, all belief; but when women once abandon that modesty which is the characteristic of their sex, they seldom set any bounds to their assurance.'

'I could not have believed this to have been in human nature,' cries Mrs. Ellison. 'Is this the woman whom I have fed, have clothed, have supported! who owes to my charity, and my intercessions, that she is not at this day destitute of all the necessaries of life!'

'I own it all,' answered Mrs. Atkinson; and I add the favour of a masquerade ticket to the number. Could I have thought, Madam, that you would, before my face, have asked another lady to go to the same place, with the same man! But I ask your pardon; I impute rather more assurance to you than you are

mistress of. You have endeavoured to keep the assignation a secret from me; and it was by mere accident only that I discovered it; unless there are some guardian angels that in general protect innocence and virtue, though I may say I have not always found them so watchful.'

'Indeed, Madam,' said Mrs. Ellison, 'you are not worth my answer, nor will I stay a moment longer with such a person.—So, Mrs. Booth, you have your choice, Madam, whether you will go with me, or remain in the company of this lady.'

'If so, Madam,' answered Mrs. Booth, 'I shall not be long in determining to stay where I am.'

Mrs. Ellison then, casting a look of great indignation at both the ladies, made a short speech full of invectives against Mrs. Atkinson, and not without oblique hints of ingratitude against poor Amelia; after which, she burst out of the room, and out of the house; and made haste to her own home, in a condition of mind to which fortune without guilt cannot, I believe, reduce any one.

Indeed, how much the superiority of misery is on the side of wickedness, may appear to every reader who will compare the present situation of Amelia with that of Mrs. Ellison. Fortune had attacked the former with almost the highest degree of her malice. She was involved in a scene of most exquisite distress; and her husband, her principal comfort, torn violently from her arms; yet her sorrow, however exquisite, was all soft and tender; nor was she without many consolations. Her case, however hard, was not absolutely desperate; for scarce any condition of fortune can be so. Art and industry, chance and friends, have often relieved the most distressed circumstances, and converted them into opulence. In all these she had hopes on this side the grave, and perfect virtue and innocence gave her the strongest assurances on the other: whereas, in the bosom of Mrs. Ellison all was storm and tempest; anger, revenge, fear, and pride, like so many raging furias, possessed her mind, and tortured her with disappointment and shame. Loss of reputation, which is generally irreparable, was to be her lot; loss of friends is of this the certain consequence; all on this side the grave

grave appeared dreary and comfortless; and endless misery, on the other, closed the gloomy prospect.

Hence, my worthy reader, console thyself, that however few of the other good things of life are thy lot, the best of all things, which is innocence, is always within thy own power; and though fortune may make thee often unhappy, she can never make thee completely and irreparably miserable without thy own consent.

C H A P. IV.

CONTAINING, AMONG MANY MATTERS, THE EXEMPLARY BEHAVIOUR OF COLONEL JAMES.

WHEN Mrs. Ellison was departed, Mrs. Atkinson began to apply all her art to sooth and comfort Amelia, but was presently prevented by her: 'I am ashamed, dear Madam,' said Amelia, 'of having indulged my affliction so much at your expence. The suddenness of the occasion is my only excuse; for had I had time to summon my resolution to my assistance, I hope I am mistress of more patience than you have hitherto seen me exert. I know, Madam, in my unwarrantable excesses I have been guilty of many transgressions. First, against that Divine will and pleasure, without whose permission at least no human accident can happen; in the next place, Madam, if any thing can aggravate such a fault, I have transgressed the laws of friendship, as well as decency, in throwing upon you some part of the load of my grief; and again, I have sinned against common sense, which should teach me, instead of weakly and heavily lamenting my misfortunes, to rouse all my spirits to remove them. In this light, I am shocked at my own folly, and am resolved to leave my children under your care, and go directly to my husband. I may comfort him. I may assist him. I may relieve him. There is nothing now too difficult for me to undertake.'

Mrs. Atkinson greatly approved and complimented her friend on all the former part of her speech, except what related to herself, on which she spoke very civilly, and I believe with great

truth; but as to her going to her husband, she endeavoured to dissuade her, at least she begged her to defer it for the present, and till the serjeant returned home. She then reminded Amelia, that it was now past five in the afternoon, and that she had not taken any refreshment but a dish of tea the whole day, and desired she would give her leave to procure her a chick, or any thing she liked better, for her dinner.

Amelia thanked her friend, and said, she would sit down with her to whatever she pleased; 'but, if I do not eat,' said she, 'I would not have you impute it to any thing but want of appetite: for I assure you, all things are equally indifferent to me. I am more solicitous about these poor little things, who have not been used to fast so long. Heaven knows what may hereafter be their fate!'

Mrs. Atkinson bid her hope the best, and then recommended the children to the care of her maid.

And now arrived a servant from Mrs. James, with an invitation to Captain Booth and his lady, to dine with the colonel the day after the next. This a little perplexed Amelia; but after a short consideration she dispatched an answer to Mrs. James, in which she concisely informed her of what had happened.

The honest serjeant, who had been on his legs almost the whole day, now returned, and brought Amelia a short letter from her husband; in which he gave her the most solemn assurances of his health and spirits, and begged her, with great earnestness, to take care to preserve her own; which if she did, he said he had no doubt but that they should shortly be happy. He added something of hopes from my lord, with which Mrs. Ellison had amused him; and which served only to destroy the comfort that Amelia received from the rest of his letter.

Whilst Amelia, the serjeant, and his lady, were engaged in a cold collation, for which purpose a cold chick was procured from the tavern for the ladies, and two pound of cold beef for the serjeant, a violent knocking was heard at the door; and presently afterwards Colonel James entered the room. After proper compliments had passed, the colonel told Amelia, that her letter was brought to Mrs. James while they were

at table, and that on her shewing it him, he had immediately rose up, made an apology to his company, and took a chair to her. He spoke to her with great tenderness on the occasion, and desired her to make herself easy; assuring her, that he would leave nothing in his power undone to serve her husband. He then gave her an invitation, in his wife's name, to his own house, in the most pressing manner.

Amelia returned him very hearty thanks for all his kind offers; but begged to decline that of an apartment in his house. She said, as she could not leave her children, so neither could she think of bringing such a trouble with her into his family; and though the colonel gave her many assurances that her children, as well as herself, would be very welcome to Mrs. James, and even betook himself to entreaties, she still persisted obstinately in her refusal.

In real truth, Amelia had taken a vast affection for Mrs. Atkinson, the comfort of whose company she could not bear to be deprived of in her distresses; nor to exchange it for that of Mrs. James, to whom she had lately conceived no little dislike.

The colonel, when he found he could not prevail with Amelia to accept his invitation, desisted from any farther solicitations. He then took a bank-bill of fifty pounds from his pocket-book, and said, 'You will pardon me, dear Madam, if I chuse to impute your refusal of my house rather to a dislike of my wife, who I will not pretend to be the most agreeable of women—all men,' said he, sighing, 'have not Captain Booth's fortune!—than to any aversion or anger to me. I must insist upon it, therefore, to make your present habitation as easy to you as possible. I hope, Madam, you will not deny me this happiness; I beg you will honour me with the acceptance of this trifle. He then put the note into her hand, and declared that the honour of touching it was worth a hundred times that sum.'

'I protest, Colonel James,' cried Amelia, blushing, 'I know not what to do or say, your goodness so greatly confounds me. Can I, who am so well acquainted with the many great obligations Mr. Booth already hath to your generosity, consent that you

should add more to a debt we never can pay?—'

The colonel stopt her short, protesting, that she misplaced the obligation; for that, if to confer the highest happiness was to oblige, he was obliged to her acceptance. 'And I do assure you, Madam,' said he, 'if this trifling sum, or a much larger, can contribute to your ease, I shall consider myself as the happiest man upon earth, in being able to supply it; and you, Madam, my greatest benefactor, in receiving it.'

Amelia then put the note in her pocket; and they entered into a conversation, in which many civil things were said on both sides; but what was chiefly worth remark was, that Amelia had her husband almost constantly in her mouth, and the colonel never mentioned him: the former seemed desirous to lay all obligations, as much as possible, to the account of her husband; and the latter endeavoured, with the utmost delicacy, to insinuate that her happiness was the main, and, indeed, only point, which he had in view.

Amelia had made no doubt, at the colonel's first appearance, but that he intended to go directly to her husband. When he dropt, therefore, a hint of his intention to visit him next morning, she appeared visibly shocked at the delay. The colonel perceiving this, said, 'However inconvenient it may be, yet, Madam, if it will oblige you, or if you desire it, I will even go to-night.' Amelia answered: 'My husband would be far from desiring to derive any good from your inconvenience; but if you put it to me, I must be excused for saying, I desire nothing more in the world than to send him so great a comfort as I know he will receive from the presence of such a friend.'—'Then to shew you, Madam,' cries the colonel, 'that I desire nothing more in the world than to give you pleasure, I will go to him immediately.'

Amelia then bethought herself of the serjeant; and told the colonel, his old acquaintance Atkinson, whom he had known at Gibraltar, was then in the house, and would conduct him to the place. The serjeant was immediately called in, paid his respects to the colonel, and was acknowledged by him.

him. They both immediately set forward, Amelia to the utmost of her power pressing their departure.

Mrs. Atkinson now returned to Amelia, and was by her acquainted with the colonel's late generosity; for her heart so boiled over with gratitude, that she could not conceal the ebullition. Amelia likewise gave her friend a full narrative of the colonel's former behaviour and friendship to her husband, as well abroad as in England; and ended with declaring, that she believed him to be the most generous man upon earth.

Mrs. Atkinson agreed with Amelia's conclusion, and said, she was glad to hear there was any such man. They then proceeded with the children to the tea-table, where panegyric, and not scandal, was the topic of their conversation; and of this panegyric the colonel was the subject, both the ladies seeming to vie with each other in celebrating the praises of his goodness.

CH A P. V.

COMMENTS UPON AUTHORS.

HAVING left Amelia in as comfortable a situation as could possibly be expected, her immediate distresses relieved, and her heart filled with great hopes from the friendship of the colonel; we will now return to Booth, who, when the attorney and serjeant had left him, received a visit from that great author of whom honourable mention is made in our second chapter.

Booth, as the reader may be pleased to remember, was a pretty good master of the classics; for his father, though he designed his son for the army, did not think it necessary to breed him up a blockhead. He did not, perhaps, imagine that a competent share of Latin and Greek would make his son either a pedant or a coward. He considered likewise, probably, that the life of a soldier is in general a life of idleness; and might think that the spare hours of an officer in country quarters would be as well employed with a book, as in sauntering about the streets, loitering in a coffee-house, sitting in a tavern, or in laying schemes to debauch and ruin a set of harmless, ignorant country girls.

As Booth was, therefore, what might well be called, in this age at least, a man of learning, he began to discourse our author on subjects of literature. 'I think, Sir,' says he, 'that Doctor Swift hath been generally allowed, by the criticks in this kingdom, to be the greatest master of humour that ever wrote. Indeed, I allow him to have possessed most admirable talents of this kind; and if Rabelais was his master, I think he proves the truth of the common Greek proverb, that the scholar is often superior to the master. As to Cervantes, I do not think we can make any just comparison; for though Mr. Pope compliments him with sometimes taking Cervantes' serious air—' 'I remember the passage,' cries the author:

'O thou, whatever title please thine ear,
'Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver;
'Whether you take Cervantes' serious air,
'Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair.'

'You are right, Sir,' said Booth; 'but though I should agree that the doctor hath sometimes condescended to imitate Rabelais, I do not remember to have seen in his works the least attempt in the manner of Cervantes. But there is one in his own way, and whom I am convinced he studied above all others: you guess, I believe, I am going to name Lucian. This author, I say, I am convinced he followed: but I think he followed him at a distance; as, to say the truth, every other writer of this kind hath done in my opinion; for none, I think, hath yet equalled him. I agree, indeed, entirely with Mr. Moile, in his discourse on the age of the Philopatri, when he gives him the epithet of the incomparable Lucian; and incomparable, I believe, he will remain, as long as the language in which he wrote shall endure. What an inimitable piece of humour is his Cock!—' 'I remember it very well,' cries the author; 'his story of a Cock and a Bull is excellent.' Booth stared at this, and asked the author what he meant by the Bull. 'Nay,' answered he, 'I don't know very well, upon my soul. It is a long time since I read him. I learnt him all over at school, I have not read him much since. And pray, Sir,' said

said he, 'how do you like his Pharsalia? Don't you think Mr. Rowe's translation a very fine one?' Booth replied, 'I believe, we are talking of different authors. The Pharsalia, which Mr. Rowe translated, was written by *Lucan*; but I have been speaking of *Lucian*, a Greek writer, and, in my opinion, the greatest in the humorous way that ever the world produced.'—'Ay!' cries the author, 'he was indeed so, a very excellent writer, indeed. I fancy a translation of him would sell very well.'—'I do not know, indeed,' cries Booth. 'A good translation of him would be a valuable book. I have seen a wretched one published by Mr. Dryden, but translated by others, who in many places have misunderstood *Lucian's* meaning, and have no where preserved the spirit of the original.'—'That is great pity,' says the author, 'Pray, Sir, is he well translated into French?' Booth answered, he could not tell; but that he doubted it very much, having never seen a good version into that language, out of the Greek. 'To confess the truth, I believe,' said he, 'the French translators have generally consulted the Latin only; which, in some of the few Greek writers I have read, is tolerably bad. And as the English translators, for the most part, pursue the French, we may easily guess, what spirit those copies of bad copies must preserve of the original.'

'Egad, you are a shrewd guesser,' cries the author. 'I am glad the booksellers have not your sagacity. But how should it be otherwise, considering the price they pay by the sheet? The Greek, you will allow, is a hard language; and there are few gentlemen that write, who can read it without a good lexicon. Now, Sir, if we were to afford time to find out the true meaning of words, a gentleman would not get bread and cheese by his work. If one was to be paid, indeed, as Mr. Pope was for his *Homer*—Pray, Sir, don't you think that the best translation in the world?'—

'Indeed, Sir,' cries Booth, 'I think, though it is certainly a noble paraphrase, and of itself a fine poem, yet, in some places, it is no translation at all. In the very beginning, for

instance, he hath not rendered the true force of the author. *Homer* invokes his *Muse* in the five first lines of the *Iliad*; and, at the end of the fifth, he gives his reason:

Διὸς δ' ἐταίριό βουλῆ.

'For all these things,' says he, 'were brought about by the decree of *Jupiter*; and, therefore, he supposes their true sources are known only to the deities. Now, the translation takes no more notice of the ΔΕ, than if no such word had been there.'

'Very possibly,' answered the author; 'it is a long time since I read the original. Perhaps, then, he followed the French translations. I observe, indeed, he talks much in the notes of *Madam Dacier*, and *Monsieur Eustathius*.'

Booth had now received conviction enough of his friend's knowledge of the Greek language; without attempting, therefore, to set him right, he made a sudden transition to the Latin. 'Pray, Sir,' said he, 'as you have mentioned *Rowe's* translation of the *Pharsalia*, do you remember how he hath rendered that passage in the character of *Cato*?

—*Venerisque huic maximus usus
Progenies; urbi pater est, urbiq; maritus.*

'For I apprehend that passage is generally misunderstood.'

'I really do not remember,' answered the author. 'Pray, Sir, what do you take to be the meaning?'

'I apprehend, Sir,' replied Booth, 'that by these words, *urbi pater est, urbiq; maritus*, *Cato* is represented as the father and husband of the city of *Rome*.'

'Very true, Sir,' cries the author; 'very fine, indeed! Not only the father of his country, but the husband too; very noble, truly!'

'Pardon me, Sir,' cries Booth, 'I do not conceive that to have been *Lucan's* meaning. If you please to observe the context: *Lucan*, having commended the temperance of *Cato*, in the instances of diet and clothes, proceeds to venereal pleasures; of which, says the poet, his principal use was procreation; then he adds, *urbi pater est, urbiq; maritus*; that he be-

'came a father and a husband, for the sake only of the city.'

'Upon my word, that's true,' cries the author; 'I did not think of it. It is much finer than the other. *Urbis pater est*—what is the other?—ay—*urbis maritus*. It is certainly as you say, Sir.'

Booth was by this pretty well satisfied of the author's profound learning; however, he was willing to try him a little farther. He asked him, therefore, what was his opinion of Lucan in general, and in what class of writers he ranked him.

The author stared a little at this question; and after some hesitation, answered, 'Certainly, Sir, I think he is a fine writer, and a very great poet.'

'I am very much of the same opinion,' cries Booth; 'but where do you class him? next to what poet do you place him?'

'Let me see,' cries the author, 'where do I class him!—next to whom do I place him!—Aye!—why!—why—pray, where do you yourself place him?'

'Why, surely,' cries Booth, 'if he is not to be placed in the first rank, with Homer and Virgil, and Milton; I think clearly, he is at the head of the second; before either Statius, or Silius Italicus—though I allow to each of these their merits; but, perhaps, an epic poem was beyond the genius of either. I own, I have often thought, if Statius had ventured no farther than Ovid or Claudian, he would have succeeded better; for his *Sylvæ* are, in my opinion, much better than his *Thebais*.'

'I believe, I was of the same opinion formerly,' said the author.

'And for what reason have you altered it?' cries Booth.

'I have not altered it,' answered the author; 'but, to tell you the truth, I have not any opinion at all about these matters at present. I do not trouble my head much with poetry: for there is no encouragement to such studies in this age. It is true, indeed, I have now and then wrote a poem or two for the magazines; but I never intend to write any more; for a gentleman is not paid for his time. A sheet is a sheet with the bookfellers; and, whether it be in prose or verse, they make no dif-

ference; though certainly there is as much difference to a gentleman in the work, as there is to a taylor, between making a plain and a laced suit. Rhimes are difficult things; they are stubborn things, Sir. I have been sometimes longer in tagging a couplet, than I have been in writing a speech on the side of the opposition, which hath been read with great applause all over the kingdom.'

'I am glad you are pleased to confirm that,' cries Booth; 'for I protest, it was an entire secret to me till this day. I was so perfectly ignorant, that I thought the speeches, published in the magazines, were really made by the members themselves.'

'Some of them, and I believe I may without vanity say the best,' cries the author, 'are all the production of my own pen; but, I believe, I shall leave it off soon, unless a sheet of speech will fetch more than it does at present. In truth, the romance writing is the only branch of our business now that is worth following. Goods of that sort have had so much success lately in the market, that a bookseller scarce cares what he bids for them. And it is certainly the easiest work in the world; you may write it almost as fast as you can set pen to paper; and if you interlard it with a little scandal, a little abuse on some living characters of note, you cannot fail of success.'

'Upon my word, Sir,' cries Booth, 'you have greatly instructed me. I could not have imagined there had been so much regularity in the trade of writing, as you are pleased to mention; by what I can perceive, the pen and ink is likely to become the staple commodity of the kingdom.'

'Alas, Sir!' answered the author, 'it is over-stocked. The market is over-stocked. There is no encouragement to merit, no patrons. I have been these five years soliciting a subscription for my new translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, with notes explanatory, historical, and critical; and I have scarce collected five hundred names yet.'

The mention of this translation a little surprized Booth; not only as the author had just declared his intentions to forsake the tuneful muses; but for some

some other reasons, which he had collected from his conversation with our author, he little expected to hear of a proposal to translate any of the Latin poets. He proceeded, therefore, to catechise him a little farther: and by his answers was fully satisfied, that he had the very same acquaintance with Ovid, that he had appeared to have with Lucan.

The author then pulled out a bundle of papers, containing proposals for his subscription, and receipts: and addressing himself to Booth, said, 'Though the place in which we meet, Sir, is an improper place to solicit favours of this kind; yet, perhaps, it may be in your power to serve me, if you will charge your pockets with some of these.' Booth was just offering at an excuse, when the bailiff introduced Colonel James and the serjeant.

The unexpected visit of a beloved friend to a man in affliction, especially in Mr. Booth's situation, is a comfort which can scarce be equalled; not barely from the hopes of relief, or redress, by his assistance, but as it is an evidence of sincere friendship, which scarce admits of any doubt or suspicion. Such an instance doth, indeed, make a man amends for all ordinary troubles and distresses; and we ought to think ourselves gainers, by having had such an opportunity of discovering, that we are possessed of one of the most valuable of all human possessions.

Booth was so transported at the sight of the colonel, that he dropped the proposals which the author had put into his hand, and burst forth into the highest professions of gratitude to his friend, who behaved very properly on his side, and said every thing which became the mouth of a friend on the occasion.

It is true, indeed, he seemed not moved equally either with Booth or the serjeant, both whose eyes watered at the scene. In truth, the colonel, though a very generous man, had not the least grain of tenderness in his disposition. His mind was formed of those firm materials, of which Nature formerly hammered out the Stoic, and upon which the sorrows of no man living could make an impression. A man of this temper, who doth not much value danger, will fight for the person he calls his friend; and the man that hath but little value for his money will give it

him; but such friendship is never to be absolutely depended on; for whenever the favourite passion interposes with it, it is sure to subside, and vanish into air. Whereas the man, whose tender disposition really feels the miseries of another, will endeavour to relieve them for his own sake; and, in such a mind, friendship will often get the superiority over every other passion.

But from whatever motive it sprung, the colonel's behaviour to Booth seemed truly aimable; and so it appeared to the author, who took the first occasion to applaud it in a very florid oration; which the reader, when he recollects that he was a speech-maker by profession, will not be surprized at; nor, perhaps, will be much more surprized, that he soon after took an occasion of clapping a proposal into the colonel's hands; holding, at the same time, a receipt very visible in his own.

The colonel received both, and gave the author a guinea in exchange, which was double the sum mentioned in the receipt; for which the author made a low bow, and very politely took his leave, saying, 'I suppose, gentlemen, you may have some private business together. I heartily wish a speedy end to your confinement; and I congratulate you on the possessing so great, so noble, and so generous a friend.'

CHAP. VI.

WHICH INCLINES RATHER TO SATIRE THAN PANEGYRIC.

THE colonel had the curiosity to ask Booth the name of the gentleman who, in the vulgar language, had struck or taken him in for a guinea, with so much ease and dexterity. Booth answered, he did not know his name; all that he knew of him was, that he was the most impudent and illiterate fellow he had ever seen; and that, by his own account, he was the author of most of the wonderful productions of the age. 'Perhaps,' said he, 'it may look uncharitable in me to blame you for your generosity; but I am convinced the fellow hath not the least merit or capacity; and you have subscribed to the most horrid trash that ever was published!'

A a 2

'I care

‘I care not a farthing what he publishes,’ cries the colonel. ‘Heaven forbid, I should be obliged to read half the nonsense I have subscribed to!’

‘But, don’t you think,’ said Booth, ‘that by such indiscriminate encouragement of authors you do a real mischief to the society? By propagating the subscriptions of such fellows, people are tired out, and withhold their contributions to men of real merit; and, at the same time, you are contributing to fill the world, not only with nonsense, but with all the scurrility, indecency, and profaneness, with which the age abounds; and with which all bad writers supply the defect of genius.’

‘Pugh!’ cries the colonel, ‘I never consider these matters. Good or bad, it is all one to me; but there’s an acquaintance of mine, and a man of great wit too, that thinks the worst the best, as they are the surest to make him laugh.’

‘I ask pardon, Sir,’ says the serjeant; ‘but I wish your honour would consider your own affairs a little; for it grows late in the evening.’

‘The serjeant says true,’ answered the colonel. ‘What is it you intend to do?’

‘Faith, colonel, I know not what I shall do. My affairs seem so irreparable, that I have been driving them, as much as possibly I could, from my mind. If I was to suffer alone, I think I could bear them with some philosophy; but when I consider who are to be the sharers in my fortune—the dearest of children, and the best, the worthiest, and the noblest of women—pardon me, my dear friend! these sensations are above me; they convert me into a woman; they drive me to despair, to madness.’

The colonel advised him to command himself; and told him, this was not the way to retrieve his fortune. ‘As to me, my dear Booth,’ said he, ‘you know you may command me as far as is really within my power.’

Booth answered eagerly, that he was so far from expecting any more favours from the colonel, that he had resolved not to let him know any thing of his misfortune. ‘No, my dear friend,’ cries he, ‘I am too much obliged to you already;’ and then burst into

many fervent expressions of gratitude; till the colonel himself stopt him, and begged him to give an account of the debt or debts for which he was detained in that horrid place.

Booth answered, he could not be very exact; but he feared it was upwards of four hundred pounds.

‘It is but three hundred pounds, indeed, Sir,’ cries the serjeant; ‘if you can raise three hundred pounds, you are a free man this moment.’

Booth, who did not apprehend the generous meaning of the serjeant, as well as, I believe, the reader will, answered, he was mistaken; that he had computed his debts, and they amounted to upwards of four hundred pounds; nay, that the bailiff had shewn him writs for above that sum.

‘Whether your debts are three or four hundred,’ cries the colonel, ‘the present business is to give bail only; and then you will have some time to try your friends. I think you might get a company abroad, and then I would advance the money on the security of half your pay; and, in the mean time, I will be one of your bail with all my heart.’

While Booth poured forth his gratitude for all this kindness, the serjeant ran down stairs for the bailiff, and shortly after returned with him into the room.

The bailiff being informed that the colonel offered to be bail for his prisoner, answered a little surlily, ‘Well, Sir, and who will be the other? You know, I suppose, there must be two; and I must have time to enquire after them.’

The colonel replied, ‘I believe, Sir, I am well known to be responsible for a much larger sum than your demand on this gentleman; but if your forms require two, I suppose the serjeant here will do for the other.’

‘I don’t know the serjeant, nor you either, Sir,’ cries Bondum; ‘and if you propose yourselves bail for the gentleman, I must have time to enquire after you.’

‘You need very little time to enquire after me,’ says the colonel, ‘for I can send for several of the law, whom I suppose you know, to satisfy you; but consider, it is very late.’

‘Yes, Sir,’ answered Bondum; ‘I do consider it is too late for the captain to be bailed to-night.’

‘What

‘What do you mean by too late?’ cries the colonel.

‘I mean, Sir, that I must search the office, and that is now shut up; for if my lord mayor, and the court of aldermen would be bound for him, I would not discharge him till I had searched the office.’

‘How, Sir,’ cries the colonel; ‘hath the law of England no more regard for the liberty of the subject, than to suffer such fellows as you to detain a man in custody for debt, when he can give undeniable security?’

‘Don’t fellow me,’ said the bailiff; ‘I am as good a fellow as yourself, I believe, though you have that ribband in your hat there.’

‘Do you know who you are speaking to?’ said the serjeant. ‘Do you know you are talking to a colonel of the army?’

‘What’s a colonel of the army to me?’ cries the bailiff. ‘I have had as good as he in my custody before now.’

‘And a member of parliament,’ cries the serjeant.

‘Is the gentleman a member of parliament? Well, and what harm have I said? I am sure, I meant no harm, and if his honour is offended, I ask his pardon: to be sure, his honour must know that the sheriff is answerable for all the writs in the office, though they were never so many, and I am answerable to the sheriff. I am sure the captain can’t say that I have shewn him any manner of incivility since he hath been here.—And I hope, honourable Sir,’ cries he, turning to the colonel, ‘you don’t take any thing amiss that I said, or meant by way of disrespect, or any such matter. I did not, indeed, as the gentleman here says, know who I was speaking to; but I did not say any thing uncivil, as I know of, and I hope no offence.’

The colonel was more easily pacified than might have been expected; and told the bailiff, that if it was against the rules of law to discharge Mr. Booth that evening, he must be contented. He then addressed himself to his friend, and began to prescribe comfort and patience to him; saying, he must rest satisfied with his confinement that night, and the next morning he promised to visit him again.

Booth answered, that as for himself, the lying one night in any place was very little worth his regard. ‘You and I, my dear friend, have both spent our evening in a worse situation than I shall in this house. All my concern is for my poor Amelia, whose sufferings on account of my absence I know, and I feel with unspeakable tenderness. Could I be assured she was tolerably easy, I could be contented in chains, or in a dungeon.’

‘Give yourself no concern on her account,’ said the colonel. ‘I will wait on her myself, though I break an engagement for that purpose, and will give her such assurances as I am convinced will make her perfectly easy.’

Booth embraced his friend, and weeping over him, paid his acknowledgments with tears for all his goodness. In words, indeed, he was not able to thank him; for gratitude, joining with his other passions, almost choked him, and stopt his utterance.

After a short scene, in which nothing passed worth recounting, the colonel bid his friend good-night; and leaving the serjeant with him, made the best of his way back to Amelia.

CH A P. VII.

WORTHY A VERY SERIOUS PERUSAL.

THE colonel found Amelia sitting very disconsolate with Mrs. Atkinson. He entered the room with an air of great gaiety, assured Amelia that her husband was perfectly well, and that he hoped the next day he would again be with her.

Amelia was a little comforted at this account; and vented many grateful expressions to the colonel, for his unparalleled friendship, as she was pleased to call it. She could not, however, help giving way soon after to a sigh at the thoughts of her husband’s bondage, and declared that night would be the longest she had ever known.

‘This lady, Madam,’ cries the colonel, ‘must endeavour to make it shorter; and if you will give me leave, I will join in the same endeavour.’ Then, after some more consolatory speeches, the colonel attempted

to

to give a gay turn to the discourse; and said, 'I was engaged to have spent this evening disagreeably at Ranelagh, with a set of company I did not like. How vastly am I obliged to you, dear Mrs. Booth, that I pass it so infinitely more to my satisfaction!'

'Indeed, colonel,' said Amelia, 'I am convinced that to a mind so rightly turned as yours, there must be a much sweeter relish in the highest offices of friendship, than in any pleasures which the gayest public places can afford.'

'Upon my word, Madam,' said the colonel, 'you now do me no more than justice. I have, and always had, the utmost indifference for such pleasures. Indeed, I hardly allow them worthy of that name, or, if they are so at all, it is in a very low degree. In my opinion, the highest friendship must always lead us to the highest pleasure.'

Here Amelia entered into a long dissertation on friendship, in which she pointed several times directly at the colonel as the hero of her tale.

The colonel highly applauded all her sentiments; and when he could not avoid taking the compliment to himself, he received it with a most respectful bow. He then tried his hand likewise at description, in which he found means to repay all Amelia's panegyric in kind. This, though he did with all possible delicacy, yet a curious observer might have been apt to suspect that it was chiefly on her account that the colonel had avoided the masquerade.

In discourses of this kind they past the evening, till it was very late, the colonel never offering to stir from his chair before the clock had struck one; when he thought, perhaps, that decency obliged him to take his leave.

As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Atkinson said to Mrs. Booth, 'I think, Madam, you told me this afternoon, that the colonel was married.'

Amelia answered, she did so.

'I think likewise, Madam,' said Mrs. Atkinson, 'you was acquainted with the colonel's lady.'

Amelia answered, that she had been extremely intimate with her abroad.

'Is she young, and handsome?' said Mrs. Atkinson. 'In short, pray,

'was it a match of love or convenience?'

Amelia answered, entirely of love, she believed, on his side: for that the lady had little or no fortune.

'I am very glad to hear it,' said Mrs. Atkinson: 'for I am sure the colonel is in love with somebody. I think, I never saw a more luscious picture of love drawn than that which he was pleased to give us as the portraiture of friendship. I have read, indeed, of Pylades and Orestes, Damon and Pythias, and other great friends of old; nay, I sometimes flatter myself that I am capable of being a friend myself; but as for that fine, soft, tender, delicate passion, which he was pleased to describe, I am convinced there must go a he and a she to the composition.'

'Upon my word, my dear, you are mistaken,' cries Amelia. 'If you had known the friendship which hath always subsisted between the colonel and my husband, you would not imagine it possible for any description to exceed it. Nay, I think his behaviour this very day is sufficient to convince you.'

'I own what he hath done to-day hath great merit,' said Mrs. Atkinson; 'and yet from what he hath said to-night—you will pardon me, dear Madam; perhaps I am too quick-sighted in my observations, nay, I am afraid I am even impertinent.'

'Fie upon it,' cries Amelia; 'how can you talk in that strain! Do you imagine I expect ceremony? Pray speak what you think with the utmost freedom.'

'Did he not then,' said Mrs. Atkinson, 'repeat the words, *the finest woman in the world*, more than once? Did he not make use of an expression which might have become the mouth of Oroondates himself? If I remember, the words were these: that had he been Alexander the Great, he should have thought it more glory to have wiped off a tear from the bright eyes of Statira, than to have conquered fifty worlds.'

'Did he say so?' cries Amelia. 'I think he did say something like it; but my thoughts were so full of my husband that I took little notice. But what would you infer from what he said?'

'said? I hope you don't think he is
'in love with me!'

'I hope he doth not think so himself,'
answered Mrs. Atkinson; 'though
'when he mentioned the bright eyes
'of Statira, he fixed his own eyes on
'yours with the most languishing air
'I ever beheld.'

Amelia was going to answer, when
the serjeant arrived, and then she im-
mediately fell to enquiring after her
husband; and received such satisfactory
answers to all her many questions con-
cerning him, that she expressed great
pleasure. These ideas so possessed her
mind, that without once casting her
thoughts on any other matters, she took
her leave of the serjeant and his lady,
and repaired to bed to her children, in
a room which Mrs. Atkinson had pro-
vided her in the same house; where we
will at present wish her a good night.

C H A P. VIII.

CONSISTING OF GRAVE MATTERS.

WHILE innocence and cheer-
ful hope, in spite of the ma-
lice of fortune, closed the eyes of the
gentle Amelia on her homely bed, and
she enjoyed a sweet and profound sleep;
the colonel lay restless all night on his
down: his mind was affected with a
kind of ague fit; sometimes scorched
up with flaming desires, and again
chilled with the coldest despair.

There is a time, I think, according
to one of our poets, *when lust and en-
vy sleep*. This, I suppose, is when
they are well gorged with the food they
most delight in; but while either of
these hunger,

Nor poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the east,
Will ever medicine them to slumber.

The colonel was, at present, un-
happily tormented by both these fiends.
His last evening's conversation with
Amelia had done his business effectually.
The many kind words she had
spoken to him, the many kind looks
she had given him, as being, she con-
ceived, the friend and preserver of her
husband, had made an entire conquest
of his heart. Thus, the very love
which she bore him, as the person to

whom her little family were to owe
their preservation and happiness, in-
spired him with thoughts of sinking
them all in the lowest abyss of ruin and
misery; and while she smiled with all
her sweetness on the supposed friend of
her husband, she was converting that
friend into his most bitter enemy.

Friendship, take heed; if woman interfere,
Be sure the hour of thy destruction's near.

These are the lines of Vanbrugh;
and the sentiment is better than the
poetry. To say the truth, as a hand-
some wife is the cause and cement of
many false friendships, she is often too
liable to destroy the real ones.

Thus the object of the colonel's lust
very plainly appears; but the object of
his envy may be more difficult to dis-
cover. Nature and fortune had seemed
to strive with a kind of rivalry, which
should bestow most on the colonel. The
former had given him person, parts, and
constitution, in all which he was su-
perior to almost every other man. The
latter had given him rank in life, and
riches, both in a very eminent degree.
Whom then should this happy man
envy? Here, lest ambition should mis-
lead the reader to search the palaces of
the great, we will direct him at once
to Gray's Inn Lane; where, in a mi-
serable bed, in a miserable room, he
will see a miserable broken lieutenant,
in a miserable condition, with several
heavy debts on his back, and without
a penny in his pocket. This, and no
other, was the object of the colonel's
envy. And why? because this wretch
was possessed of the affections of a poor
little lamb; which all the vast flocks
that were within the power and reach
of the colonel, could not prevent that
glutton's longing for. And sure this
image of the lamb is not improperly
adduced on this occasion; for what was
the colonel's desire, but to lead this
poor lamb, as it were, to the slaughter,
in order to purchase a feast of a few
days by her final destruction, and to
tear her away from the arms of one
where she was sure of being fondled
and caressed all the days of her life.

While the colonel was agitated with
these thoughts, his greatest comfort
was, that Amelia and Booth were now
separated, and his greatest terror was
of their coming again together. From
wishes,

wishes, therefore, he began to meditate designs; and so far was he from any intention of procuring the liberty of his friend, that he began to form schemes of prolonging his confinement, till he could procure some means of sending him away far from her; in which case he doubted not but of succeeding in all he desired.

He was forming this plan in his mind, when a servant informed him, that one Serjeant Atkinson desired to speak with his honour. The serjeant was immediately admitted, and acquainted the colonel, that if he pleased to go and become bail for Mr. Booth, another unexceptionable housekeeper would be there to join with him. This person the serjeant had procured that morning, and had, by leave of his wife, given him a bond of indemnification for the purpose.

The colonel did not seem so elated with this news as Atkinson expected. On the contrary, instead of making a direct answer to what Atkinson said, the colonel began thus: 'I think, serjeant, Mr. Booth hath told me that you was foster-brother to his lady. She is really a charming woman, and it is a thousand pities she should ever have been placed in the dreadful situation she is now in. There is nothing so silly as for subaltern officers of the army to marry, unless where they meet with women of very great fortunes indeed. What can be the event of their marrying otherwise, but entailing misery and beggary on their wives and their posterity?'

'Ah, Sir!' cries the serjeant, 'it is too late to think of those matters now. To be sure, my lady might have married one of the top gentlemen in the country: for she is certainly one of the best, as well as one of the handsomest women in the kingdom; and if she had been fairly dealt by, would have had a very great fortune into the bargain. Indeed, she is worthy of the greatest prince in the world; and if I had been the greatest prince in the world, I should have thought myself happy with such a wife; but she was pleased to like the lieutenant, and certainly there can be no happiness in marriage without liking.'

'Look'e, serjeant,' said the colonel, 'you know very well that I am

the lieutenant's friend. I think I have shewn myself so.'

'Indeed, your honour hath,' quoth the serjeant, 'more than once, to my knowledge.'

'But I am angry with him for his imprudence, greatly angry with him for his imprudence; and the more so, as it affects a lady of so much worth.'

'She is, indeed, a lady of the highest worth,' cries the serjeant. 'Poor dear lady! I knew her, an't please your honour, from her infancy; and the sweetest-tempered, best-natured lady she is, that ever trod on English ground. I have always loved her as if she was my own sister. Nay, she hath very often called me brother; and I have taken it to be a greater honour than if I was to be called a general officer.'

'What pity it is,' said the colonel, 'that this worthy creature should be exposed to so much misery by the thoughtless behaviour of a man, who, though I am his friend, I cannot help saying, hath been guilty of imprudence, at least. Why could he not live upon his half-pay? What had he to do to run himself into debt in this outrageous manner?'

'I wish indeed,' cries the serjeant, 'he had been a little more considerate; but I hope this will be a warning to him.'

'How am I sure of that?' answered the colonel; 'or what reason is there to expect it? Extravagance is a vice of which men are not so easily cured. I have thought a great deal of this matter, Mr. Serjeant; and upon the most mature deliberation I am of opinion, that it will be better both for him and his poor lady, that he should smart a little more.'

'Your honour, Sir, to be sure is in the right,' replied the serjeant; 'but yet, Sir, if you will pardon me for speaking, I hope you will be pleased to consider my poor lady's case. She suffers, all this while, as much or more than the lieutenant; for I know her so well, that I am certain she will never have a moment's ease till her husband is out of confinement.'

'I know women better than you, serjeant,' cries the colonel: 'they sometimes place their affections on a husband, as children do on their nurse; but they are both to be weaned. I know

‘know you, serjeant, to be a fellow of sense as well as spirit, or I should not speak so freely to you; but I took a fancy to you a long time ago, and I intend to serve you; but first, I ask you this question, is your attachment to Mr. Booth, or to his lady?’

‘Certainly, Sir,’ said the serjeant, ‘I must love my lady best. Not but I have a great affection for the lieutenant too, because I know my lady hath the same; and, indeed, he hath been always very good to me, as far as was in his power. A lieutenant, your honour knows, can’t do a great deal; but I have always found him my friend upon all occasions.’

‘You say true,’ cries the colonel; ‘a lieutenant can do but little; but I can do much to serve you, and will too. But let me ask you one question, who was the lady whom I saw last night with Mrs. Booth at her lodgings?’

Here the serjeant blushed, and repeated, ‘The lady, Sir!’

‘Ay, a lady; a woman,’ cries the colonel, ‘who supped with us last night. She looked rather too much like a gentlewoman for the mistress of a lodging-house.’

The serjeant’s cheeks glowed at this compliment to his wife, and he was just going to own her, when the colonel proceeded: ‘I think I never saw in my life so ill-looking, sly, demure a b——. I would give something, methinks, to know who she was.’

‘I don’t know, indeed,’ cries the serjeant, in great confusion: ‘I know nothing about her.’

‘I wish you would enquire,’ said the colonel, ‘and let me know her name, and likewise what she is. I have a strange curiosity to know; and let me see you again this evening exactly at seven.’

‘And will not your honour, then, go to the lieutenant this morning?’ said Atkinson.

‘It is not in my power,’ answered the colonel; ‘I am engaged another way. Besides, there is no haste in this affair. If men will be imprudent, they must suffer the consequences. Come to me at seven, and bring me all the particulars you can concerning that ill-looking jade I mentioned

‘to you, for I am resolved to know who she is. And so, good morrow to you, serjeant; be assured I will take an opportunity to do something for you.’

Though some readers may, perhaps, think the serjeant not unworthy of the freedom with which the colonel treated him, yet that haughty officer would have been very backward to have condescended to such familiarity with one of his rank; had he not proposed some design from it. In truth, he began to conceive hopes of making the serjeant instrumental to his design on Amelia; in other words, to convert him into a pimp; an office in which the colonel had been served by Atkinson’s betters; and which, as he knew it was in his power very well to reward him, he had no apprehension that the serjeant would decline: an opinion which the serjeant might have pardoned, though he had never given the least grounds for it, since the colonel borrowed it from the knowledge of his own heart. This dictated to him, that he, from a bad motive, was capable of desiring to debauch his friend’s wife; and the same heart inspired him to hope that another, from another bad motive, might be guilty of the same breach of friendship, in assisting him. Few men, I believe, think better of others than of themselves; nor do they easily allow the existence of any virtue, of which they perceive no traces in their own minds; for which reason I have observed, that it is extremely difficult to persuade a rogue that you are an honest man; nor would you ever succeed in the attempt by the strongest evidence, was it not for the comfortable conclusion which the rogue draws, that he who proves himself to be honest, proves himself to be a fool at the same time.

CH A P. IX.

A CURIOUS CHAPTER, FROM WHICH
A CURIOUS READER MAY DRAW
SUNDRY OBSERVATIONS.

THE serjeant retired from the colonel in a very dejected state of mind: in which, however, we must leave him a while, and return to Amelia; who, as soon as she was up, had

B b dispatched

dispatched Mrs. Atkinson to pay off her former lodgings, and to bring off all her clothes and other moveables.

The trusty messenger returned without performing her errand; for Mrs. Ellison had locked up all her rooms, and was gone out very early that morning, and the servant knew not whither she was gone.

The two ladies now sat down to breakfast, together with Amelia's two children; after which, Amelia declared she would take a coach, and visit her husband. To this motion Mrs. Atkinson soon agreed, and offered to be her companion. To say truth, I think it was reasonable enough; and the great abhorrence which Booth had of seeing his wife in a bailiff's house, was, perhaps, rather too nice and delicate.

When the ladies were both dressed, and just going to send for their vehicle, a great knocking was heard at the door, and presently Mrs. James was ushered into the room.

This visit was disagreeable enough to Amelia, as it detained her from the sight of her husband, for which she so eagerly longed. However, as she had no doubt but that the visit would be reasonably short, she resolved to receive the lady with all the complaisance in her power.

Mrs. James now behaved herself so very unlike the person that she lately appeared, that it might have surprized any one who doth not know, that besides that of a fine lady which is all mere art and mummery, every such woman hath some real character at the bottom, in which, whenever nature gets the better of her, she acts. Thus the finest ladies in the world will sometimes love, and sometimes scratch, according to their different natural dispositions, with great fury and violence, though both of these are equally inconsistent with a fine lady's artificial character.

Mrs. James, then, was at the bottom a very good-natured woman; and the moment she heard of Amelia's misfortune was sincerely grieved at it. She had acquiesced, on the very first motion, with the colonel's design of inviting her to her house; and this morning at breakfast, when he had acquainted her that Amelia made some difficulty in accepting the offer, very readily un-

dertook to go herself, and persuade her friend to accept the invitation.

She now pressed this matter with such earnestness, that Amelia, who was not extremely versed in the art of denying, was hardly able to refuse her importunity; nothing, indeed, but her affection to Mrs. Atkinson, could have prevailed on her to refuse: that point, however, she would not give up; and Mrs. James, at last, was contented with a promise, that as soon as their affairs were settled, Amelia, with her husband and family, would make her a visit, and stay some time with her in the country, whither she was soon to retire.

Having obtained this promise, Mrs. James, after many very friendly professions, took her leave; and stepping into her coach, re-assumed the fine lady, and drove away to join her company at an auction.

The moment she was gone, Mrs. Atkinson, who had left the room upon the approach of Mrs. James, returned into it, and was informed by Amelia of all that had passed.

'Pray, Madam,' said Mrs. Atkinson, 'do this colonel and his lady live, as it is called, well together?'

'If you mean to ask,' cries Amelia, 'whether they are a very fond couple, I must answer that I believe they are not.'

'I have been told,' says Mrs. Atkinson, 'that there have been instances of women who have become bawds to their own husbands, and the husbands pimps for them.'

'Fie upon it,' cries Amelia; 'I hope there are no such people. Indeed, my dear, this is being a little too censorious.'

'Call it what you please,' answered Mrs. Atkinson; 'it arises from my love to you, and my fears for your danger. You know the proverb of a burnt child; and if such a one hath any good-nature, it will dread the fire on the account of others, as well as on its own. And if I may speak my sentiments freely, I cannot think you will be in safety at this colonel's house.'

'I cannot but believe your apprehensions to be sincere,' replied Amelia, 'and I must think myself obliged to you for them; but I am convinced you

'you are entirely in an error. I look on colonel James as the most generous and best of men. He was a friend, and an excellent friend too, to my husband, long before I was acquainted with him, and he hath done him a thousand good offices. What do you say of his behaviour yesterday?'

'I wish,' cries Mrs. Atkinson, 'that his behaviour to-day had been equal. What I am now going to undertake, is the most disagreeable office of friendship, but it is a necessary one. I must tell you, therefore, what passed this morning between the colonel and Mr. Atkinson; for though it will hurt you, you ought, on many accounts, to know it.' Here she related the whole which we have recorded in the preceding chapter, and with which the serjeant had acquainted her while Mrs. James was paying her visit to Amelia; and as the serjeant had painted the matter rather in stronger colours than the colonel, so Mrs. Atkinson again a little improved on the serjeant. Neither of these good people, perhaps, intended to aggravate any circumstance; but such is, I believe, the unavoidable consequence of all reports. Mrs. Atkinson, indeed, may be supposed not to see what related to James in the most favourable light, as the serjeant, with more honesty than prudence, had suggested to his wife, that the colonel had not the kindest opinion of her, and had called her a sly and demure——, it is true, he omitted ill-looking b——; two words, which are, perhaps, superior to the patience of any Job in petticoats that ever lived. He made amends, however, by substituting some other phrases in their stead, not extremely agreeable to a female ear.

It appeared to Amelia, from Mrs. Atkinson's relation, that the colonel had grossly abused Booth to the serjeant, and had absolutely refused to become his bail. Poor Amelia became a pale and motionless statue at this account. At length she cried, 'If this be true, I and mine are all, indeed, undone. We have no comfort, no hope, no friend left. I cannot disbelieve you. I know you would not deceive me. Why should you, indeed, deceive me? But what can have caused this alteration since

last night? Did I say or do any thing to offend him?'

'You said and did rather, I believe, a great deal too much to please him,' answered Mrs. Atkinson. 'Besides, he is not in the least offended with you; on the contrary, he said many kind things.'

'What can my poor love have done?' said Amelia. 'He hath not seen the colonel since last night. Some villain hath set him against my husband; he was once before suspicious of such a person. Some cruel monster hath belied his innocence.'

'Pardon me, dear Madam,' said Mrs. Atkinson, 'I believe the person who hath injured the captain with this friend of his, is one of the worst thief and best of creatures. Nay, do not be surprized, the person I mean is even your fair self: sure you would not be so dull in any other case; but in this, gratitude, humility, modesty, every virtue, shut your eyes.

'Mortales habetant visus,

as Virgil says. What in the world can be more consistent, than his desire to have you at his own house, and to keep your husband confined in another? All that he said, and all that he did yesterday; and, what is more convincing to me than both, all that he looked last night, are very consistent with both these designs.'

'O heavens!' cries Amelia, 'you chill my blood with horror! the idea freezes me to death: I cannot, must not, will not think it. Nothing but conviction—Heaven forbid, I should ever have more conviction! And did he abuse my husband! What, did he abuse a poor, unhappy, distressed creature; oppressed, ruined, torn from his children, torn away from his wretched wife; the honestest, worst, noblest, tenderest, fondest, best—' Here she burst into an agony of grief which exceeds the power of description.

In this situation Mrs. Atkinson was doing her utmost to support her, when a most violent knocking was heard at the door; and immediately the serjeant ran hastily into the room, bringing with him a cordial, which presently relieved Amelia. What this cordial was, we shall inform the reader in due time.

In the mean while he must suspend his curiosity; and the gentlemen at White's may lay wagers, whether it was Ward's pill, or Dr. James's powder.

But before we close this chapter, and return back to the bailiff's house, we must do our best to rescue the character of our heroine from the dulness of apprehension which several of our quick-sighted readers may lay more heavily to her charge than was done by her friend Mrs. Atkinson.

I must inform, therefore, all such readers, that it is not because innocence is more blind than guilt, that the former often overlooks and tumbles into the pit, which the latter foresees and avoids. The truth is, that it is almost impossible guilt should miss the discovering of all the snares in it's way; as it is constantly prying closely into every corner, in order to lay snares for others. Whereas innocence, having no such purpose, walks fearlessly and carelessly through life, and is consequently liable to tread on the gins which cunning has laid to entrap it. To speak plainly, and without allegory or figure, it is not want of sense, but want of suspicion, by which innocence is often betrayed. Again, we often admire at the folly of the dupe, when we should transfer our whole surprize to the astonishing guilt of the betrayer. In a word, many an innocent person hath owed his ruin to this circumstance alone, that the degree of villainy was such as must have exceeded the faith of every man who was not himself a villain.

C H A P. X.

IN WHICH ARE MANY PROFOUND SECRETS OF PHILOSOPHY.

BOOOTH having had enough of the author's company the preceding day, chose now another companion. Indeed, the author was not very solicitous of a second interview; for, as he could have no hope from Booth's pocket, so he was not likely to receive much increase to his vanity from Booth's conversation: for, low as this wretch was in virtue, sense, learning, birth, and fortune, he was by no means low in his vanity. This pas-

sion, indeed, was so high in him, and at the same time so blinded him to his own demerits, that he hated every man who did not either flatter him, or give him money. In short, he claimed a strange kind of right; either to cheat all his acquaintance of their praise, or to pick their pockets of their pence; in which latter case he himself repaid very liberally with panegyric.

A very little specimen of such a fellow must have satisfied a man of Mr. Booth's temper. He chose, therefore, now to associate himself with that gentleman of whom Bondum had given so shabby a character. In short, Mr. Booth's opinion of the bailiff was such, that he recommended a man most, where he least intended it. Nay, the bailiff, in the present instance, though he had drawn a malicious conclusion, honestly avowed, that this was drawn only from the poverty of the person, which is never, I believe, any forcible disrecommendation to a good mind: but he must have had a very bad mind, indeed, who, in Mr. Booth's circumstances, could have disliked or despised another man because that other man was poor.

Some previous conversation having past between this gentleman and Booth, in which they had both opened their several situations to each other; the former casting an affectionate look on the latter, expressed great compassion for his circumstances; for which Booth thanking him, said, 'You must have a great deal of compassion, and be a very good man, in such a terrible situation as you describe yourself, to have any pity to spare for other people.'

'My affairs, Sir,' answered the gentleman, 'are very bad, it is true; and yet there is one circumstance which makes you appear to me more the object of pity than I am to myself; and it is this: that you must from your years be a novice in affliction; whereas I have served a long apprenticeship to misery, and ought, by this time, to be a pretty good master of my trade. To say the truth, I believe, habit teaches men to bear the burdens of the mind, as it enures them to bear heavy burdens on their shoulders. Without use and experience, the strongest minds and bodies

both

both will stagger under a weight which habit might render easy, and even contemptible.'

'There is great justice,' cries Booth, in the comparison; and, I think, I have myself experienced the truth of it; for I am not that Tyro in affliction which you seem to apprehend of me. And, perhaps, it is from the very habit you mention, that I am able to support my present misfortunes a little like a man.'

The gentleman smiled at this, and cried, 'Indeed, captain, you are a young philosopher.'

'I think,' cries Booth, 'I have some pretensions to that philosophy which is taught by misfortunes; and you seem to be of opinion, Sir, that is one of the best schools of philosophy.'

'I mean no more, Sir,' said the gentleman, 'than that in the days of our affliction we are inclined to think more seriously than in those seasons of life when we are engaged in the hurrying pursuits of business or pleasure, when we have neither leisure nor inclination to sift and examine things to the bottom. Now there are two considerations, which, from my having long fixed my thoughts upon them, have greatly supported me under all my afflictions. The one is the brevity of life, even at its longest duration, which the wisest of men hath compared to the short dimension of a span. One of the Roman poets compares it to the duration of a race; and another, to the much shorter transition of a wave.'

'The second consideration is, the uncertainty of it. Short as it's utmost limits are, it is far from being assured of reaching those limits. The next day, the next hour, the next moment, may be the end of our course. Now, of what value is so uncertain, so precarious a station? This consideration, indeed, however lightly it is passed over in our conception, doth in a great measure level all fortunes and conditions, and gives no man a right to triumph in the happiest state, or any reason to repine in the most miserable. Would the most worldly men see this in the light in which they examine all other matters, they would soon feel and acknowledge the force of this way of reasoning; for which of them would give

any price for an estate, from which they were liable to be immediately ejected? or, would they not laugh at him as a madman, who accounted himself rich from such an uncertain possession? This is the fountain, Sir, from which I have drawn my philosophy. Hence it is that I have learnt to look on all those things which are esteemed the blessings of life, and those which are dreaded as it's evils, with such a degree of indifference, that as I should not be elated with possessing the former, so neither am I greatly dejected and depressed by suffering the latter. Is the actor esteemed happier, to whose lot it falls to play the principal part, than he who plays the lowest? and yet the drama may run twenty nights together, and by consequence may outlast our lives: but, at the best, life is only a little longer drama; and the business of the great stage is consequently a little more serious than that which is performed at the theatre-royal. But even here, the catastrophes and calamities which are represented are capable of affecting us. The wisest men can deceive themselves in to feeling the distresses of a tragedy, though they know them to be merely imaginary; and the children will often lament them as realities: what wonder, then, if these tragical scenes, which I allow to be a little more serious, should a little more affect us? Where then is the remedy, but in the philosophy I have mentioned? which, when once by a long course of meditation it is reduced to a habit, teaches us to set a just value on every thing; and cures at once all eager wishes and abject fears, all violent joy and grief concerning objects which cannot endure long, and may not exist a moment.'

'You have expressed yourself extremely well,' cries Booth, 'and I entirely agree with the justice of your sentiments; but, however true all this may be in theory, I still doubt it's efficacy in practice. And the cause of the difference between these two is this; that we reason from our heads, but act from our hearts:

'—*Video meliora, proboque:*
'*Deteriora sequor.*

'Nothing

‘ Nothing can differ more widely than wise men and fools in their estimation of things; but as both act from their uppermost passion, they both often act alike. What comfort, then, can your philosophy give to an avaricious man who is deprived of his riches; or to an ambitious man who is stripped of his power? to the fond lover who is torn from his mistress; or to the tender husband who is dragged from his wife? Do you really think, that any meditations on the shortness of life will sooth them in their afflictions? Is not this very shortness itself one of their afflictions? And if the evil they suffer be a temporary deprivation of what they love, will they not think their fate the harder, and lament the more, that they are to lose any part of an enjoyment to which there is so short and so uncertain a period?’

‘ I beg leave, Sir,’ said the gentleman, ‘ to distinguish here. By philosophy, I do not mean the bare knowledge of right and wrong; but an energy, a habit, as Aristotle calls it; and this I do firmly believe, with him and with the stoicks, is superior to all the attacks of fortune.’

He was proceeding, when the bailiff came in, and in a surly tone bade them both good-morrow; after which, he asked the philosopher, if he was prepared to go to Newgate; for that he must carry him thither that afternoon.

The poor man seemed very much shocked with this news. ‘ I hope,’ cries he, ‘ you will give a little longer time, if not till the return of the writ. But I beg you particularly, not to carry me thither to-day; for I expect my wife and children here in the evening.’

‘ I have nothing to do with wives and children,’ cried the bailiff; ‘ I never desire to see any wives and children here. I like no such company.’

‘ I intreat you,’ said the prisoner, ‘ give me another day. I shall take it as a great obligation; and you will disappoint me in the cruellest manner in the world, if you refuse me.’

‘ I can’t help people’s disappointments,’ cries the bailiff; ‘ I must consider myself and my own family. I know not where I shall be paid the money that’s due already. I can’t

afford to keep prisoners at my own expence.’

‘ I don’t intend it shall be at your expence,’ cries the philosopher; ‘ my wife is gone to raise money this morning, and I hope to pay you all I owe you at her arrival. But we intend to sup together to-night at your house; and if you should remove me now, it would be the most barbarous disappointment to us both, and will make me the most miserable man alive.’

‘ Nay, for my part,’ said the bailiff, ‘ I don’t desire to do any thing barbarous. I know how to treat gentlemen with civility as well as another; and when people pay as they go, and spend their money like gentlemen, I am sure nobody can accuse me of any incivility since I have been in the office. And if you intend to be merry to-night, I am not the man that will prevent it: though I say it, you may have as good a supper dress here as at any tavern in town.’

‘ Since Mr. Bondum is so kind, captain,’ said the philosopher, ‘ I hope for the favour of your company. I assure you, if it ever be my fortune to go abroad into the world, I shall be proud of the honour of your acquaintance.’

‘ Indeed, Sir,’ cries Booth, ‘ it is an honour I shall be very ready to accept; but as for this evening, I cannot help saying, I hope to be engaged in another place.’

‘ I promise you, Sir,’ answered the other, ‘ I shall rejoice at your liberty, though I am a loser by it.’

‘ Why, as to that matter,’ cries Bondum with a sneer, ‘ I fancy, captain, you may engage yourself to the gentleman without any fear of breaking your word; for I am very much mistaken if we part to-day.’

‘ Pardon me, my good friend,’ said Booth, ‘ but I expect my bail every minute.’

‘ Look’e, Sir,’ cries Bondum, ‘ I don’t love to see gentlemen in an error. I shall not take the serjeant’s bail; and as for the colonel, I have been with him myself this morning (for to be sure I love to do all I can for gentlemen;) and he told me, he could not possibly be here to-day: besides, why should I mince the matter; there is more stuff in the office.’

‘ What

'What do you mean by stuff?' cries Booth.

'I mean, that there is another writ,' answered the bailiff, 'at the suit of Mrs. Ellison, the gentlewoman that was here yesterday; and the attorney that was with her is concerned against you. Some officers would not tell you all this; but I loves to shew civility to gentlemen, while they behave themselves as such. And I loves the gentlemen of the army in particular. I had like to have been in the army myself once; but I liked the commission I have better. Come, captain, let not your noble courage be cast down; what say you to a glass of white wine, or a tiff of punch, by way of whet?'

'I have told you, Sir, I never drink in the morning,' cries Booth a little peevishly.

'No offence, I hope, Sir,' said the bailiff. 'I hope I have not treated you with any incivility. I don't ask any gentleman to call for liquor in my house, if he doth not chuse it; nor I don't desire any body to stay here longer than they have a mind to. Newgate, to be sure, is the place for all debtors that can't find bail. I knows what civility is, and I scorn to behave myself unbecoming a gentleman; but I'd have you consider that the twenty-four hours appointed by act of parliament are almost out; and so it is time to think of removing. As to bail, I would not have you flatter yourself; for I knows very well there are other things coming against you. Besides, the sum you are already charged with is very large, and I must see you in a place of safety. My house is no prison, though I lock up for a little time in it. Indeed, when gentlemen are gentlemen, and likely to find bail, I don't stand for a day or two; but I have a good nose at a bit of carrion, captain; I have not carried so much carrion to Newgate, without knowing the smell of it.'

'I understand not your cant,' cries Booth; 'but I did not think to have offended you so much by refusing to drink in a morning.'

'Offended me, Sir!' cries the bailiff. 'Who told you so? Do you think, Sir, if I want a glass of wine, I am under any necessity of asking

my prisoners for it? Damn it, Sir, I'll shew you I scorn your words; I can afford to treat you with a glass of the best wine in England, if you comes to that.' He then pulled out a handful of guineas, saying, 'There, Sir, they are all my own; I owe nobody a shilling. I am no beggar, nor no debtor. I am the king's officer, as well as you, and I will spend guinea for guinea as long as you please.'

'Hark'e, rascal,' cries Booth, laying hold of the bailiff's collar, 'how dare you treat me with this insolence? Doth the law give you any authority to insult me in my misfortunes?' At which words he gave the bailiff a good shove, and threw him from him.

'Very well, Sir,' cries the bailiff, 'I will swear both an assault and an attempt to a rescue. If officers are to be used in this manner, there is an end of all law and justice. But though I am not a match for you myself, I have those below that are.' He then ran to the door, and called up two ill-looking fellows, his followers, whom, as soon they entered the room, he ordered to seize on Booth, declaring he would immediately carry him to Newgate; at the same time pouring out a vast quantity of abuse, below the dignity of history to record.

Booth desired the two dirty fellows to stand off, and declared he would make no resistance, at the same time bidding the bailiff carry him wherever he durst.

'I'll shew you what I dare,' cries the bailiff; and again ordered the followers to lay hold of their prisoner, saying, 'He has assaulted me already, and endeavoured a rescue. I shan't trust such a fellow to walk at liberty. A gentleman, indeed! Ay, ay, Newgate is the properest place for such gentry: as arrant carrion as ever was carried thither!'

The fellows then both laid violent hands on Booth, and the bailiff stepped to the door to order a coach; when on a sudden the whole scene was changed in an instant: for now the serjeant came running, out of breath, into the room; and seeing his friend, the captain, roughly handled by two ill-looking fellows, without asking any questions, stepped briskly up to his assistance, and instantly gave one of the assailants so violent

violent salute with his fist, that he directly measured his length on the floor.

Booth having by this means his right arm at liberty, was unwilling to be idle, or entirely to owe his rescue from both the ruffians to the serjeant; he therefore imitated the example which his friend had set him, and with a lusty blow levelled the other follower with his companion on the ground.

The bailiff roared out, 'A rescue; a rescue!' to which the serjeant answered, there was no rescue intended. 'The captain,' said he, 'wants no rescue. Here are some friends coming who will deliver him in a better manner.'

The bailiff swore heartily he would carry him to Newgate, in spite of all the friends in the world.

'You carry him to Newgate!' cried the serjeant, with the highest indignation; 'offer but to lay your hands on him, and I will knock your teeth down your ugly jaws.' Then turning to Booth, he cried, 'They will be all here within a minute, Sir; we had much ado to keep my lady from coming herself; but she is at home in good health, longing to see your honour; and I hope you will be with her within this half hour.'

And now three gentlemen entered the room; these were an attorney, the person whom the serjeant had procured in the morning to be his bail with Colonel James, and lastly, Doctor Harrison himself.

The bailiff no sooner saw the attorney, with whom he was well acquainted, (for the others he knew not) than he began, as the phrase is, to pull in his horns, and ordered the two followers, who were now got again on their legs, to walk down stairs.

'So, captain!' says the doctor; 'when we last parted, I believe we neither of us expected to meet in such a place as this.'

'Indeed, doctor,' cries Booth, 'I did not expect to have been sent hither by the gentleman who did me that favour.'

'How so, Sir?' said the doctor; 'you was sent hither by some person, I suppose, to whom you was indebted. This is the usual place, I apprehend, for creditors to send their debtors to. But you ought to be more surprized,

that the gentleman who sent you hither is come to release you. Mr. Murphy, you will perform all the necessary ceremonials.'

The attorney then asked the bailiff with how many actions Booth was charged, and was informed there were five besides the doctor's, which was much the heaviest of all. Proper bonds were presently provided, and the doctor and the serjeant's friend signed them; the bailiff, at the instance of the attorney, making no objection to the bail.

Booth, we may be assured, made a handsome speech to the doctor for such extraordinary friendship, with which, however, we do not think proper to trouble the reader; and now every thing being ended, and the company ready to depart, the bailiff stepped up to Booth, and told him he hoped he would remember civility money.

'I believe,' cries Booth, 'you mean, incivility money; if there be any fees due for rudeness, I must own you have a very just claim.'

'I am sure, Sir,' cries the bailiff, 'I have treated your honour with all the respect in the world: no man, I am sure, can charge me with using a gentleman rudely. I know what belongs to a gentleman better; but you can't deny that two of my men have been knocked down; and I doubt not but, as you are a gentleman, you will give them something to drink.'

Booth was about to answer with some passion, when the attorney interfered, and whispered in his ear, that it was usual to make a compliment to the officer, and that he had better comply with the custom.

'If the fellow had treated me civilly,' answered Booth, 'I should have had no objection to comply with a bad custom in his favour; but I am resolved, I will never reward a man for using me ill, and I will not agree to give him a single farthing.'

'Tis very well, Sir,' said the bailiff; 'I am rightly served for my good nature; but if it had been to do again, I would have taken care you should not have been bailed this day.'

Doctor Harrison, to whom Booth referred the cause, after giving him a succinct account of what had past, declared the captain to be in the right. He said it was a most horrid imposition, that

that such fellows were ever suffered to prey on the necessitous; but that the example would be much worse to reward them where they had behaved themselves ill. 'And I think,' says he, 'the bailiff is worthy of great rebuke for what he hath just now said; in which, I hope, he hath boasted of more power than is in him. We do indeed, with great justice and propriety, value ourselves on our freedom, if the liberty of the subject depends on the pleasure of such fellows as these.'

'It is not so, neither, altogether,' cries the lawyer; 'but custom hath established a present or fee to them at the delivery of a prisoner, which they call civility money, and expect as in a manner their due, though in reality they have no right.'

'But will any man,' cries Dr. Harrison, 'after what the captain hath told us, say that the bailiff hath behaved himself as he ought; and if he had, is he to be rewarded for not acting in an unchristian and inhuman manner? It is pity, that instead of a custom of seeing them out of the pockets of the poor and wretched, when they do not behave themselves ill, there was not both a law and a practice to punish them severely when they do. In the present case, I am so far from agree-

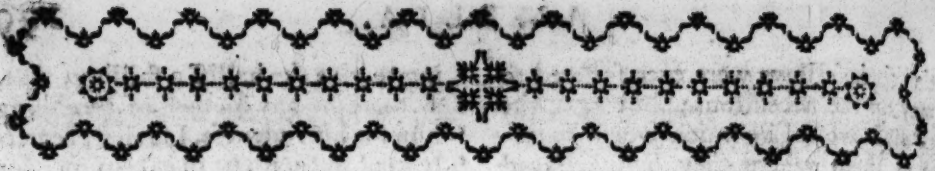
ing to give the bailiff a shilling, that, if there be any method of punishing him for his rudeness, I shall be heartily glad to see it put in execution: for there are none whose conduct should be so strictly watched, as that of these necessary evils in the society, as their office concerns for the most part those poor creatures who cannot do themselves justice, and as they are generally the worst of men who undertake it.'

The bailiff then quitted the room, muttering that he should know better what to do another time; and shortly after Booth and his friends left the house; but as they were going out, the author took Dr. Harrison aside, and slipped a receipt into his hand, which the doctor returned, saying, he never subscribed when he neither knew the work nor the author; but that if he would call at his lodgings, he would be very willing to give all the encouragement to merit which was in his power.

The author took down the doctor's name and direction, and made him as many bows as he would have done, had he carried off the half-guinea for which he had been fishing.

Mr. Booth then took his leave of the philosopher, and departed with the rest of his friends.

END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.



A M E L I A.

BOOK IX.

CHAP. I.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY LOOKS
BACKWARDS.



BEFORE we proceed farther with our history, it may be proper to look back a little, in order to account for the late conduct of Doctor Harrison; which however inconsistent it may have hitherto appeared, when examined to the bottom, will be found, I apprehend, to be truly congruous with all the rules of the most perfect prudence, as well as with the most consummate goodness.

We have already partly seen in what light Booth had been represented to the doctor abroad. Indeed, the accounts which were sent of the captain, as well by the curate as by a gentleman of the neighbourhood, were much grosser and more to his disadvantage, than the doctor was pleased to set them forth in his letter to the person accused. What sense he had of Booth's conduct, was, however, manifest by that letter. Nevertheless he resolved to suspend his final judgment till his return; and though he censured him, would not absolutely condemn him without ocular demonstration.

The doctor, on his return to his parish, found all the accusations which had been transmitted to him, confirmed by many witnesses, of which the curate's wife, who had been formerly a friend to Amelia, and still preserved the outward appearance of friendship, was the strongest. She intro-

duced all with, 'I am sorry to say it; and it is friendship which bids me speak; and it is for their good it should be told you:' after which beginnings, she never concluded a single speech without some horrid slander and bitter invective.

Besides the malicious turn which was given to these affairs in the country, which were owing a good deal to misfortune, and some little perhaps to imprudence, the whole neighbourhood rung with several gross and scandalous lies, which were merely the inventions of his enemies, and of which the scene was laid in London since his absence.

Poisoned with all this malice, the doctor came to town, and learning where Booth lodged, went to make him a visit. Indeed, it was the doctor, and no other, who had been at his lodgings that evening when Booth and Amelia were walking in the Park; and concerning which the reader may be pleased to remember so many strange and odd conjectures.

Here the doctor saw the little gold watch, and all those fine trinkets with which the noble lord had presented the children; and which, from the answers given him by the poor ignorant innocent girl, he could have no doubt had been purchased within a few days by Amelia.

This account tallied so well with the ideas he had imbibed of Booth's extravagance in the country, that he firmly believed both the husband and wife to be the vainest, silliest, and most unjust people alive. It was, indeed, almost incredible, that two rational beings should be guilty of such absurdity; but monstrous

monstrous and absurd as it was, ocular demonstration appeared to be the evidence against them.

The doctor departed from their lodgings enraged at this supposed discovery, and unhappily for Booth, was engaged to supper that very evening with the country gentleman of whom Booth had rented a farm. As the poor captain happened to be the subject of conversation, and occasioned their comparing notes, the account which the doctor gave of what he had seen that evening, so incensed the gentleman to whom Booth was likewise a debtor, that he vowed he would take a writ out against him the next morning, and have his body alive or dead. And the doctor was at last persuaded to do the same. Mr. Murphy was thereupon immediately sent for, and the doctor in his presence repeated again what he had seen at his lodgings, as the foundation of his suing him, which the attorney, as we have before seen, had blabbed to Atkinson.

But no sooner did the doctor hear that Booth was arrested, than the wretched condition of his wife and family began to affect his mind. The children, who were to be utterly undone with their father, were entirely innocent; and as for Amelia herself, though he thought he had most convincing proofs of very blameable levity; yet his former friendship and affection to her were busy to invent every excuse, till, by very heavily loading the husband, they lightened the suspicion against the wife.

In this temper of mind, he resolved to pay Amelia a second visit, and was on his way to Mrs. Ellison, when the serjeant met him, and made himself known to him. The doctor took his old servant into a coffee-house, where he received from him such an account of Booth and his family, that he desired the serjeant to shew him presently to Amelia; and this was the cordial which we mentioned at the end of the ninth chapter of the preceding book.

The doctor became soon satisfied concerning the trinkets which had given him so much uneasiness, and which had brought so much mischief on the head of poor Booth. Amelia likewise gave the doctor some satisfaction as to what he had heard of her husband's behaviour in the country; and assured him, upon her honour, that Booth could so

well answer every complaint against his conduct, that she had no doubt but that a man of the doctor's justice and candour would entirely acquit him, and would consider him as an innocent unfortunate man, who was the object of a good man's compassion, not of his anger or resentment.

This worthy clergyman, who was not desirous of finding proofs to condemn the captain, or to justify his own vindictive proceedings, but, on the contrary, rejoiced heartily in every piece of evidence which tended to clear up the character of his friend, gave a ready ear to all which Amelia said. To this, indeed, he was induced by the love he always had for that lady, by the good opinion he entertained of her, as well as by pity for her present condition, than which nothing appeared more miserable; for he found her in the highest agonies of grief and despair, with her two little children crying over their wretched mother. These are, indeed, to a well-disposed mind, the most tragical sights that human nature can furnish, and afford a juster motive to grief and tears in the beholder, than it would be to see all the heroes who have ever infested the earth, hanged all together in a string.

The doctor felt this sight as he ought. He immediately endeavoured to comfort the afflicted; in which he so well succeeded, that he restored to Amelia sufficient spirits to give him the satisfaction we have mentioned: after which, he declared he would go and release her husband; which he accordingly did, in the manner we have above related.

CHAP. II.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY GOES FORWARD.

WE now return to that period of our history, to which we had brought it at the end of our last book.

Booth and his friends arrived from the bailiff's, at the serjeant's lodgings; where Booth immediately ran up stairs to his Amelia; between whom I shall not attempt to describe the meeting. Nothing certainly was ever more tender or more joyful. This however I will observe, that a very few of these exquisite moments, of which the best

minds only are capable, do, in reality, overbalance the longest enjoyments which can ever fall to the lot of the worst.

Whilst Booth and his wife were feasting their souls with the most delicious mutual endearments, the doctor was fallen to play with the two little children below stairs. While he was thus engaged, the little boy did somewhat amiss; upon which, the doctor said, 'If you do so any more, I will take your papa away from you again.'—'Again, Sir,' said the child; 'why, was it you, then, that took away my papa before?'—'Suppose it was,' said the doctor, 'would not you forgive me?'—'Yes,' cries the child, 'I would forgive you; because a christian must forgive every body; but I should hate you as long as I live.'

The doctor was so pleased with the boy's answer, that he caught him in his arms, and kissed him; at which time, Booth and his wife returned. The doctor asked which of them was their son's instructor in his religion: Booth answered, that he must confess Amelia had all the merit of that kind. 'I should have rather thought he had learnt of his father,' cries the doctor, 'for he seems a good soldier-like christian, and professes to hate his enemies with a very good grace.'

'How, Billy,' cries Amelia. 'I am sure I did not teach you so.'

'I did not say I would hate my enemies, Madam,' cries the boy. 'I only said I would hate papa's enemies; sure, mama, there is no harm in that: nay, I am sure there is no harm in it; for I have heard you say the same thing a thousand times.'

The doctor smiled on the child, and chucking him under the chin, told him, he must hate no body: and now Mrs. Atkinson, who had provided a dinner for them all, desired them to walk up, and partake of it.

And now it was that Booth was first made acquainted with the serjeant's marriage, as was Dr. Harrison, both of whom greatly felicitated him upon it.

Mrs. Atkinson, who was, perhaps, a little more confounded than she would have been had the married a colonel, said, 'If I have done wrong, Mrs. Booth is to answer for it; for she made the match.—Indeed, Mr. At-

kinson, you are greatly obliged to the character which this lady gives of you.'—'I hope he will deserve it,' said the doctor; 'and if the army hath not corrupted a good boy, I believe I may answer for him.'

While our little company were enjoying that happiness which never fails to attend conversation, where all present are pleased with each other, a visitant arrived, who was, perhaps, not very welcome to any of them. This was no other than Colonel James; who entering the room with much gaiety, went directly up to Booth, embraced him, and expressed great satisfaction at finding him there; he then made an apology for not attending him in the morning, which he said had been impossible; and that he had with the utmost difficulty put off some business of great consequence, in order to serve him this afternoon; 'but I am glad, on your account,' cried he to Booth, 'that my presence was not necessary.'

Booth himself was extremely satisfied with this declaration, and failed not to return him as many thanks as he would have deserved had he performed his promise; but the two ladies were not quite so well satisfied. As for the serjeant, he had slipped out of the room when the colonel entered, not entirely out of that bashfulness which we have remarked him to be tainted with; but, indeed, from what had past in the morning, he hated the sight of the colonel, as well on the account of his wife as on that of his friend.

The doctor, on the contrary, on what he had formerly heard from both Amelia and her husband of the colonel's generosity and friendship, had built so good an opinion of him, that he was very much pleased with seeing him, and took the first opportunity of telling him so. 'Colonel,' said the doctor, 'I have not the happiness of being known to you; but I have long been desirous of an acquaintance with a gentleman, in whose commendation I have heard so much from some present.' The colonel made a proper answer to this compliment, and they soon entered into a familiar conversation together: for the doctor was not difficult of access; indeed, he held the strange reserve, which is usually practised in this nation between people who are in any degree strangers to each

each other, to be very unbecoming the christian character.

The two ladies soon left the room; and the remainder of the visit, which was not very long, past in discourse on various common subjects, not worth recording. In the conclusion, the colonel invited Booth and his lady, and the doctor, to dine with him the next day.

To give Colonel James his due commendation, he had shewn a great command of himself, and great presence of mind on this occasion: for, to speak the plain truth, the visit was intended to Amelia alone; nor did he expect, or perhaps desire, any thing less than to find the captain at home. The great joy which he suddenly conveyed into his countenance at the unexpected sight of his friend, is to be attributed to that noble art which is taught in those excellent schools called the several courts of Europe. By this men are enabled to dress out their countenances as much at their own pleasure, as they do their bodies; and to put on friendship with as much ease as they can a laced coat.

When the colonel and doctor were gone, Booth acquainted Amelia with the invitation he had received. She was so struck with the news, and betrayed such visible marks of confusion and uneasiness, that they could not have escaped Booth's observation, had suspicion given him the least hint to remark: but this, indeed, is the great optic glass helping us to discern plainly almost all that passes in the minds of others, without some use of which nothing is more purblind than human nature.

Amelia having recovered from her first perturbation, answered, 'My dear, I will dine with you wherever you please to lay your commands on me.' — 'I am obliged to you, my dear soul,' cries Booth, 'your obedience shall be very easy; for my command will be, that you shall always follow your own inclinations.' — 'My inclinations,' answered she, 'would, I am afraid, be too unreasonable a confinement to you; for they would always lead me to be with you and your children, with at most a single friend or two, now and then.' — 'O my dear,' replied he, 'large companies give us a greater relish for our own society when we return to it; and we shall be ex-

tremely merry, for Doctor Harrison dines with us.' — 'I hope you will, my dear,' cries she; 'but I own I should have been better pleased to have enjoyed a few days with yourself and the children, with no other person but Mrs. Atkinson, for whom I have conceived a violent affection, and who would have given us but little interruption. However, if you have promised, I must undergo the penance.' — 'Nay, child,' cried he, 'I am sure I would have refused, could I have guessed it had been in the least disagreeable to you; though I know your objection.' — 'Objection!' cries Amelia eagerly, 'I have no objection!' — 'Nay, nay,' said he, 'come be honest, I know your objection, though you are unwilling to own it.' — 'Good heavens!' cried Amelia, frightened, 'what do you mean? what objection?' — 'Why,' answered he, 'to the company of Mrs. James; and I must confess she hath not behaved to you lately as you might have expected; but you ought to pass all that by, for the sake of her husband, to whom we have both so many obligations; who is the worthiest, honestest, and most generous fellow in the universe, and the best friend to me that ever man had.'

Amelia, who had far other suspicions, and began to fear that her husband had discovered them, was highly pleased, when she saw him taking a wrong scent. She gave, therefore, a little into the deceit, and acknowledged the truth of what he had mentioned; but said, that the pleasure she should have in complying with his desires, would highly recompense any dissatisfaction which might arise on any other account; and shortly after ended the conversation on this subject, with her cheerfully promising to fulfil his promise.

In reality, poor Amelia had now a most unpleasant task to undertake; for she thought it absolutely necessary to conceal from her husband the opinion she had conceived of the colonel. For, as she knew the characters, as well of her husband as of his friend, or rather enemy, (both being often synonymous in the language of the world) she had the utmost reason to apprehend something very fatal might attend her husband's entertaining the same thoughts

of James, which filled and tormented her own breast.

And, as she knew that nothing but these thoughts could justify the least unkind, or, indeed, the least reserved behaviour to James, who had, in all appearance, conferred the greatest obligations upon Booth and herself, she was reduced to a dilemma the most dreadful that can attend a virtuous woman, as it often gives the highest triumph, and sometimes no little advantage, to the men of professed gallantry.

In short, to avoid giving any umbrage to her husband, Amelia was forced to act in a manner which she was conscious must give encouragement to the colonel: a situation which, perhaps, requires as great prudence and delicacy, as any in which the heroic part of the female character can be exerted.

CHAP. III.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN DR. HARRISON AND OTHERS.

THE next day, Booth and his lady with the doctor, met at Colonel James's, where Colonel Bath likewise made one of the company.

Nothing very remarkable passed at dinner, or till the ladies withdrew. During this time, however, the behaviour of Colonel James was such as gave some uneasiness to Amelia, who well understood his meaning, though the particulars were too refined and subtle to be observed by any other present.

When the ladies were gone, which was as soon as Amelia could prevail on Mrs. James to depart, Colonel Bath, who had been pretty brisk with Champagne at dinner, soon began to display his magnanimity. 'My brother tells me, young gentleman,' said he to Booth, 'that you have been used very ill lately by some rascals; and I have no doubt but you will do yourself justice.'

Booth answered, that he did not know what he meant. 'Since I must mention it then,' cries the colonel, 'I hear you have been arrested; and I think you know what satisfaction is to be required by a man of honour.'

'I beg, Sir,' says the doctor, 'no more may be mentioned of that matter. I am convinced no satisfaction will be required of the captain, till he is able to give it.'

'I do not understand what you mean by able,' cries the colonel. To which the doctor answered, that it was of too tender a nature to speak more of.

'Give me your hand, doctor,' cries the colonel; 'I see you are a man of honour, though you wear a gown. It is, as you say, a matter of a tender nature. Nothing, indeed, is so tender as a man's honour. Curse my liver, if any man; I mean, that is, if any gentleman, was to arrest me, I would as surely cut his throat as—'

'How, Sir!' said the doctor; 'would you compensate one breach of the law by a much greater, and pay your debts by committing murder?'

'Why do you mention law between gentlemen?' says the colonel. 'A man of honour wears his law by his side. And can the resentment of an affront make a gentleman guilty of murder? and what greater affront can one man cast upon another, than by arresting him? I am convinced, that he who would put up an arrest, would put up a slap in the face.'

Here the colonel looked extremely fierce, and the divine stared with astonishment at this doctrine; when Booth, who well knew the impossibility of opposing the colonel's humour with success, began to play with it; and having first conveyed a private wink to the doctor, he said, there might be cases undoubtedly where such an affront ought to be resented; but that there were others, where any resentment was impracticable: 'As for instance,' said he, 'where the man is arrested by a woman.'

'I could not be supposed to mean that case,' cries the colonel; 'and you are convinced I did not mean it.'

'To put an end to this discourse at once, Sir,' said the doctor, 'I was the plaintiff at whose suit this gentleman was arrested.'

'Was you so, Sir!' cries the colonel; 'then I have no more to say. Women and the clergy are upon the same footing. The long-robed gentry are exempted from the laws of honour.'

‘ I do not thank you for that exemption, Sir,’ cries the doctor; ‘ and if honour and fighting are, as they seem to be, synonymous words with you, I believe there are some clergymen, who, in defence of their religion, or their country, or their friend, the only justifiable causes of fighting, except bare self-defence, would fight as bravely as yourself, colonel; and that without being paid for it.’

‘ Sir, you are privileged,’ says the colonel with great dignity; ‘ and you have my leave to say what you please. I respect your order, and you cannot offend me.’

‘ I will not offend you, colonel,’ cries the doctor; ‘ and your order is very much obliged to you, since you profess so much respect to us, and pay none to our Master.’

‘ What master, Sir!’ said the colonel.

‘ That Master,’ answered the doctor, ‘ who hath expressly forbidden all that cutting of throats to which you discover so much inclination.’

‘ O, your servant, Sir,’ said the colonel, ‘ I see what you are driving at; but you shall not persuade me to think, that religion forces me to be a coward.’

‘ I detest and despise the name as much as you can,’ cries the doctor; ‘ but you have a wrong idea of the word, colonel. What were all the Greeks and Romans? were these cowards; and yet, did you ever hear of this butchery, which we call duelling, among them?’

‘ Yes, indeed, have I,’ cries the colonel. ‘ What else is all Mr. Pope’s Homer full of, but duels? Did not, what’s his name, one of the Agamemnons, fight with that poultry rascal Paris? and Diomedes with, what d’ye call him there; and Hector with, I forget his name, he that was Achilles’s bosom friend; and afterwards with Achilles himself? Nay, and in Dryden’s Virgil, is there any thing almost besides fighting?’

‘ You are a man of learning, colonel,’ cries the doctor, ‘ but—

‘ I thank you for that compliment,’ said the colonel. ‘ No, Sir, I do not pretend to learning; but I have some little reading, and I am not ashamed to own it.’

‘ But are you sure, colonel,’ cries the doctor, ‘ that you have not made a small mistake? for I am apt to believe, both Mr. Pope and Mr. Dryden (though I cannot say I ever read a word of either of them) speak of wars between nations, and not of private duels: for of the latter, I do not remember one single instance in all the Greek and Roman story. In short, it is a modern custom, introduced by barbarous nations since the times of christianity; though it is a direct and audacious defiance of the christian law, and is consequently much more sinful in us, than it would have been in the heathens.’

‘ Drink about, doctor,’ cries the colonel, ‘ and let us call a new cause: for I perceive we shall never agree on this. You are a churchman, and I do not expect you to speak your mind.’

‘ We are both of the same church,’ I hope,’ cries the doctor.

‘ I am of the church of England,’ Sir,’ answered the colonel, ‘ and will fight for it to the last drop of my blood.’

‘ It is very generous in you, colonel,’ cries the doctor, ‘ to fight so zealously for a religion by which you are to be damned.’

‘ It is well for you, doctor,’ cries the colonel, ‘ that you wear a gown: for, by all the dignity of a man, if any other person had said the words you have just uttered, I would have made him eat them! Ay, d—n me, and my sword into the bargain.’

Booth began to be apprehensive, that this dispute might grow too warm: in which case he feared that the colonel’s honour, together with the Champagne, might hurry him so far, as to forget the respect due, and which he professed to pay, to the sacerdotal robe. Booth, therefore, interposed between the disputants, and said, that the colonel had very rightly proposed to call a new subject; for that it was impossible to reconcile accepting a challenge with the christian religion, or refusing it with the modern notion of honour. ‘ And you must allow it, doctor,’ said he, ‘ to be a very hard injunction for a man to become infamous; and more especially for a soldier, who is to lose his bread into the bargain.’

‘ Ay,

'Ay, Sir,' says the colonel with an air of triumph, 'what say you to that?'

'Why, I say,' cries the doctor, 'that it is much harder to be damned on the other side.'

'That may be,' said the colonel; 'but damn me, if I would take an affront of any man breathing for all that.' And yet I believe myself to be as good a christian as wears a head. My maxim is, never to give an affront, nor ever to take one; and I say, that is the maxim of a good christian; and no man shall ever persuade me to the contrary.'

'Well, Sir,' said the doctor, 'since that is your resolution, I hope no man will ever give you an affront.'

'I am obliged to you for your hope,' doctor, cries the colonel with a sneer; 'and he that doth, will be obliged to you for lending him your gown: for, by the dignity of a man, nothing out of petticoats, I believe, dares affront me.'

Colonel James had not hitherto joined in the discourse. In truth, his thoughts had been otherwise employed; nor is it very difficult for the reader to guess what had been the subject of them. Being waked, however, from his reverie, and having heard the two or three last speeches, he turned to his brother, and asked him, why he would introduce such a topic of conversation before a gentleman of Dr. Harrison's character?

'Brother,' cried Bath, 'I own it was wrong, and I ask the doctor's pardon; I know not how it happened to arise: for you know, brother, I am not used to talk of these matters. They are generally poltroons that do. I think I need not be beholden to my tongue to declare I am none. I have shewn myself in a line of battle. I believe there is no man will deny that; I believe I may say, no man dares deny that I have done my duty——'

The colonel was thus proceeding to prove that his prowess was neither the subject of his discourse, nor the object of his vanity, when a servant entered, and summoned the company to tea with the ladies; a summons which Colonel James instantly obeyed, and was followed by all the rest.

But as the tea-table conversation,

though extremely delightful to those who are engaged in it, may probably appear somewhat dull to the reader, we will here put an end to the chapter.

CHAP. IV.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN BOOTH AND AMELIA.

THE next morning early, Booth went by appointment and waited on Colonel James; whence he returned to Amelia, in that kind of disposition which the great master of human passions would describe in *Andromache*, when he tells us she cried and smiled at the same instant.

Amelia plainly perceived the discomposure of his mind, in which the opposite affections of joy and grief were struggling for the superiority, and begged to know the occasion: upon which Booth spoke as follows:

'My dear,' said he, 'I had no intention to conceal from you what hath past this morning between me and the colonel, who hath oppressed me, if I may use that expression, with obligations. Sure never man had such a friend; for never was there so noble, so generous a heart! I cannot help this ebullition of gratitude, I really cannot.' Here he paused a moment, and wiped his eyes, and then proceeded: 'You know, my dear, how gloomy the prospect was yesterday before our eyes, how inevitably ruin stared me in the face; and the dreadful idea of having entailed beggary on my Amelia and her posterity racked my mind: for, though by the goodness of the doctor I had regained my liberty, the debt yet remained; and if that worthy man had a design of forgiving me his share, this must have been my utmost hope; and the condition in which I must still have found myself need not to be expatiated on. In what light then shall I see, in what words shall I relate, the colonel's kindness! O, my dear Amelia, he hath removed the whole gloom at once, hath driven all despair out of my mind, and hath filled it with the most sanguine, and, at the same time, the most reasonable hopes of making a comfortable provision

vision for yourself and my dear children. In the first place, then, he will advance me a sum of money to pay off all my debts; and this on a bond to be repaid only when I shall become colonel of a regiment, and not before. In the next place, he is gone this very morning to ask a company for me, which is now vacant in the West Indies; and as he intends to push this with all his interest, neither he nor I have any doubt of his success. Now, my dear, comes the third; which, though perhaps it ought to give me the greatest joy, such is, I own, the weakness of my nature, it renders my very heart-strings asunder. I cannot mention it: for I know it will give you equal pain; though I know on all proper occasions you can exert a manly resolution. You will not, I am convinced, oppose it, whatever you must suffer in complying. O, my dear Amelia, I must suffer likewise; yet I have resolved to bear it! You know not what my poor heart hath suffered since he made the proposal: it is love for you alone which could persuade me to submit to it. Consider our situation; consider that of our children; reflect but on those poor babes, whose future happiness is at stake, and it must arm your resolution. It is your interest and theirs that reconciled me to a proposal, which when the colonel first made it, struck me with the utmost horror: he hath, indeed, from these motives, persuaded me into a resolution, which I thought impossible for any one to have persuaded me into. O, my dear Amelia, let me intreat you to give me up to the good of your children; as I have promised the colonel to give you up to their interest and your own. If you refuse these terms, we are still undone; for he insists absolutely upon them. Think then, my love, however hard they may be, necessity compels us to submit to them. I know in what light a woman, who loves like you, must consider such a proposal; and yet how many instances have you of women, who, from the same motives, have submitted to the same!

'What can you mean, Mr. Booth?' cries Amelia trembling.

'Need I explain my meaning to you more?' answered Booth. 'Did I

not say, I must give up my Amelia?'

'Give me up!' said she.

'For a time only, I mean,' answered he; 'for a short time perhaps. The colonel himself will take care it shall not be long; for I know his heart: I shall scarce have more joy in receiving you back, than he will have in restoring you to my arms. In the mean time, he will not only be a father to my children, but a husband to you.'

'A husband to me!' said Amelia.

'Yes, my dear; a kind, a fond, a tender, an affectionate husband. If I had not the most certain assurances of this, doth my Amelia think I could be prevailed on to leave her? No, my Amelia, he is the only man on earth who could have prevailed on me; but I know, his house, his purse, his protection, will be all at your command. And as for any dislike you have conceived to his wife, let not that be any objection: for I am convinced he will not suffer her to insult you; besides, she is extremely well-bred, and how much soever she may hate you in her heart, she will at least treat you with civility.'

'Nay, the invitation is not his, but her's; and I am convinced they will both behave to you with the greatest friendship: his, I am sure, will be sincere, as to the wife of a friend entrusted to his care; and her's will, from good-breeding, have not only the appearances, but the effects, of the truest friendship.'

'I understand you, my dear, at last,' said she, (indeed she had rambled into very strange conceits from some parts of his discourse) 'and I will give you my resolution in a word: I will do the duty of a wife; and that is, to attend her husband wherever he goes.'

Booth attempted to reason with her, but all to no purpose. She gave, indeed, a quiet hearing to all he said, and even to those parts which most displeased her ears; I mean, those in which he exaggerated the great goodness and disinterested generosity of his friend: but her resolution remained inflexible, and resisted the force of all his arguments with a steadiness of opposition which it would have been almost excusable in him to have construed into stubbornness.

The doctor arrived in the midst of the

the dispute; and, having heard the merits of the cause on both sides, delivered his opinion in the following words:

‘I have always thought it, my dear children, a matter of the utmost nicety to interfere in any differences between husband and wife; but, since you both desire me, with such earnestness, to give you my sentiments on the present contest between you, I will give you my thoughts as well as I am able. In the first place, then, can any thing be more reasonable, than for a wife to desire to attend her husband? It is, as my favourite child observes, no more than a desire to do her duty; and I make no doubt but that is one great reason of her insisting on it. And how can you yourself oppose it? Can love be its own enemy; or can a husband, who is fond of his wife, content himself almost on any account with a long absence from her?’

‘You speak like an angel, my dear Doctor Harrison,’ answered Amelia; ‘I am sure, if he loved as tenderly as I do, he could on no account submit to it.’

‘Pardon me, child,’ cries the doctor, ‘there are some reasons, which would not only justify his leaving you, but which must force him, if he hath any real love for you, joined with common sense, to make that election. If it was necessary, for instance, either to your good, or to the good of your children, he would not deserve the name of a man, I am sure not that of a husband, if he hesitated a moment. Nay, in that case, I am convinced, you yourself would be an advocate for what you now oppose. I fancy therefore I mistook him, when I apprehended he said, that the colonel made his leaving you behind as the condition of getting him the commission: for I know my dear child hath too much goodness, and too much sense, and too much resolution, to prefer any temporary indulgence of her own passions to the solid advantages of her whole family.’

‘There, my dear,’ cries Booth; ‘I knew what opinion the doctor would be of. Nay, I am certain, there is not a wife man in the kingdom who would say otherwise.’

‘Do not abuse me, young gentleman,’ said the doctor, ‘with appellations I do not deserve.’

‘I abuse you, my dear doctor?’ cries Booth.

‘Yes, my dear Sir,’ answered the doctor, ‘you insinuated slyly that I was wise; which, as the world understands the phrase, I should be ashamed of; and my comfort is, that no one can accuse me justly of it; I have just given an instance of the contrary, by throwing away my advice.’

‘I hope, Sir,’ cries Booth, ‘that will not be the case.’

‘Yes, Sir,’ answered the doctor, ‘I know it will be the case in the present instance; for either you will not go at all, or my little turtle here will go with you.’

‘You are in the right, doctor,’ cries Amelia.

‘I am sorry for it,’ said the doctor; ‘for then, I assure you, you are in the wrong.’

‘Indeed,’ cries Amelia, ‘if you knew all my reasons, you would say they were very strong ones.’

‘Very probably,’ cries the doctor. ‘The knowledge that they are in the wrong, is a very strong reason to some women to continue so.’

‘Nay, doctor,’ cries Amelia, ‘you shall never persuade me of that. I will not believe that any human being ever did an action merely because they knew it to be wrong.’

‘I am obliged to you, my dear child,’ said the doctor, ‘for declaring your resolution of not being persuaded. Your husband would never call me a wise man again, if, after that declaration, I should attempt to persuade you.’

‘Well, I must be content,’ cries Amelia, ‘to let you think as you please.’

‘That is very gracious, indeed,’ said the doctor. ‘Surely, in a country where the church suffers others to think as they please, it would be very hard if they had not themselves the same liberty. And yet, as unreasonable as the power of controuling men’s thoughts is represented, I will shew you how you shall controul mine, whenever you desire it.’

‘How, pray!’ cries Amelia. ‘I should greatly esteem that power.’

‘Why,

'Why, whenever you act like a wise woman,' cries the doctor, 'you will force me to think you so; and, whenever you are pleased to act as you do now, I shall be obliged, whether I will or no, to think as I do now.'

'Nay, dear doctor,' cries Booth, 'I am convinced my Amelia will never do any thing to forfeit your good opinion. Consider but the cruel hardship of what she is to undergo, and you will make allowances for the difficulty she makes in complying. To say the truth, when I examine my own heart, I have more obligations to her than appear at first sight; for, by obliging me to find arguments to persuade her, she hath assisted me in conquering myself. Indeed, if she had shewn more resolution, I should have shewn less.'

'So you think it necessary, then,' said the doctor, 'that there should be one fool at least in every married couple. A mighty resolution truly! and well worth your valuing yourself upon, to part with your wife for a few months, in order to make the fortune of her and your children. When you are to leave her too in the care and protection of a friend that gives credit to the old stories of friendship, and doth an honour to human nature. What, in the name of goodness, do either of you think that you have made an union to endure for ever? How will either of you bear that separation which must some time or other, and perhaps very soon, be the lot of one of you? Have you forgot that you are both mortal? As for christianity, I see you have resigned all pretensions to it: for I make no doubt, but that you have so set your hearts on the happiness you enjoy here together, that neither of you ever think a word of hereafter.'

Amelia now burst into tears; upon which Booth begged the doctor to proceed no farther. Indeed, he would not have wanted the caution: for, however blunt he appeared in his discourse, he had a tenderness of heart which is rarely found among men; for which I know no other reason, than that true goodness is rarely found among them: for I am firmly persuaded, that the latter never possessed any human mind in any degree, without being attended by as large a portion of the former.

Thus ended the conversation on this subject; what followed is not worth relating till the doctor carried off Booth with him to take a walk in the Park.

CHAP. V.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN AMELIA AND DOCTOR HARRISON, WITH THE RESULT.

AMELIA being left alone, began to consider seriously of her condition; she saw it would be very difficult to resist the importunities of her husband, backed by the authority of the doctor; especially as she well knew how unreasonable her declarations must appear to every one who was ignorant of her real motives to persevere in it. On the other hand, she was fully determined, whatever might be the consequence, to adhere firmly to her resolution of not accepting the colonel's invitation.

When she had turned the matter every way in her mind, and vexed and tormented herself with much uneasy reflection upon it, a thought at last occurred to her, which immediately brought her some comfort. This was, to make a confidant of the doctor, and to impart to him the whole truth. This method, indeed, appeared to her now to be so advisable, that she wondered she had not hit upon it sooner; but it is the nature of despair to blind us all to the means of safety, however easy and apparent they may be.

Having fixed her purpose in her mind, she wrote a short note to the doctor, in which she acquainted him that she had something of great moment to impart to him, which must be an entire secret from her husband, and begged that she might have an opportunity of communicating it as soon as possible.

Doctor Harrison received the letter that afternoon, and immediately complied with Amelia's request in visiting her. He found her drinking tea with her husband and Mrs. Atkinson, and sat down and joined the company.

Soon after the removal of the tea table, Mrs. Atkinson left the room. The doctor then turning to Booth, said, 'I hope, captain, you have a true sense of the obedience due to the church, though our clergy do not

'often exact it. However, it is proper to exercise our power sometimes, in order to remind the laity of their duty. I must tell you therefore, that I have some private business with your wife; and I expect your immediate absence.'

'Upon my word, doctor,' answered Booth, 'no popish confessor, I firmly believe, ever pronounced his will and pleasure with more gravity and dignity; none therefore was ever more immediately obeyed than you shall be.' Booth then quitted the room, and desired the doctor to recal him when his business with the lady was over.

Doctor Harrison promised he would, and then turning to Amelia, he said, 'Thus far, Madam, I have obeyed your commands, and am now ready to receive the important secret which you mention in your note.'

Amelia now informed her friend of all she knew, all she had seen and heard, and all that she suspected of the colonel. The good man seemed greatly shocked at the relation, and remained in a silent astonishment. Upon which, Amelia said, 'Is villainy so rare a thing, Sir, that it should so much surprize you?' — 'No child,' cries he; 'but I am shocked at seeing it so artfully disguised under the appearance of so much virtue. And to confess the truth, I believe my own vanity is a little hurt in having been so grossly imposed upon. Indeed, I had a very high regard for this man; for, besides the great character given him by your husband, and the many facts I have heard so much redounding to his honour, he hath the fairest and most promising appearance I have ever yet beheld. A good face, they say, is a letter of recommendation. O nature, nature, why art thou so dishonest, as ever to send men with these false recommendations into the world!'

'Indeed, my dear Sir, I begin to grow entirely sick of it,' cries Amelia: 'for sure all mankind almost are villains in their hearts.'

'Fye, child,' cries the doctor. 'Do not make a conclusion so much to the dishonour of the great Creator. The nature of man is far from being in itself evil: it abounds with benevolence,

charity, and pity, coveting praise and honour, and shunning shame and disgrace. Bad education, bad habits, and bad customs, debauch our nature, and drive it headlong, as it were, into vice. The governors of the world, and I am afraid the priesthood, are answerable for the badness of it. Instead of discouraging wickedness to the utmost of their power, both are apt to connive at it. In the great sin of adultery, for instance; hath the government provided any law to punish it; or doth the priest take any care to correct it? on the contrary, is the most notorious practice of it any detriment to a man's fortune, or to his reputation in the world? doth it exclude him from any preferment in the state, I had almost said, in the church? Is it any blot in his escutcheon, any bar to his honour? Is he not to be found every day in the assemblies of women of the highest quality, in the closets of the greatest men, and even at the tables of bishops? What wonder then, if the community in general treat this monstrous crime as matter of jest, and that men give way to the temptations of a violent appetite, when the indulgence of it is protected by law, and countenanced by custom? I am convinced there are good stamina in the nature of this very man: for he hath done acts of friendship and generosity to your husband, before he could have any evil design on your chastity; and in a christian society, which I no more esteem this nation to be, than I do any part of Turkey, I doubt not but this very colonel would have made a worthy and valuable member.'

'Indeed, my dear Sir,' cries Amelia, 'you are the wisest as well as best man in the world——'

'Not a word of my wisdom,' cries the doctor. 'I have not a grain, I am not the least versed in the Chre-matistic art*, as an old friend of mine calls it. I know not how to get a shilling, nor how to keep it in my pocket, if I had it.'

'But you understand human nature to the bottom,' answered Amelia; 'and your mind is the treasury of all ancient and modern learning.'

* The art of getting wealth is so called by Aristotle in his Politics.

'You are a little flatterer,' cries the doctor; 'but I dislike you not for it. And to shew you I do not, I will return your flattery; and tell you, you have acted with great prudence in concealing this affair from your husband; but you have drawn me into a scrape: for I have promised to dine with this fellow again to-morrow; and you have made it impossible for me to keep my word.'

'Nay but, dear Sir,' cries Amelia, 'for Heaven's sake, take care. If you shew any kind of disrespect to the colonel, my husband may be led into some suspicion, especially after our conference.'

'Fear nothing, child. I will give him no hint; and that I may be certain of not doing it, I will stay away. You do not think, I hope, that I will join in a chearful conversation with such a man; that I will so far betray my character, as to give any countenance to such flagitious proceedings. Besides, my promise was only conditional; and I do not know whether I could otherwise have kept it: for I expect an old friend every day, who comes to town twenty miles on foot to see me; whom I shall not part with on any account; for, as he is very poor, he may imagine I treat him with disrespect.'

'Well, Sir,' cries Amelia, 'I must admire you, and love you for your goodness.'

'Must you love me,' cries the doctor. 'I could cure you now in a minute, if I pleased.'

'Indeed, I defy you, Sir,' said Amelia.

'If I could but persuade you,' answered he, 'that I thought you not handsome, away would vanish all ideas of goodness in an instant. Confess honestly, would they not?'

'Perhaps I might blame the goodness of your eyes,' replied Amelia; 'and that is perhaps an honest confession than you expected. But do, pray, Sir, be serious; and give me your advice what to do. Consider the difficult game I have to play: for I am sure after what I have told you, you would not even suffer me to remain under the roof of this colonel.'

'No, indeed, would I not,' said

the doctor, 'whilst I have a house of my own to entertain you.'

'But how to dissuade my husband,' continued she, 'without giving him any suspicion of the real cause, the consequences of his guessing at which, I tremble to think upon.'

'I will consult my pillow upon it,' said the doctor, 'and in the morning you shall see me again. In the mean time be comforted, and compose the perturbations of your mind.'

'Well, Sir,' said she, 'I put my whole trust in you.'

'I am sorry to hear it,' cries the doctor: 'your innocence may give you a very confident trust in a much more powerful assistance. However, I will do all I can to serve you; and now, if you please, we will call back your husband: for, upon my word, he hath shewn a good catholic patience. And where is the honest serjeant and his wife? I am pleased with the behaviour of you both to that worthy fellow, in opposition to the custom of the world; which, instead of being formed on the precepts of our religion to consider each other as brethren, teaches us to regard those who are a degree below us, either in rank or fortune, as a species of beings of an inferior order in the creation.'

The captain now returned into the room, as did the serjeant and Mrs. Atkinson; and the two couple, with the doctor, spent the evening together in great mirth and festivity; for the doctor was one of the best companions in the world; and a vein of chearfulness, good-humour, and pleasantry, ran through his conversation, with which it was impossible to resist being pleased.

CHAP. VI.

CONTAINING AS SURPRIZING AN ACCIDENT AS IS PERHAPS RECORDED IN HISTORY.

BOOTH had acquainted the serjeant with the great goodness of Colonel James, and with the chearful prospects which he entertained from it. This Atkinson, behind the curtain, communicated to his wife. The conclusions which she drew from it, need scarce

scare be hinted to the reader. She made, indeed, no scruple of plainly and bluntly telling her husband that the colonel had a most manifest intention to attack the chastity of Amelia.

This thought gave the poor serjeant great uneasiness, and after having kept him long awake, tormented him in his sleep with a most horrid dream, in which he imagined that he saw the colonel standing by the bed-side of Amelia, with a naked sword in his hand, and threatening to stab her instantly, unless she complied with his desires. Upon this, the serjeant started up in his bed, and catching his wife by the throat, cried out, 'D—n you, put up your sword this instant, and leave the room, or by Heaven I'll drive mine to your heart's blood.'

This rough treatment immediately roused Mrs. Atkinson from her sleep, who no sooner perceived the position of her husband, and felt his hand grasping her throat, than she gave a violent shriek, and presently fell into a fit.

Atkinson now waked likewise, and soon became sensible of the violent agitations of his wife. He immediately leapt out of bed, and running for a bottle of water, began to sprinkle her very plentifully; but all to no purpose, she neither spoke nor gave any symptoms of recovery. Atkinson then began to roar aloud; upon which Booth, who lay under him, jumped from his bed, and ran up with the lighted candle in his hand. The serjeant had no sooner taken the candle, than he ran with it to the bed-side. Here he beheld a sight which almost deprived him of his senses. The bed appeared to be all over blood, and his wife weltering in the midst of it. Upon this, the serjeant almost in a frenzy, cried out, 'O heavens! I have killed my wife. I have stabbed her, I have stabbed her.'—'What can be the meaning of all this?' said Booth. 'O Sir,' cries the serjeant, 'I dreamt I was rescuing your lady from the hands of Colonel James, and I have killed my poor wife.' Here he threw himself upon the bed by her, caught her in his arms, and behaved like one frantic with despair.

By this time, Amelia had thrown on a wrapping gown, and was come up into the room, where the serjeant and his wife were lying on the bed, and Booth standing like a motionless statue

by the bed-side. Amelia had some difficulty to conquer the effects of her own surprize on this occasion; for a more ghastly and horrible sight than the bed presented, could not be conceived.

Amelia sent Booth to call up the maid of the house, in order to lend her assistance; but, before his return, Mrs. Atkinson began to come to herself; and soon after, to the inexpressible joy of the serjeant, it was discovered she had no wound. Indeed, the delicate nose of Amelia soon made that discovery, which the grosser smell of the serjeant, and perhaps his fright, had prevented him from making: for now it appeared that the red liquor with which the bed was stained, though it may, perhaps, sometimes run through the veins of a fine lady, was not what is properly called blood; but was, indeed, no other than cherry-brandy, a bottle of which Mrs. Atkinson always kept in her room to be ready for immediate use; and to which she used to apply for comfort in all her afflictions. This the poor serjeant, in his extreme hurry, had mistaken for a bottle of water. Matters were now soon accommodated; and no other mischief appeared to be done, unless to the bed-clothes. Amelia and Booth returned back to their room; and Mrs. Atkinson rose from her bed, in order to equip it with a pair of clean sheets.

And thus this adventure would have ended without producing any kind of consequence, had not the words which the serjeant uttered in his frenzy made some slight impression on Booth; so much, at least, as to awaken his curiosity: so that in the morning when he awoke, he sent for the serjeant, and desired to hear the particulars of this dream, since Amelia was concerned in it.

The serjeant, at first, seemed unwilling to comply, and endeavoured to make excuses. This, perhaps, increased Booth's curiosity, and he said, 'Nay, I am resolved to hear it. Why, you simpleton, do you imagine me weak enough to be affected by a dream, however terrible it may be?'

'Nay, Sir,' cries the serjeant, 'as for that matter, dreams have sometimes fallen out to be true. One of my own, I know, did so, concerning your honour: for when you
' courted

' courted my young lady, I dreamt
' you was married to her; and yet it
' was at a time when neither I myself;
' nor any of the country, thought you
' would ever obtain her. But, Heaven
' forbid this dream should ever come to
' pass.'

' Why, what was this dream?' cries
Booth. ' I insist on knowing.'

' To be sure, Sir,' cries the serjeant,
' I must not refuse you; but, I hope,
' you will never think any more of it.
' Why then, Sir, I dreamt that your
' honour was gone to the West Indies,
' and had left my lady in the care of
' Colonel James; and last night I dreamt
' the colonel came to my lady's bed-
' side, offering to ravish her; and with
' a drawn sword in his hand, threaten-
' ing to stab her that moment, unless
' she would comply with his desires.
' How I came to be by, I know not;
' but, I dreamt, I rushed upon him,
' caught him by the throat, and swore
' I would put him to death, unless he
' instantly left the room. Here I waked,
' and this was my dream. I never paid
' any regard to a dream in my life; but,
' indeed, I never dreamt any thing so
' very plain as this. It appeared down-
' right reality. I am sure, I have left
' the marks of my fingers in my wife's
' throat. I would not have taken an
' hundred pound to have used her so.'

' Faith,' cries Booth, ' it was an
' odd dream; and not so easily to be
' accounted for, as that you had for-
' merly of my marriage; for, as
' Shakespeare, says, *Dreams denote a*
' *foregone conclusion*. Now it is impos-
' sible you should ever have thought of
' any such matter as this.'

' However, Sir,' cries the serjeant, ' it
' is in your honour's power to prevent
' any possibility of this dream's coming
' to pass, by not leaving my lady to
' the care of the colonel. If you must
' go from her, certainly there are other
' places where she may be with great
' safety; and since my wife tells me
' that my lady is so very unwilling,
' whatever reasons she may have, I hope
' your honour will oblige her.'

' Now I recollect it,' cries Booth,
' Mrs. Atkinson hath once or twice
' dropt some disrespectful words of the
' colonel. He hath done something to
' disoblige her.'

' He hath, indeed Sir,' replied the
serjeant; ' he hath said that of her

' which she doth not deserve, and for
' which, if he had not been my supe-
' rior officer, I would have cut both his
' ears off. Nay, for that matter, he
' can speak ill of other people besides
' her.'

' Do you know, Atkinson,' cries
Booth, very gravely, ' that you are
' talking of the dearest friend I have?'

' To be honest then,' answered the
serjeant, ' I do not think so. If I did, I
' should love him much better than I do.'

' I must and will have this explained,'
cries Booth. ' I have too good an
' opinion of you, Atkinson, to think
' you would drop such things as you
' have, without some reason; and I will
' know it.'

' I am sorry I have dropt a word,'
cries Atkinson. ' I am sure I did not
' intend it; and your honour hath
' drawn it from me unawares.'

' Indeed, Atkinson,' cries Booth,
' you have made me very uneasy, and I
' must be satisfied.'

' Then, Sir,' said the serjeant, ' you
' shall give me your word of honour;
' or I will be cut into ten thousand
' pieces before I will mention another
' syllable.'

' What shall I promise?' said Booth.

' That you will not resent any thing
' I shall lay to the colonel,' answered
Atkinson.

' Resent! Well, I give you my ho-
' nour,' said Booth.

The serjeant made him bind himself
over and over again; and then related
to him the scene which formerly past
between the colonel and himself, as far
as concerned Booth himself; but con-
cealed all that more immediately related
to Amelia.

' Atkinson,' cries Booth, ' I cannot
' be angry with you; for I know you
' love me, and I have many obligations
' to you; but you have done wrong in
' censuring the colonel for what he said
' of me. I deserve all that he said;
' and his censures proceeded from his
' friendship.'

' But it was not so kind, Sir,' said
Atkinson, ' to say such things to me
' who am but a serjeant, and at such a
' time too.'

' I will hear no more,' cries Booth.
' Be assured, you are the only man I
' would forgive on this occasion; and
' I forgive you only on condition you
' never speak a word more of this na-
' ture.'

‘ture. This silly dream hath intoxicated you.’

‘I have done, Sir,’ cries the serjeant. ‘I know my distance, and whom I am to obey; but I have one favour to beg of your honour, never to mention a word of what I have said to my lady; for I know she never would forgive me; I know she never would, by what my wife hath told me. Besides, you need not mention it, Sir, to my lady; for she knows it already, and a great deal more.’

Booth presently parted from the serjeant, having desired him to close his lips on this occasion, and repaired to his wife, to whom he related the serjeant’s dream.

Amelia turned as white as snow, and fell into so violent a trembling, that Booth plainly perceived her emotion, and immediately partook of it himself.

‘Sure, my dear,’ said he, staring wildly, ‘there is more in this than I know.’

‘A silly dream could not so discompose you. I beg you, I entreat you to tell me, hath ever Colonel James—’

At the very mention of the colonel’s name, Amelia fell on her knees, and begged her husband not to frighten her.

‘What do I say, my dear love,’ cried Booth, ‘that can frighten you?’

‘Nothing, my dear,’ said she. ‘But my spirits are so discomposed with the dreadful scene I saw last night, that a dream, which at another time I should have laughed at, hath shocked me. Do but promise me that you will not leave me behind you, and I am easy.’

‘You may be so,’ cries Booth; ‘for I will never deny you any thing. But make me easy too. I must know if you have seen any thing in Colonel James to displease you.’

‘Why should you suspect it?’ cries Amelia.

‘You torment me to death,’ cries Booth. ‘By heavens! I will know the truth. Hath he ever said or done any thing which you dislike?’

‘How, my dear,’ said Amelia, ‘can you imagine I should dislike a man, who is so much your friend? Think of all the obligations you have to him, and then you may easily resolve yourself. Do you think, because I refuse to stay behind you in his house, that I have any objection to him? No, my dear, had he done a thousand times

more than he hath, was he an angel instead of a man, I would not quit my Billy. There’s the sore, my dear; there’s the misery, to be left by you.’

Booth embraced her with the most passionate raptures, and looking on her with inexpressible tenderness, cried, ‘Upon my soul, I am not worthy of you. I am a fool, and yet you cannot blame me. If the stupid miser hoards, with such care, his worthless treasure; if he watches it with such anxiety; if every apprehension of another’s sharing the least part, fills his soul with such agonies; O Amelia! what must be my condition, what terrors must I feel, while I am watching over a jewel of such real, such inestimable worth?’

‘I can, with great truth, return the compliment,’ cries Amelia. ‘I have my treasure too; and am so much a miser, that no force should ever tear me from it.’

‘I am ashamed of my folly,’ cries Booth; ‘and yet it is all from extreme tenderness. Nay, you yourself are the occasion. Why will you ever attempt to keep a secret from me? do you think I should have resented to my friend his just censure of my conduct?’—

‘What censure, my dear love?’ cries Amelia.

‘Nay, the serjeant hath told me all,’ cries Booth. ‘Nay, and that he hath told it to you. Poor soul! thou couldst not endure to hear me accused, though never so justly, and by so good a friend. Indeed, my dear, I have discovered the cause of that resentment to the colonel, which you could not hide from me. I love you, I adore you for it. Indeed, I could not forgive a slighting word on you. But why do I compare things so unlike? what the colonel said of me was just and true; every reflection on my Amelia must be false and villainous.’

The discernment of Amelia was extremely quick; and she now perceived what had happened, and how much her husband knew of the truth. She resolved therefore to humour him, and fell severely on Colonel James for what he had said to the serjeant, which Booth endeavoured all he could to soften; and thus ended this affair, which had brought Booth to the very brink of a discovery, which must have given him the

the highest torment, if it had not produced any of those tragical effects which Amelia apprehended.

C H A P. VII.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR APPEARS TO BE MASTER OF THAT PROFOUND LEARNING CALLED THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE TOWN.

MRS. James now came to pay a morning's visit to Amelia. She entered the room with her usual gaiety, and after a slight preface, addressing herself to Booth, said, she had been quarrelling with her husband on his account. 'I know not,' said she, 'what he means by thinking of sending you the Lord knows whither. I have insisted on his asking something for you nearer home. And it would be the hardest thing in the world, if he should not obtain it. Are we resolved never to encourage merit; but to throw away all our preferments on those who do not deserve them? what a set of contemptible wretches do we see strutting about the town in scarlet!'

Booth made a very low bow, and modestly spoke in disparagement of himself. To which she answered, 'Indeed, Mr. Booth, you have merit. I have heard it from my brother, who is a judge of those matters, and I am sure cannot be suspected of flattery. He is your friend as well as myself; and we will never let Mr. James rest till he hath got you a commission in England.'

Booth bowed again, and was offering to speak, but she interrupted him, saying, 'I will have no thanks, nor no fine speeches. If I can do you any service, I shall think I am only paying the debt of friendship to my dear Mrs. Booth.'

Amelia, who had long since forgot the dislike she had taken to Mrs. James at her first seeing her in town, had attributed it to the right cause, and had begun to resume her former friendship for her, expressed very warm sentiments of gratitude on this occasion. She told Mrs. James, she should be eternally obliged to her if she could succeed in her kind endeavours; for that the thoughts of parting again with her husband had given her the utmost concern.

'Indeed,' added she, 'I cannot help saying, he hath some merit in the service: for he hath received two dreadful wounds in it, one of which very greatly endangered his life; and I am convinced, if his pretensions were backed with any interest, he would not fail of success.'

'They shall be backed with interest,' cries Mrs. James, 'if my husband hath any. He hath no favour to ask for himself, nor for any other friend that I know of; and indeed, to grant a man his just due, ought hardly to be thought a favour. Resume your old gaiety, therefore, my dear Emily. Lord! I remember the time when you was much the gayer creature of the two. But you make an arrant mope of yourself, by confining yourself at home. One never meets you any where. Come, you shall go with me to the Lady Betty Castleton's.'

'Indeed, you must excuse me, my dear,' answered Amelia; 'I do not know Lady Betty.'

'Not know Lady Betty! how is that possible? But no matter, I will introduce you. She keeps a morning rout; hardly a rout, indeed; a little bit of a drum, only four or five tables. Come, take your capuchine; you positively shall go.—Booth, you shall go with us too. Though you are with your wife, another woman will keep you in countenance.'

'La! child,' cries Amelia, 'how you rattle!'

'I am in spirits,' answered Mrs. James, 'this morning: for I won four rubbers together last night; and betted the things, and won almost every bet. I am in luck, and we will contrive to be partners. Come.'

'Nay, child, you shall not refuse Mrs. James,' said Booth.

'I have scarce seen my children to-day,' answered Amelia. 'Besides, I mortally detest cards.'

'Detest cards!' cries Mrs. James. 'How can you be so stupid! I would not live a day without them: nay, indeed, I do not believe I should be able to exist. Is there so delightful a sight in the world, as the four honours in one's own hand, unless it be three natural aces at brag! And you really hate cards!'

'Upon reflection,' cries Amelia, 'I have sometimes had great pleasure in

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them—

‘them—in seeing my children build houses with them. My little boy is so dexterous, that he will sometimes build up the whole pack.’

‘Indeed, Booth,’ cries Mrs. James, ‘this good woman of yours is strangely altered since I knew her first; but she will always be a good creature.’

‘Upon my word, my dear,’ cries Amelia, ‘you are altered too very greatly; but I doubt not to live to see you alter again, when you come to have as many children as I have.’

‘Children!’ cries Mrs. James, ‘you make me shudder. How can you envy me the only circumstance which makes matrimony comfortable?’

‘Indeed, my dear,’ said Amelia, ‘you injure me: for I envy no woman’s happiness in marriage.’ At these words, such looks past between Booth and his wife, as, to a sensible by-stander, would have made all the airs of Mrs. James appear in the highest degree contemptible, and would have rendered herself the object of compassion. Nor could that lady avoid looking a little silly on the occasion.

Amelia now, at the earnest desire of her husband, accoutred herself to attend her friend; but first she insisted on visiting her children, to whom she gave several hearty kisses, and then recommending them to the care of Mrs. Atkinson, she and her husband accompanied Mrs. James to the rout; where few of my fine readers will be displeased to make part of the company.

The two ladies and Booth then entered an apartment beset with card-tables, like the rooms at Bath and Tunbridge. Mrs. James immediately introduced her friends to Lady Betty; who received them very civilly, and presently engaged Booth and Mrs. James in a party at whist: for, as to Amelia, she so much declined playing, that, as the party could be filled without her, she was permitted to sit by.

And now, who should make his appearance but the noble peer, of whom so much honourable mention hath already been made in this history. He walked directly up to Amelia, and addressed her with as perfect a confidence, as if he had not been in the least conscious of having in any manner displeased her; though the reader will hardly suppose, that Mrs. Ellison had kept any thing a secret from him.

Amelia was not, however, so forgetful. She made him a very distant courtesy; would scarce vouchsafe an answer to any thing he said; and took the first opportunity of shifting her chair, and retiring from him.

Her behaviour, indeed, was such, that the peer plainly perceived that he should get no advantage by pursuing her any farther at present. Instead, therefore, of attempting to follow her, he turned on his heel, and addressed his discourse to another lady; though he could not avoid often casting his eyes towards Amelia as long as she remained in the room.

Fortune, which seems to have been generally no great friend to Mr. Booth, gave him no extraordinary marks of her favour at play. He lost two full rubbers, which cost him five guineas; after which, Amelia, who was uneasy at his lordship’s presence, begged him in a whisper to return home; with which request he directly complied.

Nothing, I think, remarkable happened to Booth, unless the renewal of his acquaintance with an officer whom he had known abroad, and who made one of his party at the whist-table.

The name of this gentleman, with whom the reader will hereafter be better acquainted, was Trent. He had formerly been in the same regiment with Booth, and there was some intimacy between them. Captain Trent expressed great delight in meeting his brother officer, and both mutually promised to visit each other.

The scenes which had past the preceding night and that morning had so confused Amelia’s thoughts, that, in the hurry in which she was carried off by Mrs. James, she had entirely forgot her appointment with Dr. Harrison. When she was informed at her return home, that the doctor had been to wait upon her, and had expressed some anger at her being gone out, she became greatly uneasy; and begged of her husband to go to the doctor’s lodgings, and make her apology.

But least the reader should be as angry with the doctor, as he had declared himself with Amelia, we think proper to explain the matter. Nothing then was farther from the doctor’s mind than the conception of any anger towards Amelia. On the contrary, when the girl answered him, that her mistress

was

was not at home, the doctor said with great good-humour, 'How! not at home! then tell your mistress she is a giddy vagabond, and I will come to see her no more till she sends for me.' This the poor girl, from misunderstanding one word, and half forgetting the rest, had construed into great passion, and several very bad words, and a declaration that he would never see Amelia any more.

C H A P. VIII.

IN WHICH TWO STRANGERS MAKE THEIR APPEARANCE.

BOOTH went to the doctor's lodgings, and found him engaged with his country friend and his son, a young gentleman who was lately in orders; both whom the doctor had left, to keep his appointment with Amelia.

After what we mentioned at the end of the last chapter, we need take little notice of the apology made by Booth, or the doctor's reception of it, which was in his peculiar manner. 'Your wife,' said he, 'is a vain hussy, to think herself worth my anger; but tell her, I have the vanity myself to think I cannot be angry without a better cause. And yet tell her, I intend to punish her for her levity: for if you go abroad, I have determined to take her down with me into the country, and make her do penance there till you return.'

'Dear Sir,' said Booth, 'I know not how to thank you, if you are in earnest.'

'I assure you then I am in earnest,' cries the doctor; 'but you need not thank me, however, since you know not how.'

'But would not that, Sir,' said Booth, 'be shewing a slight to the colonel's invitation? and you know I have so many obligations to him.'

'Do not tell me of the colonel,' cries the doctor, 'the church is to be first served. Besides, Sir, I have priority of right, even to you yourself. You stole my little lamb from me: for I was her first love.'

'Well, Sir,' cries Booth, 'if I should be so unhappy to leave her to any one, she must herself determine; and, I believe, it will not be difficult

to guess where her choice will fall: for of all men, next to her husband, I believe none can contend with Dr. Harrison in her favour.'

'Since you say so,' cries the doctor, 'fetch her hither to dinner with us: for I am at least so good a christian to love those that love me.—I will shew you my daughter, my old friend; for I am really proud of her—and you may bring my grand-children with you, if you please.'

Booth made some compliments, and then went on his errand. As soon as he was gone, the old gentleman said to the doctor, 'Pray, my good friend, what daughter is this of yours? I never so much as heard that you was married.'

'And what then,' cries the doctor; 'did you ever hear that a pope was married? and yet some of them have had sons and daughters, I believe: but, however, this young gentleman will absolve me without obliging me to penance.'

'I have not yet that power,' answered the young clergyman; 'for I am only in deacon's orders.'

'Are you not?' cries the doctor; 'why then, I will absolve myself. You are to know then, my good friend, that this young lady was the daughter of a neighbour of mine, who is since dead, and whose sins I hope are forgiven: for she had too much to answer for on her child's account. Her father was my intimate acquaintance and friend; a worthier man, indeed, I believe, never lived. He died suddenly when his children were infants; and, perhaps, to the suddenness of his death it was owing, that he did not recommend any care of them to me. However, I, in some measure, took that charge upon me; and particularly of her whom I call my daughter. Indeed, as she grew up, she discovered so many good qualities, that she wanted not the remembrance of her father's merit to recommend her. I do her no more than justice, when I say, she is one of the best creatures I ever knew. She hath a sweetness of temper, a generosity of spirit, an openness of heart; in a word, she hath a true christian disposition. I may call her an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile.'

'I wish you joy of your daughter,'

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cries the old gentleman: 'for to a man of your disposition, to find out an adequate object of your benevolence, is, I acknowledge, to find a treasure.'

'It is, indeed, a happiness,' cries the doctor.

'The greatest difficulty,' added the gentleman, 'which persons of your turn of mind meet with, is in finding proper objects of their goodness; for nothing sure can be more irksome to a generous mind, than to discover that it hath thrown away all its good offices on a soil that bears no other fruit than ingratitude.'

'I remember,' cries the doctor, 'Phocylides saith,

Μὴ κακὸν εὖ ἐρεῖς· σπεύρου ἴσων ἐς ἐνὶ πόντῳ*.

But he speaks more like a philosopher than a christian. I am more pleased with a French writer, one of the best, indeed, that I ever read; who blames men for lamenting the ill return which is so often made to the best offices †. "A true christian can never be disappointed, if he doth not receive his reward in this world: the labourer might as well complain, that he is not paid his hire in the middle of the day."

'I own, indeed,' said the gentleman, 'if we see it in that light—'

'And in what light should we see it?' answered the doctor. 'Are we like Agrippa, only almost christians? or, is christianity a matter of bare theory, and not a rule for our practice?'

'Practical undoubtedly, undoubtedly practical,' cries the gentleman. 'Your example might indeed have convinced me long ago, that we ought to do good to every one.'

'Pardon me, father,' cries the young divine, 'that is rather a heathenish than a christian doctrine. Homer, I remember, introduces in his Iliad one Axylus, of whom he says,

† οἷός τε ἐν ἀνθρώποισι
πᾶντας γὰρ φιλεῖν.

But Plato, who of all the heathens

came nearest to the christian philosophy, condemned this as impious doctrine; so Eustathius tells us, folio 474.

'I know he doth,' cries the doctor, and so Barnes tells us, in his note upon the place; but if you remember the rest of the quotation, as well as you do that from Eustathius, you might have added the observation which Mr. Dryden makes in favour of this passage, that he found not in all the Latin authors so admirable an instance of extensive humanity. You might have likewise remembered the noble sentiment with which Mr. Barnes ends his note, the sense of which is taken from the fifth chapter of Matthew,

ὅς καὶ φῶς πολλοῖο

Μὲν δ' ἀγαθοῖσι κακοῖσι τ' ἐπ' ἀνδράσιν ἐξανα-
τίλλει.

It seems, therefore, as if this character rather became a christian than a heathen; for Homer could not have transcribed it from any of his deities. Whom is it, therefore, we imitate by such extensive benevolence?

'What a prodigious memory you have,' cries the old gentleman!—'Indeed, son, you must not contend with the doctor in these matters.'

'I shall not give my opinion hastily,' cries the son. 'I know again what Mr. Poole, in his annotations, says on that verse of St. Matthew: That it is only to *heap up coals of fire upon their heads*. How are we to understand, pray, the text immediately preceding? *Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you*.'

'You know, I suppose, young gentleman,' said the doctor, 'how these words are generally understood. The commentator you mention, I think, tells us, that love is not here to be taken in the strict sense, so as to signify the complacency of the heart; you may hate your enemies as God's enemies, and seek due revenge of them for his honour; and for your own sakes too you may seek moderate satisfaction of them; but then, you

* To do a kindness to a bad man, is like sowing your seed in the sea.

† D'Espit.

‡ He was a friend to mankind, for he loved them all.

are to love them with a love consistent with these things; that is to say, in plainer words, you are to love them and hate them, and bless and curse, and do them good and mischief.

‘Excellent! admirable!’ said the old gentleman. ‘You have a most inimitable turn to ridicule.’

‘I do not approve ridicule,’ said the son, ‘on such subjects.’

‘Nor I neither,’ cries the doctor. ‘I will give you my opinion, therefore, very seriously. The two verses taken together contain a very positive precept, delivered in the plainest words, and yet illustrated by the clearest instance, in the conduct of the Supreme Being; and lastly, the practice of this precept is most nobly enforced by the reward annexed—that ye may be the children, and so forth. No man, who understands what it is to love, and to bless, and to do good, can mistake the meaning. But if they required any comment, the scripture itself affords enow. *If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing; but contrariwise, blessing.* They do not, indeed, want the comments of men, who, when they cannot bend their minds to the obedience of scripture, are desirous to wrest scripture to a compliance with their own inclinations.’

‘Most nobly and justly observed,’ cries the old gentleman. ‘Indeed, my good friend, you have explained the text with the utmost perspicuity.’

‘But if this be the meaning,’ cries the son, ‘there must be an end of all law and justice, for I do not see how any man can prosecute his enemy in a court of justice.’

‘Pardon me, Sir,’ cries the doctor, ‘Indeed, as an enemy merely, and from a spirit of revenge, he cannot, and he ought not to prosecute him; but as an offender against the laws of his country, he may, and it is his duty so to do: is there any spirit of revenge in magistrates or officers of justice, when they punish criminals? Why do such, ordinarily I mean, concern themselves in inflicting punishments, but because it is their duty? and why may not a private man deliver an offender into the hands of justice, from the same laud-

able motive? Revenge, indeed, of all kinds is strictly prohibited; wherefore, as we are not to execute it with our own hands, so neither are we to make use of the law as the instrument of private malice, and to worry each other with inveteracy and rancour. And where is the great difficulty in obeying this wise, this generous, this noble precept? If revenge be, as a certain divine, not greatly to his honour, calls it, the most luscious morsel the devil ever dropt into the mouth of a sinner, it must be allowed at least to cost us often extremely dear. It is a dainty, if indeed it be one, which we come at with great inquietude, with great difficulty, and with great danger. However pleasant it may be to the palate, while we are feeding on it, it is sure to leave a bitter relish behind it; and so far, indeed, it may be called a luscious morsel, that the most greedy appetites are soon glutted, and the most eager longing for it is soon turned into loathing and repentance. I allow there is something tempting in it’s outward appearance; but it is like the beautiful colour of some poisons, from which, however they may attract our eyes, a regard to our own welfare commands us to abstain. And this is an abstinence to which wisdom alone, without any divine command, hath been often found adequate; with instances of which, the Greek and Latin authors every where abound. May not a christian, therefore, be well ashamed of making a stumbling-block of a precept, which is not only consistent with his worldly interest, but to which so noble an incentive is proposed?’

The old gentleman fell into raptures at this speech, and after making many compliments to the doctor upon it, he turned to his son, and told him, he had an opportunity now of learning more in one day, than he had learnt at the university in a twelvemonth.

The son replied, that he allowed the doctrine to be extremely good in general, and that he agreed with the greater part; ‘But I must make a distinction,’ said he.—However, he was interrupted from his distinction at present; for now Booth returned with Amelia and the children.

CHAP. IX.

A SCENE OF MODERN WIT AND HUMOUR.

IN the afternoon, the old gentleman proposed a walk to Vauxhall; a place of which, he said, he had heard much, but had never seen it.

The doctor readily agreed to his friend's proposal, and soon after ordered two coaches to be sent for to carry the whole company. But when the servant was gone for them, Booth acquainted the doctor that it was yet too early. 'Is it so,' said the doctor? 'why then, I will carry you first to one of the greatest and highest entertainments in the world.'

The children pricked up their ears at this; nor did any of the company guess what he meant; and Amelia asked what entertainment he could carry them to at that time of the day.

'Suppose,' says the doctor, 'I should carry you to court?'

'At five o'clock in the afternoon!' cries Booth.

'Ay, suppose I should have interest enough to introduce you into the presence?'

'You are jesting, dear Sir,' cries Amelia.

'Indeed, I am serious,' answered the doctor. 'I will introduce you into that presence, compared to whom the greatest emperor on the earth is many millions of degrees meaner than the most contemptible reptile is to him. What entertainment can there be to a rational being equal to this? was not the taste of mankind most wretchedly depraved, where would the vain man find an honour, or where would the lover of pleasure propose so adequate an object as divine worship? with what extasy must the contemplation of being admitted to such a presence fill the mind! the pitiful courts of princes are open to few, and to those only at particular seasons; but from this glorious and gracious presence, we are none of us, and at no time, excluded.'

The doctor was proceeding thus, when the servant returned, saying, the coaches were ready: and the whole company with the greatest alacrity attended the doctor to St. James's church.

When the service was ended, and they were again got into their coaches, Amelia returned the doctor many thanks for the light in which he had placed divine worship; assuring him, that she had never before had so much transport in her devotion as at this time; and saying, she believed she should be the better for this notion he had given her, as long as she lived.

The coaches being come to the water-side, they all alighted, and getting into one boat, proceeded to Vauxhall.

The extreme beauty and elegance of this place is well known to almost every one of my readers: and happy is it for me that it is so; since, to give an adequate idea of it, would exceed my power of description. To delineate the particular beauties of these gardens would, indeed, require as much pains, and as much paper too, as to rehearse all the good actions of their master; whose life proves the truth of an observation, which I have read in some ethic writer, that a truly elegant taste is generally accompanied with an excellency of heart; or, in other words, that true virtue is, indeed, nothing else but true taste.

Here our company diverted themselves with walking an hour or two before the music began. Of all the seven, Booth alone had ever been here before; so that, to all the rest, the place, with its other charms, had that of novelty. When the music played, Amelia, who stood next to the doctor, said to him in a whisper, 'I hope I am not guilty of profaneness; but, in pursuance of that chearful chain of thoughts with which you have inspired me this afternoon, I was just now lost in a reverie, and fancied myself in those blissful mansions which we hope to enjoy hereafter. The delicious sweetness of the place, the enchanting charms of the music, and the satisfaction which appears in every one's countenance, carried my soul almost to heaven in its ideas. I could not have, indeed, imagined there had been any thing like this in this world.'

The doctor smiled, and said, 'You see, dear Madam, there may be pleasures, of which you could conceive no idea, till you actually enjoyed them.'

And now the little boy, who had long





Plate VI.

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long withstood the attractions of several cheescakes that passed to and fro, could contain no longer; but asked his mother to give him one, saying, 'I am sure, my sister would be glad of another, though she is ashamed to ask.' The doctor, overhearing the child, proposed that they should all retire to some place where they might sit down and refresh themselves, which they accordingly did. Amelia now missed her husband; but, as she had three men in her company, and one of them was the doctor, she concluded herself and her children to be safe, and doubted not but that Booth would soon find her out.

They now sat down, and the doctor very gallantly desired Amelia to call for what she liked. Upon which the children were supplied with cakes; and some ham and chicken were provided for the rest of the company. With which, while they were regaling themselves with the highest satisfaction, two young fellows walking arm in arm came up, and when they came opposite to Amelia, stood still, staring Amelia full in the face, and one of them cried aloud to the other, 'D—n me, my lord, if she is not an angel!' My lord stood still, staring likewise at her, without speaking a word; when two others of the same gang came up, and one of them cried, 'Come along, Jack, I have seen her before; but she is too well manned already. Three are enough for one woman, or the devil is in it.'

'D—n me,' says he that spoke first, and whom they called Jack, 'I will have a brush at her, if she belonged to the whole convocation.' And so saying, he went up to the young clergyman, and cried, 'Doctor, sit up a little, if you please, and do not take up more room in a bed than belongs to you.' At which words, he gave the young man a push; and seated himself down directly over against Amelia; and leaning both his elbows on the table, he fixed his eyes on her in a manner with which modesty can neither look, nor bear to be looked at.

Amelia seemed greatly shocked at this treatment; upon which the doctor removed her within him, and then facing the gentleman, asked him what he meant by this rude behaviour. Upon which my lord stepped up, and said, 'Do

not be impertinent, old gentleman. Do you think such fellows as you are to keep, d—n me, such fine wenches, d—n me, to yourselves, d—n me?'

'No, no,' cries Jack, 'the old gentleman is more reasonable. Here is the fellow that eats up the tithe pig. Do not you see how his mouth waters at her? Where is your flabbering bib?' For though the gentleman had rightly guessed he was a clergyman, yet he had not any of those insignia on with which it would have been improper to have appeared there.

'Such boys as you,' cries the young clergyman, 'ought to be well whipped at school, instead of being suffered to become nuisances in the society.'

'Boys, Sir,' says Jack; 'I believe I am as good a man as yourself, Mr. —, and as good a scholar too. *Bos fur sus quotque sacerdos.* Tell me what is next. D—n me, I'll hold you fifty pounds, you do not tell me what is next.'

'You have him, Jack,' cries my lord. 'It is all over with him, d—n me. He cannot strike another blow.'

'If I had you in a proper place,' cries the clergyman, 'you should find I would strike a blow, and a pretty hard one too.'

'There,' cries my lord, 'there is the meekness of the clergyman. There spoke the wolf in sheep's cloathing. D—n me, how big he looks. You must be civil to him, faith! or else he will burst with pride.'

'Ay, ay,' cries Jack, 'let the clergy alone for pride; there's not a lord in the kingdom, now, hath half the pride of that fellow.'

'Pray, Sir,' cries the doctor, turning to the other, 'are you a lord?'

'Yes, Mr. —,' cries he, 'I have that honour, indeed.'

'And I suppose you have pride too,' said the doctor.

'I hope I have, Sir,' answered he, 'at your service.'

'If such a one as you, Sir,' cries the doctor, 'who are not only a scandal to the title you bear as a lord, but even as a man, can pretend to pride, why will you not allow it to a clergyman? I suppose, Sir, by your dress, you are in the army; and, by the ribband in your hat, you seem to be proud of that too. How much greater and more honourable is the service in which

‘which that gentleman is enlisted than your’s! Why, then, should you object to the pride of the clergy, since the lowest of the function is in reality every way so much your superior?’

‘Tida, tidu, tidum!’ cries my lord.

‘However, gentlemen,’ cries the doctor, ‘if you have the least pretension to that name, I beg you will put an end to your frolick; since you see it gives so much uneasiness to the lady. Nay, I entreat you, for your own sakes; for here is one coming, who will talk to you in a very different stile from ours.’

‘One coming!’ cries my lord; ‘what care I who is coming?’

‘I suppose it is the devil,’ cries Jack; ‘for here are two of his livery servants already.’

‘Let the devil come as soon as he will,’ cries my lord; ‘damn me if I have not a kiss.’

Amelia now fell a trembling; and her children, perceiving her fright, both hung on her, and began to cry; when Booth and Captain Trent both came up.

Booth, seeing his wife disordered, asked eagerly what was the matter. At the same time, the lord and his companion seeing Captain Trent, whom they well knew, said both together, ‘What! doth this company belong to you?’ When the doctor, with great presence of mind, as he was apprehensive of some fatal consequence if Booth should know what had past, said, ‘So, Mr. Booth, I am glad you are returned; your poor lady here began to be frightened out of her wits.’—‘But now you have him again,’ said he to Amelia, ‘I hope you will be easy.’

Amelia, frightened as she was, presently took the hint, and greatly chid her husband for leaving her. But the little boy was not so quick-sighted, and cried, ‘Indeed, papa, those naughty men there have frightened my mama out of her wits.’

‘How!’ cries Booth, a little moved. ‘Frightened! hath any one frightened you, my dear?’

‘No, my love,’ answered she, ‘nothing. I know not what the child means. Every thing is well, now I see you safe.’

Trent had been all the while talking aside with the young sparks; and now addressing himself to Booth, said, ‘Here hath been some little mistake; I be-

lieve my lord mistook Mrs. Booth for some other lady.’

‘It is impossible,’ cries my lord, ‘to know every one. I am sure, if I had known the lady to be a woman of fashion, and an acquaintance of Captain Trent, I should have said nothing disagreeable to her; but, if I have, I ask her pardon, and the company’s.’

‘I am in the dark,’ cries Booth. ‘Pray, what is all this matter?’

‘Nothing of any consequence,’ cries the doctor, ‘nor worth your enquiring into. You hear it was a mistake of the person; and I really believe his lordship, that all proceeded from his not knowing to whom the lady belonged.’

‘Come, come,’ says Trent, ‘there is nothing in the matter, I assure you. I will tell you the whole another time.’

‘Very well, since you say so,’ cries Booth, ‘I am contented.’ So ended the affair, and the two sparks made their congee, and sneaked off.

‘Now they are gone,’ said the young gentleman, ‘I must say, I never saw two worse bred jackanapes, nor fellows that deserved to be kicked more. If I had had them in another place, I would have taught them a little more respect to the church.’

‘You took rather a better way,’ answered the doctor, ‘to teach them that respect.’

Booth now desired his friend Trent to sit down with them, and proposed to call for a fresh bottle of wine; but Amelia’s spirits were too much disconcerted to give her any prospect of pleasure that evening. She therefore laid hold of the pretence of her children, for whom she said the hour was already too late; with which the doctor agreed. So they paid their reckoning, and departed; leaving to the two rakes the triumph of having totally dissipated the mirth of this little innocent company, who were before enjoying compleat satisfaction.

CHAP. X.

A CURIOUS CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE DOCTOR, YOUNG CLERGYMAN, AND THE YOUNG CLERGYMAN’S FATHER.

THE next morning, when the doctor and his two friends were at breakfast, the young clergyman, in whose

mind

mind the injurious treatment he had received the evening before was very deeply impressed, renewed the conversation on that subject. 'It is a scandal,' said he, 'to the government, that they do not preserve more respect to the clergy, by punishing all rudeness to them with the utmost severity. It was very justly observed of you, Sir,' says he to the doctor, 'that the lowest clergyman in England is in real dignity superior to the highest nobleman. What then can be so shocking, as to see that gown, which ought to entitle us to the veneration of all we meet, treated with contempt and ridicule? Are we not, in fact, ambassadors from heaven to the world; and do they not, therefore, in denying us our due respect, deny it in reality to him that sent us?'

'If that be the case,' says the doctor, 'it behoves them to look to themselves; for he who sent us, is able to exact most severe vengeance for the ill treatment of his ministers.'

'Very true, Sir,' cries the young one; 'and I heartily hope he will: but those punishments are at too great a distance to infuse terror into wicked minds. The government ought to interfere with it's immediate censures. Fines and imprisonments, and corporal punishments, operate more forcibly on the human mind, than all the fears of damnation.'

'Do you think so?' cries the doctor; 'then I am afraid men are very little in earnest in those fears.'

'Most justly observed,' says the old gentleman. 'Indeed, I am afraid that is too much the case.'

'In that,' said the son, 'the government is to blame. Are not books of infidelity, treating our holy religion as a mere imposture, nay, sometimes, as a mere jest, published daily, and spread abroad amongst the people with perfect impunity?'

'You are certainly in the right,' says the doctor, 'there is a most blameable remissness with regard to these matters: but the whole blame doth not lie there; some little share of the fault is, I am afraid, to be imputed to the clergy themselves.'

'Indeed, Sir,' cries the young one, 'I did not expect that charge from a gentleman of your cloth. Do the

clergy give any encouragement to such books? Do they not, on the contrary, cry loudly out against the suffering them? This is the invidious aspersions of the laity; and I did not expect to hear it confirmed by one of our own cloth.'

'Be not too impatient, young gentleman,' said the doctor, 'I do not absolutely confirm the charge of the laity: it is much too general, and too severe; but even the laity themselves do not attack them in that part to which you have applied your defence. They are not supposed such fools as to attack that religion to which they owe their temporal welfare. They are not taxed with giving any other support to infidelity, than what it draws from the ill examples of their lives; I mean, of the lives of some of them. Here too the laity carry their censures too far: for there are very few or none of the clergy, whose lives, if compared with those of the laity, can be called profligate; but such, indeed, is the perfect purity of our religion, such is the innocence and virtue which it exacts to entitle us to it's glorious rewards, and to screen us from it's dreadful punishments, that he must be a very good man indeed who lives up to it. Thus then these persons argue. This man is educated in a perfect knowledge of religion, is learned in it's laws, and is by his profession obliged in a manner to have them always before his eyes. The rewards which it promises to the obedience of these laws are so great, and the punishments threatened on disobedience so dreadful, that it is impossible but all men must fearfully fly from the one, and as eagerly pursue the other. If therefore such a person lives in direct opposition to, and in a constant breach of these laws, the inference is obvious. There is a pleasant story in Matthew Paris, which I will tell you as well as I can remember it. Two young gentlemen, I think they were priests, agreed together, that whosoever died first, should return and acquaint his friend with the secrets of the other world. One of them died soon after, and fulfilled his promise. The whole relation he gave is not very material; but, among other things, he produced one of his hands, which Satan had made use of
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to write upon, as the moderns do on a card, and had sent his compliments to the priests, for the number of souls which the wicked examples of their lives daily sent to hell. This story is the more remarkable, as it was written by a priest, and a great favourer of his order.

‘Excellent,’ cried the old gentleman; ‘what a memory you have!’

‘But, Sir,’ cries the young one, ‘a clergyman is a man as well as another; and, if such perfect purity be expected—’

‘I do not expect it,’ cries the doctor; ‘and I hope it will not be expected of us. The scripture itself gives us this hope, where the best of us are said to fall twenty times a day. But sure, we may not allow the practice of any of those grosser crimes which contaminate the whole mind. We may expect an obedience to the ten commandments, and an abstinence from such notorious vices; as, in the first place, avarice, which indeed can hardly subsist without the breach of more commandments than one: indeed, it would be excessive candour to imagine, that a man, who so visibly sets his whole heart not only on this world, but on one of the most worthless things in it, (for so is money, with regard to it’s uses) should be at the same time laying up his treasure in heaven. Ambition is a second vice of this sort: we are told we cannot serve God and Mammon. I might have applied this to avarice; but I chose rather to mention it here. When we see a man sneaking about in courts and levees, and doing the dirty work of great men, from the hopes of preferment; can we believe, that a fellow, whom we see to have so many hard task-masters upon earth, ever thinks of his Master which is in heaven? Must he not himself think, if he ever reflects at all, that so glorious a Master will disdain and disown a servant, who is the dutiful tool of a court favourite; and employed either as the pimp of his pleasure, or sometimes perhaps made a dirty channel, to assist in the conveyance of that corruption, which is clogging up and destroying the very vitals of his country?’

‘The last vice which I shall mention, is pride. There is not in the uni-

verse a more ridiculous, nor a more contemptible animal, than a proud clergyman; a turkey-cock, or a jackdaw, are objects of veneration, when compared with him. I do not mean, by pride, that noble dignity of mind to which goodness can only administer an adequate object, which delights in the testimony of it’s own conscience, and could not, without the highest agonies, bear it’s condemnation. By pride, I mean, that saucy passion, which exults in every little eventual pre-eminence over other men. Such are the ordinary gifts of nature, and the paucity presents of fortune, wit, knowledge, birth, strength, beauty, riches, titles, and rank. That passion which is ever aspiring, like a silly child, to look over the heads of all about them; which, while it servilely adheres to the great, flies from the poor, as if afraid of contamination; devouring greedily every murmur of applause, and every look of admiration; pleased and elated with all kind of respect; and hurt and enflamed with the contempt of the lowest and most despicable of fools, even with such as treated you last night disrespectfully at Vauxhall. Can such a mind as this be fixed on things above? Can such a man reflect that he hath the ineffable honour to be employed in the immediate service of his great Creator; or, can he please himself with the heart-warming hope, that his ways are acceptable in the sight of that glorious, that incomprehensible Being?’

‘Hear, child, hear,’ cries the old gentleman; ‘hear, and improve your understanding.—Indeed, my good friend, no one retires from you without carrying away some good instructions with him.—Learn of the doctor, Tom, and you will be the better man as long as you live.’

‘Undoubtedly, Sir,’ answered Tom, ‘the doctor hath spoken a great deal of excellent truth; and, without a compliment to him, I was always a great admirer of his sermons, particularly of their oratory. But,

Nec tamen hoc tribuens dederim quoque cetera.

‘I cannot agree that a clergyman is obliged to put up with an affront any more than another man, and more especially

especially when it is paid to the order.

'I am very sorry, young gentleman,' cries the doctor, 'that you should be ever liable to be affronted as a clergyman; and, I do assure you, if I had known your disposition formerly, the order should never have been affronted through you.'

The old gentleman now began to check his son, for his opposition to the doctor; when a servant delivered the latter a note from Amelia, which he read immediately to himself, and it contained the following words:

'MY DEAR SIR,

SOMETHING hath happened since I saw you, which gives me great uneasiness, and I beg the favour of seeing you as soon as possible, to advise with you upon it. I am, your most obliged and dutiful daughter,

'AMELIA BOOTH.'

The doctor's answer was, that he would wait on the lady directly; and then turning to his friend, he asked him if he would not take a walk in the Park before dinner. 'I must go,' says he, 'to the lady who was with us last night; for I am afraid, by her letter, some bad accident hath happened to her. Come, young gentleman, I spoke a little too hastily to you just now; but I ask your pardon. Some allowance must be made to the warmth of your blood. I hope we shall in time both think alike.'

The old gentleman made his friend another compliment: and the young one declared, he hoped he should always think, and act too, with the dignity becoming his cloth. After which, the doctor took his leave for a while, and went to Amelia's lodgings.

As soon as he was gone, the old gentleman fell very severely on his son. 'Tom,' says he, 'how can you be such a fool, to undo by your perverseness all that I have been doing? Why will you not learn to study mankind with the attention which I have employed to that purpose? Do you think, if I had affronted this

obstinate old fellow as you do, I should ever have engaged his friendship?

'I cannot help it, Sir,' said Tom; 'I have not studied six years at the university, to give up my sentiments to every one. It is true, indeed, he put together a set of sounding words; but, in the main, I never heard any one talk more foolishly.'

'What of that,' cries the father; 'I never told you he was a wise man, nor did I ever think him so. If he had any understanding, he would have been a bishop long ago, to my certain knowledge. But, indeed, he hath been always a fool in private life; for I question whether he is worth 100*l.* in the world, more than his annual income. He hath given away above half his fortune to the Lord knows who. I believe I have had above 200*l.* of him, first and last; and, would you lose such a milch-cow as this for want of a few compliments? Indeed, Tom, thou art as great a simpleton as himself. How do you expect to rise in the church, if you cannot temporize, and give into the opinion of your superiors?'

'I do not know, Sir,' cries Tom, 'what you mean by my superiors. In one sense, I own, a doctor of divinity is superior to a bachelor of arts, and so far I am ready to allow his superiority; but I understand Greek and Hebrew as well as he, and will maintain my opinion against him, or any other in the schools.'

'Tom,' cries the old gentleman, 'till thou gettest the better of thy conceit, I shall never have any hopes of thee. If thou art wise, thou wilt think every man thy superior, of whom thou canst get any thing; at least, thou wilt persuade him that thou thinkest so, and that is sufficient. Tom, Tom, thou hast no policy in thee.'

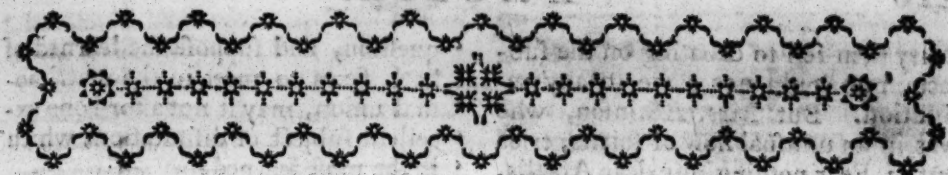
'What have I been learning these seven years,' answered he, 'in the university? However, father, I can account for your opinion. It is the common failing of old men to attribute all wisdom to themselves. Nestor did it long ago; but, if you will enquire my character at college, I fancy

‘you will not think I want to go to school again.’

The father and son then went to take their walk, during which the former repeated many good lessons of policy to his son, not greatly perhaps to his edification. In truth, if the old gentle-

man’s fondness had not in a great measure blinded him to the imperfections of his son, he would have soon perceived that he was sowing all his instructions in a soil so choaked with self-conceit, that it was utterly impossible they should ever bear any fruit.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.



AMELIA.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

BOOK X.

CHAP. I.

TO WHICH WE WILL PREFIX NO
PREFACE.

THE doctor found Amelia alone, for Booth was gone to walk with his new-revived acquaintance, Captain Trent, who seemed so pleased with the renewal of his intercourse with his old brother officer, that he had been almost continually with him from the time of their meeting at the drum.

Amelia acquainted the doctor with the purport of her message, as follows: 'I ask your pardon, my dear Sir, for troubling you so often with my affairs; but I know your extreme readiness, as well as ability, to assist any one with your advice. The fact is, that my husband hath been presented by Colonel James with two tickets for a masquerade, which is to be in a day or two; and he insists so strongly on my going with him, that I really do not know how to refuse, without giving him some reason; and I am not able to invent any other than the true one, which you would not, I am sure, advise me to communicate to him. Indeed, I had a most narrow escape the other day; for I was almost drawn in inadvertently, by a very strange accident, to acquaint him with the whole matter.' She then related the serjeant's dream,

with all the consequences that attended it.

The doctor considered a little with himself, and then said, 'I am really, child, puzzled as well as you about this matter. I would by no means have you go to the masquerade; I do not indeed like the diversion itself, as I have heard it described to me: not that I am such a prude to suspect every woman who goes there of any evil intentions; but it is a pleasure of too loose and disorderly a kind for the recreation of a sober mind. Indeed, you have a still stronger and more particular objection. I will try myself to reason him out of it.'

'Indeed, it is impossible,' answered she; 'and therefore I would not set you about it. I never saw him more set on any thing. There is a party, as they call it, made on the occasion; and he tells me my refusal will disappoint all.'

'I really do not know what to advise you,' cries the doctor: 'I have told you I do not approve these diversions; but yet, as your husband is so very desirous, I cannot think there will be any harm in going with him. However, I will consider of it, and do all in my power for you.'

Here Mrs. Atkinson came in, and the discourse on this subject ceased; but soon after Amelia renewed it, saying, there was no occasion to keep any thing a secret from her friend.

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They then fell to debating on the subject: but could not come to any resolution. But Mrs. Atkinson, who was in an unusual flow of spirits, cried out, 'Fear nothing, my dear Amelia, two women will surely be too hard for one man. I think, doctor, it exceeds Virgil:

'Una dolo divum si femina victor duorum est.'

'Very well repeated indeed,' cries the doctor. 'Do you understand all Virgil as well as you seem to do that line?'

'I hope I do, Sir,' said she, 'and Horace too; or else my father threw away his time to very little purpose in teaching me.'

'I ask your pardon, Madam,' cries the doctor. 'I own, it was an impertinent question.'

'Not at all, Sir,' says she; 'and, if you are one of those who imagine women incapable of learning, I shall not be offended at it. I know the common opinion; but

'Interdum vulgus rectum videt, est ubi peccat.'

'If I was to profess such an opinion, Madam,' said the doctor, 'Madam Dacier and yourself would bear testimony against me. The utmost indeed that I should venture, would be to question the utility of learning in a young lady's education.'

'I own,' said Mrs. Atkinson, 'as the world is constituted, it cannot be as serviceable to her fortune, as it will be to that of a man: but you will allow, doctor, that learning may afford a woman at least a reasonable and an innocent entertainment.'

'But I will suppose,' cried the doctor, 'it may have its inconveniences. As for instance, if a learned lady should meet with an unlearned husband, might she not be apt to despise him?'

'I think not,' cries Mrs. Atkinson; 'and if I may be allowed the instance, I think I have shewn, myself, that women who have learning themselves, can be contented without that qualification in a man.'

'To be sure,' cries the doctor, 'there may be other qualifications, which may have their weight in the balance. But let us take the other side of the

question, and suppose the learned of both sexes to meet in the matrimonial union, may it not afford one excellent subject of disputation, which is the most learned?'

'Not at all,' cries Mrs. Atkinson; 'for, if they had both learning and good sense, they would soon see on which side the superiority lay.'

'But if the learned man,' said the doctor, 'should be a little unreasonable in his opinion, are you sure that the learned woman would preserve her duty to her husband, and submit?'

'But why,' cries Mrs. Atkinson, 'must we necessarily suppose that a learned man would be unreasonable?'

'Nay, Madam,' said the doctor, 'I am not your husband; and you shall not hinder me from supposing what I please. Surely it is not such a paradox, to conceive that a man of learning would be unreasonable. Are there no unreasonable opinions in very learned authors, even among the critics themselves? For instance, what can be a more strange, and indeed unreasonable opinion, than to prefer the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid to the *Æneid* of Virgil?'

'It would be indeed so strange,' cries the lady, 'that you shall not persuade me it was ever the opinion of any man.'

'Perhaps not,' cries the doctor; 'and I believe you and I should not differ in our judgments of any person who maintained such an opinion. What a taste must he have!'

'A most contemptible one indeed,' cries Mrs. Atkinson.

'I am satisfied,' cries the doctor. 'And in the words of your own Horace, *Verbum non amplius addam*.'

'But how provoking is this!' cries Mrs. Atkinson, 'to draw one in in such a manner. I protest, I was so warm in the defence of my favourite Virgil, that I was not aware of your design; but all your triumph depends on a supposition that one should be so unfortunate as to meet with the silliest fellow in the world.'

'Not in the least,' cries the doctor. 'Doctor Bentley was not such a person; and yet he would have quarrelled, I am convinced, with any wife in the world, in behalf of one of his corrections. I do not suppose

he

‘ he would have given up his *ingentia fata* to an angel.’

‘ But do you think,’ said she, ‘ if I had loved him, I would have contented with him?’

‘ Perhaps you might sometimes,’ said the doctor, ‘ be of these sentiments; but you remember your own Virgil, *Varium et mutabile semper femina*.’

‘ Nay, Amelia,’ said Mrs. Atkinson, ‘ you are now concerned as well as I am; for he hath now abused the whole sex, and quoted the severest thing that ever was said against us, though I allow it is one of the finest.’

‘ With all my heart, my dear,’ cries Amelia. ‘ I have the advantage of you however, for I do not understand him.’

‘ Nor doth she understand much better than yourself,’ cries the doctor, ‘ or she would not admire nonsense, even though in Virgil.’

‘ Pardon me, Sir,’ said she.

‘ And pardon me, Madam,’ cries the doctor with a feigned seriousness; ‘ I say a boy in the fourth form at Eton would be whipped, or would deserve to be whipped at least, who made the neuter gender agree with the feminine. You have heard, however, that Virgil left his *Æneid* incorrect; and, perhaps, had he lived to correct it, we should not have seen the faults we now see in it.’

‘ Why, it is very true as you say, doctor,’ cries Mrs. Atkinson; ‘ there seems to be a false concord. I protest, I never thought of it before.’

‘ And yet this is the Virgil,’ answered the doctor, ‘ that you are so fond of, who hath made you all of the neuter gender; or, as we say in English, he hath made mere animals of you: for, if we translate it thus,

‘ Woman is a various and changeable animal,

‘ there will be no fault, I believe, unless in point of civility to the ladies.’

Mrs. Atkinson had just time to tell the doctor he was a provoking creature, before the arrival of Booth and his friend put an end to that learned discourse, in which neither of the parties had greatly recommended themselves to each other, the doctor’s opinion of the lady being not at all heightened by her progress in the classics; and she,

on the other hand, having conceived a great dislike in her heart towards the doctor, which would have raged, perhaps, with no less fury from the consideration that he had been her husband.

CHAP. II.

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE MASQUERADE.

FROM this time to the day of the masquerade, nothing happened of consequence enough to have a place in this history.

On that day Colonel James came to Booth’s about nine in the evening, where he stayed for Mrs. James, who did not come till near eleven. The four masques then set out together in several chairs; and all proceeded to the Hay-market.

When they arrived at the opera-house, the colonel and Mrs. James presently left them; nor did Booth and his lady remain long together, but were soon divided from each other by different masques.

A domino soon accosted the lady, and had her away to the upper end of the farthest room on the right hand, where both the masques sat down: nor was it long before the he domino began to make very fervent love to the she. It would, perhaps, be tedious to the reader to run through the whole process, which was not indeed in the most romantic style. The lover seemed to consider his mistress as a mere woman of this world, and seemed rather to apply to her avarice and ambition, than to her softer passions.

As he was not so careful to conceal his true voice as the lady was, she soon discovered that this lover of her’s was no other than her old friend the peer, and presently a thought suggested itself to her of making an advantage of this accident. She gave him therefore an intimation that she knew him, and expressed some astonishment at his having found her out. ‘ I suspect,’ says she, ‘ my lord, that you have a friend in the woman where I now lodge, as well as you had in Mrs. Ellison.’ My lord protested the contrary. To which she answered, ‘ Nay, my lord, do not defend her so earnestly, till you

'you are sure I should have been angry with her.'

At these words, which were accompanied with a very bewitching softness, my lord flew into raptures rather too strong for the place he was in. These the lady gently checked, and begged him to take care they were not observed; for that her husband, for aught she knew, was then in the room.

Colonel James came now up, and said, 'So, Madam, I have the good fortune to find you again; I have been extremely miserable since I lost you.' The lady answered in her masquerade voice, that she did not know him. 'I am Colonel James,' said he, in a whisper. 'Indeed, Sir,' answered she, 'you are mistaken; I have no acquaintance with any Colonel James.' — 'Madam,' answered he in a whisper likewise, 'I am positive I am not mistaken; you are certainly Mrs. Booth.' — 'Indeed, Sir,' said she, 'you are very impertinent, and I beg you will leave me.' My lord then interposed, and speaking in his own voice, assured the colonel that the lady was a woman of quality, and that they were engaged in a conversation together; upon which, the colonel asked the lady's pardon; for as there was nothing remarkable in her dress, he really believed he had been mistaken.

He then went again a hunting through the rooms, and soon after found Booth walking without his mask between two ladies, one of whom was in a blue domino, and the other in the dress of a shepherdess. 'Will,' cries the colonel, 'do you know what is become of our wives; for I have seen neither of them since I have been in the room?' Booth answered, that he supposed they were both together, and they should find them both by and by. 'What,' cries the lady in the blue domino, 'are you both come upon duty then with your wives? As for yours, Mr. Alderman,' said she to the colonel, 'I make no question but she is got into much better company than her husband's.' — 'How can you be so cruel, Madam,' said the shepherdess; 'you will make him beat his wife by and by, for he is a military man, I assure you.' — 'In the trained bands, I presume,' cries the domino, 'for he is plainly dated from the city.' — 'I own, indeed,' cries the other, 'the gen-

tleman smells strongly of Thames Street; and, if I may venture to guess, of the honourable calling of a taylor.'

'Why, what the devil hast thou picked up here?' cries James.

'Upon my soul, I do not know,' answered Booth; 'I wish you would take one of them at least.'

'What say you, Madam,' cries the domino, 'will you go with the colonel? I assure you, you have mistaken your man, for he is no less a person than the great Colonel James himself.'

'No wonder, then, that Mr. Booth gives him his choice of us; it is the proper office of a caterer, in which capacity Mr. Booth hath, I am told, the honour to serve the noble colonel.'

'Much good may it do you with your ladies,' said James; 'I will go in pursuit of better game.' At which words he walked off.

'You are a true sportsman,' cries the shepherdess; 'for your only pleasure, I believe, lies in the pursuit.'

'Do you know the gentleman, Madam?' cries the domino.

'Who doth not know him?' answered the shepherdess.

'What is his character?' cries the domino; 'for, though I have jested with him, I only know him by sight.'

'I know nothing very particular in his character,' cries the shepherdess. 'He gets every handsome woman he can, and so they do all.'

'I suppose then he is not married,' said the domino.

'O yes, and married for love too,' answered the other; 'but he hath loved away all his love for her long ago, and now, he says, she makes as fine an object of hatred. I think, if the fellow ever appears to have any wit, it is when he abuses his wife; and, luckily for him, that is his favourite topic. I do not know the poor wretch, but as he describes her, it is a miserable animal.'

'I know her very well,' cries the other, 'and I am much mistaken if she is not even with him: but hang him, what is become of Booth?'

At this instant a great noise arose near that part where the two ladies were. This was occasioned by a large assembly of young fellows, whom they call bucks, who were got together, and were enjoying, as the phrase is, a letter,

ter, which one of them had found in the room.

Curiosity has it's votaries among all ranks of people; whenever therefore an object of this appears, it is as sure of attracting a crowd in the assemblies of the polite, as in those of their inferiors.

When this crowd was gathered together, one of the bucks, at the desire of his companions, as well as of all present, performed the part of a public orator, and read out the following letter, which we shall give the reader, together with the comments of the orator himself, and of all his audience.

The orator then, being mounted on a bench, began as follows:

'Here beginneth the third chapter of saint—Pox on it, Jack, what is the saint's name? I have forgot.'

'Timothy, you blockhead,' answered another; 'Timothy.'

'Well, then,' cries the orator, 'of Saint Timothy:

"Sir, I am very sorry to have any occasion of writing on the following subject, in a country that is honoured with the name of christian; much more am I concerned to address myself to a man whose many advantages, derived both from nature and fortune, should demand the highest return of gratitude to the great Giver of all those good things: Is not such a man guilty of the highest ingratitude to that most beneficent Being; by a direct and avowed disobedience of his most positive laws and commands?

"I need not tell you that adultery is forbid in the laws of the decalogue, nor need I, I hope, mention that it is as expressly forbid in the New Testament."

'You see, therefore,' said the orator, 'what the law is, and therefore none of you will be able to plead ignorance, when you come to the Old Bailey in the other world. But here goes again:

"If it had not been so expressly forbidden in scripture, still the law of nature would have yielded light enough for us to have discovered the great horror and atrociousness of this crime.

"And accordingly we find, that nations where the Sun of Righteous-

"ness hath yet never shined, have punished the adulterer with the most exemplary pains and penalties; not only the polite heathens, but the most barbarous nations have concurred in these; in many places, the most severe and shameful corporal punishments, and in some, and those not a few, death itself hath been inflicted on this crime:

"And sure in a human sense there is scarce any guilt which deserves to be more severely punished. It includes in it almost every injury and every mischief which one man can do to or can bring on another. It is robbing him of his property;"—Mind that, ladies,' said the orator; 'you are all the property of your husbands;—"and of that property, which, if he is a good man, he values above all others. It is poisoning that fountain whence he hath a right to derive the sweetest and most innocent pleasure, the most cordial comfort, the most solid friendship, and most faithful assistance in all his affairs, wants, and distresses. It is the destruction of his peace of mind, and even of his reputation. The ruin of both wife and husband, and sometimes of the whole family, are the probable consequence of this fatal injury. Domestic happiness is the end of almost all our pursuits, and the common reward of all our pains. When men find themselves for ever barred from this delightful fruition, they are lost to all industry, and grow careless of all their worldly affairs. Thus they become bad subjects, bad relations, bad friends, and bad men. Hatred and revenge are the wretched passions which boil in their minds. Despair and madness very commonly ensue, and murder and suicide often close the dreadful scene."

'Thus, gentlemen and ladies, you see the scene is closed. So here ends the first act, and thus begins the second.

"I have here attempted to lay before you a picture of this vice, the horror of which no colours of mine can exaggerate. But what pencil can delineate the horrors of that punishment which the scripture denounces against it!

"And for what will you subject yourself to this punishment? or for

“ what reward will you inflict all this
 “ misery on another? I will add, on
 “ your friend! for the possession of a
 “ woman; for the pleasure of a mo-
 “ ment! But if neither virtue nor re-
 “ ligion can restrain your inordinate
 “ appetites, are there not many women,
 “ as handsome as your friend’s wife,
 “ whom, though not with innocence,
 “ you may possess with a much less
 “ degree of guilt? What motive then
 “ can thus hurry you on to the de-
 “ struction of yourself and your friend?
 “ Doth the peculiar rankness of the
 “ guilt add any zest to the sin? Doth
 “ it enhance the pleasure as much as
 “ we may be assured it will the pu-
 “ nishment?”

“ But if you can be so lost to all sense
 “ of fear, and of shame, and of good-
 “ ness, as not to be debarred by the evil
 “ which you are to bring on yourself,
 “ by the extreme baseness of the action,
 “ nor by the ruin in which you are to
 “ involve others; let me still urge the
 “ difficulty, I may say the impossibili-
 “ ty, of the success. You are attack-
 “ ing a fortress on a rock; a chastity
 “ so strongly defended, as well by a
 “ happy natural disposition of mind,
 “ as by the strongest principles of re-
 “ ligion and virtue, implanted by e-
 “ ducation, and nourished and im-
 “ proved by habit, that the woman
 “ must be invincible even without that
 “ firm and constant affection of her
 “ husband, which would guard a much
 “ looser and worse-disposed heart.
 “ What therefore are you attempting,
 “ but to introduce distrust, and per-
 “ haps disunion, between an innocent
 “ and a happy couple; in which too
 “ you cannot succeed without bring-
 “ ing, I am convinced, certain de-
 “ struction on your own head?”

“ Desist, therefore, let me advise you,
 “ from this enormous crime; retreat
 “ from the vain attempt of climbing a
 “ precipice, which it is impossible you
 “ should ever ascend, where you must
 “ probably soon fall into utter per-
 “ dition, and can have no other hope
 “ but of dragging down your best
 “ friend into perdition with you.

“ I can think of but one argument
 “ more, and that, indeed, a very bad
 “ one: you throw away that time in
 “ an impossible attempt, which might,
 “ in other places, crown your sinful
 “ endeavours with success.”

“ And so ends the dismal ditty.”

“ D—n me,” cries one, “ did ever
 “ mortal hear such d—n’d stuff?”

“ Upon my soul,” said another, “ I
 “ like the last argument well enough.
 “ There is some sense in that: for d—n
 “ me if I had not rather go to Douglass
 “ at any time, than to follow a virtu-
 “ ous b—— for a fortnight.”

“ Tom,” says one of them, “ let us
 “ set the ditty to music; let us sub-
 “ scribe to have it set by Handel; it
 “ will make an excellent oratorio.”

“ D—n me, Jack,” says another,
 “ we’ll have it set to a psalm tune, and
 “ we’ll sing it next Sunday at St.
 “ James’s church, and I’ll bear a bob,
 “ d—n me.”

“ Fie upon it, gentlemen, fie upon
 “ it,” said a friar who came up, “ do
 “ you think there is any wit and hu-
 “ mour in this ribaldry; or, if there
 “ were, would it make any atonement
 “ for abusing religion and virtue?”

“ Hey-day!” cries one, “ this is a
 “ friar in good earnest.”

“ Whatever I am,” said the friar, “ I
 “ hope at least, you are not what you
 “ appear to be. Heaven forbid, for
 “ the sake of our posterity, that you
 “ should be gentlemen.”

“ Jack,” cries one, “ let us toss the
 “ friar in a blanket.”

“ Me in a blanket!” said the friar;
 “ by the dignity of a man, I will twist
 “ the neck of every one of you as sure
 “ as ever the neck of a dunghill-cock
 “ was twisted.” At which words he
 “ pulled off his mask, and the tremen-
 “ dous majesty of Colonel Bath appear-
 “ ed, from which the bucks fled away as
 “ fast as the Trojans heretofore from the
 “ face of Achilles. The colonel did not
 “ think it worth while to pursue any
 “ other of them except him who had the
 “ letter in his hand, which the colonel
 “ desired to see, and the other delivered,
 “ saying it was very much at his service.

The colonel, being possessed of the
 “ letter, retired as privately as he could,
 “ in order to give it a careful perusal;
 “ for badly as it had been read by the
 “ orator, there were some passages in it
 “ which had pleased the colonel. He
 “ had just gone through it, when Booth
 “ passed by him; upon which, the co-
 “ lonel called to him, and delivering him
 “ the letter, bid him put it in his pocket,
 “ and read it at his leisure. He made
 “ many encomiums upon it, and told

Booth

Booth it would be of service to him, and was proper for all young men to read.

Booth had not yet seen his wife; but as he concluded she was safe with Mrs. James, he was not uneasy. He had been prevented the searching farther after her, by the lady in the blue domino, who had joined him again. Booth had now made these discoveries: that the lady was pretty well acquainted with him; that she was a woman of fashion; and that she had a particular regard for him. But though he was a gay man, he was in reality so fond of his Amelia, that he thought of no other woman; wherefore, though not absolutely a Joseph, as we have already seen, yet could he not be guilty of premeditated inconstancy. He was indeed so very cold and insensible to the hints which were given him, that the lady began to complain of his dulness. When the shepherdess again came up, and heard this accusation against him, she confirmed it, saying, 'I do assure you, Madam, he is the dullest fellow in the world. Indeed; I should almost take you for his wife, by finding you a second time with him; for I do assure you the gentleman very seldom keeps any other company.'—'Are you so well acquainted with him, Madam?' said the domino. 'I have had that honour longer than your ladyship, I believe,' answered the shepherdess. 'Possibly you may, Madam,' cries the domino, 'but I wish you would not interrupt us at present; for we have some business together.'—'I believe, Madam,' answered the shepherdess, 'my business with the gentleman is altogether as important as yours; and therefore your ladyship may withdraw if you please.'—'My dear ladies,' cries Booth, 'I beg you will not quarrel about me.'—'Not at all,' answered the domino, 'since you are so indifferent, I resign my pretensions with all my heart. If you had not been the dullest fellow upon earth, I am convinced you must have discovered me.' She then went off muttering to herself, that she was satisfied the shepherdess was some wretched creature whom nobody knew.

The shepherdess overheard the sarcasm, and answered it, by asking Booth what contemptible wretch he had

picked up. 'Indeed, Madam,' said he, 'you know as much of her as I do; she is a masquerade acquaintance like yourself.'—'Like me!' repeated she. 'Do you think if this had been our first acquaintance, I should have wasted so much time with you as I have? For your part, indeed, I believe a woman will get very little advantage by her having been formerly intimate with you.'—'I do not know, Madam,' said Booth, 'that I deserve that character, any more than I know the person that now gives it me.'—'And you have the assurance then,' said she in her own voice, 'to affect not to remember me.'—'I think,' cries Booth, 'I have heard that voice before; but, upon my soul, I do not recollect it.'—'Do you recollect,' said she, 'no woman that you have used with the highest barbarity? I will not say ingratitude.'—'No, upon my honour!' answered Booth. 'Mention not honour,' said she, 'thou wretch: for hardened as thou art, I could shew thee a face, that, in spite of thy consummate impudence, would confound thee with shame and horror. Do'st thou not yet know me?'—'I do, Madam, indeed,' answered Booth; 'and I confess, that of all women in the world you have the most reason for what you said.'

Here a long dialogue ensued between the gentleman and the lady, whom, I suppose, I need not mention to have been Miss Matthews; but as it consisted chiefly of violent upbraidings on her side, and excuses on his, I despair of making it entertaining to the reader; and shall therefore return to the colonel, who having searched all the rooms with the utmost diligence, without finding the woman he looked for, began to suspect that he had before fixed on the right person, and that Amelia had denied herself to him, being pleased with her paramour, whom he had discovered to be the noble peer.

He resolved, therefore, as he could have no sport himself, to spoil that of others; accordingly he found out Booth, and asked him again what was become of both their wives; for that he had searched all over the rooms, and could find neither of them.

Booth was now a little alarmed at this account, and parting with Miss

Matthews, went along with the colonel in search of his wife. As for Miss Matthews, he had at length pacified her with a promise to make her a visit; which promise she extorted from him, swearing bitterly, in the most solemn manner, unless he made it to her, she would expose both him and herself at the masquerade.

As he knew the violence of the lady's passions, and to what heights they were capable of rising, he was obliged to come into these terms; for he had, I am convinced, no fear upon earth equal to that of Amelia's knowing what it was in the power of Miss Matthews to communicate to her, and which, to conceal from her, he had already undergone so much uneasiness.

The colonel led Booth to the place where he had seen the peer and Amelia (such he was now well convinced she was) sitting together. Booth no sooner saw her, than he said to the colonel, 'Sure that is my wife in conversation with that masque.'—'I took her for your lady myself,' said the colonel; 'but I found I was mistaken. (Hark ye, that is my lord —, and I have seen that very lady with him all this night.)'

This conversation past at a little distance, and out of the hearing of the supposed Amelia; when Booth looking steadfastly at the lady, declared with an oath, that he was positive the colonel was in the right. She then beckoned to him with her fan; upon which, he went directly to her; and she asked him to go home, which he very readily consented to. The peer then walked off; the colonel went in pursuit of his wife, or of some other woman; and Booth and his lady returned in two chairs to their lodgings.

CHAP. III.

CONSEQUENCES OF THE MASQUERADE, NOT UNCOMMON NOR SURPRIZING.

THE lady getting first out of her chair, ran hastily up into the nursery to the children; for such was Amelia's constant method at her return home, at whatever hour. Booth then walked into the dining-room; where he had not been long, before Amelia

came down to him, and with a most chearful countenance, said, 'My dear, I fancy we have neither of us supped; shall I go down and see whether there is any cold meat in the house?'

'For yourself, if you please,' answered Booth; 'but I shall eat nothing.'

'How, my dear,' said Amelia, 'I hope you have not lost your appetite at the masquerade?' For supper was a meal at which he generally eat very heartily.

'I know not well what I have lost,' said Booth; 'I find myself disordered. My head aches. I know not what is the matter with me.'

'Indeed, my dear, you frighten me,' said Amelia; 'you look indeed disordered. I wish the masquerade had been far enough, before you had gone thither.'

'Would to Heaven it had!' cries Booth; 'but that is over now. But pray, Amelia, answer me one question; who was that gentleman with you, when I came up to you?'

'The gentleman, my dear?' said Amelia; 'what gentleman?'

'The gentleman, the nobleman, when I came up: sure I speak plain.'

'Upon my word, my dear, I do not understand you,' answered she; 'I did not know one person at the masquerade.'

'How!' said he; 'what spend the whole evening with a masque without knowing him?'

'Why, my dear,' said she, 'you know we were not together.'

'I know we were not,' said he; 'but what is that to the purpose? sure you answer me strangely. I know we were not together; and therefore I ask you whom you were with?'

'Nay, but my dear,' said she, 'can I tell people in masks?'

'I say again, Madam,' said he, 'would you converse two hours or more with a masque whom you did not know?'

'Indeed, child,' says she, 'I know nothing of the methods of a masquerade; for I never was at one in my life.'

'I wish to Heaven you had not been at this,' cries Booth. 'Nay, you will wish so yourself, if you tell me truth. What have I said? do I, can I, suspect you of not speaking truth?'

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‘ Since you are ignorant then, I will inform you, the man you have conversed with was no other than Lord ——.’

‘ And is that the reason,’ said she, ‘ you wish I had not been there?’

‘ And is not that reason,’ answered he, ‘ sufficient? Is he not the last man upon earth with whom I would have you converse?’

‘ So you really wish then that I had not been at the masquerade?’

‘ I do,’ cried he, ‘ from my soul.’

‘ So may I ever be able,’ cried she, ‘ to indulge you in every wish as in this. I was not there.’

‘ Do not trifle, Amelia,’ cried he; ‘ you would not jest with me, if you knew the situation of my mind.’

‘ Indeed, I do not jest with you,’ said she. ‘ Upon my honour, I was not there. Forgive me this first deceit I ever practised; and, indeed, it shall be the last, for I have paid severely for this by the uneasiness it hath given me.’ She then revealed to him the whole secret, which was thus:

I think it hath been already mentioned in some part of this history, that Amelia and Mrs. Atkinson were exactly of the same make and stature, and that there was likewise a very near resemblance between their voices. When Mrs. Atkinson, therefore, found that Amelia was so extremely averse to the masquerade, she proposed to go thither in her stead, and to pass upon Booth for his own wife.

This was afterwards very easily executed; for when they left Booth’s lodgings, Amelia, who went last to her chair, ran back to fetch her masque, as she pretended, which she had purposely left behind. She then whipt off her domino, and threw it over Mrs. Atkinson, who stood ready to receive it, and ran immediately down stairs; and stepping into Amelia’s chair, proceeded with the rest to the masquerade.

As her stature exactly suited that of Amelia, she had very little difficulty to carry on the imposition; for, besides the natural resemblance of their voices, and the opportunity of speaking in a feigned one, she had scarce an intercourse of six words with Booth during the whole time; for the moment they got into the crowd, she took the first opportunity of slipping from him. And he, as the reader may remember,

being seized by other women, and concluding his wife to be safe with Mrs. James, was very well satisfied, till the colonel set him upon the search, as we have seen before.

Mrs. Atkinson, the moment she came home, ran up stairs to the nursery, where she found Amelia, and told her in haste that she might very easily carry on the deceit with her husband; for that she might tell him what she pleased to invent, as they had not been a minute together during the whole evening.

Booth was no sooner satisfied that his wife had not been from home that evening, than he fell into raptures with her, gave her a thousand tender caresses, blamed his own judgment, acknowledged the goodness of her’s, and vowed never to oppose her will more in any one instance during his life.

Mrs. Atkinson, who was still in the nursery with her masquerade dress, was then summoned down stairs; and when Booth saw her, and heard her speak in her mimic tone, he declared he was not surprized at his having been imposed upon; for that if they were both in the same disguise, he should scarce be able to discover the difference between them.

They then sat down to half an hour’s chearful conversation: after which, they retired all in the most perfect good humour.

C H A P. IV.

CONSEQUENCES OF THE MASQUERADE.

WHEN Booth rose in the morning, he found in his pocket that letter which had been delivered to him by Colonel Bath; which, had not chance brought to his remembrance, he might possibly have never recollected.

He had now, however, the curiosity to open the letter, and beginning to read it, the matter of it drew him on, till he perused the whole; for, notwithstanding the contempt cast upon it by those learned critics, the bucks, neither the subject, nor the manner in which it was treated, was altogether contemptible.

But there was still another motive which induced Booth to read the whole letter; and this was, that he presently

ly

ly thought he knew the hand. He did, indeed, immediately conclude it was Dr. Harrison; for the doctor wrote a very remarkable one; and this letter contained all the particularities of the doctor's character.

He had just finished a second reading of this letter, when the doctor himself entered the room. The good man was impatient to know the success of Amelia's stratagem; for he bore towards her all that love which esteem can create in a good mind, without the assistance of those selfish considerations, from which the love of wives and children may be ordinarily deduced. The latter of which, nature, by very subtle and refined reasoning, suggests to us to be part of our dear selves; and the former, as long as they remain, the objects of our liking, that same nature is furnished with very plain and fertile arguments to recommend to our affections. But to raise that affection in the human breast which the doctor had for Amelia, nature is forced to use a kind of logic, which is no more understood by a bad man, than Sir Isaac Newton's doctrine of colours, is by one born blind. And yet in reality it contains nothing more abstruse than this, that an injury is the object of anger, danger of fear, and praise of vanity: for in the same simple manner it may be asserted, that goodness is the object of love.

The doctor inquired immediately for his child, (for so he often called Amelia:) Booth answered, that he had left her asleep; for that she had had but a restless night. 'I hope she is not disordered by the masquerade?' cries the doctor. Booth answered, he believed she would be very well when she waked. 'I fancy,' said he, 'her gentle spirits were a little too much fluttered last night; that is all.'

'I hope then,' said the doctor, 'you will never more insist on her going to such places, but know your own happiness in having a wife that hath the discretion to avoid those places; which, though perhaps they may not be, as some represent them, such brothels of vice and debauchery as would impeach the character of every virtuous woman who was seen at them; are certainly, however, scenes of riot, disorder, and intemperance, very improper to be frequented by a chaste and sober christian matron.'

Booth declared, that he was very sensible of his error; and that so far from soliciting his wife to go to another masquerade, he did not intend ever to go thither any more himself.

The doctor highly approved the resolution; and then Booth said: 'And I thank you, my dear friend; as well as my wife's discretion, that she was not at the masquerade last night.' He then related to the doctor the discovery of the plot: and the good man was greatly pleased with the success of the stratagem, and that Booth took it in such good part.

'But, Sir,' says Booth, 'I had a letter given me by a noble colonel there, which is written in a hand so very like yours, that I could almost swear to it. Nor is the stile, as far as I can guess, unlike your own. Here it is, Sir. Do you own the letter, doctor, or do you not?'

The doctor took the letter, and having looked at it a moment, said, 'And did the colonel himself give you this letter?'

'The colonel himself,' answered Booth.

'Why then,' cries the doctor, 'he is surely the most impudent fellow that the world ever produced. What, did he deliver it with an air of triumph?'

'He delivered it me with air enough,' cries Booth, 'after his own manner, and bid me read it for my edification. To say the truth, I am a little surprised that he should single me out of all mankind to deliver the letter to; I do not think I deserve the character of such a husband. It is well I am not so very forward to take an affront as some folks.'

'I am glad to see you are not,' said the doctor; 'and your behaviour in this affair becomes both the man of sense and the christian: for it would be surely the greatest folly, as well as the most daring impiety, to risque your own life for the impertinence of a fool. As long as you are assured of the virtue of your own wife, it is wisdom in you to despise the efforts of such a wretch. Not indeed that your wife accuses him of any downright attack, though she hath observed enough in his behaviour to give offence to her delicacy.'

'You astonish me, doctor,' said Booth.

Booth. 'What can you mean? my wife dislike his behaviour! hath the colonel ever offended her?'

'I do not say he hath ever offended her by any open declarations. Nor hath he done any thing which, according to the most romantic notion of honour, you can or ought to resent; but there is something extremely nice in the chastity of a truly virtuous woman.'

'And hath my wife really complained of any thing of that kind in the colonel?'

'Look ye, young gentleman,' cries the doctor, 'I will have no quarrelling, or challenging; I find I have made some mistake, and therefore I insist upon it, by all the rights of friendship, that you give me your word of honour you will not quarrel with the colonel on this account.'

'I do with all my heart,' said Booth; 'for if I did not know your character, I should absolutely think you was jesting with me. I do not think you have mistaken my wife, but I am sure she hath mistaken the colonel; and hath misconstrued some overstrained point of gallantry, something of the Quixote kind, into a design against her chastity; but I have that opinion of the colonel, that I hope you will not be offended, when I declare I know not which of you two I should be the sooner jealous of.'

'I would by no means have you jealous of any one,' cries the doctor; 'for I think my child's virtue may be firmly relied on; but I am convinced she would not have said what she did to me, without a cause; nor should I, without such a conviction, have written that letter to the colonel, as I own to you I did. However, nothing I say hath yet past, which, even in the opinion of false honour, you are at liberty to resent; but as to declining any great intimacy, if you will take my advice, I think that would be prudent.'

'You will pardon me, my dearest friend,' said Booth; 'but I have really such an opinion of the colonel, that I would pawn my life upon his honour; and as for women, I do not believe he ever had an attachment to any.'

'Be it so,' said the doctor. 'I have only two things to insist on. The first

is, that if ever you change your opinion, this letter may not be the subject of any quarrelling or fighting; the other is, that you never mention a word of this to your wife. By the latter I shall see whether you can keep a secret; and if it is no otherwise material, it will be a wholesome exercise to your mind; for the practice of any virtue is a kind of mental exercise, and serves to maintain the health and vigour of the soul.'

'I faithfully promise both,' cries Booth. And now the breakfast entered the room, as did soon after Amelia and Mrs. Atkinson.

The conversation ran chiefly on the masquerade; and Mrs. Atkinson gave an account of several adventures there; but whether she told the whole truth with regard to herself, I will not determine. For certain it is, she never once mentioned the name of the noble peer. Amongst the rest, she said there was a young fellow that had preached a sermon there upon a stool, in praise of adultery, she believed; for she could not get near enough to hear the particulars.

During that transaction, Booth had been engaged with the blue domino in another room, so that he knew nothing of it; so that what Mrs. Atkinson had now said, only brought to his mind the doctor's letter to Colonel Bath; for to him he supposed it was written; and the idea of the colonel being a lover to Amelia, struck him in so ridiculous a light, that it threw him in a violent fit of laughter.

The doctor, who, from the natural jealousy of an author, imputed the agitation of Booth's muscles to his own sermon or letter on that subject, was a little offended; and said gravely, 'I should be glad to know the reason of this immoderate mirth. Is adultery a matter of jest in your opinion?'

'Far otherwise,' answered Booth. 'But how is it possible to refrain from laughter at the idea of a fellow preaching a sermon in favour of it at such a place.'

'I am very sorry,' cries the doctor, 'to find the age is grown to so scandalous a degree of licentiousness; that we have thrown off not only virtue, but decency. How abandoned must be the manners of any nation where such

such insults upon religion and morality can be committed with impunity? no man is fonder of true wit and humour than myself; but to prophane sacred things with jest and scoffing is a sure sign of a weak and a wicked mind. It is the very vice which Homer attacks in the odious character of Thersites. The ladies must excuse my repeating the passage to you, as I know you have Greek enough to understand it.

Ὅς ῥ' ἔπεια φρεσὶν ἦσιν ἀκοσμά τε, πολλὰ
τε ἦδ' αἰ.
Μὰ Ψ, ἀτὰρ ὅ κατὰ κόσμον ἐριζέμεναι βα-
σιλεύσιν,
Ἄλλ' ὅτι οἱ εἰσαίῃο γελόλιον Ἀργείοισιν
ἔμμεναι *.

And immediately adds,

— αἰσχίος δὲ ἀνὴρ ὑπὸ Ἰλίον ἦλθε †.

Horace again describes such a rascal:

————— *Solutos*
Qui captat risus hominum famamque di-
cacis ‡.

And says of him,

Hic niger est; hunc tu, Romane, caveto ||.

'O charming Homer!' said Mrs. Atkinson, 'how much above all other writers!'

'I ask your pardon, Madam,' said the doctor, 'I forgot you was a scholar; but, indeed, I did not know you understood Greek as well as Latin.'

'I do not pretend,' said she, 'to be a critic in the Greek; but I think I am able to read a little of Homer, at least with the help of looking now and then into the Latin.'

'Pray, Madam,' said the doctor, 'how do you like this passage in the speech of Hector to Andromache:

— Εἰς ὅκον ἴδου τὰ στυγρὰ ἔργα κόμει;
Ἴδὼν τ' ἡλακᾶσθαι τε καὶ ἀμφιπόλοισι κέλευε
ἔργον ἐπὶ οἴχασθαι §.

'Or how do you like the character of Hippodamia; who, by being the prettiest girl, and best workwoman of her age, got one of the best husbands in all Troy. I think, indeed, Homer enumerates her discretion with her other qualifications; but I do not remember he gives us one character of a woman of learning. Do not you conceive this to be a great omission in that charming poet? However, Juvenal makes you amends, for he talks very abundantly of the learning of the Roman ladies in his time.'

'You are a provoking man, doctor,' said Mrs. Atkinson, 'Where is the harm in a woman's having learning as well as a man?'

'Let me ask you another question,' said the doctor. 'Where is the harm in a man's being a fine performer with a needle as well as a woman? And yet, answer me honestly, would you greatly chuse to marry a man with a thimble upon his finger? Would you in earnest think a needle became the hand of your husband as well as a halbert?'

'As to war, I am with you,' said she. 'Homer himself, I well remember, makes Hector tell his wife, that warlike works—what is the Greek word—*Polemy*—something—belonged to men only; and I readily agree to it. I hate a masculine woman, an Amazon, as much as you can do: but what is there masculine in learning?'

'Nothing so masculine, take my word for it. As for your *Polemy*, I look upon it to be the true characteristic of a devil. So Homer every where characterizes Mars.'

'Indeed, my dear,' cries the serjeant, 'you had better not dispute

* Thus paraphrased by Mr. Pope:

'Aw'd by no shame, by no respect controul'd,
'In scandal busy, in reproaches bold;
'With witty malice studious to defame,
'Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim.'

† He was the greatest scoundrel in the whole army.

‡ 'Who trivial bursts of laughter strives to raise,
'And courts of prating petulance the praise.'

|| This man is black; do thou, O Roman, shun this man.

§ Go home, and mind your own business. Follow your spinning, and keep your maids to work.

FRANCIS.

with

‘with the doctor; for upon my word, he will be too hard for you.’

‘Nay, I beg you will not interfere,’ cries Mrs. Atkinson; ‘I am sure you can be no judge in these matters.’

At which the doctor and Booth burst into a loud laugh; and Amelia, though fearful of giving her friend offence, could not forbear a gentle smile.

‘You may laugh, gentlemen, if you please,’ said Mrs. Atkinson; ‘but, I thank Heaven, I have married a man who is not jealous of my understanding. I should have been the most miserable woman upon earth with a starched pedant, who was possessed of that nonsensical opinion, that the difference of sexes causes any difference in the mind. Why do not you honestly avow the Turkish notion, that women have no souls; for you say the same thing in effect?’

‘Indeed, my dear,’ cries the serjeant, greatly concerned to see his wife so angry, ‘you have mistaken the doctor.’

‘I beg, my dear,’ cries she, ‘you will say nothing upon these subjects. I hope you, at least, do not despise my understanding.’

‘I assure you, I do not,’ said the serjeant, ‘and I hope you will never despise mine; for a man may have some understanding, I hope, without learning.’

Mrs. Atkinson reddened extremely at these words; and the doctor, fearing he had gone too far, began to soften matters, in which Amelia assisted him. By these means, the storm rising in Mrs. Atkinson before was in some measure laid, at least suspended from bursting at present; but it fell afterwards upon the poor serjeant’s head in a torrent; who had learned, perhaps, one maxim from his trade, that a cannon-ball always doth mischief in proportion to the resistance it meets with; and that nothing so effectually deadens it’s force as a wool pack. The serjeant therefore bore all with patience; and the idea of a wool pack, perhaps, bringing that of a feather-bed into his head, he at last not only quieted his wife; but she cried out with great sincerity, ‘Well, my dear, I will say one thing for you, that I believe from my soul, though you have no learning, you have the best understanding of any man upon earth; and

‘I must own I think the latter far more profitable of the two.’

Far different was the idea she entertained of the doctor; whom, from this day, she considered as a conceited pedant; nor could all Amelia’s endeavours ever alter her sentiments.

The doctor now took his leave of Booth and his wife for a week, he intending to set out within an hour or two with his old friend, with whom our readers were a little acquainted at the latter end of the ninth book, and of whom, perhaps, they did not then conceive the most favourable opinion.

Nay, I am aware that the esteem which some readers before had for the doctor, may here be lessened; since he may appear to have been too easy a dupe to the gross flattery of the old gentleman. If there be any such criticks, we are heartily sorry as well for them as for the doctor; but it is our business to discharge the part of a faithful historian, and to describe human nature as it is, not as we would wish it to be.

CHAP. V.

IN WHICH COLONEL BATH APPEARS
IN GREAT GLORY.

THAT afternoon, as Booth was walking in the Park, he met with Colonel Bath, who presently asked him for the letter which he had given him the night before; upon which Booth immediately returned it.

‘Do not you think,’ cries Bath, ‘it is writ with great dignity of expression and emphasis of—of—of judgment?’

‘I am surprized, though,’ cries Booth, ‘that any one should write such a letter to you, colonel.’

‘To me?’ saith Bath. ‘What do you mean, Sir; I hope you do not imagine any man durst write such a letter to me? D—n me, if I knew a man who thought me capable of debauching my friend’s wife, I would —d—n me.’

‘I believe, indeed, Sir,’ cries Booth, ‘that no man living dares put his name to such a letter: but you see it is anonymous.’

‘I do not know what you mean by ominous,’ cries the colonel; ‘but, H h ‘blast

'blast my reputation, if I had received such a letter, if I would not have searched the world to have found the writer. D—n me, I would have gone to the East-Indies to have pulled off his nose.'

'He would, indeed, have deserved it,' cries Booth. 'But, pray, Sir, how came you by it?'

'I took it,' says the colonel, 'from a set of idle young rascals, one of whom was reading it out aloud upon a stool, while the rest were attempting to make a jest, not only of the letter, but of all decency, virtue, and religion. A set of fellows that you must have seen or heard of about town, that that are, d—n me, a disgrace to the dignity of manhood; puppies that mistake noise and impudence, rudeness and prophaneness, for wit. If the drummers of my company had not more understanding than twenty such fellows, I would have them both whipt out of the regiment.'

'So then you do not know the person to whom it was writ?' faith Booth.

'Lieutenant,' cries the colonel, 'your question deserves no answer. I ought to take time to consider whether I ought not to resent the supposition. Do you think, Sir, I am acquainted with a rascal?'

'I do not suppose, colonel,' cries Booth, 'that you would willingly cultivate an intimacy with such a person; but a man must have good luck, who hath any acquaintance, if there are not some rascals among them.'

'I am not offended with you, child,' says the colonel. 'I know you did not intend to offend me.'

'No man, I believe, dares intend it,' faith Booth.

'I believe so too,' said the colonel; 'd—n me, I know it. But you know, child, how tender I am on this subject. If I had been ever married myself, I should have cleft the man's skull who had dared to look wantonly at my wife.'

'It is certainly the most cruel of all injuries,' said Booth. 'How finely doth Shakespeare express it in his Othello!

'But there, where I had treasured up my soul.'

'That Shakespeare,' cries the colonel, 'was a fine fellow. He was a very pretty poet indeed. Was it not Shakespeare that wrote the play about Hotspur? You must remember these lines: I got them almost by heart at the play-house; for I never missed that play whenever it was acted, if I was in town.'

'By Heav'n it was an easy leap,
'To pluck bright honour into the full moon,
'Or dive into the bottomless deep.'

'And—and—faith, I have almost forgot them; but I know it is something about saving your honour from drowning. O it is very fine! I say, d—n me, the man that writ these lines was the greatest poet the world ever produced. There is dignity of expression, and emphasis of thinking, d—n me.'

Booth assented to the colonel's criticism, and then cried, 'I wish, colonel, you would be so kind to give me that letter.' The colonel answered, if he had any particular use for it, he would give it him with all his heart, and presently delivered it; and soon afterwards they parted.

Several passages now struck all at once upon Booth's mind, which gave him great uneasiness. He became confident now that he had mistaken one colonel for another; and though he could not account for the letter's getting into those hands from whom Bath had taken it, (indeed, James had dropt it out of his pocket) yet a thousand circumstances left him no room to doubt the identity of the person; who was a man much more liable to raise the suspicion of a husband than honest Bath, who would at any time have rather fought with a man than lain with a woman.

The whole behaviour of Amelia now rushed upon his memory. Her resolution not to take up her residence at the colonel's house, her backwardness even to dine there, her unwillingness to go to the masquerade, many of her unguarded expressions, and some where she had been more guarded, all joined together to raise such an idea in Mr. Booth, that he had almost taken a resolution to go and cut the colonel to pieces in his own house. Cooler thoughts, however, suggested themselves to him in time.

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He recollected the promise he had so solemnly made to the doctor. He considered, moreover, that he was yet in the dark as to the extent of the colonel's guilt. Having nothing therefore to fear from it, he contented himself to postpone a resentment, which he nevertheless resolved to take of the colonel hereafter, if he found he was in any degree a delinquent.

The first step he determined to take, was, on the first opportunity, to relate to Colonel James the means by which he became possessed of the letter, and to read it to him. On which occasion, he thought, he should easily discern, by the behaviour of the colonel, whether he had been suspected either by Amelia or the doctor, without a cause: but as for his wife, he fully resolved not to reveal the secret to her till the doctor's return.

While Booth was deeply engaged by himself in these meditations, Captain Trent came up to him, and familiarly slapped him on the shoulder.

They were soon joined by a third gentleman, and presently afterwards by a fourth, both acquaintances of Mr. Trent; and all having walked twice the length of the Mall together, it being now past nine in the evening, Trent proposed going to the tavern: to which the strangers immediately consented; and Booth himself, after some resistance, was at length persuaded to comply.

To the King's Arms then they went, where the bottle went very briskly round till after eleven; at which time, Trent proposed a game at cards: to which proposal likewise Booth's consent was obtained, though not without much difficulty; for though he had naturally some inclination to gaming, and had formerly a little indulged it, yet he had entirely left it off for many years.

Booth and his friend were partners, and had at first some success; but fortune, according to her usual conduct, soon shifted about, and persecuted Booth with such malice, that in about two hours he was stripped of all the gold in his pocket, which amounted to twelve guineas, being more than half the cash which he was at that time worth.

How easy it is for a man, who is at all tainted with the itch of gaming, to leave off play in such a situation, espe-

cially when he is likewise heated with liquor, I leave to the gamesters to determine. Certain it is, that Booth had no inclination to desist; but, on the contrary, was so eagerly bent upon playing on, that he called his friend out of the room, and asked him for ten pieces, which he promised punctually to pay the next morning.

Trent chid him for using so much formality on the occasion. 'You know,' said he, 'dear Booth, you may have what money you please of me. Here is a twenty pound note, at your service, and if you want five times the sum, it is at your service. We will never let these fellows go away with our money in this manner; for we have so much the advantage, that if the knowing ones were here, they would lay odds on our side.'

But if this was really Mr. Trent's opinion, he was very much mistaken; for the other two honourable gentlemen were not only greater masters of the game, and somewhat soberer than poor Booth, having with all the art in their power evaded the bottle; but they had moreover another small advantage over their adversaries, both of them, by means of some certain private signs previously agreed upon between them, being always acquainted with the principal cards in each other's hands. It cannot be wondered, therefore, that fortune was on their side; for however she may be reported to favour fools, she never, I believe, shews them any countenance when they engage in play with knaves.

The more Booth lost, the deeper he made his bets; the consequence of which was, that about two in the morning, besides the loss of his own money, he was fifty pounds indebted to Trent. A sum, indeed, which he would not have borrowed, had not the other, like a very generous friend, pushed it upon him.

Trent's pockets became at last dry, by means of these loans. His own loss indeed was trifling; for the stakes of the games were no higher than crowns; and betting (as it is called) was that to which Booth owed his ruin. The gentlemen, therefore, pretty well knowing Booth's circumstances, and being kindly unwilling to win more of a man than he was worth, declined playing any

longer, nor did Booth once ask them to persist; for he was ashamed of the debt which he had already contracted to Trent, and very far from desiring to increase it.

The company then separated. The two victors and Trent went off in their chairs to their several houses near Grosvenor Square; and poor Booth, in a melancholy mood, walked home to his lodgings. He was indeed in such a fit of despair, that it more than once came into his head to put an end to his miserable being.

But, before we introduce him to Amelia, we must do her the justice to relate the manner in which she spent this unhappy evening. It was about seven when Booth left her to walk in the Park: from this time, till past eight, she was employed with her children, in playing with them, in giving them their supper, and in putting them to bed.

When these offices were performed, she employed herself another hour in cooking up a little supper for her husband, this being, as we have already observed, his favourite meal, as indeed it was her's; and, in a most pleasant and delightful manner, they generally passed their time at this season, though their fare was very seldom of the sumptuous kind.

It now grew dark, and her hashed mutton was ready for the table; but no Booth appeared. Having waited therefore for him a full hour, she gave him over for that evening; nor was she much alarmed at his absence, as she knew he was, in a night or two, to be at the tavern with some brother officers: she concluded therefore that they had met in the Park, and had agreed to spend this evening together.

At ten then she sat down to supper by herself; for Mrs. Atkinson was then abroad. And here we cannot help relating a little incident, however trivial it may appear to some. Having sat some time alone reflecting on their distressed situation, her spirits grew very low; and she was once or twice going to ring the bell, to send her maid for half a pint of white-wine; but checked her inclination, in order to save the little sum of six-pence; which she did the more resolutely, as she had before refused to gratify her children with tarts for their supper, from the said motive,

And this self-denial she was very probably practising to save six-pence; while her husband was paying a debt of several guineas, incurred by the ace of trumps being in the hands of his adversary.

Instead therefore of this cordial, she took up one of the excellent Farquhar's comedies, and read it half through, when the clock striking twelve, she retired to bed, leaving the maid to set up for her master. She would, indeed, have much more willingly sat up herself; but the delicacy of her own mind assured her, that Booth would not thank her for the compliment. This is indeed a method which some wives take of upbraiding their husbands for staying abroad till too late an hour, and of engaging them through tenderness and good-nature, never to enjoy the company of their friends too long, when they must do this at the expence of their wives rest.

To bed then she went, but not to sleep. Thrice indeed she told the dismal clock, and as often heard the more dismal watchmen, till her miserable husband found his way home, and stole silently, like a thief, to bed to her; at which time pretending then first to wake, she threw her snowy arms around him; though, perhaps, the more witty property of snow, according to Addison, that is to say, it's coldness, rather belonged to the poor captain.

C H A P. VI.

READ, GAMESTER, AND OBSERVE.

BOOOTH could not so well disguise the agitations of his mind from Amelia, but that she perceived sufficient symptoms to assure her that some misfortune had befallen him. This made her in her turn so uneasy, that Booth took notice of it, and after breakfast said, 'Sure, my dear Emily, something hath fallen out to vex you.'

Amelia, looking tenderly at him, answered, 'Indeed, my dear, you are in the right; I am indeed extremely vexed.'—'For Heaven's sake,' said he, 'what is it?'—'Nay, my love,' cries she, 'that you must answer yourself. Whatever it is that hath given you all that disturbance that you in vain endeavour to conceal from me, this

‘ this it is which causes all my affliction.’

‘ You guess truly, my sweet,’ replied Booth; ‘ I am indeed afflicted, and I will not, nay I cannot, conceal the truth from you; I have undone myself, Amelia!’

‘ What have you done, child?’ said she, in some consternation; ‘ pray, tell me.’

‘ I have lost my money at play,’ answered he.

‘ Pugh!’ said she, recovering herself; ‘ what signifies the trifle you had in your pocket? Resolve never to play again, and let it give you no farther vexation; I warrant you, we will contrive some method to repair such a loss.’

‘ Thou heavenly angel! thou comfort of my soul!’ cries Booth, tenderly embracing her. Then starting a little from her arms, and looking with eager fondness in her eyes, he said, ‘ Let me survey thee; art thou really human, or art thou not rather an angel in a human form? O, no!’ cries he, flying again into her arms, ‘ thou art my dearest woman, my best, my beloved wife!’

Amelia, having returned all his caresses with equal kindness, told him, she had near eleven guineas in her purse, and asked how much she should fetch him. ‘ I would not advise you, Billy, to carry too much in your pocket, for fear it should be a temptation to you to return to gaming, in order to retrieve your past losses. Let me beg you, on all accounts, never to think more, if possible, on the trifle you have lost, any more than if you had never possessed it.’

Booth promised her faithfully he never would, and refused to take any of the money. He then hesitated a moment, and cried, ‘ You say, my dear, you have eleven guineas; you have a diamond-ring likewise, which was your grandmother’s, I believe that is worth twenty pounds; and your own and the child’s watch are worth as much more.’

‘ I believe they would sell for as much,’ cried Amelia; ‘ for a pawnbroker of Mrs. Atkinson’s acquaintance offered to lend me thirty-five pounds upon them, when you was in your last distress. But why are you computing their value now?’

‘ I was only considering,’ answered he, ‘ how much we could raise in any case of exigency.’

‘ I have computed it myself,’ said she; ‘ and I believe all we have in the world, besides our bare necessary apparel, would produce about fifty pounds: and suppose, my dear,’ said she, ‘ while we have that little sum, we should think of employing it some way or other, to procure some small subsistence for ourselves and our family. As for your dependance on the colonel’s friendship, it is all vain, I am afraid, and fallacious. Nor do I see any hopes you have, from any other quarter, of providing for yourself again in the army. And though the sum which is now in our power is very small; yet we may possibly contrive with it to put ourselves into some mean way of livelihood. I have a heart, my Billy, which is capable of undergoing any thing for your sake; and I hope my hands are as able to work as those which have been more inured to it. But think, my dear, think what must be our wretched condition, when the very little we now have, is all mouldered away, as it will soon be in this town.’

When poor Booth heard this, and reflected that the time which Amelia foresaw was already arrived (for that he had already lost every farthing they were worth) it touched him to the quick; he turned pale, gnashed his teeth, and cried out, ‘ Damnation! this is too much to bear.’

Amelia was thrown into the utmost consternation by this behaviour; and, with great terror in her countenance, cried out, ‘ Good heavens! my dear love, what is the reason of this agony?’

‘ Ask me no questions,’ cried he, ‘ unless you would drive me to madness.’

‘ My Billy, my love,’ said she, ‘ what can be the meaning of this? I beg you will deal openly with me, and tell me all your griefs.’

‘ Have you dealt fairly with me, Amelia?’ said he.

‘ Yes surely,’ said she; ‘ Heaven is my witness how fairly.’

‘ Nay, do not call Heaven,’ cried he, ‘ to witness a falsehood. You have not dealt openly with me, Amelia. You have concealed secrets from me; se-

crets

‘crets which I ought to have known, and which, if I had known, it had been better for us both.’

‘You astonish me as much as you shock me,’ cried she. ‘What falsehood, what treachery, have I been guilty of?’

‘You tell me,’ said he, ‘that I can have no reliance on James; why did you not tell me so before?’

‘I call Heaven again,’ said she, ‘to witness; nay, I appeal to yourself for the truth of it; I have often told you so. I have told you I dislike the man, notwithstanding the many favours he hath done you. I desired you not to have too absolute a reliance on him. I own, I had once an extreme good opinion of him; but I changed it, and I acquainted you that I had so—’

‘But not,’ cries he: ‘with the reasons why you had changed it.’

‘I was really afraid, my dear,’ said she, ‘of going too far. I knew the obligations you had to him; and if I suspected that he acted rather from vanity than true friendship—’

‘Vanity!’ cries he, ‘take care, Amelia; you know his motive to be much worse than vanity. A motive, which, if he had piled obligations on me till they had reached the skies, would tumble all down to hell. It is in vain to conceal it longer—I know all—your confident hath told me all.’

‘Nay, then,’ cries she, ‘on my knees I intreat you to be pacified, and hear me out. It was, my dear, for you, my dread of your jealous honour, and the fatal consequences.’

‘Is not Amelia, then,’ cried he, ‘equally jealous of my honour! Would she, from a weak tenderness for my person, go privately about to betray, to undermine, the most invaluable treasure of my soul? Would she have me pointed at as the credulous dupe, the easy fool, the tame, the kind cuckold, of a rascal with whom I conversed as a friend?’

‘Indeed, you injure me,’ said Amelia. ‘Heaven forbid I should have the trial; but, I think, I could sacrifice all I hold most dear, to preserve your honour. I think, I have shewn I can. But I will—when you are cool, I will satisfy you I have done nothing you ought to blame.’

‘I am cool then,’ cries he; ‘I will with the greatest coolness hear you! But do not think, Amelia, I have the least jealousy, the least suspicion, the least doubt of your honour. It is your want of confidence in me alone which I blame.’

‘When you are calm,’ cried she, ‘I will speak, and not before.’

He assured her he was calm; and then she said, ‘You have justified my conduct, by your present passion, in concealing from you my suspicions, for they were no more; nay, it is possible they were unjust: for since the doctor, in betraying the secret to you, hath so falsified my opinion of him, why may I not be as well deceived in my opinion of the colonel, since it was only formed on some particulars in his behaviour which I disliked? for, upon my honour, he never spoke a word to me, nor hath been ever guilty of any direct action which I could blame.’ She then went on, and related most of the circumstances which she had mentioned to the doctor, omitting one or two of the strongest, and giving such a turn to the rest, that if Booth had not had some of Othello’s blood in him, his wife would have almost appeared a prude in his eyes. Even he, however, was pretty well pacified by this narrative, and said he was glad to find a possibility of the colonel’s innocence; but that he greatly commended the prudence of his wife, and only wished she would for the future make him her only confident.

Amelia, upon that, expressed some bitterness against the doctor for breaking his trust; when Booth, in his excuse, related all the circumstances of the letter, and plainly convinced her that the secret had dropt by mere accident from the mouth of the doctor.

Thus the husband and wife became again reconciled; and poor Amelia generously forgave a passion, of which the sagacious reader is better acquainted with the real cause, than was that unhappy lady.

CHAP. VII.

IN WHICH BOOTH RECEIVES A VISIT FROM CAPTAIN TRENT.

WHEN Booth grew perfectly cool, and began to reflect that he had broken his word to the doctor,

in having made the discovery to his wife, which we have seen in the last chapter, that thought gave him great uneasiness; and now, to comfort him, Captain Trent came to make him a visit. This was, indeed, almost the last man in the world whose company he wished for; for he was the only man he was ashamed to see, for a reason well known to gamblers; among whom, the most dishonourable of all things is, not to pay a debt contracted at the gaming-table, the next day, or the next time at least that you see the party.

Booth made no doubt, but that Trent was come on purpose to receive this debt; the latter had been therefore scarce a minute in the room, before Booth began, in an awkward manner, to apologize; but Trent immediately stopt his mouth, and said, 'I do not want the money, Mr. Booth, and you may pay it me whenever you are able; and, if you are never able, I assure you I will never ask you for it.'

This generosity raised such a tempest of gratitude in Booth (if I may be allowed the expression) that the tears burst from his eyes, and it was some time before he could find any utterance for those sentiments with which his mind overflowed; but when he began to express his thankfulness, Trent immediately stopped him, and gave a sudden turn to their discourse.

Mrs. Trent had been to visit Mrs. Booth on the masquerade evening, which visit Mrs. Booth had not yet returned. Indeed this was only the second day since she had received it. Trent therefore now told his friend, that he should take it extremely kind if he and his lady would wave all ceremony, and sup at their house the next evening. Booth hesitated a moment; but presently said, 'I am pretty certain my wife is not engaged, and I will undertake for her. I am sure she will not refuse any thing Mr. Trent can ask.' And soon after Trent took Booth with him to walk in the Park.

There were few greater lovers of a bottle than Trent; he soon proposed therefore to adjourn to the King's Arms Tavern, where Booth, though much against his inclination, accompanied him. But Trent was very importunate, and Booth did not think himself at liberty to refuse such a request to a

man from whom he had so lately received such obligations.

When they came to the tavern, however, Booth recollected the omission he had been guilty of the night before. He wrote a short note therefore to his wife, acquainting her, that he should not come home to supper; but comforted her with a faithful promise that he would on no account engage himself in gaming.

The first bottle passed in ordinary conversation; but, when they had tapped the second, Booth, on some hints which Trent gave him, very fairly laid open to him his whole circumstances, and declared he almost despaired of mending them. 'My chief relief,' said he, 'was in the interest of Colonel James; but I have given up those hopes.'

'And very wisely too,' said Trent, 'I say nothing of the colonel's good will. Very likely he may be your sincere friend; but I do not believe he hath the interest he pretends to. He hath had too many favours in his own family, to ask any more yet a while. But I am mistaken, if you have not a much more powerful friend than the colonel; one who is both able and willing to serve you. I dined at his table within these two days; and I never heard kinder nor warmer expressions from the mouth of man, than he made use of towards you. I make no doubt, you know whom I mean.'

'Upon my honour, I do not,' answered Booth; 'nor did I guess that I had such a friend in the world as you mention.'

'I am glad then,' cries Trent, 'that I have the pleasure of informing you of it.' He then named the noble peer, who hath been already so often mentioned in this history.

Booth turned pale, and started at his name. 'I forgive you, my dear Trent,' cries Booth, 'for mentioning his name to me, as you are a stranger to what hath passed between us.'

'Nay, I know nothing that hath passed between you,' answered Trent. 'I am sure, if there is any quarrel between you of two days standing, all is forgiven on his part.'

'D—n his forgiveness,' said Booth. 'Perhaps I ought to blush at what I have forgiven.'

'You

'You surprize me,' cries Trent.
'Pray what can be the matter?'

'Indeed, my dear Trent,' cries Booth very gravely, 'he would have injured me in the tenderest part. I know not how to tell it you; but he would have dishonoured me with my wife.'

'Sure, you are not in earnest,' answered Trent; 'but, if you are, you will pardon me for thinking that impossible.'

'Indeed,' cries Booth, 'I have so good an opinion of my wife, as to believe it impossible for him to succeed; but that he should intend me the favour, you will not, I believe, think an impossibility.'

'Faith! not in the least,' said Trent. 'Mrs. Booth is a very fine woman; and if I had the honour to be her husband, I should not be angry with any man for liking her.'

'But you would be angry,' said Booth, 'with a man, who would make use of stratagems and contrivances to seduce her virtue; especially if he did this under the colour of entertaining the highest friendship for yourself.'

'Not at all,' cries Trent. 'It is human nature.'

'Perhaps it is,' cries Booth; 'but it is human nature depraved, stript of all it's worth, and loveliness, and dignity, and degraded down to a level with the vilest brutes.'

'Look ye, Booth,' cries Trent, 'I would not be misunderstood. I think, when I am talking to you, I talk to a man of sense, and to an inhabitant of this country; not to one who dwells in a land of saints. If you have really such an opinion as you express of this noble lord, you have the finest opportunity of making a compleat fool and bubble of him that any man can desire, and of making your own fortune at the same time. I do not say that your suspicions are groundless; for, of all men upon earth, I know, my lord is the greatest bubble to women, though I believe he hath had very few. And this I am confident of, that he hath not the least jealousy of these suspicions. Now, therefore, if you will act the part of a wise man, I will undertake that you shall make your fortune, without the least injury to the chastity of Mrs. Booth.'

'I do not understand you, Sir,' said Booth.

'Nay,' cries Trent, 'if you will not understand me, I have done. I meant only your service; and I thought I had known you better.'

Booth begged him to explain himself. 'If you can,' said he, 'shew me any way to improve such circumstances as I have opened to you, you may depend on it I shall readily embrace it, and own my obligations to you.'

'That is spoken like a man,' cries Trent. 'Why, what is it more than this! Carry your suspicions in your own bosom. Let Mrs. Booth, in whose virtue I am sure you may be justly confident, go to the public places; there let her treat my lord with common civility only; I am sure he will bite. And thus, without suffering him to gain his purpose, you will gain yours. I know several who have succeeded with him in this manner.'

'I am very sorry, Sir,' cries Booth, 'that you are acquainted with any such rascals. I do assure you, rather than I would act such a part, I would submit to the hardest sentence that fortune could pronounce against me.'

'Do as you please, Sir,' said Trent; 'I have only ventured to advise you as a friend. But do you not think your nicety is a little over-scrupulous?'

'You will excuse me, Sir,' said Booth; 'but I think no man can be too scrupulous in points which concern his honour.'

'I know many men of very nice honour,' answered Trent, 'who have gone much farther; and no man, I am sure, had ever a better excuse for it than yourself. You will forgive me, Booth, since what I speak proceeds from my love to you; nay, indeed, by mentioning your affairs to me, which I am heartily sorry for, you have given me a right to speak. You know best what friends you have to depend upon: but, if you have no other pretensions than your merit, I can assure you, you would fail, if it was possible you could have ten times more merit than you have. And, if you love your wife, as I am convinced you do, what must be your condition, in seeing her want the necessaries of life?'

'I know

' I know my condition is very hard,' cries Booth; ' but I have one comfort in it, which I will never part with, and that is innocence. As to the mere necessities of life, however, it is pretty difficult to deprive us of them; this I am sure of, no one can want them long.'

' Upon my word, Sir,' cries Trent, ' I did not know you had been so great a philosopher. But, believe me, these matters look much less terrible at a distance, than when they are actually present. You will then find, I am afraid, that honour hath no more skill in cookery, than Shakespeare tells us it hath in surgery. D—n me, if I do not wish his lordship loved my wife as well as he doth yours! I promise you I would trust her virtue; and if he should get the better of it, I should have people of fashion enough to keep me in countenance.'

Their second bottle being now almost out, Booth, without making any answer, called for a bill. Trent prest very much the drinking of another bottle; but Booth absolutely refused, and presently afterwards they parted, not extremely well satisfied with each other. They appeared, indeed, one to the other, in disadvantageous lights of a very different kind. Trent concluded Booth to be a very silly fellow; and Booth began to suspect, that Trent was very little better than a scoundrel.

C H A P. VIII.

CONTAINS A LETTER, AND OTHER MATTERS.

WE will now return to Amelia; to whom, immediately upon her husband's departure to walk with Mr. Trent, a porter brought the following letter; which she immediately opened and read.

' MADAM,

' THE quick dispatch which I have given to your first commands, will, I hope, assure you of the diligence with which I shall always obey every command that you are pleased to honour me with. I have indeed, in this trifling affair, acted as if my life itself had been at stake;

' nay, I know not but it may be so: for this insignificant matter you was pleased to tell me, would oblige the charming person in whose power is not only my happiness, but, as I am well persuaded, my life too. Let me reap therefore some little advantage in your eyes, as you have in mine, from this trifling occasion: for if any thing could add to the charms of which you are mistress, it would be perhaps that amiable zeal with which you maintain the cause of your friend. I hope, indeed, she will be my friend and advocate with the most lovely of her sex; as I think she hath reason, and as you was pleased to insinuate she had been. Let me beseech you, Madam, let not that dear heart, whose tenderness is so inclined to compassionate the miseries of others, be hardened only against the sufferings which itself occasions. Let not that man alone have reason to think you cruel, who, of all others, would do the most to procure your kindness. How often have I lived over in my reflections, in my dreams, those two short minutes we were together? But, alas! how faint are these mimickries of the imagination! What would I not give to purchase the reality of such another blessing! This, Madam, is in your power to bestow on the man who hath no wish, no will, no fortune, no heart, no life, but what are at your disposal. Grant me only the favour to be at Lady —'s assembly. You can have nothing to fear from indulging me with a moment's sight, a moment's conversation; I will ask no more. I know your delicacy, and had rather die than offend it. Could I have seen you sometimes, I believe the fear of offending you would have kept my love for ever buried in my own bosom; but to be totally excluded even from the sight of what my soul doats on, is what I cannot bear. It is that alone which hath extorted the fatal secret from me. Let that obtain your forgiveness for me. I need not sign this letter, otherwise than with that impression of my heart which I hope it bears; and, to conclude it in any form, no language hath words of devotion strong enough to tell you with what truth, what anguish, what zeal, what adoration, I love you.'

I i Amelia

Amelia had just strength to hold out to the end, when her trembling grew so violent, that she dropt the letter, and had probably dropt herself, had not Mrs. Atkinson come timely in to support her.

‘ Good heavens !’ cries Mrs. Atkinson, ‘ What is the matter with you, Madam ?’

‘ I know not what is the matter,’ cries Amelia ; ‘ but I have received a letter at last from that infamous colonel.’

‘ You will take my opinion again then, I hope, Madam,’ cries Mrs. Atkinson. ‘ But do not be so affected ; the letter cannot eat you, or run away with you. Here it lies, I see ; will you give me leave to read it ?’

‘ Read it with all my heart,’ cries Amelia, ‘ and give me your advice how to act ; for I am almost distracted.’

‘ Hey-day !’ says Mrs. Atkinson, ‘ here is a piece of parchment too ; what is that ?’ In truth, this parchment had dropt from the letter when Amelia first opened it ; but her attention was so fixed by the contents of the letter itself, that she had never read the other. Mrs. Atkinson had now opened the parchment first ; and, after a moment’s perusal, the fire flashed from her eyes, and the blood flushed into her cheeks, and she cried out in a rapture, ‘ It is a commission for my husband ; upon my soul, it is a commission for my husband !’ and at the same time began to jump about the room, in a kind of frantic fit of joy.

‘ What can be the meaning of all this ?’ cries Amelia, under the highest degree of astonishment.

‘ Do not I tell you, my dear Madam,’ cries she, ‘ that it is a commission for my husband ; and can you wonder at my being overjoyed at what I know will make him so happy ? And now it is all out. The letter is not from the colonel, but from that noble lord of whom I have told you so much. But indeed, Madam, I have some pardons to ask of you. However, I know your goodness, and I will tell you all.’

‘ You are to know then, Madam, that I had not been in the opera-house six minutes, before a masque came up, and taking me by the hand, led me aside. I gave the masque my hand ; and seeing a lady at that time lay hold on Captain Booth, I took that opportunity of slipping away

from him : for though by the squeaking voice, and by attempting to mimic yours, I had pretty well disguised my own, I was still afraid, if I had much conversation with your husband, he would discover me. I walked therefore away with this masque to the upper end of the farthest room, where we sat down in a corner together. He presently discovered to me, that he took me for you ; and I soon after found out who he was : indeed, so far from attempting to disguise himself, he spoke in his own voice, and in his own person. He now began to make violent love to me ; but it was rather in the stile of a great man of the present age, than of an Arcadian swain. In short, he laid his whole fortune at my feet, and bade me make whatever terms I pleased, either for myself or for others. By others, I suppose, he meant your husband. This, however, put a thought into my head, of turning the present occasion into advantage. I told him, there were two kinds of persons, the fallaciousness of whose promises had become proverbial in the world. These were lovers, and great men. What reliance then could I have on the promise of one, who united in himself both those characters. That I had seen a melancholy instance, in a very worthy woman of my acquaintance, (meaning myself, Madam) of his want of generosity. I said, I knew the obligations that he had to this woman, and the injuries he had done her : all which I was convinced she forgave ; for that she had said the handsomest things in the world of him to me. He answered, that he thought he had not been deficient in generosity to this lady (for I explained to him whom I meant ;) but that indeed, if she had spoke well of him to me, (meaning yourself, Madam) he would not fail to reward her for such an obligation. I then told him she had married a very deserving man, who had served long in the army abroad as a private man, and who was a serjeant in the guards ; that I knew it was so very easy for him to get him a commission, that I should not think he had any honour or goodness in the world, if he neglected it. I declared this step must be a preliminary to any good opinion he must ever hope for of

of mine. I then professed the greatest friendship to that lady, (in which I am convinced you will think me serious) and assured him he would give me one of the highest pleasures, in letting me be the instrument of doing her such a service. He promised me in a moment to do what you see, Madam, he hath since done. And to you I shall always think myself indebted for it.

I know not how you are indebted to me, cries Amelia. Indeed, I am very glad of any good fortune that can attend poor Atkinson; but I wish it had been obtained some other way. Good heavens! what must be the consequence of this? What must this lord think of me, for listening to the mention of love; nay, for making any terms with him? for what must he suppose those terms mean? Indeed, Mrs. Atkinson, you carried it a great deal too far. No wonder he had the assurance to write to me in the manner he hath done. It is too plain what he conceives of me, and who knows what he may say to others. You may have blown up my reputation by your behaviour.

How is that possible? answered Mrs. Atkinson. Is it not in my power to clear up all matters? If you will but give me leave to make an appointment in your name, I will meet him myself, and declare the whole secret to him.

I will consent to no such appointment, cries Amelia. I am heartily sorry I ever consented to practise any deceit. I plainly see the truth of what Dr. Harrison hath often told me, that if one steps ever so little out of the ways of virtue and innocence, we know not how we may slide; for all the ways of vice are a slippery descent.

That sentiment, cries Mrs. Atkinson, is much older than Dr. Harrison. *Omne vitium in proclivi est.*

However new or old it is, I find it is true, cries Amelia. But pray tell me all, though I tremble to hear it.

Indeed, my dear friend, said Mrs. Atkinson, you are terrified at nothing. Indeed, indeed, you are too great a prude.

I do not know what you mean by prudery, answered Amelia, I shall

never be ashamed of the strictest regard to decency, to reputation, and to that honour in which the dearest of all human creatures hath his share. But pray give me the letter, there is an expression in it which alarmed me when I read it. Pray, what doth he mean by his two short minutes, and by purchasing the reality of such another blessing?

Indeed, I know not what he means by two minutes, cries Mrs. Atkinson, unless he calls two hours so; for we were not together much less. And as for any blessing he had, I am a stranger to it. Sure, I hope you have a better opinion of me, than to think I granted him the last favour.

I do not know what favours you granted him, Madam, answered Amelia peevishly; but I am sorry you granted him any in my name.

Upon my word, cries Mrs. Atkinson, you use me unkindly; and it is an usage I did not expect at your hands: nor do I know that I have deserved it. I am sure I went to the masquerade with no other view than to oblige you; nor did I say or do any thing there which any woman, who is not the most confounded prude upon earth, would have started at on a much less occasion than what induced me. Well, I declare upon my soul then, that, if I was a man, rather than be married to a woman who makes such a fuss with her virtue, I would wish my wife was without such a troublesome companion.

Very possibly, Madam, these may be your sentiments, cries Amelia; and I hope they are the sentiments of your husband.

I desire, Madam, cries Mrs. Atkinson, you would not reflect on my husband. He is a worthy man, and as brave a man as yours; yes, Madam, and he is now as much a captain.

She spoke these words with so loud a voice, that Atkinson, who was accidentally going up stairs, heard them; and being surprized at the angry tone of his wife's voice, he entered the room, and with a look of much astonishment begged to know what was the matter.

The matter, my dear, cries Mrs. Atkinson, is, that I have got a commission for you, and your good old

‘friend here is angry with me for getting it.’

‘I have not spirits enow,’ cries Amelia, ‘to answer you as you deserve; and, if I had, you are below my anger.’

‘I do not know, Mrs. Booth,’ answered the other, ‘whence this great superiority over me is derived; but, if your virtue gives it you, I would have you to know, Madam, that I despise a prude, as much as you can do a —.’

‘Though you have several times,’ cries Amelia, ‘insulted me with that word, I scorn to give you any ill language in return. If you deserve any bad appellation, you know it, without my telling it you.’

Poor Atkinson, who was more frightened than he had ever been in his life, did all he could to procure peace. He fell upon his knees to his wife, and begged her to compose herself; for, indeed, she seemed to be in a most furious rage.

While he was in this posture, Booth, who had knocked so gently at the door; for fear of disturbing his wife, that he had not been heard in the tempest, came into the room. The moment Amelia saw him, the tears, which had been gathering for some time, burst in a torrent from her eyes; which, however, she endeavoured to conceal with her handkerchief. The entry of Booth turned all in an instant into a silent picture; in which, the first figure which struck the eyes of the captain, was the serjeant on his knees to his wife.

Booth immediately cried, ‘What is the meaning of this?’ but received no answer. He then cast his eyes towards Amelia; and plainly discerning her condition, he ran to her, and in a very tender phrase begged to know what was the matter. To which she answered, ‘Nothing, my dear; nothing, my dear; nothing of any consequence.’ He replied, that he would know; and then turned to Atkinson, and asked the same question.

Atkinson answered, ‘Upon my honour, Sir, I know nothing of it. Something hath passed between Madam and my wife; but what it is, I know no more than your honour.’

‘Your wife,’ said Mrs. Atkinson, ‘hath used me cruelly ill, Mr. Booth,

‘If you must be satisfied, that is the whole matter.’

Booth rapt out a great oath, and cried, ‘It is impossible; my wife is not capable of using any one ill.’

Amelia then cast herself upon her knees to her husband, and cried, ‘For Heaven’s sake, do not throw yourself into a passion! Some few words have past; perhaps I may be in the wrong.’

‘Damnation seize me, if I think so,’ cries Booth. ‘And I wish whoever hath drawn these tears from your eyes, may pay it with as many drops of their heart’s blood.’

‘You see, Madam,’ cries Mrs. Atkinson, ‘you have your bully to take your part; so, I suppose, you will use your triumph.’

Amelia made no answer; but still kept hold of Booth, who, in a violent rage, cried out, ‘My Amelia triumph over such a wretch as thee! What can lead thy insolence to such presumption!—Serjeant, I desire you will take that monster out of the room, or I cannot answer for myself.’

The serjeant was beginning to beg his wife to retire, (for he perceived very plainly, that she had, as the phrase is, taken a sip too much that evening) when, with a rage little short of madness, she cried out, ‘And do you tamely see me insulted in such a manner, now that you are a gentleman and upon a footing with him?’

‘It is lucky for us all, perhaps,’ answered Booth, ‘that he is not my equal.’

‘You lye, sirrah,’ said Mrs. Atkinson, ‘he is every way your equal; he is as good a gentleman as yourself, and as much an officer. No, I retract what I say; he hath not the spirit of a gentleman, nor of a man neither, or he would not bear to see his wife insulted.’

‘Let me beg of you, my dear,’ cries the serjeant, ‘to go with me and compose yourself.’

‘Go with thee, thou wretch,’ cries she, looking with the utmost disdain upon him; ‘no, nor ever speak to thee more.’ At which words she burst out of the room: and the serjeant, without saying a word, followed her.

A very tender and pathetic scene now passed between Booth and his wife, in which, when she was a little composed,

posed, she related to him the whole story. For besides that it was not possible for her otherwise to account for the quarrel which he had seen, Booth was now possessed of the letter that lay on the floor.

Amelia having emptied her mind to her husband, and obtained his faithful promise that he would not resent the affair to my lord, was pretty well composed, and began to relent a little towards Mrs. Atkinson; but Booth was so highly incensed with her, that he declared he would leave her house the next morning; which they both accordingly did, and immediately accommodated themselves with convenient apartments within a few doors of their friend the doctor.

C H A P. IX.

CONTAINING SOME THINGS WORTHY OBSERVATION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the exchange of his lodgings, Booth did not forget to send an excuse to Mr. Trent, of whose conversation he had taken a full surfeit the preceding evening.

That day, in his walks, Booth met with an old brother-officer, who had served with him at Gibraltar, and was on half-pay as well as himself. He had not, indeed, had the fortune of being broke with his regiment, as was Booth; but had gone out, as they call it, on half-pay as a lieutenant, a rank to which he had risen in five and thirty years.

This honest gentleman, after some discourse with Booth, desired him to lend him half a crown; which he assured him he would faithfully pay the next day, when he was to receive some money for his sister. This sister was the widow of an officer that had been killed in the sea-service; and she and her brother lived together, on their joint stock, out of which, they maintained likewise an old mother, and two of the sister's children, the eldest of which was about nine years old. 'You must know,' said the old lieutenant, 'I have been disappointed this morning by an old scoundrel, who wanted fifteen per cent. for advancing my sister's pension; but I have now got

' an honest fellow, who hath promised it me to-morrow, at ten per cent.'

'And enough too of all conscience,' cries Booth.

'Why, indeed, I think so too,' answered the other, 'considering it is sure to be paid one time or other. To say the truth, it is a little hard the government doth not pay those pensions better; for my sister's hath been due almost these two years: that is my way of thinking.'

Booth answered, he was ashamed to refuse him such a sum; 'But, upon my soul,' said he, 'I have not a single halfpenny in my pocket; for I am in a worse condition, if possible, than yourself; for I have lost all my money, and what is worse, I owe Mr. Trent, whom you remember at Gibraltar, fifty pounds.'

'Remember him! yes, d—n him, I remember him very well,' cries the old gentleman, 'though he will not remember me. He is grown so great now, that he will not speak to his old acquaintance; and yet I should be ashamed of myself to be great in such a manner.'

'What manner do you mean?' cries Booth a little eagerly.

'Why, pimping,' answered the other. 'He is pimp in ordinary to my lord —, who keeps his family; or how the devil he lives else I do not know, for his place is not worth three hundred pounds a year, and he and his wife spend a thousand at least. But she keeps an assembly, which I believe if you was to call a bawdy-house, you would not misname it. But d—n me, if I had not rather be an honest man, and walk on foot, with holes in my shoes, as I do now, or go without a dinner, as I and all my family will to-day, than ride in a chariot, and feast by such means. I am honest Bob Bound, and always will be; that is my way of thinking: and there is no man shall call me otherwise; for if he doth, I will knock him down for a lying rascal; that is my way of thinking.'

'And a very good way of thinking too,' cries Booth. 'However, you shall not want a dinner to-day; for if you will go home with me, I will lend you a crown with all my heart.'

'Look'e,' said the old man, 'if it be any wise inconvenient to you, I will not

'not have it; for I will never rob another man of his dinner, to eat myself: that is my way of thinking.'

'Pooh,' said Booth, 'never mention such a trifle twice between you and me. Besides, you say you can pay it me to-morrow; and I promise you that will be the same thing.'

They then walked together to Booth's lodgings, where Booth, from Amelia's pocket, gave his friend double the little sum he had asked. Upon which the old gentleman shook him heartily by the hand, and repeating his intention of paying him the next day, made the best of his way to a butcher's, whence he carried off a leg of mutton to a family that had lately kept Lent without any religious merit.

When he was gone, Amelia asked her husband who that old gentleman was. Booth answered, he was one of the scandals of his country. That the Duke of Marlborough had about thirty years before made him an ensign from a private man, for very particular merit; and that he had not long since gone out of the army with a broken heart, upon having several boys put over his head. He then gave her an account of his family, which he had heard from the old gentleman in their way to his house, and with which we have already in a concise manner acquainted the reader.

'Good heavens!' cries Amelia, 'what are our great men made of! are they in reality a distinct species from the rest of mankind? are they born without hearts?'

'One would indeed sometimes,' cries Booth, 'be inclined to think so. In truth, they have no perfect idea of those common distresses of mankind which are far removed from their own sphere. Compassion, if thoroughly examined, will, I believe, appear to be the fellow-feeling only of men of the same rank and degree of life for one another, on account of the evils to which they themselves are liable. Our sensations are, I am afraid, very cold towards those who are at a great

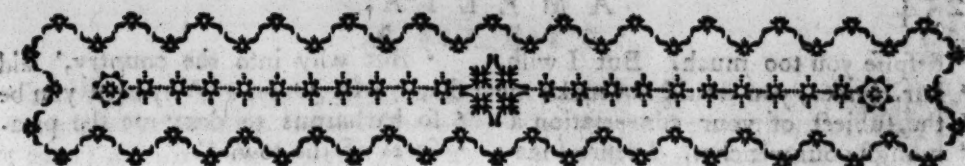
distance from us, and whose calamities can consequently never reach us.'

'I remember,' cries Amelia, 'a sentiment of Dr. Harrison's, which he told me was in some Latin book: *I am a man myself, and my heart is interested in whatever can befall the rest of mankind.* That is the sentiment of a good man, and whoever thinks otherwise is a bad one.'

'I have often told you, my dear Emily,' cries Booth, 'that all men, as well the best as the worst, act alike from the principle of self-love. Where benevolence therefore is the uppermost passion, self-love directs you to gratify it by doing good, and by relieving the distresses of others; for they are then in reality your own. But where ambition, avarice, pride, or any other passion, governs the man, and keeps his benevolence down, the miseries of all other men affect him no more than they would a stock or a stone. And thus the man and his statue have often the same degree of feeling or compassion.'

'I have often wished, my dear,' cries Amelia, 'to hear you converse with Dr. Harrison on this subject; for I am sure he would convince you, though I cannot, that there are really such things as religion and virtue.'

This was not the first hint of this kind which Amelia had given, for she sometimes apprehended from his discourse that he was little better than an atheist; a consideration which did not diminish her affection for him, but gave her great uneasiness. On all such occasions, Booth immediately turned the discourse to some other subject; for though he had in other points a great opinion of his wife's capacity, yet as a divine or a philosopher, he did not hold her in a very respectable light, nor did he lay any great stress on her sentiments in such matters. He now therefore gave a speedy turn to the conversation, and began to talk of affairs below the dignity of this history.



A M E L I A.

BOOK XI.

CHAP. I.

CONTAINING A VERY POLITE SCENE.

E will now look back to some personages, who, though not the principal characters in this history, have yet made too considerable a figure in it to be abruptly dropt. And these are Colonel James and his lady.

This fond couple never met till dinner the day after the masquerade, when they happened to be alone together in an anti-chamber before the arrival of the rest of the company.

The conversation began with the colonel's saying, 'I hope, Madam, you got no cold last night at the masquerade?' To which the lady answered by much the same kind of question.

They then sat together near five minutes without opening their mouths to each other. At last Mrs. James said, 'Pray, Sir, who was that masque with you in the dress of a shepherdess? How could you expose yourself by walking with such a trollop in public; for certainly no woman of any figure would appear there in such a dress. You know, Mr. James, I never interfere with your affairs; but I would, methinks, for my own sake, if I was you, preserve a little decency in the face of the world.'

'Upon my word,' said James, 'I do not know whom you mean. A woman in such a dress might speak to

'me for aught I know; a thousand people speak to me at a masquerade. But I promise you I spoke to no woman acquaintance there that I know of. Indeed, I now recollect there was a woman in a dress of a shepherdess; and there was another awkward thing in a blue domino that plagued me a little; but I soon got rid of them.'

'And I suppose you do not know the lady in the blue domino neither?'— 'Not I, I assure you,' said James. 'But pray, why do you ask me these questions? It looks so like jealousy.'

'Jealousy!' cries she; 'I jealous! no, Mr. James, I shall never be jealous, I promise you, especially of the lady in the blue domino; for, to my knowledge, she despises you of all the human race.'

'I am heartily glad of it,' said James; 'for I never saw such a tall awkward monster in my life.'

'That is a very cruel way of telling me you knew me.'

'You, Madam,' said James; 'you was in a black domino.'

'It is not so unusual a thing, I believe, you yourself know, to change dresses. I own I did it to discover some of your tricks. I did not think you could have distinguished the tall awkward monster so well.'

'Upon my soul,' said James, 'if it was you, I did not even suspect it; so you ought not to be offended at what I have said ignorantly.'

'Indeed, Sir,' cries she, 'you cannot offend me by any thing you can say to my face; no, by my soul, I despise

'despise you too much. But I wish, Mr. James, you would not make me the subject of your conversation amongst your wenchers. I desire I may not be afraid of meeting them for fear of their insults: that I may not be told by a dirty trollop, you make me the subject of your wit amongst them, of which it seems I am the favourite topic. Though you have married a tall awkward monster, Mr. James, I think she hath a right to be treated, as your wife, with respect at least. Indeed, I shall never require any more: indeed, Mr. James, I never shall. I think a wife hath a title to that.'

'Who told you this, Madam?' said James.

'Your slut,' said she, 'your wench, your shepherdess.'

'By all that's sacred,' cries James, 'I do not know who the shepherdess was.'

'By all that's sacred then,' says she, 'she told me so, and I am convinced she told me the truth. But I do not wonder at your denying it; for that is equally consistent with honour as to behave in such a manner to a wife who is a gentlewoman. I hope you will allow me that, Sir. Because I had not quite so great a fortune, I hope you do not think me beneath you, or that you did me any honour in marrying me. I am come of as good a family as yourself, Mr. James; and if my brother knew how you treated me, he would not bear it.'

'Do you threaten me with your brother, Madam?' said James.

'I will not be ill-treated, Sir,' answered she.

'Nor I neither, Madam,' cries he; 'and therefore I desire you will prepare to go into the country to-morrow morning.'

'Indeed, Sir,' said she, 'I shall not.'

'By Heavens, Madam, but you shall,' answered he: 'I will have my coach at the door to-morrow morning by seven; and you shall either go into it or be carried.'

'I hope, Sir, you are not in earnest,' said she.

'Indeed, Madam,' answered he, 'but I am in earnest, and resolved; and into the country you go to-morrow.'

'But why into the country,' said she, 'Mr. James? Why will you be so barbarous to deny me the pleasures of the town?'

'Because you interfere with my pleasures,' cried James; 'which I have told you long ago I would not submit to. It is enough for fond couples to have these scenes together. I thought we had been upon a better footing, and had cared too little for each other to become mutual plagues. I thought you had been satisfied with the full liberty of doing what you please.'

'So I am; I defy you to say I have ever given you any uneasiness.'

'How,' cries he, 'have you not just now upbraided me with what you heard at the masquerade?'

'I own,' said she, 'to be insulted by such a creature to my face stung me to the soul. I must have had no spirit to bear the insults of such an animal. Nay, she spoke of you with equal contempt. Whoever she is, I promise you, Mr. Booth is her favourite. But, indeed, she is unworthy any one's regard: for she behaved like an arrant dragoon.'

'Hang her,' cries the colonel, 'I know nothing of her.'

'Well, but Mr. James, I am sure you will not send me into the country. Indeed, I will not go into the country.'

'If you was a reasonable woman,' cries James, 'perhaps I should not desire it: and, on one consideration—'

'Come, name your consideration,' said she.

'Let me first experience your discernment,' said he. 'Come, Molly, let me try your judgment. Can you guess at any woman of your acquaintance that I like?'

'Sure,' said she, 'it cannot be Mrs. Booth!'

'And why not Mrs. Booth?' answered he. 'Is she not the finest woman in the world?'

'Very far from it,' replied she, 'in my opinion.'

'Pray what faults,' said he, 'can you find in her?'

'In the first place,' cries Mrs. James, 'her eyes are too large; and she hath a look with them that I do not know how to describe; but I know I do not

‘not like it. Then her eyebrows are too large; therefore, indeed, she doth all in her power to remedy this with her pincers: for if it was not for these, her eyebrows would be preposterous. Then her nose, as well proportioned as it is, has a visible scar on one side. Her neck likewise is too protuberant for the genteel size, especially as she laces herself: for no woman in my opinion can be genteel, who is not entirely flat before. And lastly, she is both too short and too tall. Well, you may laugh, Mr. James, I know what I mean, though I cannot well express it. I mean, that she is too tall for a pretty woman, and too short for a fine woman. There is such a thing as a kind of insipid medium, a kind of something that is neither one thing or another. I know not how to express it more clearly; but when I say such a one is a pretty woman, a pretty thing, a pretty creature, you know very well I mean a little woman; and when I say such a one is a very fine woman, a very fine person of a woman, to be sure I must mean a tall woman. Now a woman that is between both, is certainly neither the one nor the other.’

‘Well, I own,’ said he, ‘you have explained yourself with great dexterity; but with all these imperfections, I cannot help liking her.’

‘That you need not tell me, Mr. James,’ answered the lady; ‘for that I knew before you desired me to invite her to your house. And nevertheless, did not I, like an obedient wife, comply with your desires? did I make any objection to the party you proposed for the masquerade, though I knew very well your motive? what can the best of wives do more? To procure you success is not in my power; and if I may give you my opinion, I believe you never will succeed with her.’

‘Is her virtue so very impregnable?’ said he, with a sneer.

‘Her virtue,’ answered Mrs. James, ‘hath the best guard in the world, which is a most violent love for her husband.’

‘All pretence and affectation,’ cries the colonel. ‘It is impossible she should have so little taste, or, indeed, so little delicacy, as to like such a fellow.’

‘Nay, I do not much like him myself,’ said she. ‘He is not indeed at all such a sort of man as I should like; but I thought he had been generally allowed to be handsome.’

‘He handsome!’ cries James; ‘what, with a nose like the proboscis of an elephant, with the shoulders of a porter, and the legs of a chairman? the fellow has not in the least the look of a gentleman; and one would rather think he had followed the plough than the camp all his life.’

‘Nay, now I protest,’ said she, ‘I think you do him injustice. He is genteel enough, in my opinion. It is true, indeed, he is not quite of the most delicate make; but whatever he is, I am convinced she thinks him the finest man in the world.’

‘I cannot believe it,’ answered he peevishly. ‘But will you invite her to dinner here to-morrow?’

‘With all my heart, and as often as you please,’ answered she. ‘But I have some favours to ask of you. First, I must hear no more of going out of town till I please.’

‘Very well,’ cried he.

‘In the next place,’ said she, ‘I must have two hundred guineas within these two or three days.’

‘Well, I agree to that too,’ answered he. ‘And when I do go out of town, too, I go to Tunbridge, I insist upon that; and from Tunbridge I go to Bath, positively to Bath. And I promise you faithfully I will do all in my power to carry Mrs. Booth with me.’

‘On that condition,’ answered he, ‘I promise you, you shall go wherever you please. And to shew you I will even prevent your wishes by my generosity, as soon as I receive the five thousand pounds, which I am going to take up on one of my estates, you shall have two hundred more.’

She thanked him with a low courtsey; and he was in such good-humour, that he offered to kiss her. To this kiss she coldly turned her cheek; and then flirting her fan, said, ‘Mr. James, there is one thing I forgot to mention to you, I think you intend to get a commission in some regiment abroad for this young man. Now if you would take my advice, I know this will not oblige his wife; and besides, I am positive she resolves to go with him.’

‘ But if you can provide for him in some regiment at home, I know she will dearly love you for it; and when he is ordered to quarters, she will be left behind—and Yorkshire or Scotland, I think, is as good a distance as either of the Indies.’

‘ Well, I will do what I can,’ answered James: ‘ but I cannot ask any thing yet; for I got two places of a hundred a year each for two of my footmen, within this fortnight.’

At this instant a violent knock at the door signified the arrival of their company; upon which, both husband and wife put on their best looks to receive their guests; and, from their behaviour to each other during the rest of the day, a stranger might have concluded he had been in company with the fondest couple in the universe.

CHAP. II.

MATTERS POLITICAL.

BEFORE we return to Booth, we will relate a scene in which Doctor Harrison was concerned.

This good man, whilst in the country, happened to be in the neighbourhood of a nobleman of his acquaintance, and whom he knew to have very considerable interest with the ministers at that time.

The doctor, who was very well known to this nobleman, took this opportunity of paying him a visit in order to recommend poor Booth to his favour. Nor did he much doubt of his success, the favour he was to ask being a very small one, and to which he thought the service of Booth gave him so just a title.

The doctor's name soon gained him an admission to the presence of this great man, who indeed received him with much courtesy and politeness; not so much perhaps from any particular regard to the sacred function, nor from any respect to the doctor's personal merit, as from some considerations which the reader will perhaps guess anon. After many ceremonials, and some previous discourse on different subjects, the doctor opened his business, and told the great man, that he was come to him to solicit a favour for a young gentleman

who had been an officer in the army, and was now on half-pay. ‘ All the favour I ask, my lord,’ said he, ‘ is, that this gentleman may be again admitted *ad eundem*. I am convinced your lordship will do me the justice to think I would not ask for a worthless person; but, indeed, the young man I mean, hath very extraordinary merit. He was at the siege of Gibraltar, in which he behaved with distinguished bravery; and was dangerously wounded at two several times in the service of his country. I will add, that he is at present in great necessity, and hath a wife and several children, for whom he hath no other means of providing; and if it will recommend him farther to your lordship's favour, his wife, I believe, is one of the best and worthiest of all her sex.’

‘ As to that,’ my dear doctor, ‘ cries the nobleman, I shall make no doubt. Indeed, any service I shall do the gentleman will be upon your account. As to necessity, it is the plea of so many, that it is impossible to serve them all. And with regard to the personal merit of these inferior officers, I believe, I need not tell you that it is very little regarded. But if you recommend him, let the person be what he will, I am convinced it will be done: for I know it is in your power at present to ask for a greater matter than this.’

‘ I depend entirely upon your lordship,’ answered the doctor.

‘ Indeed, my worthy friend,’ replied the lord, ‘ I will not take a merit to myself, which will so little belong to me. You are to depend on yourself. It falls out very luckily too at this time, when you have it in your power so greatly to oblige us.’

‘ What, my lord, is in my power?’ cries the doctor.

‘ You certainly know,’ answered his lordship, ‘ how hard Colonel Trompington is run at your town, in the election of a mayor; they tell me, it will be a very near thing, unless you join us. But we know it is in your power to do the business, and turn the scale. I heard your name mentioned the other day on that account; and I know you may have any thing in reason, if you will give us your interest.’

‘ Sure,

'Sure, my lord,' cries the doctor, 'you are not in earnest in asking my interest for the colonel?'

'Indeed I am,' answered the peer. 'Why should you doubt it?'

'For many reasons,' answered the doctor. 'First, I am an old friend and acquaintance of Mr. Fairfield, as your lordship, I believe, very well knows. The little interest, therefore, that I have, you may be assured, will go in his favour. Indeed I do not concern myself deeply in these affairs, for I do not think it becomes my cloth so to do. But as far as I think it decent to interest myself, it will certainly be on the side of Mr. Fairfield. Indeed, I should do so, if I was acquainted with both the gentlemen only by reputation; the one being a neighbouring gentleman, of a very large estate, a very sober and sensible man, of known probity and attachment to the true interest of his country: the other is a mere stranger, a boy, a soldier of fortune; and, as far as I can discern from the little conversation I have had with him, of a very shallow capacity, and no education.'

'No education! my dear friend,' cries the nobleman: 'why, he hath been educated in half the courts of Europe.'

'Perhaps so, my lord,' answered the doctor; 'but I shall always be so great a pedant as to call a man of no learning, a man of no education. And from my own knowledge, I can aver, that I am persuaded there is scarce a foot soldier in the army more illiterate than the colonel.'

'Why, as to Latin and Greek, you know,' replied the lord, 'they are not much required in the army.'

'It may be so,' said the doctor. 'Then let such persons keep to their own profession. It is a very low civil capacity indeed for which an illiterate man can be qualified. And to speak a plain truth, if your lordship is a friend to the colonel, you would do well to advise him to decline an attempt, in which I am certain he hath no probability of success.'

'Well, Sir,' said the lord, 'if you are resolved against us, I must deal as freely with you, and tell you plainly I cannot serve you in your affair. Nay, it will be the best thing I can do, to hold my tongue; for if I should men-

tion his name with your recommendation, after what you have said, he would perhaps never get provided for as long as he lives.'

'Is his own merit, then, my lord, no recommendation?' cries the doctor.

'My dear, dear Sir,' cries the other, 'what is the merit of a subaltern officer!'

'Surely, my lord,' cries the doctor, 'it is the merit which should recommend him to the post of a subaltern officer. And it is a merit which will hereafter qualify him to serve his country in a higher capacity. And I do assure you of this young man, that he hath not only a good heart, but a good head too. And I have been told by those who are judges, that he is for his age an excellent officer.'

'Very probably!' cries my lord; 'and there are abundance with the same merit, and the same qualifications, who want a morsel of bread for themselves and their families.'

'It is an infamous scandal on the nation,' cries the doctor; 'and I am heartily sorry it can be said even with a colour of truth.'

'How can it be otherwise?' says the peer. 'Do you think it is possible to provide for all men of merit?'

'Yes, surely do I,' said the doctor. 'And very easily too.'

'How, pray?' cries the lord. 'Upon my word I shall be glad to know.'

'Only by not providing for those who have none. The men of merit in any capacity are not, I am afraid, so extremely numerous, that we need starve any of them, unless we wickedly suffer a set of worthless fellows to eat their bread.'

'This is all mere Utopia,' cries his lordship. 'The chimerical system of Plato's commonwealth, with which we amused ourselves at the university; politicks which are inconsistent with the state of human affairs.'

'Sure, my lord,' cries the doctor, 'we have read of states where such doctrines have been put in practice. What is your lordship's opinion of Rome in the earlier ages of the commonwealth, of Sparta, and even of Athens itself in some periods of its history?'

'Indeed, doctor,' cries the lord, 'all these notions are obsolete and long since exploded. To apply maxims of government drawn from the Greek

‘and Roman histories, to this nation, is absurd and impossible. But if you will have Roman examples, fetch them from those times of the republic that were most like our own. Do you not know, doctor, that this is as corrupt a nation as ever existed under the sun? And would you think of governing such a people by the strict principles of honesty and morality?’

‘If it be so corrupt,’ said the doctor, ‘I think it is high time to amend it. Or else it is easy to foresee that Roman and British liberty will have the same fate; for corruption in the body politic as naturally tends to dissolution as in the natural body.’

‘I thank you for your simile,’ cries my lord: ‘for in the natural body, I believe you will allow there is the season of youth, the season of manhood, and the season of old age; and that, when the last of these arrives, it will be an impossible attempt by all the means of art to restore the body again to it’s youth, or to the vigour of it’s middle age. The same periods happen to every great kingdom. In it’s youth, it rises by arts and arms to power and prosperity. This it enjoys and flourishes with a while; and then it may be said to be in the vigour of it’s age, enriched at home with all the emoluments and blessings of peace, and formidable abroad with all the terrors of war. At length, this very prosperity introduces corruption; and then comes on it’s old age. Virtue and learning, art and industry, decay by degrees. The people sink into sloth and luxury, and prostitution. It is enervated at home, becomes contemptible abroad; and such indeed is it’s misery and wretchedness, that it resembles a man in the last decrepit stage of life, who looks with unconcern at his approaching dissolution.’

‘This is a melancholy picture indeed,’ cries the doctor; ‘and if the latter part of it can be applied to our case, I see nothing but religion, which would have prevented this decrepit state of the constitution, should prevent a man of spirit from hanging himself out of the way of so wretched a contemplation.’

‘Why so?’ said the peer. ‘Why, hang myself, doctor? would it not be wiser, think you, to make the best of

your time, and the most you can in such a nation?’

‘And is religion then to be really laid out of the question?’ cries the doctor.

‘If I am to speak my own opinion, Sir,’ answered the peer, ‘you know I shall answer in the negative. But you are too well acquainted with the world to be told, that the conduct of politicians is not formed upon the principles of religion.’

‘I am very sorry for it,’ cries the doctor; ‘but I will talk to them then of honour and honesty: this is a language which I hope they will at least pretend to understand. Now to deny a man the preferment which he merits, and to give it to another man who doth not merit it, is a manifest act of injustice; and is consequently inconsistent with both honour and honesty. Nor is it only an act of injustice to the man himself, but to the public, for whose good principally all public offices are, or ought to be, instituted. Now this good can never be compleated, nor obtained, but by employing all persons according to their capacities. Wherever true merit is liable to be superseded by favour and partiality, and men are entrusted with offices, without any regard to capacity or integrity, the affairs of that state will always be in a deplorable situation. Such, as Livy tells us, was the state of Capua, a little before it’s final destruction; and the consequence your lordship well knows. But, my lord, there is another mischief which attends this kind of injustice; and that is, it hath a manifest tendency to destroy all virtue and all ability among the people, by taking away all that encouragement and incentive, which should promote emulation, and raise men to aim at excelling in any art, science, or profession. Nor can any thing, my lord, contribute more to render a nation contemptible among it’s neighbours; for what opinion can other countries have of the councils, or what terror can they conceive of the arms, of such a people? and it was chiefly owing to the avoiding of this error, that Oliver Cromwell carried the reputation of England higher than it ever was at any other time. I will add only one argument more, and that

that is founded on the most narrow selfish system of politicks; and this is, that such a conduct is sure to create universal discontent and grumbling at home: for nothing can bring men to rest satisfied, when they see others preferred to them, but an opinion that they deserve that elevation; for, as one of the greatest men this country ever produced, observes,

One worthless man that gains what he pretends,
Disguits a thousand unpretending friends.

With what heart-burnings then must any nation see themselves obliged to contribute to the support of a set of men, of whose incapacity to serve them they are well apprized, and who do their country a double diskindness; by being themselves employed in posts to which they are unequal, and by keeping others out of those employments for which they are qualified!

And do you really think, doctor, cries the nobleman, that any minister could support himself in this country upon such principles as you recommend? Do you think he would be able to baffle an opposition, unless he should oblige his friends, by conferring places often contrary to his own inclinations and his own opinion?

Yes, really do I, cries the doctor. Indeed, if a minister is resolved to make good his confession in the liturgy, *by leaving undone all those things which he ought to have done, and by doing all those things which he ought not to have done*; such a minister, I grant, will be obliged to baffle opposition, as you are pleased to term it, by these arts; for, as Shakespeare somewhere says,

Things ill begun, strengthen themselves by ill.

But if, on the contrary, he will please to consider the true interest of his country, and that only in great and national points; if he will engage his country in neither alliances or quarrels, but where it is really interested; if he will raise no money but what is wanted; nor employ any civil or military officers but what are useful; and place in these employ-

ments men of the highest integrity, and of the greatest abilities; if he will employ some few of his hours to advance our trade, and some few more to regulate our domestic government; if he would do this, my lord, I will answer for it, he shall either have no opposition to baffle, or he shall baffle it by a fair appeal to his conduct. Such a minister may, in the language of the law, put himself on his country when he pleases, and he shall come off with honour and applause.

And do you really believe, doctor, cries the peer, there ever was such a minister, or ever will be?

Why not, my lord? answered the doctor. It requires no very extraordinary parts, nor any extraordinary degree of virtue. He need practise no great instances of self-denial. He shall have power, and honour, and riches, and, perhaps, all in a much greater degree than he can ever acquire by pursuing a contrary system. He shall have more of each, and much more of safety.

Pray, doctor, said my lord, let me ask you one simple question. Do you really believe any man upon earth was ever a rogue out of choice?

Really, my lord, says the doctor, I am ashamed to answer in the affirmative; and yet, I am afraid, experience would almost justify me, if I should. Perhaps the opinion of the world may sometimes mislead men to think those measures necessary, which in reality are not so. Or the truth may be, that a man of good inclinations finds his office filled with such corruption by the iniquity of his predecessors, that he may despair of being capable of purging it; and so sits down contented, as Augeas did with the filth of his stables, not because he thought them the better, or that such filth was really necessary to a stable, but that he despaired of sufficient force to cleanse them.

I will ask you one question more, and I have done, said the nobleman. Do you imagine that, if any minister was really as good as you would have him, the people in general would believe that he was so?

Truly, my lord, said the doctor, I think they may be justified in not believing too hastily. But I beg leave

to answer your lordship's question by another. Doth your lordship believe that the people of Greenland, when they see the light of the sun, and feel his warmth, after so long a season of cold and darkness, will really be persuaded that it shines upon them?

My lord smiled at the conceit; and then the doctor took an opportunity to renew his suit; to which his lordship answered he would promise nothing, and could give him no hopes of success:

'But you may be assured,' said he with a leering countenance, 'I shall do him all the service in my power.' A language which the doctor well understood, and soon after took a civil; but not a very ceremonious leave.

C H A P III.

THE HISTORY OF MR. TRENT.

WE will now return to Mr. Booth and his wife. The former had spent his time very uneasily, ever since he had discovered what sort of man he was indebted to; but lest he should forget it, Mr. Trent thought now proper to remind him, in the following letter, which he received the next morning after he had put off the appointment.

SIR,

I Am sorry the necessity of my affairs obliges me to mention that small sum which I had the honour to lend you the other night at play; and which I shall be much obliged to you, if you will let me have some time either to-day, or to-morrow. I am, Sir, your most obedient, most humble servant,

GEORGE TRENT.

This letter a little surprized Booth, after the genteel, and indeed, as it appeared, generous behaviour of Trent. But lest it should have the same effect upon the reader, we will now proceed to account for this, as well as for some other phenomena that have appeared in this history; and which, perhaps, we shall be forgiven for not having opened more largely before.

Mr. Trent, then, was a gentleman, possibly, of a good family; for it was

not certain whence he sprung on the father's side. His mother, who was the only parent he ever knew or heard of, was a single gentlewoman, and for some time carried on the trade of a milliner in Covent Garden. She sent her son, at the age of eight years old, to a charity-school, where he remained till he was of the age of fourteen, without making any great proficiency in learning. Indeed, it is not very probable he should; for the master, who, in preference to a very learned and proper man, was chosen by a party into this school, the salary of which was upwards of a hundred pounds a year, had himself never travelled through the Latin grammar, and was in truth a most consummate blockhead.

At the age of fifteen, Mr. Trent was put clerk to an attorney, where he remained a very short time before he took leave of his master; rather, indeed, departed without taking leave; and having broke open his mother's escrutoire, and carried off with him all the valuable effects he there found, to the amount of about fifty pound, he marched off to sea, and went on board a merchant-man, whence he was afterwards pressed into a man of war.

In this service he continued about three years; during which time, he behaved so ill in his moral character, that he twice underwent a very severe discipline for thefts in which he was detected; but at the same time, he behaved so well as a sailor in an engagement with some pirates, that he wiped off all former scores, and greatly recommended himself to his captain.

At his return home, being then about twenty years of age, he found that the attorney had in his absence married his mother, had buried her, and secured all her effects, to the amount, as he was informed, of about fifteen hundred pounds. Trent applied to his step-father, but to no purpose; the attorney utterly disowned him, nor would he suffer him to come a second time within his doors.

It happened that the attorney had, by a former wife, an only daughter, a great favourite, who was about the same age with Trent himself, and had, during his residence at her father's house, taken a very great liking to this young fellow, who was extremely handsome, and perfectly well made. This her liking

liking was not, during his absence, so far extinguished, but that it immediately revived on his return. Of this, she took care to give Mr. Trent proper intimation; for she was not one of those backward and delicate ladies, who can die rather than make the first overture. Trent was overjoyed at this, and with reason; for she was a very lovely girl in her person, the only child of a rich father; and the prospect of so complete a revenge on the attorney, charmed him above all the rest. To be as short in the matter as the parties, a marriage was soon consummated between them.

The attorney at first raged and was implacable; but at last, fondness for his daughter so far overcame resentment, that he advanced a sum of money to buy his son-in-law (for now he acknowledged him as such) an ensign's commission in a marching regiment then ordered to Gibraltar; at which place, the attorney heartily hoped that Trent might be knocked on the head: for in that case he thought he might marry his daughter more agreeably to his own ambition; and to her advantage.

The regiment into which Trent purchased, was the same with that in which Booth likewise served; the one being an ensign, and the other a lieutenant, in the two additional companies.

Trent had no blemish in his military capacity. Though he had had but an indifferent education, he was naturally sensible and genteel; and nature, as we have said, had given him a very agreeable person. He was likewise a very bold fellow; and as he really behaved himself every way well enough while he was at Gibraltar, there was some degree of intimacy between him and Booth.

When the siege was over, and the additional companies were again reduced, Trent returned to his wife, who received him with great joy and affection. Soon after this an accident happened, which proved the utter ruin of his father-in-law, and ended in breaking his heart. This was nothing but making a mistake, pretty common at this day, of writing another man's name to a deed instead of his own. In truth, this matter was no less than what the law calls forgery, and was just then made capital by an act of parliament. From this offence, indeed, the attor-

ney was acquitted by not admitting the proof of the party, who was to avoid his own deed by his evidence, and therefore no witness, according to those excellent rules, called the law of evidence; a law very excellently calculated for the preservation of the lives of his majesty's roguish subjects, and most notably used for that purpose.

But though by common law the attorney was honourably acquitted, yet as common sense manifested to every one that he was guilty, he unhappily lost his reputation, and of consequence his business; the chagrin of which latter soon put an end to his life.

The prosecution had been attended with a very great expence; for, besides the ordinary costs of avoiding the gallows by the help of the law there was a very high article of no less than a thousand pounds paid down to remove out of the way a witness against whom there was no legal exception. The poor gentleman had besides suffered some losses in business; so that, to the surprize of all his acquaintance, when his debts were paid, there remained no more than a small estate of fourscore pounds a year, which he settled upon his daughter, far out of the reach of her husband, and about two hundred pounds in money.

The old gentleman had not long been in his grave, before Trent set himself to consider seriously of the state of his affairs. He had lately began to look on his wife with a much less degree of liking and desire than formerly; for he was one of those who think too much of one thing is good for nothing. Indeed, he had indulged these speculations so far, that, I believe, his wife, though one of the prettiest women in town, was the last subject that he would have chose for any amorous dalliance.

Many other persons, however, greatly differed from him in this opinion. Amongst the rest, was the illustrious peer of amorous memory. This noble peer having therefore got a view of Mrs. Trent one day in the street, did, by means of an emissary then with him, make himself acquainted with her lodging, to which he immediately laid siege in form, setting himself down in a lodging directly opposite to her, from whence the battery of ogles began to play the very next morning.

This

This siege had not continued long before the governor of the garrison became sufficiently apprized of all the works which were carrying on; and having well reconnoitred the enemy, and discovered who he was, notwithstanding a false name and some disguise of his person, he called a council of war within his own breast. In fact, to drop all allegory, he began to consider whether his wife was not really a more valuable possession than he had lately thought her. In short, as he had been disappointed in her fortune, he now conceived some hopes of turning her beauty itself into a fortune.

Without communicating these views to her, he soon scraped an acquaintance with his opposite neighbour by the name which he there usurped, and counterfeited an entire ignorance of his real name and title. On this occasion, Trent had his disguise likewise, for he affected the utmost simplicity; of which affectation, as he was a very artful fellow, he was extremely capable.

The peer fell plum into this snare; and when, by the simplicity, as he imagined, of the husband, he became acquainted with the wife, he was so extravagantly charmed with her person, that he resolved, whatever was the cost or the consequence, he would possess her.

His lordship, however, preserved some caution in his management of this affair; more, perhaps, than was necessary. As for the husband, none was requisite; for he knew all he could; and with regard to the wife herself, as she had, for some time, perceived the decrease of her husband's affection, (for few women are, I believe, to be imposed upon in that matter) she was not displeased to find the return of all that complaisance and endearment, of those looks and languishments, from another agreeable person, which she had formerly received from Trent, and which she now found she should receive from him no longer.

My lord, therefore, having been indulged with as much opportunity as he could wish from Trent, and having received rather more encouragement than he could well have hoped from the lady, began to prepare all matters for a storm; when luckily Mr. Trent declaring he must go out of town for two days, he fixed on the first day of his

departure as the time of carrying his design into execution.

And now, after some debate with himself in what manner he should approach his love, he at last determined to do it in his own person; for he conceived, and perhaps very rightly, that the lady, like Semele, was not void of ambition, and would have preferred Jupiter in all his glory to the same deity in the disguise of an humble shepherd. He dressed himself therefore in the richest embroidery of which he was master, and appeared before his mistress arrayed in all the brightness of peerage. A fight whose charms she had not the power to resist, and the consequences are only to be imagined. In short, the same scene which Jupiter acted with his above-mentioned mistress of old, was more than beginning, when Trent burst from the closet into which he had conveyed himself, and unkindly interrupted the action.

His lordship presently run to his sword; but Trent, with great calmness, answered, that as it was very well known he durst fight, he should not draw his sword on this occasion: 'For sure,' says he, 'my lord, it would be the highest imprudence in me to kill a man who is now become so considerably my debtor.' At which words, he fetched a person from the closet, who had been confined with him, telling him he had done his business, and might now, if he pleased, retire.

It would be tedious here to amuse the reader with all that passed on the present occasion; the rage and confusion of the wife, or the perplexity in which my lord was involved. We will omit therefore all such matters, and proceed directly to business, as Trent and his lordship did soon after. And in the conclusion, my lord stipulated to pay a good round sum, and to provide Mr. Trent with a good place on the first opportunity.

On the side of Mr. Trent were stipulated absolute remission of all past, and full indulgence for the time to come.

Trent now immediately took a house at the polite end of the town, furnished it elegantly, and set up his equipage, rigged out both himself and his wife with very handsome clothes, frequented all public places where he could get admission, pushed himself into acquaintance:

quaintance: and his wife soon afterwards began to keep an assembly, or, in the fashionable phrase, to be at home once a week; when, by my lord's assistance, she was presently visited by most men of the first rank, and by all such women of fashion as are not very nice in their company.

My lord's amour with this lady lasted not long; for, as we have before observed, he was the most inconstant of all the human race. Mrs. Trent's passion was not however of that kind which leads to any very deep resentment of such fickleness. Her passion, indeed, was principally founded upon interest; so that foundation served to support another superstructure; and she was easily prevailed upon, as well as her husband, to be useful to my lord in a capacity which, though very often exerted in the polite world, hath not, as yet, to my great surprize, acquired any polite name, or, indeed, any which is not too coarse to be admitted in this history.

After this preface, which we thought necessary to account for a character of which some of my country and collegiate readers might possibly doubt the existence, I shall proceed to what more immediately regards Mrs. Booth. The reader may be pleased to remember that Mr. Trent was present at the assembly to which Booth and his wife were carried by Mrs. James, and where Amelia was met by the noble peer.

His lordship, seeing there that Booth and Trent were old acquaintance, failed not, to use the language of sportsmen, to put Trent on upon the scent of Amelia. For this purpose, that gentleman visited Booth the very next day, and had pursued him close ever since. By his means, therefore, my lord learned that Amelia was to be at the masquerade, to which place she was dogged by Trent in a sailor's jacket, who meeting my lord according to agreement, at the entrance of the opera-house, like the four-legged gentlemen of the same vocation, made a dead point, as it is called, at the game.

My lord was so satisfied and delighted with his conversation at the masquerade with the supposed Amelia, and the encouragement which in reality she had given him, that, when he saw Trent the next morning, he embraced him

with great fondness, gave him a bank-note of a hundred pounds, and promised him both the Indies on his success, of which he began now to have no manner of doubt.

The affair that happened at the gaming-table, was likewise a scheme of Trent's, on a hint given by my lord to him to endeavour to lead Booth into some scrape or distress, his lordship promising to pay whatever expence Trent might be led into by such means. Upon his lordship's credit, therefore, the money lent to Booth was really advanced. And hence arose all that seeming generosity, and indifference as to the payment; Trent being satisfied with the obligation conferred on Booth, by means of which he hoped to effect his purpose.

But now the scene was totally changed; for Mrs. Atkinson, the morning after the quarrel, beginning seriously to recollect that she had carried the matter rather too far, and might really injure Amelia's reputation, a thought to which the warm pursuit of her own interest had a good deal blinded her at the time, resolved to visit my lord himself, and to let him into the whole story; for, as she had succeeded already in her favourite point, she thought she had no reason to fear any consequence of the discovery. This resolution she immediately executed.

Trent came to attend his lordship just after Mrs. Atkinson had left him. He found the peer in a very ill humour, and brought no news to comfort or recruit his spirits; for he had himself just received a billet from Booth, with an excuse for himself and his wife, from accepting the invitation at Trent's house that evening, where matters had been previously concerted for their entertainment; and when his lordship was by accident to drop into the room where Amelia was, while Booth was to be engaged at play in another.

And now, after much debate, and after Trent had acquainted my lord with the wretched situation of Booth's circumstances, it was resolved, that Trent should immediately demand his money of Booth, and upon his not paying it, for they both concluded it impossible he should pay it, to put the note which Trent had for the money in suit against him, by the genteel means of paying

it away to a nominal third person: and this they both conceived must end immediately in the ruin of Booth, and consequently in the conquest of Amelia.

In this project, and with this hope, both my lord and his setter, or (if the sportsmen so please) setting-dog, greatly exulted, and it was next morning executed, as we have already seen.

CHAP. IV.

CONTAINING SOME DISTRESS.

TRENT's letter drove Booth almost to madness. To be indebted to such a fellow, at any rate, had stuck much in his stomach, and had given him very great uneasiness; but to answer this demand in any other manner than by paying the money, was absolutely what he could not bear. Again, to pay this money, he very plainly saw there was but one way; and this was by stripping his wife not only of every farthing, but almost of every rag she had in the world; a thought so dreadful, that it chilled his very soul with horror; and yet pride at last seemed to represent this as the lesser evil of the two.

But how to do this was still a question. It was not sure, at least he feared it was not, that Amelia herself would readily consent to this; and so far from persuading her to such a measure, he could not bear even to propose it. At length, his determination was to acquaint his wife with the whole affair, and to ask her consent by way of asking her advice; for he was well assured she could find no other means of extricating him out of his dilemma. This he accordingly did, representing the affair as bad as he could; though indeed, it was impossible for him to aggravate the real truth.

Amelia heard him patiently, without once interrupting him. When he had finished, she remained silent some time; indeed, the shock she received from this story, almost deprived her of the power of speaking. At last she answered: 'Well, my dear, you ask my advice; I certainly can give you no other than that the money must be paid.'

'But how must it be paid?' cries he. 'Oh, heavens! thou sweetest creature! what, not once upbraid me for bringing this ruin on thee!'

'Upbraid you, my dear!' says she. 'Would to Heaven, I could prevent your upbraiding yourself. But do not despair: I will endeavour by some means or other to get you the money.' 'Alas! my dear love,' cries Booth, 'I know the only way by which you can raise it. How can I consent to that! do you forget the fears you so lately expressed of what would be our wretched condition, when our little all was mouldered away? Oh, my Amelia! they cut my very heart-strings, when you spoke them; for I had then lost this little all. Indeed, I assure you, I have not played since, nor ever will more.'

'Keep that resolution,' said she, 'my dear, and I hope we shall yet recover the past.' At which words, casting her eyes on the children, the tears burst from her eyes, and she cried, 'Heaven will, I hope, provide for us.'

A pathetic scene now ensued between the husband and wife, which would not perhaps please many readers to see drawn at too full a length. It is sufficient to say, that this excellent woman not only used her utmost endeavours to stifle and conceal her own concern, but said and did every thing in her power to allay that of her husband.

Booth was at this time to meet a person whom we have formerly mentioned in the course of our history. This gentleman had a place in the war-office, and pretended to be a man of great interest and consequence; by which means he did not only receive great respect and court from the inferior officers, but actually bubbled several of their money, by undertaking to do them services which in reality were not within his power. In truth, I have known few great men who have not been beset with one or more such fellows as these, through whom the inferior part of mankind are obliged to make their court to the great men themselves; by which means, I believe, principally, persons of real merit have been often deterred from the attempt; for these subaltern coxcombs ever assume an equal state with their masters, and look for an equal degree of respect to be paid to them; to which men of spirit, who are in every light their betters, are not easily brought to submit. These fellows, indeed, themselves have a jealous eye towards all great abilities,

abilities, and are sure, to the utmost of their power, to keep all who are so endowed from the presence of their masters. They use their masters, as bad ministers have sometimes used a prince; they keep all men of merit from his ears, and daily sacrifice his true honour and interest to their own profit, and their own vanity.

As soon as Booth was gone to his appointment with this man, Amelia immediately betook herself to her business with the highest resolution. She packed up not only her own little trinkets, and those of her children, but the greatest part of her own poor clothes, (for she was but barely provided) and then drove in a hackney-coach to the same pawnbroker's, who had before been recommended to her by Mrs. Atkinson: who advanced her the money she desired.

Being now provided with her sum, she returned well-pleased home; and her husband coming in soon after, she with much cheerfulness delivered him all the money.

Booth was so overjoyed with the prospect of discharging his debt to Trent, that he did not perfectly reflect on the distress to which his family was now reduced. The good-humour which appeared in the countenance of Amelia, was perhaps another help to stifle those reflections; but above all, were the assurances he had received from the great man, whom he had met at a coffee-house, and who had promised to do him all the service in his power; which several half-pay subaltern officers assured him was very considerable.

With this comfortable news he acquainted his wife, who either was, or seemed to be extremely well pleased with it. And now he set out with the money in his pocket to pay his friend Trent, who unluckily for him happened not to be at home.

On his return home, he met his old friend the lieutenant, who thankfully paid him his crown, and insisted on his going with him and taking part of a bottle. This invitation was so eager and pressing, that poor Booth, who could not resist much importunity, complied.

While they were over this bottle, Booth acquainted his friend with the promises he had received that afternoon

at the coffee-house, with which the old gentleman was very well pleased: 'For I have heard,' says he, 'that gentleman hath very powerful interest.' But he informed him likewise that he had heard that the great man must be touched; for that he never did any thing without touching. Of this, indeed, the great man himself had given some oblique hints, by saying, with great sagacity and slyness, that he knew where fifty pounds might be deposited to much advantage.

Booth answered, that he would very readily advance a small sum, if he had it in his power; but that at present it was not so; for that he had no more in the world than the sum of fifty pounds, which he owed Trent, and which he intended to pay him the next morning.

'It is very right, undoubtedly, to pay your debts,' says the old gentleman; 'but sure, on such an occasion, any man but the rankest usurer would be contented to stay a little while for his money; and it will be only a little while, I am convinced: for if you deposit this sum in the great man's hands, I make no doubt but you will succeed immediately in getting your commission; and then I will help you to a method of taking up such a sum as this.' The old gentleman persisted in this advice, and backed it with every argument he could invent; declaring, as was indeed true, that he gave the same advice which he would pursue was the case his own.

Booth long rejected the opinion of his friend; till, as they had not argued with dry lips, he became heated with wine, and then at last the old gentleman succeeded. Indeed, such was his love either for Booth, or for his own opinion, and perhaps for both, that he omitted nothing in his power. He even endeavoured to palliate the character of Trent, and unsaid half what he had before said of that gentleman. In the end, he undertook to make Trent easy, and to go to him the very next morning for that purpose.

Poor Booth at last yielded, though with the utmost difficulty. Indeed, had he known quite as much of Trent as the reader doth, no motive whatsoever would have prevailed on him to have taken the old gentleman's advice.

CHAP. V.

CONTAINING MORE WORMWOOD,
AND OTHER INGREDIENTS.

IN the morning, Booth communicated the matter to Amelia, who told him, she would not presume to advise him in an affair of which he was so much the better judge.

While Booth remained in a doubtful state what conduct to pursue, Bound came to make him a visit, and informed him, that he had been at Trent's house, but found him not at home; adding, that he would pay him a second visit that very day, and would not rest till he found him.

Booth was ashamed to confess his wavering resolution, in an affair in which he had been so troublesome to his friend; he therefore dressed himself immediately, and together they both went to wait on the little great man, to whom Booth now hoped to pay his court in the most effectual manner.

Bound had been longer acquainted with the modern methods of business than Booth; he advised his friend therefore to begin with tipping (as it is called) the great man's servant. He did so, and by that means got speedy access to the master.

The great man received the money, not as a gudgeon doth a bait, but as a pike receives a poor gudgeon into his maw. To say the truth, such fellows as these may well be likened to that voracious fish, who fattens himself by devouring all the little inhabitants of the river. As soon as the great man had pocketed the cash, he shook Booth by the hand, and told him he would be sure to slip no opportunity of serving him, and would send him word as soon as any offered.

Here I shall stop one moment, and so, perhaps, will my good-natured reader; for surely it must be a hard heart, which is not affected, with reflecting on the manner in which this poor little sum was raised, and on the manner in which it was bestowed! A worthy family, the wife and children of a man who had lost his blood abroad in the service of his country, parting with their little all, and ex-

posed to cold and hunger, to pamper such a fellow as this!

And if any such reader as I mention, should happen to be in reality a great man, and in power, perhaps the horror of this picture may induce him to put a final end to this abominable practice of touching, as it is called; by which indeed a set of leeches are permitted to suck the blood of the brave and the indigent, of the widow and the orphan!

Booth now returned home, where he found his wife with Mrs. James. Amelia had, before the arrival of her husband, absolutely refused Mrs. James's invitation to dinner the next day; but when Booth came in, the lady renewed her application, and that in so pressing a manner, that Booth seconded her; for though he had enough of jealousy in his temper, yet such was his friendship to the colonel, and such his gratitude to the obligations which he had received from him, that his own unwillingness to believe any thing of him, co-operating with Amelia's endeavours to put every thing in the fairest light, had brought him to acquit his friend of any ill design. To this, perhaps, the late affair concerning my lord had moreover contributed: for it seems to me, that the same passion cannot much energize on two different objects at one and the same time: an observation which I believe will hold as true, with regard to the cruel passions of jealousy and anger, as to the gentle passion of love, in which one great and mighty object is sure to engage the whole passion.

When Booth grew importunate, Amelia answered, 'My dear, I should not refuse you whatever was in my power; but this is absolutely out of my power; for, since I must declare the truth, I cannot dress myself.'

'Why so?' said Mrs. James, 'I am sure you are in good health.'

'Is there no other impediment to dressing but want of health, Madam?' answered Amelia,

'Upon my word, none that I know of,' replied Mrs. James.

'What do you think of want of clothes, Madam?' said Amelia.

'Ridiculous!' cries Mrs. James, 'What need have you to dress yourself out? You will see nobody but
our

‘our own family, and I promise you
‘I do not expect it. A plain night-
‘gown will do very well.’

‘But if I must be plain with you,
‘Madam,’ said Amelia, ‘I have no
‘other clothes but what I have now on
‘my back. I have not even a clean
‘shift in the world—for you must
‘know, my dear,’ said she to Booth,
‘that little Betty is walked off this
‘morning, and hath carried all my
‘linen with her.’

‘How, my dear,’ cries Booth; ‘little
‘Betty robbed you!’

‘It is even so,’ answered Amelia.
Indeed, she spoke truth; for little
Betty having perceived the evening be-
fore that her mistress was moving her
goods, was willing to lend all the as-
sistance in her power, and had accord-
ingly moved off early that morning,
taking with her whatever she could
lay her hands on.

Booth expressed himself with some
passion on the occasion, and swore he
would make an example of the girl.
‘If the little slut be above ground,’
cried he, ‘I will find her out and bring
‘her to justice.’

‘I am really sorry for this accident,’
said Mrs. James, ‘and (though I know
‘not how to mention it) I beg you will
‘give me leave to offer you any linen of
‘mine, till you can make new of your
‘own.’

Amelia thanked Mrs. James, but
declined the favour, saying, she should
do well enough at home; and that as
she had no servant now to take care of
her children, she could not, nor would
not leave them on any account.

‘Then bring master and miss with
‘you,’ said Mrs. James. ‘You shall
‘positively dine with us to-morrow.’

‘I beg, Madam, you will mention
‘it no more,’ said Amelia; ‘for, be-
‘sides the substantial reasons I have
‘already given, I have some things
‘on my mind at present which make
‘me unfit for company; and I am re-
‘solved nothing shall prevail on me to
‘stir from home.’

Mrs. James had carried her invitation
already to the very utmost limits of
good-breeding, if not beyond them.
She desisted therefore from going any
farther; and after some short stay longer
took her leave, with many expressions
of concern, which however, great as it

was, left her heart and her mouth
together, before she was out of the
house.

Booth now declared that he would
go in pursuit of little Betty, against
whom he vowed so much vengeance,
that Amelia endeavoured to moderate
his anger by representing to him the
girl’s youth, and that this was the first
fault she had ever been guilty of. ‘In-
‘deed,’ says she, ‘I should be very
‘glad to have my things again, and I
‘would have the girl too punished in
‘some degree, which might possibly
‘be for her own good; but I tremble
‘to think of taking away her life.’
For Booth in his rage had sworn he
would hang her.

‘I know the tenderness of your heart,
‘my dear,’ said Booth, ‘and I love
‘you for it; but I must beg leave to
‘dissent from your opinion. I do
‘not think the girl in any light an
‘object of mercy. She is not only
‘guilty of dishonesty, but of cruelty:
‘for she must know our situation, and
‘the very little we had left. She is
‘besides guilty of ingratitude to you,
‘who have treated her with so much
‘kindness, that you have rather acted
‘the part of a mother than of a mistress.
‘And so far from thinking her youth
‘an excuse, I think it rather an aggra-
‘vation. It is true, indeed, there are
‘faults which the youth of the party
‘very strongly recommends to our par-
‘don. Such are all those which pro-
‘ceed from carelessness, and want of
‘thought; but crimes of this black
‘dye, which are committed with deli-
‘beration, and imply a bad mind, de-
‘serve a more severe punishment in a
‘young person than in one of riper
‘years: for what must the mind be in
‘old age, which hath acquired such a
‘degree of perfection in villainy so very
‘early! such persons as these it is really
‘a charity to the public to put out of
‘the society; and, indeed, a religious
‘man would put them out of the world
‘for the sake of themselves; for who-
‘ever understands any thing of hu-
‘man nature must know, that such
‘people, the longer they live, the more
‘they will accumulate vice and wick-
‘edness.’

‘Well, my dear,’ cries Amelia, ‘I
‘cannot argue with you on these sub-
‘jects. I shall always submit to your
‘superior

‘superior judgment, and I know you too well to think that you will ever do any thing cruel.’

Booth then left Amelia to the care of her children, and went in pursuit of the thief.

CHAP. VI.

A SCENE OF THE TRAGIC KIND.

HE had not been long gone, before a thundering knock was heard at the door of the house where Amelia lodged, and presently after a figure all pale, ghastly, and almost breathless, rushed into the room where she then was with her children.

This figure Amelia soon recognized to be Mrs. Atkinson; though, indeed, she was so disguised, that at her first entrance Amelia scarce knew her. Her eyes were sunk in her head, her hair dishevelled, and not only her dress, but every feature in her face, was in the utmost disorder.

Amelia was greatly shocked at this sight, and the little girl was much frightened; as for the boy, he immediately knew her, and running to Amelia, he cried, ‘La! mama, what is the matter with poor Mrs. Atkinson?’

As soon as Mrs. Atkinson recovered her breath, she cried out, ‘O Mrs. Booth, I am the most miserable of women; I have lost the best of husbands.’

Amelia looking at her with all the tenderness imaginable; forgetting, I believe, that there had ever been any quarrel between them; said, ‘Good heavens, Madam, what is the matter?’

‘O Mrs. Booth,’ answered she, ‘I fear I have lost my husband. The doctor says there is but little hope of his life. O Madam, however I have been in the wrong, I am sure you will forgive me and pity me. I am sure I am severely punished: for to that cursed affair I owe all my misery.’

‘Indeed, Madam,’ cries Amelia, ‘I am extremely concerned for your misfortune. But pray tell me, hath any thing happened to the serjeant?’

‘O Madam,’ cries she, ‘I have the greatest reason to fear I shall lose him. The doctor hath almost given him

over. He says he hath scarce any hopes. O Madam, that evening that the fatal quarrel happened between us, my dear captain took it so to heart, that he sat up all night and drank a whole bottle of brandy. Indeed, he said, he wished to kill himself: for nothing could have hurt him so much in the world, he said, as to have any quarrel between you and me. His concern, and what he drank together, threw him into a high fever. So that, when I came home from my lord’s, (for indeed, Madam, I have been and set all to rights; your reputation is now in no danger:) when I came home, I say, I found the poor man in a raving delirious fit, and in that he hath continued ever since till about an hour ago, when he came perfectly to his senses; but now he says he is sure he shall die, and begs for Heaven’s sake to see you first. Would you, Madam, would you have the goodness to grant my poor captain’s desire; consider he is a dying man, and neither he nor I shall ever ask you a second favour. He says he hath something to say to you that he can mention to no other person, and that he cannot die in peace unless he sees you.’

‘Upon my word, Madam,’ cries Amelia, ‘I am extremely concerned at what you tell me. I knew the poor serjeant from his infancy, and always had an affection for him, as I think him to be one of the best-natured and honestest creatures upon earth. I am sure, if I could do him any service—but of what use can my going be?’

‘Of the highest in the world,’ answered Mrs. Atkinson. ‘If you knew how earnestly he entreated it, how his poor breaking heart begged to see you, you would not refuse.’

‘Nay, I do not absolutely refuse,’ cries Amelia. ‘Something to say to me of consequence, and that he could not die in peace, unless he said it! did he say that, Mrs. Atkinson?’

‘Upon my honour he did,’ answered she, ‘and much more than I have related.’

‘Well, I will go with you,’ cries Amelia. ‘I cannot guess what this should be; but I will go.’

Mrs. Atkinson then poured out a thousand blessings and thanksgivings; and

and taking hold of Amelia's hand, and eagerly kissing it, cried out, 'How could that fury, passion, drive me to quarrel with such a creature!'

Amelia told her she had forgiven and forgot it; and then calling up the mistress of the house, and committing to her the care of the children, she cloaked herself up as well as she could, and set out with Mrs. Atkinson.

When they arrived at the house, Mrs. Atkinson said she would go first and give the captain some notice; for that if Amelia entered the room unexpectedly, the surprize might have an ill effect. She left therefore Amelia in the parlour, and proceeded directly up stairs.

Poor Atkinson, weak and bad as was his condition, no sooner heard that Amelia was come, than he discovered great joy in his countenance, and presently afterwards she was introduced to him.

Atkinson exerted his utmost strength to thank her for this goodness to a dying man, (for so he called himself.) He said, he should not have presumed to give her this trouble, had he not had something, which he thought of consequence, to say to her, and which he could not mention to any other person. He then desired his wife to give him a little box, of which he always kept the key himself, and afterwards begged her to leave the room for a few minutes; at which, neither she nor Amelia expressed any dissatisfaction.

When he was alone with Amelia, he spoke as follows: 'This, Madam, is the last time my eyes will ever behold what——Do pardon me, Madam, I will never offend you more.' Here he sunk down in his bed, and the tears gushed from his eyes.

'Why should you fear to offend me, Joe?' said Amelia. 'I am sure, you never did any thing willingly to offend me.'

'No, Madam,' answered he, 'I would die a thousand times, before I would have ventured it in the smallest matter. But, I cannot speak; and yet I must. You cannot pardon me; and yet, perhaps, as I am a dying man, and never shall see you more.—Indeed, if I was to live after this discovery, I shall never dare to look you in the face again; and yet, Madam, to think I shall never see

you more, is worse than ten thousand deaths.'

'Indeed, Mr. Atkinson,' cries Amelia, blushing, and looking down on the floor, 'I must not hear you talk in this manner. If you have any thing to say, tell it me, and do not be afraid of my anger; for I think I may promise to forgive whatever it was possible you should do.'

'Here then, Madam,' said he, 'is your picture; I stole it when I was eighteen years of age, and have kept it ever since. It is set in gold, with three little diamonds; and yet I can truly say, it was not the gold nor the diamonds which I stole, it was that face, which, if I had been the emperor of the world——'

'I must not hear any more of this,' said she; 'comfort yourself, Joe, and think no more of this matter. Be assured, I freely and heartily forgive you. But pray compose yourself. Come, let me call in your wife.'

'First, Madam, let me beg one favour,' cried he; 'consider it is the last, and then I shall die in peace: let me kiss that hand before I die.'

'Well, nay,' says she; 'I do not know what I am doing—well—there.' She then carelessly gave him her hand, which he put gently to his lips, and then presently let it drop, and fell back into the bed.

Amelia now summoned Mrs. Atkinson, who was indeed no farther off than just without the door. She then hastened down stairs, and called for a great glass of water, which having drank off, she threw herself into a chair, and the tears ran plentifully from her eyes with compassion for the poor wretch she had just left in his bed.

To say the truth, without any injury to her chastity, that heart which had stood firm as a rock to all the attacks of title and equipage, of finery and flattery, and which all the treasures of the universe could not have purchased, was yet a little softened by the plain, honest, modest, involuntary, delicate, heroic passion, of this poor and humble swain: for whom, in spite of herself, she felt a momentary tenderness and complacency, at which Booth, if he had known it, would perhaps have been displeased.

Having staid some time in the parlour, and not finding Mrs. Atkinson come

come down, (for indeed her husband was then so bad she could not quit him) Amelia left a message with the maid of the house for her mistress, purporting that she should be ready to do any thing in her power to serve her; and then left the house with a confusion on her mind that she had never felt before, and which any chastity that is not hewn out of marble must feel on so tender and delicate an occasion.

C H A P. VII.

IN WHICH BOOTH MEETS WITH MORE THAN ONE ADVENTURE.

BOOTH having hunted about for two hours, at last saw a young lady in a tattered silk gown, stepping out of a shop in Monmouth Street into a hackney coach. This lady, notwithstanding the disguise of her dress, he presently discovered to be no other than little Betty.

He instantly gave the alarm of, 'Stop thief, stop coach;' upon which Mrs. Betty was immediately stopped in her vehicle, and Booth and his myrmidons laid hold of her.

The girl no sooner found that she was seized by her master, than the consciousness of her guilt overpowered her; for she was not yet an experienced offender, and she immediately confessed her crime.

She was then carried before a justice of the peace, where she was searched; and there was found in her possession four shillings and sixpence in money, besides the silk gown, which was indeed proper furniture for Rag Fair, and scarce worth a single farthing, though the honest shopkeeper in Monmouth Street had sold it for a crown to this simple girl.

The girl being examined by the magistrate, spoke as follows: 'Indeed, Sir, an't please your worship, I am very sorry for what I have done; and to be sure, an't please your honour, my lord, it must have been the devil that put me upon it; for to be sure, please your majesty, I never thought upon such a thing in my life before, any more than I did of my dying day; but, indeed, Sir, an't please your worship—'

She was running on in this manner,

when the justice interrupted her, and desired her to give an account of what she had taken from her master, and what she had done with it.

'Indeed, an't please your majesty,' said she, 'I took no more than two shifts of Madam's, and I pawned them for five shillings, which I gave for the gown that's upon my back; and as for the money in my pocket, it is every farthing of it my own. I am sure I intended to carry back the shifts too as soon as ever I could get money to take them out.'

The girl having told them where the pawnbroker lived, the justice sent to him, to produce the shifts, which he presently did; for he expected a warrant to search his house would be the consequence of his refusal.

The shifts being produced, on which the honest pawnbroker had lent five shillings, appeared plainly to be worth above thirty; indeed, when new they had cost much more. So that by their goodness, as well as by their size, it was certain they could not have belonged to the girl.

Booth grew very warm against the pawnbroker. 'I hope, Sir,' said he to the justice, 'there is some punishment for this fellow likewise; who so plainly appears to have known that these goods were stolen. The shops of these fellows may indeed be called the fountains of theft: for it is in reality the encouragement which they meet with from these receivers of their goods, that induces men very often to become thieves; so that these deserve equal, if not severer punishment than the thieves themselves.'

The pawnbroker protested his innocence; and denied the taking in the shifts. Indeed, in this he spoke truth; for he had slipped into an inner room, as was always his custom on these occasions, and left a little boy to do the business; by which means, he had carried on the trade of receiving stolen goods for many years with impunity, and had been twice acquitted at the Old Bailey, though the juggle appeared upon the most manifest evidence.

As the justice was going to speak, he was interrupted by the girl, who falling upon her knees to Booth, with many tears, begged his forgiveness.

'Indeed, Betty,' cries Booth, 'you do not deserve forgiveness; for you know

‘ know you had very good reasons why
‘ you should not have thought of rob-
‘ bing your mistress, particularly at
‘ this time. And what farther aggra-
‘ vates your crime, is, that you have
‘ robbed the best and kindest mistress in
‘ the world. Nay, you are not only
‘ guilty of felony, but of a felonious
‘ breach of trust; for you know very
‘ well every thing your mistress had
‘ was intrusted to your care.’

Now it happened by very great ac-
cident that the justice before whom the
girl was brought, understood the law:
turning therefore to Booth, he said,
‘ Do you say, Sir, that this girl was
‘ intrusted with the shifts?’

‘ Yes, Sir,’ said Booth, ‘ she was
‘ intrusted with every thing.’

‘ And will you swear that the goods
‘ stolen,’ said the justice, ‘ are worth
‘ forty shillings?’

‘ No, indeed, Sir,’ answered Booth,
‘ nor that they are worth thirty either.’

‘ Then, Sir,’ cries the justice, ‘ the
‘ girl cannot be guilty of felony.’

‘ How, Sir,’ said Booth, ‘ is it not
‘ a breach of trust? and is not a breach
‘ of trust felony, and the worst of fe-
‘ lony too?’

‘ No, Sir,’ answered the justice, ‘ a
‘ breach of trust is no crime in our law,
‘ unless it be in a servant; and then
‘ the act of parliament requires the
‘ goods taken to be of the value of
‘ forty shillings.’

‘ So then a servant,’ cries Booth,
‘ may rob his master of thirty-nine
‘ shillings whenever he pleases, and
‘ he cannot be punished.’

‘ If the goods are under his care, he
‘ cannot,’ cries the justice.

‘ I ask your pardon, Sir,’ says Booth.
‘ I do not doubt what you say; but sure
‘ this is a very extraordinary law.’

‘ Perhaps I think so too,’ said the
justice; ‘ but it belongs not to my
‘ office to make or to mend laws: my
‘ business is only to execute them. If
‘ therefore the case be as you say, I
‘ must discharge the girl.’

‘ I hope, however, you will punish
‘ the pawnbroker,’ cries Booth.

‘ If the girl is discharged,’ cries the
justice, ‘ so must be the pawnbroker;
‘ for if the goods are not stolen, he
‘ cannot be guilty of receiving them
‘ knowing them to be stolen. And
‘ besides, as to his offence, to say the
‘ truth, I am almost weary of prose-

‘ cuting it; for such are the difficulties
‘ laid in the way of this prosecution,
‘ that it is almost impossible to convict
‘ any one on it. And to speak my
‘ opinion plainly, such are the laws,
‘ and such the method of proceeding,
‘ that one would almost think our
‘ laws were rather made for the pro-
‘ tection of rogues, than for the pu-
‘ nishment of them.’

Thus ended this examination: the
thief and the receiver went about their
business, and Booth departed, in order
to go home to his wife.

In his way home, Booth was met
by a lady in a chair; who, immediately
upon seeing him, stopt her chair, bolt-
ed out of it, and going directly up to
him, said, ‘ So, Mr. Booth, you have
‘ kept your word with me!’

This lady was no other than Miss
Matthews, and the speech she meant
was of a promise made to her at the
masquerade, of visiting her within a day
or two; which, whether he ever intend-
ed to keep I cannot say; but in truth,
the several accidents that had since hap-
pened to him, had so discomposed his
mind, that he had absolutely forgot it.

Booth however was too sensible, and
too well bred, to make the excuse of
forgetfulness to a lady; nor could he
readily find any other. While he stood
therefore hesitating, and looking not
over wise, Miss Matthews said, ‘ Well,
‘ Sir, since by your confusion I see you
‘ have some grace left, I will pardon
‘ you on one condition, and that is,
‘ that you will sup with me this night.
‘ But if you fail me now, expect all
‘ the revenge of an injured woman.’
She then bound herself by a most out-
rageous oath, that she would complain
to his wife; ‘ And I am sure,’ says
she, ‘ she is so much a woman of ho-
‘ nour, as to do me justice. And
‘ though I miscarried in my first at-
‘ tempt, be assured I will take care of
‘ my second.’

Booth asked what she meant by her
first attempt; to which she answered,
that she had already writ his wife an ac-
count of his ill usage of her, but that
she was pleased it had miscarried. She
then repeated her asseverations, that
she would now do it effectually if he
disappointed her.

This threat she reckoned would most
certainly terrify poor Booth; and, in-
deed, she was not mistaken; for I be-

lieve it would, have been impossible, by any other menace, or by any other means, to have brought him once even to balance in his mind on this question. But by this threat she prevailed; and Booth promised, upon his word and honour, to come to her at the hour she appointed. After which, she took leave of him with a squeeze by the hand, and a smiling countenance, and walked back to her chair.

But, however she might be pleased with having obtained this promise, Booth was far from being delighted with the thoughts of having given it. He looked indeed upon the consequences of this meeting with horror; but as to the consequence which was so apparently intended by the lady, he resolved against it. At length he came to this determination; to go, according to his appointment, to argue the matter with the lady, and to convince her, if possible, that from a regard to his honour only, he must discontinue her acquaintance. If this failed to satisfy her, and she still persisted in her threats to acquaint his wife with the affair, he then resolved, whatever pains it cost him, to communicate the whole truth himself to Amelia, from whose goodness he doubted not but to obtain an absolute remission,

the pawnbroker whither she had gone before, and to deposit her picture for what she could raise upon it. She then immediately took a chair, and put her design in execution.

The intrinsic value of the gold, in which this picture was set, and of the little diamonds which surrounded it, amounted to nine guineas. This therefore was advanced to her, and the prettiest face in the world (such is often the fate of beauty) was deposited, as of no value, into the bargain.

When she came home, she found the following letter from Mrs. Atkinson:

‘ MY DEAREST MADAM,

‘ **A**S I know your goodness, I could
‘ not delay a moment acquaint-
‘ ing you with the happy turn of my
‘ affairs since you went. The doctor,
‘ on his return to visit my husband,
‘ has assured me, that the captain was
‘ on the recovery, and in very little
‘ danger; and I really think he is since
‘ mended. I hope to wait on you
‘ soon with better news. Heaven bless
‘ you, dear Madam; and believe me
‘ to be, with the utmost sincerity,
‘ your most obliged, obedient humble
‘ servant,

‘ ATKINSON.’

CH A P. VIII.

IN WHICH AMELIA APPEARS IN A
LIGHT MORE AMIABLE THAN
GAY.

WE will now return to Amelia, whom we left in some perturbation of mind departing from Mrs. Atkinson.

Though she had before walked through the streets in a very improper dress with Mrs. Atkinson, she was unwilling, especially as she was alone, to return in the same manner. Indeed she was scarce able to walk in her present condition; for the case of poor Atkinson had much affected her tender heart, and her eyes had overflowed with many tears.

It occurred likewise to her at present, that she had not a single shilling in her pocket, or at home, to provide food for herself and her family. In this situation she resolved to go immediately to

Amelia was really pleased with this letter; and now it being past four o'clock, she despaired of seeing her husband till the evening. She therefore provided some tarts for her children, and then eating nothing but a slice of bread and butter herself, she began to prepare for the captain's supper.

There were two things of which her husband was particularly fond, which, though it may bring the simplicity of his taste into great contempt with some of my readers, I will venture to name. These were a fowl and egg sauce, and mutton broth; both which Amelia immediately purchased.

As soon as the clock struck seven, the good creature went down into the kitchen, and began to exercise her talents of cookery, of which she was a great mistress, as she was of every economical office, from the highest to the lowest; and as no woman could outshine her in a drawing-room, so none could make the drawing-room
itself

itself shine brighter than Amelia. And if I may speak a bold truth, I question whether it be possible to view this fine creature in a more amiable light, than while she was dressing her husband's supper with her little children playing round her.

It was now half an hour past eight, and the meat almost ready, the table likewise neatly spread with materials borrowed from her landlady, and she began to grow a little uneasy at Booth's not returning; when a sudden knock at the door roused her spirits, and she cried, 'There, my dear, there is your good papa:' at which words she darted swiftly up stairs, and opened the door to her husband.

She desired her husband to walk up into the dining-room, and she would come to him in an instant; for she was desirous to increase his pleasure, by surprising him with two favourite dishes. She then went down again to the kitchen, where the maid of the house undertook to send up the supper, and she with her children returned to Booth.

He then told her concisely what had happened, with relation to the girl. To which she scarce made any answer; but asked him if he had not dined. He assured her he had not eat a morsel the whole day. 'Well,' says she, 'my dear, I am a fellow-sufferer; but we shall both enjoy our supper the more; for I have made a little provision for you, as I guessed what might be the case. I have got you a bottle of wine too. And here is a clean cloth and smiling countenance, my dear Will. Indeed, I am in unusual good spirits to-night, and I have made a promise to the children, which you must confirm; I have promised to let them sit up this one night to supper with us. Nay, do not look so serious; cast off all uneasy thoughts; I have a present for you here: no matter how I came by it. At which words, she put eight guineas into his hand, crying, 'Come, my dear Bill, be gay. Fortune will yet be kind to us; at least, let us be happy this night. Indeed, the pleasures of many women, during their whole lives, will not amount to my happiness this night; if you will be in good humour.'

Booth fetched a deep sigh, and cried,

'How unhappy am I, my dear, that I cannot sup with you to-night.'

As in the delightful month of June, when the sky is all serene, and the whole face of nature looks with a pleasing and smiling aspect, suddenly a dark cloud spreads itself over the hemisphere, the sun vanishes from our sight, and every object is obscured by a dark and horrid gloom: so happened it to Amelia; the joy that had enlightened every feature disappeared in a moment; the lustre forsook her shining eyes; and all the little loves, that played and wanted in her cheeks, hung their drooping heads, and with a faint trembling voice, she repeated her husband's words: 'Not sup with me to night, my dear!'

'Indeed, my dear,' answered he, 'I cannot. I need not tell you how uneasy it makes me, or that I am as much disappointed as yourself; but I am engaged to sup abroad. I have absolutely given my honour; and besides, it is on business of importance.' 'My dear,' said she, 'I say no more. I am convinced you would not willingly sup from me. I own it is a very particular disappointment to me to-night, when I had proposed unusual pleasure; but the same reason which is sufficient to you, ought to be so to me.'

Booth made his wife a compliment on her ready compliance, and then asked her what she intended by giving him that money, or how she came by it.

'I intend, my dear,' said she, 'to give it you; that is all. As to the manner in which I came by it, you know, Billy, that is not very material. You are well assured I got it by no means which would displease you; and, perhaps, another time I may tell you.'

Booth asked no farther questions; but he returned her, and insisted on her taking, all but one guinea, saying she was the safest treasurer. He then promised her to make all the haste home in his power, and he hoped, he said, to be with her in an hour and a half at farthest, and then took his leave.

When he was gone, the poor disappointed Amelia sat down to supper with her children; with whose company she was forced to console herself for the absence of her husband.

CHAP. IX.

A VERY TRAGIC SCENE.

THE clock had struck eleven, and Amelia was just proceeding to put her children to bed, when she heard a knock at the street door. Upon which, the boy cried out, 'There is papa, mama; pray let me stay and see him before I go to bed.' This was a favour very easily obtained; for Amelia instantly ran down stairs, exulting in the goodness of her husband for returning so soon, though half an hour was already elapsed beyond the time in which he promised to return.

Poor Amelia was now again disappointed; for it was not her husband at the door, but a servant with a letter for him, which he delivered into her hands. She immediately returned up stairs, and said, 'It was not your papa, my dear; but I hope it is one who hath brought us some good news.' For Booth had told her, that he hourly expected to receive such from the great man, and had desired her to open any letter which came to him in his absence.

Amelia therefore broke open the letter, and read as follows:

'SIR,

AFTER what hath past between us, I need only tell you that I know you supped this very night alone with Miss Matthews: a fact which will upbraid you sufficiently, without putting me to that trouble, and will very well account for my desiring the favour of seeing you to-morrow in Hyde-Park, at six in the morning. You will forgive my reminding you once more how inexcusable this behaviour is in you, who are possessed in your own wife of the most inestimable jewel. Yours, &c.

T. JAMES.

'I shall bring pistols with me.'

It is not easy to describe the agitation of Amelia's mind when she read this letter. She threw herself into her chair, turned as pale as death, began to tremble all over, and had just power enough left to tap the bottle of wine, which she had hitherto preserved entire

for her husband, and to drink off a large bumper.

The little boy perceived the strange symptoms which appeared in his mother; and running to her, he cried, 'What is the matter, my dear mama, you do not look well? No harm hath happened to poor papa, I hope. Sure that bad man hath not carried him away again.'

Amelia answered, 'No, child, nothing, nothing at all.' And then a large shower of tears came to her assistance; which presently after produced the same in the eyes of both the children.

Amelia, after a short silence, looking tenderly at her children, cried out, 'It is too much, too much to bear. Why did I bring these little wretches in the world! why were these innocents born to such a fate!' She then threw her arms round them both, (for they were before embracing her knees) and cried, 'O my children! my children! forgive me, my babes. Forgive me that I have brought you in to such a world as this. You are undone; my children are undone!'

The little boy answered with great spirit, 'How undone, mama? my sister and I do not care a farthing for being undone. Do not cry so upon our account, we are both very well; indeed we are. But do pray tell us. I am sure some accident hath happened to poor papa.'

'Mention him no more,' cries Amelia; 'your papa is—indeed he is a wicked man; he cares not for any of us.—O Heavens, is this the happiness I promised myself this evening!' At which words she fell into an agony, holding both her children in her arms.

The maid of the house now entered the room, with a letter in her hand, which she had received from a porter, whose arrival the reader will not wonder to have been unheard by Amelia in her present condition.

The maid, upon her entrance into the room, perceiving the situation of Amelia, cried out, 'Good Heavens! Madam, what is the matter?' Upon which, Amelia, who had a little recovered herself after the last violent vent of her passion, started up and cried, 'Nothing, Mrs. Susan, nothing extraordinary. I am subject to these fits sometimes; but I am very well now.'

'Come,

‘Come, my dear children, I am very well again; indeed I am. You must now go to bed; Mrs. Susan will be so good as to put you to bed.’

‘But why doth not papa love us?’ cries the little boy; ‘I am sure, we have none of us done any thing to disoblige him.’

This innocent question of the child so stung Amelia, that she had the utmost difficulty to prevent a relapse. However, she took another dram of wine; for so it might be called to her, who was the most temperate of women, and never exceeded three glasses on any occasion. In this glass she drank her children’s health, and soon after so well soothed and composed them, that they went quietly away with Mrs. Susan.

The maid, in the shock she had conceived at the melancholy, indeed frightful scene, which had presented itself to her at her first coming into the room, had quite forgot the letter, which she held in her hand. However, just at her departure, she recollected it, and delivered it to Amelia; who was no sooner alone, than she opened it, and read as follows:

‘MY DEAR SWEETEST LOVE,

‘I Write this from the bailiff’s house, where I was formerly, and to which I am again brought at the suit of that villain, Trent. I have the misfortune to think I owe this accident (I mean, that it happened to-night) to my own folly, in endeavouring to keep a secret from you. O my dear, had I had resolution to confess my crime to you, your forgiveness would, I am convinced, have cost me only a few blushes, and I had now been happy in your arms. Fool that I was, to leave you on such an account, and to add to a former transgression a new one. Yet, by heavens, I mean not a transgression of the like kind; for of that I am not, nor ever will be guilty; and

when you know the true reason of my leaving you to-night, I think you will pity, rather than upbraid me. I am sure you would, if you knew the compunction with which I left you, to go to the most worthless, the most infamous—Do guess the rest—Guess that crime with which I cannot stain my paper; but still believe me no more guilty than I am; or, if it will lessen your vexation at what hath befallen me, believe me as guilty as you please, and think me, for a while at least, as undeserving of you, as I think myself. This paper and pen are so bad, I question whether you can read what I write; I almost doubt whether I wish you should. Yet this I will endeavour to make as legible as I can: Be comforted, my dear love, and still keep up your spirits with the hopes of better days. The doctor will be in town to-morrow, and I trust on his goodness for my delivery once more from this place, and that I shall soon be able to repay him. That Heaven may bless and preserve you, is the prayer of, my dearest love, your ever fond, affectionate, and hereafter faithful husband,

‘W. BOOTH.’

Amelia pretty well guessed the obscure meaning of this letter, which though at another time it might have given her unspeakable torment, was at present rather of the medicinal kind, and served to allay her anguish. Her anger to Booth too began a little to abate, and was softened by her concern for his misfortune. Upon the whole, however, she past a miserable and sleepless night, her gentle mind torn and distracted with various and contending passions, distressed with doubts, and wandering in a kind of twilight, which presented her only objects of different degrees of horror, and where black despair closed at a small distance the gloomy prospect.



AMELIA.

BOOK XII.

CHAP. I.

THE BOOK BEGINS WITH POLITE HISTORY.

 **B**EFORE we return to the miserable couple, whom we left at the end of the last book, we will give our reader the more cheerful view of the gay and happy family of Colonel James.

Mrs. James, when she could not, as we have seen, prevail with Amelia to accept that invitation which, at the desire of the colonel, she had so kindly and obediently carried her, returned to her husband, and acquainted him with the ill success of her embassy; at which, to say the truth, she was almost as much disappointed as the colonel himself: for he had not taken a much stronger liking to Amelia, than she herself had conceived for Booth. This will account for some passages, which may have a little surprized the reader in the former chapters of this history, as we were not then at leisure to communicate to him a hint of this kind: it was indeed on Mr. Booth's account that she had been at the trouble of changing her dress at the masquerade.

But her passions of this sort, happily for her, were not extremely strong; she was therefore easily baulked, and as she met with no encouragement from Booth, she soon gave way to the impetuosity of Miss Matthews; and from that time scarce thought more of the

affair, till her husband's design against the wife revived her's likewise; inasmuch, that her passion was, at this time, certainly strong enough for Booth, to produce a good hearty hatred for Amelia, whom she now abused to the colonel in very gross terms; both on the account of her poverty, and her infolence: for so she termed the refusal of all her offers.

The colonel, seeing no hopes of soon possessing his new mistress, began, like a prudent and wise man, to turn his thoughts towards the securing his old one. From what his wife had mentioned, concerning the behaviour of the shepherdes, and particularly her preference of Booth, he had little doubt but that this was the identical Miss Matthews. He resolved therefore to watch her closely, in hopes of discovering Booth's intrigue with her. In this, besides the remainder of affection which he yet preserved for that lady, he had another view, as it would give him a fair pretence to quarrel with Booth; who, by carrying on this intrigue, would have broke his word and honour given to him. And he began now to hate poor Booth heartily, from the same reason from which Mrs. James had contracted her aversion to Amelia.

The colonel therefore employed an inferior kind of pimp to watch the lodgings of Miss Matthews, and to acquaint him if Booth, whose person was known to the pimp, made any visit there.

The pimp faithfully performed his office,

office, and having last night made the wished-for discovery, immediately acquainted his master with it.

Upon this news, the colonel presently dispatched to Booth the short note which we have before seen. He sent it to his own house, instead of Miss Matthews's, with hopes of that very accident which actually did happen. Not that he had any ingredient of the bully in him, and desired to be prevented from fighting, but with a prospect of injuring Booth in the affection and esteem of Amelia, and of recommending himself somewhat to her by appearing in the light of her champion; for which purpose he added that compliment to Amelia in his letter. He concluded upon the whole, that if Booth himself opened the letter, he would certainly meet him the next morning; but if his wife should open it before he came home, it might have the effects before-mentioned; and for his future expostulation with Booth, it would not be in Amelia's power to prevent it.

Now it happened, that this pimp had more masters than one. Amongst these was the worthy Mr. Trent, for whom he had often done business of the pimping vocation. He had been employed indeed in the service of the great peer himself, under the direction of the said Trent, and was the very person who had assisted the said Trent in dogging Booth and his wife to the opera-house on the masquerade night.

This subaltern pimp was with his superior Trent yesterday morning, when he found a bailiff with him in order to receive his instructions for the arresting Booth; when the bailiff said it would be a very difficult matter to take him; for that, to his knowledge, he was as shy a cock as any in England. The subaltern immediately acquainted Trent with the business in which he was employed by the colonel. Upon which Trent enjoined him, the moment he had set him, to give immediate notice to the bailiff; which he agreed to, and performed accordingly.

The bailiff, on receiving the notice, immediately set out for his stand at an alehouse within three doors of Miss Matthews's lodgings. At which, unfortunately for poor Booth, he arrived a very few minutes before Booth left that lady in order to return to Amelia.

These were several matters, of which we thought necessary our reader should be informed; for, besides that it conduces greatly to a perfect understanding of all history, there is no exercise of the mind of a sensible reader more pleasant, than the tracing of the several small and almost imperceptible links in every chain of events, by which all the great actions of the world are produced. We will now in the next chapter proceed with our history.

CH A P II.

IN WHICH AMELIA VISITS HER HUSBAND.

AMELIA, after much anxious thinking, in which she sometimes flattered herself that her husband was less guilty than she had at first imagined him, and that he had some good excuse to make for himself, (for, indeed, she was not so able as willing to make one for him) at length resolved to set out for the bailiff's castle. Having therefore strictly recommended the care of her children to her good landlady, she sent for a hackney-coach, and ordered the coachman to drive to Gray's Inn Lane.

When she came to the house, and asked for the captain, the bailiff's wife, who came to the door, guessing, by the greatness of her beauty and the disorder of her dress, that she was a young lady of pleasure, answered surlily, 'Captain! I do not know of any captain that is here, not I.' For this good woman was, as well as Dame Purgante in Prior, a bitter enemy to all whores, especially to those of the handsome kind; for some such she suspected to go shares with her in a certain property to which the law gave her the sole right.

Amelia replied, she was certain that Captain Booth was there. 'Well, if he is so,' cries the bailiff's wife, 'you may come into the kitchen, if you will, and he shall be called down to you, if you have any business with him.' At the same time she muttered something to herself, and concluded a little more intelligibly, though still in a muttering voice, that she kept no such house.

Amelia, whose innocence gave her no

no suspicion of the true cause of this good woman's fullness, was frightened, and began to fear she knew not what. At last she made a shift to totter into the kitchen, when the mistress of the house asked her, 'Well, Madam, who shall I tell the captain wants to speak with him?'

'I ask your pardon, Madam,' cries Amelia; 'in my confusion, I really forgot you did not know me: tell him, if you please, that I am his wife.'

'And are you indeed his wife, Madam?' cries Mrs. Bailiff, a little softened.

'Yes, indeed, and upon my honour,' answers Amelia.

'If this be the case,' cries the other, 'you may walk up stairs if you please. Heaven forbid, I should part man and wife! Indeed, I think they can never be too much together. But I never will suffer any bad doings in my house, nor any of the town ladies to come to gentlemen here.'

Amelia answered, that she liked her the better; for, indeed, in her present disposition, Amelia was as much exasperated against wicked women as the virtuous mistress of the house, or any other virtuous woman, could be.

The bailiff's wife then ushered Amelia up stairs, and having unlocked the prisoners doors, cried, 'Captain, here is your lady, Sir, come to see you.' At which words, Booth started up from his chair, and caught Amelia in his arms, embracing her for a considerable time with so much rapture, that the bailiff's wife, who was an eyewitness of this violent fondness, began to suspect whether Amelia had really told her truth. However, she had some little awe of the captain, and for fear of being in the wrong did not interfere, but shut the door and turned the key.

When Booth found himself alone with his wife, and had vented the first violence of his rapture in kisses and embraces, he looked tenderly at her, and cried, 'Is it possible, Amelia, is it possible you can have this goodness to follow such a wretch as me to such a place as this? or do you come to upbraid me with my guilt, and to sink me down to that perdition I so justly deserve?'

'Am I so given to upbraiding then?' says she, in a gentle voice; 'have I

ever given you occasion to think I would sink you to perdition?'

'Far be it from me, my love, to think so,' answered he. 'And yet you may forgive the utmost fears of an offending, penitent sinner. I know, indeed, the extent of your goodness, and yet I know my guilt so great—'

'Alas, Mr. Booth!' said she; 'what guilt is this which you mention, and which you writ to me of last night? Sure, by your mentioning to me so much, you intend to tell me more; nay, indeed, to tell me all; and not leave my mind open to suspicions perhaps ten times worse than the truth.'

'Will you give me a patient hearing?' said he.

'I will, indeed,' answered she; 'nay, I am prepared to hear the worst you can unfold; nay, perhaps the worst is short of my apprehensions.'

Booth then, after a little farther apology, began and related to her the whole that had passed between him and Miss Matthews, from their first meeting in the prison, to their separation the preceding evening. All which, as the reader knows it already, it would be tedious and unpardonable to transcribe from his mouth. He told her likewise all that he had done and suffered, to conceal his transgression from her knowledge. This, he assured her, was the business of his visit last night; the consequence of which was, he declared in the most solemn manner, no other than an absolute quarrel with Miss Matthews, of whom he had taken a final leave.

When he had ended his narration, Amelia, after a short silence, answered: 'Indeed, I firmly believe every word you have said; but I cannot now forgive you the fault you have confessed—and my reason is, because I have forgiven it long ago. Here, my dear,' said she, 'is an instance that I am likewise capable of keeping a secret.' She then delivered her husband a letter, which she had some time ago received from Miss Matthews, and which was the same which that lady had mentioned, and supposed, as Booth had never heard of it, that it had miscarried; for she sent it by the penny-post. In this letter, which was signed by a feigned name, she had acquainted

Amelia

Amelia with the infidelity of her husband, and had besides very greatly abused him; taxing him with many falsehoods; and, among the rest, with having spoken very slightly and disrespectfully of his wife.

Amelia never shined forth to Booth in so amiable and great a light; nor did his own unworthiness ever appear to him so mean and contemptible, as at this instant. However, when he had read the letter, he uttered many violent protestations to her, that all which related to herself was absolutely false.

‘I am convinced it is,’ said she. ‘I would not have a suspicion of the contrary for the world. I assure you, I had, till last night revived it in my memory, almost forgot the letter; for, as I well knew from whom it came, by her mentioning obligations which she had conferred on you, and which you had more than once spoken to me of, I made large allowances for the situation you was then in; and I was the more satisfied, as the letter itself, as well as many other circumstances, convinced me the affair was at an end.’

Booth now uttered the most extravagant expressions of admiration and fondness that his heart could dictate, and accompanied them with the warmest embraces. All which warmth and tenderness she returned; and tears of love and joy gushed from both their eyes. So ravished, indeed, were their hearts, that for some time they both forgot the dreadful situation of their affairs.

This, however, was but a short reverie. It soon recurred to Amelia, that though she had the liberty of leaving that house when she pleased, she could not take her beloved husband with her. This thought stung her tender bosom to the quick; and she could not so far command herself, as to refrain from many sorrowful exclamations against the hardship of their destiny; but when she saw the effect they had upon Booth, she stifled her rising grief, forced a little cheerfulness into her countenance, and exerting all the spirits she could raise within herself, expressed her hopes of seeing a speedy end to their sufferings. She then asked her husband what she should do for him, and to whom she should apply for his deliverance.

‘You know, my dear,’ cries Booth, ‘that the doctor is to be in town some

time to day. My hopes of immediate redemption are only in him; and if that can be obtained, I make no doubt but of the success of that affair which is in the hands of a gentleman who hath faithfully promised, and in whose power I am so well assured it is, to serve me.’

Thus did this poor man support his hopes by a dependance on that ticket which he had so dearly purchased of one who pretended to manage the wheels in the great state-lottery of preferment. A lottery indeed, which hath this to recommend it, that many poor wretches feed their imaginations with the prospect of a prize during their whole lives, and never discover they have drawn a blank.

Amelia, who was of a pretty sanguine temper, and was entirely ignorant of these matters, was full as easy to be deceived into hopes as her husband; but in reality at present she turned her eyes to no distant prospect; the desire of regaining her husband’s liberty having engrossed her whole mind.

While they were discoursing on these matters, they heard a violent noise in the house, and immediately after several persons passed by their door up stairs to the apartment over their head. This greatly terrified the gentle spirit of Amelia, and she cried, ‘Good heavens! my dear, must I leave you in this horrid place! I am terrified with a thousand fears concerning you!’

Booth endeavoured to comfort her; saying, that he was in no manner of danger, and that he doubted not but that the doctor would soon be with him. ‘And stay, my dear,’ cries he; ‘now I recollect, suppose you should apply to my old friend James; for I believe you are pretty well satisfied that your apprehensions of him were groundless. I have no reason to think but that he would be as ready to serve me as formerly.’

Amelia turned pale as ashes at the name of James; and, instead of making a direct answer to her husband, she laid hold of him, and cried, ‘My dear, I have one favour to beg of you, and I insist on your granting it me.’

Booth readily swore he would deny her nothing.

‘It is only this, my dear,’ said she, ‘that, if that detested colonel comes, you will not see him. Let the peo-

‘ple of the house tell him you are not here.’

‘He knows nothing of my being here,’ answered Booth; ‘but why should I refuse to see him, if he should be kind enough to come hither to me? Indeed, my Amelia, you have taken a dislike to that man without sufficient reason.’

‘I speak not upon that account,’ cries Amelia; ‘but I have had dreams last night about you two. Perhaps you will laugh at my folly; but pray indulge it. Nay, I insist on your promise of not denying me.’

‘Dreams, my dear creature!’ answered he: ‘what dream can you have had of us?’

‘One too horrible to be mentioned,’ replied she. ‘I cannot think of it without horror; and, unless you will promise me not to see the colonel till I return, I positively will never leave you.’

‘Indeed, my Amelia,’ said Booth, ‘I never knew you unreasonable before. How can a woman of your sense talk of dreams?’

‘Suffer me to be once at least unreasonable,’ said Amelia; ‘as you are so good-natured to say I am not often so. Consider what I have lately suffered, and how weak my spirits must be at this time.’

As Booth was going to speak, the bailiff without any ceremony entered the room; and cried, ‘No offence, I hope, Madam; my wife, it seems, did not know you. She thought the captain had a mind for a bit of flesh by the bye. But I have quieted all matters: for I know you very well; I have seen that handsome face many a time, when I have been waiting upon the captain formerly. No offence, I hope, Madam; but if my wife was as handsome as you are, I should not look for worse goods abroad.’

Booth conceived some displeasure at this speech; but he did not think proper to express more than a pish. And then asked the bailiff what was the meaning of the noise they heard just now.

‘I know of no noise,’ answered the bailiff. ‘Some of my men have been carrying a piece of bad luggage up stairs; a poor rascal that resisted the law and justice; so I gave him a cut or two with a hanger. If they shall prove mortal, he must thank himself for it. If a man will not behave like a gen-

tleman to an officer, he must take the consequence; but I must say that for you, captain, you behave yourself like a gentleman, and therefore I shall always use you as such; and I hope you will find bail soon, with all my heart. This is but a paltry sum to what the last was; and I do assure you there is nothing else against you in the office.’

The latter part of the bailiff’s speech somewhat comforted Amelia, who had been a little frightened by the former; and she soon after took leave of her husband, to go in quest of the doctor; who, as Amelia had heard that morning, was expected in town that very day, which was somewhat sooner than he had intended at his departure.

Before she went, however, she left a strict charge with the bailiff, who ushered her very civilly down stairs, that if one Colonel James came there to enquire for her husband, he should deny that he was there.

She then departed; and the bailiff immediately gave a very strict charge to his wife, his maid, and his followers, that if one Colonel James, or any one from him, should enquire after the captain, they should let him know he had the captain above stairs; for he doubted not but that the colonel was one of Booth’s creditors; and he hoped for a second bail-bond by his means.

CHAP. III.

CONTAINING MATTER PERTINENT TO THE HISTORY.

AMELIA, in her way to the doctor’s, determined just to stop at her own lodgings which lay a little out of the road, and to pay a momentary visit to her children.

This was fortunate enough; for had she called at the doctor’s house, she would have heard nothing of him, which would have caused in her some alarm and disappointment; for the doctor was set down at Mrs. Atkinson’s, where he was directed to Amelia’s lodgings, to which he went before he called at his own; and here Amelia now found him playing with her two children.

The doctor had been a little surprized at not finding Amelia at home, nor any one that could give an account of her. He was now more surprized to see her come in such a dress, and at the disorder

disorder which he very plainly perceived in her pale and melancholy countenance. He addressed her first (for, indeed, she was in no great haste to speak) and cried, 'My dear child, what is the matter? where is your husband? some mischief, I am afraid, hath happened to him in my absence.'

'Oh, my dear doctor!' answered Amelia, 'sure some good angel hath sent you hither. My poor Will is arrested again. I left him in the most miserable condition in the very house whence your goodness formerly redeemed him.'

'Arrested!' cries the doctor. 'Then it must be for some very inconsiderable trifle.'

'I wish it was,' said Amelia; 'but it is for no less than fifty pounds.'

'Then,' cries the doctor, 'he hath been disingenuous with me. He told me, he did not owe ten pounds in the world for which he was liable to be sued.'

'I know not what to say,' cries Amelia. 'Indeed, I am afraid to tell you the truth.'

'How, child!' said the doctor; 'I hope you will never disguise it to any one, especially to me. Any prevarication, I promise you, will forfeit my friendship for ever.'

'I will tell you the whole,' cries Amelia, 'and rely entirely on your goodness.' She then related the gaming story, not forgetting to set in the fullest light, and to lay the strongest emphasis on, his promise never to play again.

The doctor fetched a deep sigh when he had heard Amelia's relation, and cried, 'I am sorry, child, for the share you are to partake in your husband's sufferings! but as for him, I really think he deserves no compassion. You say, he hath promised never to play again; but I must tell you he hath broke his promise to me already; for I had heard he was formerly addicted to this vice, and had given him sufficient caution against it. You will consider, child, I am already pretty largely engaged for him; every farthing of which I am sensible I must pay. You know I would go to the utmost verge of prudence to serve you; but I must not exceed my ability, which is not very great; and I have several families on my hands, who are by misfortune alone brought to want. I do

assure you, I cannot at present answer for such a sum as this, without distressing my own circumstances.'

'Then Heaven have mercy upon us all,' cries Amelia; 'for we have no other friend on earth! My husband is undone; and these poor little wretches must be starved!'

The doctor cast his eyes on the children, and then cried, 'I hope not so. I told you I must distress my circumstances, and I will distress them this once on your account, and on the account of these poor little babes. But things must not go on any longer in this way. You must take an heroic resolution. I will hire a coach for you to-morrow morning, which shall carry you all down to my parsonage-house. There you shall have my protection, till something can be done for your husband; of which, to be plain with you, I at present see no likelihood.'

Amelia fell upon her knees in an extasy of thanksgiving to the doctor, who immediately raised her up and placed her in her chair. She then recollected herself, and said: 'Oh! my worthy friend, I have still another matter to mention to you, in which I must have both your advice and assistance. My soul blushes to give you all this trouble: but what other friend have I? indeed, what other friend could I apply to so properly on such an occasion?'

The doctor, with a very kind voice and countenance, desired her to speak. She then said: 'Oh, Sir! that wicked colonel, whom I have mentioned to you formerly, hath picked some quarrel with my husband (for she did not think proper to mention the cause) and hath sent him a challenge. It came to my hand last night, after he was arrested; I opened and read it. Give it me, child,' said the doctor.

She answered, she had burnt it; as was indeed true. 'But I remember it was an appointment to meet at sword and pistol, this morning in Hyde Park.'

'Make yourself easy, my dear child,' cries the doctor, 'I will take care to prevent any mischief.'

'But consider, my dear Sir,' said she, 'this is a tender matter. My husband's honour is to be preserved as well as his life.'

'And so is his soul, which ought to be the dearest of all things,' cries the

doctor. 'Honour! nonsense. Can honour dictate to him to disobey the express commands of his Maker, in compliance with a custom established by a set of blockheads, founded on false principles of virtue, in direct opposition to the plain and positive precepts of religion, and tending manifestly to give a sanction to ruffians, and protect them in all the ways of impudence and villainy?'

'All this, I believe, is very true,' cries Amelia; 'but yet you know, doctor, the opinion of the world.'

'You talk simply, child,' cries the doctor. 'What is the opinion of the world, opposed to religion and virtue! But you are in the wrong. It is not the opinion of the world; it is the opinion of the idle, ignorant, and profligate. It is impossible it should be the opinion of one man of sense, who is in earnest in his belief of our religion. Chiefly, indeed, it hath been upheld by the nonsense of women; who, either from their extreme cowardice, and desire of protection, or, as Mr. Bayle thinks, from their excessive vanity, have been always forward to countenance a set of hectors and bravoos, and to despise all men of modesty and sobriety; though these are often, at the bottom, not only the better, but the braver men.'

'You know, doctor,' cries Amelia, 'I have never presumed to argue with you; your opinion is to me always instruction, and your word a law.'

'Indeed, child,' cries the doctor, 'I know you are a good woman; and yet I must observe to you, that this very desire of feeding the passion of female vanity with the heroism of her man, old Homer seems to make the characteristic of a bad and loose woman. He introduces Helen upbraiding her gallant with having quitted the fight, and left the victory to Menelaus; and seeming to be sorry that she had left her husband, only because he was the better duellist of the two: but in how different a light doth he represent the tender and chaste love of Andromache to her worthy Hector! she dissuades him from exposing himself to danger, even in a just cause. This is, indeed, a weakness; but it is an amiable one, and becoming the true feminine

character: but a woman, who out of heroic vanity (for so it is) would hazard not only the life, but the soul too of her husband in a duel, is a monster, and ought to be painted in no other character than that of a fury.'

'I assure you, doctor,' cries Amelia, 'I never saw this matter in the odious light, in which you have truly represented it, before. I am ashamed to recollect what I have formerly said on this subject. And yet, whilst the opinion of the world is as it is, one would wish to comply as far as possible, especially as my husband is an officer of the army. If it can be done therefore with safety to his honour——'

'Again honour!' cries the doctor. 'Indeed I will not suffer that noble word to be so basely and barbarously prostituted. I have known some of these men of honour, as they call themselves, to be the most arrant rascals in the universe.'

'Well, I ask your pardon,' said she. 'Reputation then, if you please, or any other word you like better; you know my meaning very well.'

'I do know your meaning,' cries the doctor, 'and Virgil knew it a great while ago. The next time you see your friend Mrs. Atkinson, ask her what it was made Dido fall in love with Æneas.'

'Nay, dear Sir,' said Amelia, 'do not rally me so unmercifully; think where my poor husband is now.'

'He is,' answered the doctor, 'where I will presently be with him. In the mean time, do you pack up every thing in order for your journey to-morrow; for, if you are wise, you will not trust your husband a day longer in this town; therefore, to packing.'

Amelia promised she would, though indeed she wanted not any warning for her journey on this account; for when she packed up herself in the coach, she packed up her all. However, she did not think proper to mention this to the doctor; for as he was now in pretty good humour, she did not care to venture again discomposing his temper.

The doctor then set out for Gray's Inn Lane; and, as soon as he was gone, Amelia began to consider of her incapacity to take a journey in her present situation,

situation, without even a clean shift. At last she resolved, as she was possessed of seven guineas and a half, to go to her friend and redeem some of her own and her husband's linen out of captivity; indeed, just so much as would render it barely possible for them to go out of town with any kind of decency. And this resolution she immediately executed.

As soon as she had finished her business with the pawnbroker, (if a man who lends under thirty per cent. deserves that name) he said to her, 'Pray, Madam, did you know that man who was here yesterday, when you brought the picture?' Amelia answered in the negative. 'Indeed, Madam,' said the broker, 'he knows you, though he did not recollect you while you was here, as your hood was drawn over your face; but the moment you was gone, he begged to look at the picture, which I, thinking no harm, permitted. He had scarce looked upon it, when he cried out, "By heaven and earth, it is her picture." He then asked me if I knew you. Indeed,' said I, 'I never saw the lady before.'

In this last particular, however, the pawnbroker a little favoured of his profession, and made a small deviation from the truth: for when the man had asked him if he knew the lady, he answered she was some poor undone woman, who had pawned all her clothes to him the day before; 'and I suppose,' says he, 'this picture is the last of her goods and chattels.' This hint we thought proper to give the reader, as it may chance to be material.

Amelia answered coldly, that she had taken so very little notice of the man, that she scarce remembered he was there.

'I assure you, Madam,' says the pawnbroker, 'he hath taken very great notice of you; for the man changed countenance upon what I said, and presently after begged me to give him a dram.—Oho! thinks I to myself, are you thereabouts! I would not be so much in love with some folks, as some people are, for more interest than I shall ever make of a thousand pounds.'

Amelia blushed, and said with some peevishness, that she knew nothing of

the man; but supposed he was some impertinent fellow or other.

'Nay, Madam,' answered the pawnbroker, 'I assure you he not worthy your regard. He is a poor wretch; and I believe I am possessed of most of his moveables. However, I hope you are not offended; for, indeed, he said no harm; but he was very strangely disordered, that is the truth of it.'

Amelia was very desirous of putting an end to this conversation, and altogether as eager to return to her children; she therefore bundled up her things as fast as she could, and calling for a hackney-coach, directed the coachman to her lodgings, and bid him drive her home with all the haste he could.

C H A P. IV.

IN WHICH DR. HARRISON VISITS COLONEL JAMES.

THE doctor, when he left Amelia, intended to go directly to Booth; but he presently changed his mind, and determined first to call on the colonel, as he thought it was proper to put an end to that matter, before he gave Booth his liberty.

The doctor found the two colonels, James and Bath, together. They both received him very civilly: for James was a very well-bred man; and Bath always shewed a particular respect for the clergy, he being indeed a perfect good christian, except in the articles of fighting and swearing.

Our divine sat some time without mentioning the subject of his errand, in hopes that Bath would go away; but when he found no likelihood of that, (for indeed Bath was of the two much the most pleased with his company) he told James that he had something to say to him relating to Mr. Booth, which he believed he might speak before his brother.

'Undoubtedly, Sir,' said James; 'for there can be no secrets between us which my brother may not hear.'

'I come then to you, Sir,' said the doctor, 'from the most unhappy woman in the world, to whose afflictions you have very greatly and cruelly added, by sending a challenge to her husband,

‘husband, which hath very luckily fallen into her hands; for had the man for whom you designed it, received it, I am afraid you would not have seen me upon this occasion.’

‘If I writ such a letter to Mr. Booth, Sir,’ said James, ‘you may be assured I did not expect this visit in answer to it.’

‘I do not think you did,’ cries the doctor; ‘but you have great reason to thank Heaven for ordering this matter contrary to your expectations. I know not what trifle may have drawn this challenge from you; but, after what I have some reason to know of you, Sir, I must plainly tell you, that if you had added to your guilt already committed against this man, that of having his blood upon your hands, your soul would have become as black as hell itself.’

‘Give me leave to say,’ cries the colonel, ‘this is a language which I am not used to hear; and if your cloth was not your protection, you should not give it me with impunity. After what you know of me, Sir! What do you presume to know of me to my disadvantage?’

‘You say my cloth is my protection, colonel,’ answered the doctor, ‘therefore pray lay aside your anger; I do not come with any design of affronting or offending you.’

‘Very well,’ cries Bath, ‘that declaration is sufficient from a clergyman, let him say what he pleases.’

‘Indeed, Sir,’ says the doctor, very mildly, ‘I consult equally the good of you both; and, in a spiritual sense, more especially yours; for you know you have injured this poor man.’

‘So far on the contrary,’ cries James, ‘that I have been his greatest benefactor; I scorn to upbraid him; but you force me to it. Nor have I ever done him the least injury.’

‘Perhaps not,’ said the doctor; ‘I will alter what I have said. But for this I apply to your honour. Have you not intended him an injury, the very intention of which cancels every obligation?’

‘How, Sir!’ answered the colonel. ‘What do you mean?’

‘My meaning,’ replied the doctor, ‘is almost too tender to mention. Come, colonel, examine your own heart; and then answer me on your

honour, if you have not intended to do him the highest wrong which one man can do another?’

‘I do not know what you mean by the question,’ answered the colonel.

‘D—n me, the question is very transparent,’ cries Bath. ‘From any other man it would be an affront with the strongest emphasis, but from one of the doctor’s cloth it demands a categorical answer.’

‘I am not a papist, Sir,’ answered Colonel James, ‘nor am I obliged to confess to my priest. But if you have any thing to say, speak openly; for I do not understand your meaning.’

‘I have explained my meaning to you already,’ said the doctor, ‘in a letter I wrote to you on the subject; a subject which I am sorry I should have any occasion to write upon to a christian.’

‘I do remember now,’ cries the colonel, ‘that I received a very impertinent letter something like a sermon, against adultery; but I did not expect to hear the author own it to my face.’

‘That brave man then, Sir,’ answered the doctor, ‘stands before you, who dares own he wrote that letter, and dares affirm too, that it was writ on a just and strong foundation. But if the hardness of your heart could prevail on you to treat my good intention with contempt and scorn; what, pray, could induce you to shew it, nay, to give it Mr. Booth? What motive could you have for that, unless you meant to insult him, and to provoke your rival to give you that opportunity of putting him out of the world, which you have since wickedly fought by your challenge?’

‘I give him the letter!’ said the colonel.

‘Yes, Sir,’ answered the doctor, ‘he shewed me the letter, and affirmed that you gave it him at the masquerade.’

‘He is a lying rascal then,’ said the colonel very passionately. ‘I scarce took the trouble of reading the letter, and lost it out of my pocket.’

Here Bath interfered, and explained this affair in the manner in which it happened, and with which the reader is already acquainted. He concluded by great eulogiums on the performance, and

and declared it was one of the most enthusiastic (meaning, perhaps, ecclesiastic) letters that ever was written. 'And d—n me,' says he, 'if I do not respect the author with the utmost emphasis of thinking.'

The doctor now recollected what had passed with Booth, and perceived he had made a mistake of one colonel for another. This he presently acknowledged to Colonel James, and said that the mistake had been his, and not Booth's.

Bath now collected all his gravity and dignity, as he called it, into his countenance, and addressing himself to James, said: 'And was that letter writ to you, brother? I hope you never deserved any suspicion of this kind.'

'Brother,' cries James, 'I am accountable to myself for my actions, and shall not render an account either to you or that gentleman.'

'As to me, brother,' answered Bath, 'you say right; but I think this gentleman may call you to an account; nay, I think it is his duty so to do. And let me tell you, brother, there is one much greater than he to whom you must give an account. Mrs. Booth is really a fine woman, a lady of most imperious and majestic presence. I have heard you often say, that you liked her; and if you have quarrelled with her husband upon this account, by all the dignity of man, I think you ought to ask his pardon.'

'Indeed, brother,' cries James, 'I can bear this no longer; you will make me angry presently.'

'Angry! brother James,' cries Bath; 'angry!—I love you, brother, and have obligations to you. I will say no more; but I hope you know I do not fear making any man angry.'

James answered, he knew it well: and then the doctor apprehending that while he was stopping up one breach, he should make another, presently interfered, and turned the discourse back to Booth. 'You tell me, Sir,' said he to James, 'that my gown is my protection; let it then at least protect me where I have had no design in offending; where I have consulted your highest welfare, as in truth I did in writing this letter. And if you did not in the least deserve any such suspicion, still you have no cause for resentment. Caution against sin, even

to the innocent, can never be unwholesome. But this I assure you, whatever anger you have to me, you can have none to poor Booth, who was entirely ignorant of my writing to you, and who, I am certain, never entertained the least suspicion of you; on the contrary, reveres you with the highest esteem, and love, and gratitude. Let me, therefore, reconcile all matters between you, and bring you together before he hath even heard of this challenge.'

'Brother,' cries Bath, 'I hope I shall not make you angry—I lye when I say so; for I am indifferent to any man's anger. Let me be an accessory to what the doctor hath said. I think I may be trusted with matters of this nature; and it is a little unkind that, if you intended to send a challenge, you did not make me the bearer. But, indeed, as to what appears to me, this matter may be very well made up; and as Mr. Booth did not know of the challenge, I do not see why he ever should, any more than your giving him the lye just now; but that he shall never have from me, nor, I believe, from this gentleman: for, indeed, if he should, it would be incumbent upon him to cut your throat.'

'Look'e, doctor,' said James, 'I do not deserve the unkind suspicion you just now threw out against me. I never thirsted after any man's blood; and as for what hath passed, since this discovery hath happened, I may perhaps not think it worth my while to trouble myself any more about it.'

The doctor was not contented with perhaps; he insisted on a firm promise, to be bound with the colonel's honour. This at length he obtained, and then departed well satisfied.

In fact, the colonel was ashamed to avow the real cause of the quarrel to this good man, or indeed to his brother Bath, who would not only have condemned him equally with the doctor, but would possibly have quarrelled with him on his sister's account, whom, as the reader must have observed, he loved above all things: and in plain truth, though the colonel was a brave man, and dared to fight, yet he was altogether as willing to let it alone; and this made him now and then give a little

the way to the wrongheadedness of Colonel Bath, who, with all the other principles of honour and humanity, made no more of cutting the throat of a man upon any of his punctilios, than a butcher doth of killing sheep.

CHAP. V.

WHAT PASSED AT THE BAILIFF'S HOUSE.

THE doctor now set forwards to his friend Booth, and as he past by the door of his attorney in the way, he called upon him, and took him with him.

The meeting between him and Booth need not be expatiated on. The doctor was really angry, and though he deferred his lecture to a more proper opportunity, yet, as he was no dissembler, (indeed, he was incapable of any disguise) he could not put on a show of that heartiness with which he had formerly used to receive his friend.

Booth at last began himself in the following manner: 'Doctor, I am really ashamed to see you; and if you knew the confusion of my soul on this occasion, I am sure you would pity rather than upbraid me. And yet I can say, with great sincerity, I rejoice in this last instance of my shame, since I am like to reap the most solid advantage from it.' The doctor stared at this, and Booth thus proceeded: 'Since I have been in this wretched place, I have employed my time almost entirely in reading over a series of sermons, which are contained in that book,' (meaning Dr. Barrow's works, which then lay on the table before him) 'in proof of the christian religion, and so good an effect have they had upon me, that I shall, I believe, be the better man for them as long as I live. I have not a doubt (for I own I have had such) which remains now unsatisfied. If ever an angel might be thought to guide the pen of a writer, surely the pen of that great and good man had such an assistant.' The doctor readily concurred in the praises of Dr. Barrow, and added, 'You say you have had your doubts, young gentleman; indeed I did not know that: and pray, what were your doubts?'—'Whatever they were, Sir,' said Booth, 'they

are now satisfied, as I believe those of every impartial and sensible reader will be, if he will with due attention read over these excellent sermons.'—'Very well,' answered the doctor: 'though I have conversed, I find, with a false brother hitherto, I am glad you are reconciled to truth at last, and I hope your future faith will have some influence on your future life.'—'I need not tell you, Sir,' replied Booth, 'that will always be the case, where faith is sincere, as I assure you mine is. Indeed, I never was a rash disbeliever; my chief doubt was founded on this, that as men appeared to me to act entirely from their passions, their actions could have neither merit nor demerit.'—'A very worthy conclusion truly,' cries the doctor; 'but if men act, as I believe they do, from their passions, it would be fair to conclude that religion to be true, which applies immediately to the strongest of these passions, hope and fear; chusing rather to rely on it's rewards and punishments, than on that native beauty of virtue which some of the ancient philosophers thought proper to recommend to their disciples. But we will defer this discourse till another opportunity; at present, as the devil hath thought proper to set you free, I will try if I can prevail on the bailiff to do the same.'

The doctor had really not so much money in town as Booth's debt amounted to, and therefore, though he would otherwise very willingly have paid it, he was forced to give bail to the action. For which purpose, as the bailiff was a man of great form, he was obliged to get another person to be bound with him. This person, however, the attorney undertook to procure, and immediately set out in quest of him.

During his absence, the bailiff came into the room, and addressing himself to the doctor, said, 'I think, Sir, your name is Dr. Harrison.' The doctor immediately acknowledged his name. Indeed, the bailiff had seen it to a bail-bond before. 'Why then, Sir,' said the bailiff, 'there is a man above in a dying condition, that desires the favour of speaking to you; I believe he wants you to pray by him.'

The bailiff himself was not more ready to execute his office on all occasions for his fee, than the doctor was to execute

cute his for nothing. Without making any farther enquiry therefore into the condition of the man, he immediately went up stairs.

As soon as the bailiff returned down stairs, which was immediately after he had lodged the doctor in the room, Booth had the curiosity to ask him who this man was. 'Why, I do not know much of him,' said the bailiff. 'I had him once in custody before now; I remember, it was when your honour was here last; and now I remember too, he said, then, he knew your honour very well. Indeed, I had some opinion of him at that time; for he spent his money very much like a gentleman; but I have discovered since, that he is a poor fellow, and worth nothing. He is a mere shy cock. I have had the stuff about me this week, and could never get at him till this morning: nay, I do not believe we should ever have found out his lodgings, had it not been for the attorney that was here just now, who gave us information. And so we took him this morning by a comical way enough. For we dressed up one of my men in women's clothes, who told the people of the house, that he was his sister just come to town; for we were told by the attorney that he had such a sister; upon which he was let up stairs, and so kept the door a-jar till I and another rushed in. Let me tell you, captain, there are as good stratagems made use of in our business as any in the army.'

'But pray, Sir,' said Booth, 'did not you tell me this morning that the poor fellow was desperately wounded; nay, I think you told the doctor that he was a dying man?'

'I had like to have forgot that,' cries the bailiff. 'Nothing would serve the gentleman but that he must make resistance, and he gave my man a blow with a stick; but I soon quieted him, by giving him a wipe or two with a hanger. Not that I believe I have done his business neither; but the fellow is faint-hearted, and the surgeon, I fancy, frightens him more than he need. But however, let the worst come to the worst, the law is all on my side, and it is only *se fendendo*. The attorney that was here just now told me so, and bid me fear nothing: for that he would stand my friend,

and undertake the cause; and he is a devilish good one at a defence at the Old Bailey, I promise you. I have known him bring off several that every body thought would have been hanged.'

'But suppose you should be acquitted,' said Booth; 'would not the blood of this poor wretch lie a little heavy at your heart?'

'Why should it, captain,' said the bailiff. 'Is it not all done in a lawful way? why will people resist the law, when they know the consequence? to be sure, if a man was to kill another in an unlawful manner as it were, and what the law calls murder, that is quite and clear another thing. I should not care to be convicted of murder any more than another man. Why now, captain, you have been abroad in the wars, they tell me, and to be sure must have killed men in your time. Pray, was you ever afraid afterwards of seeing their ghosts?'

'That is a different affair,' cries Booth; 'but I would not kill a man in cold blood for all the world.'

'There is no difference at all, as I can see,' cries the bailiff. 'One is as much in the way of business as the other. When gentlemen behave themselves like unto gentlemen, I know how to treat them as such as well as any officer the king hath. And when they do not, why they must take what follows, and the law doth not call it murder.'

Booth very plainly saw the bailiff had squared his conscience exactly according to law, and that he could not easily subvert his way of thinking. He therefore gave up the cause, and desired the bailiff to expedite the bonds, which he promised to do, saying, he hoped he had used him with proper civility this time, if he had not the last, and that he should be remembered for it.

But before we close this chapter, we shall endeavour to satisfy an enquiry which may arise in our most favourite readers (for so are the most curious) how it came to pass that such a parson as was Doctor Harrison should employ such a fellow as this Murphy.

The case then was thus. This Murphy had been clerk to an attorney in the very same town in which the doctor lived, and when he was out of his time, had set up with a character fair enough,

and had married a maid-servant of Mrs. Harris, by which means he had all the business to which that lady and her friends, in which number was the doctor, could recommend him.

Murphy went on with his business, and thrived very well, till he happened to make an unfortunate slip, in which he was detected by a brother of the same calling. But though we call this by the gentle name of a slip, in respect to it's being so extremely common, it was a matter in which the law, if it had ever come to it's ears, would have passed a very severe censure; being, indeed, no less than perjury and subornation of perjury.

This brother attorney being a very good-natured man, and unwilling to belittle his own profession, and considering, perhaps, that the consequence did in no wise affect the public, who had no manner of interest in the alternative, whether A. in whom the right was, or B. to whom Mr. Murphy, by the means aforesaid, had transferred it, succeeded in an action. We mention this particular, because, as this brother attorney was a very violent party man, and a professed stickler for the public, to suffer any injury to have been done to that, would have been highly inconsistent with his principles.

This gentleman, therefore, came to Mr. Murphy, and after shewing him that he had it in his power to convict him of the aforesaid crime, very generously told him that he had not the least delight in bringing any man to destruction, nor the least animosity against him. All that he insisted upon, was, that he would not live in the same town or country with one who had been guilty of such an action. He then told Mr. Murphy that he would keep the secret on two conditions; the one was, that he immediately quitted that country; the other was, that he should convince him he deserved this kindness by his gratitude, and that Murphy should transfer to the other all the business which he then had in those parts, and to which he could possibly recommend him.

It is the observation of a very wise man, that it is a very common exercise of wisdom in this world, of two evils to chuse the least. The reader therefore cannot doubt but that Mr. Murphy complied with the alternative pro-

posed by this kind brother, and accepted the terms on which secrecy was to be obtained.

This happened while the doctor was abroad; and with all this, except the departure of Mr. Murphy, not only the doctor, but the whole town (save his aforesaid brother alone) were to this day unacquainted.

The doctor, at his return, hearing that Mr. Murphy was gone, applied to the other attorney in his affairs, who still employed this Murphy as his agent in town, partly perhaps out of goodwill to him, and partly from the recommendation of Miss Harris; for as he had married a servant of the family, and a particular favourite of her's, there can be no wonder that she, who was entirely ignorant of the affair above related, as well as of his conduct in town, should continue her favour to him. It will appear therefore, I apprehend, no longer strange, that the doctor, who had seen this man but three times since his removal to town, and then conversed with him only on business, should remain as ignorant of his life and character, as a man generally is of the character of the hackney-coachman who drives him. Nor doth it reflect more on the honour or understanding of the doctor under these circumstances to employ Murphy, than it would if he had been driven about the town by a thief or a murderer.

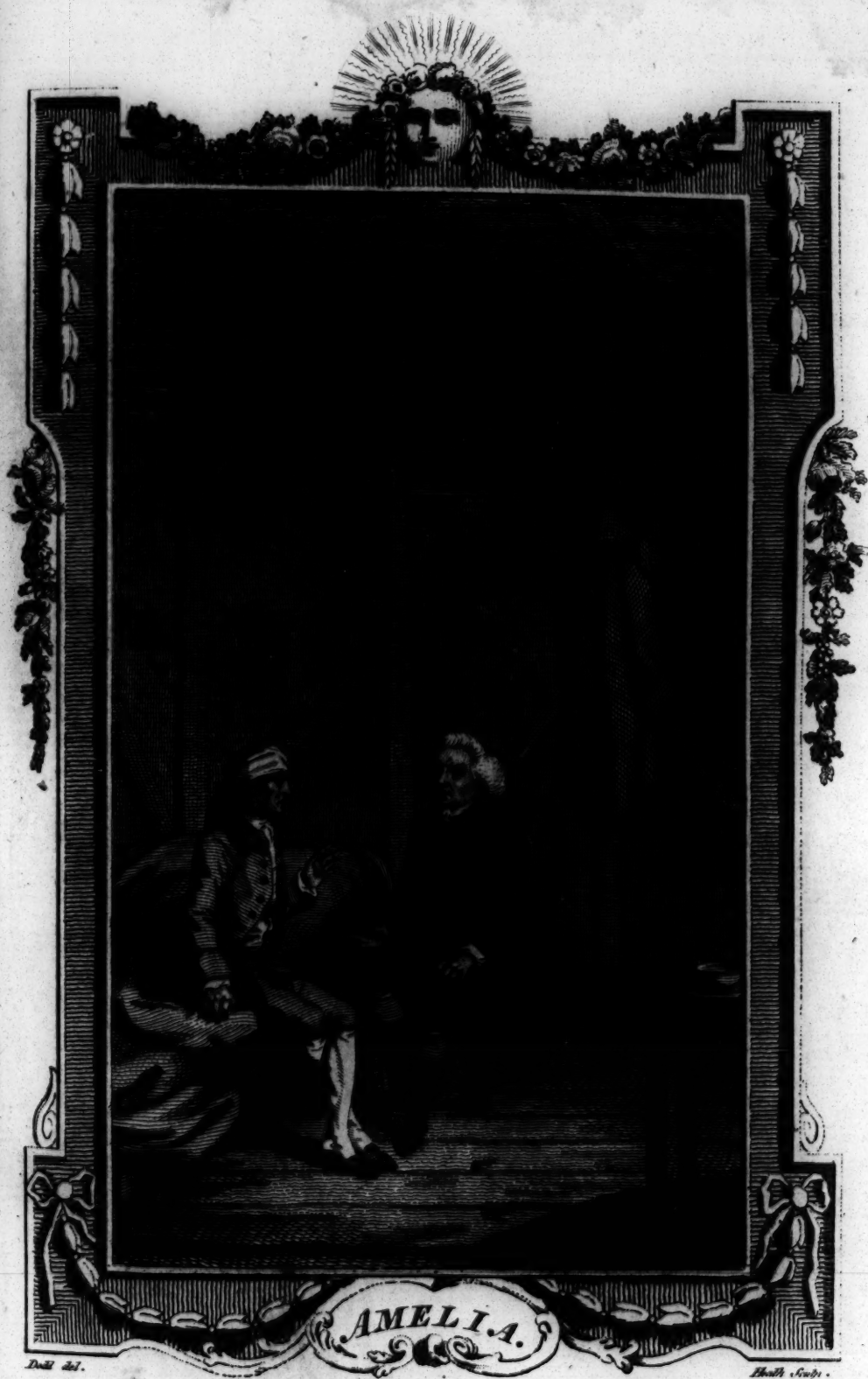
CHAP. VI.

WHAT PASSED BETWEEN THE DOCTOR AND THE SICK MAN.

WE left the doctor in the last chapter with the wounded man, to whom the doctor, in a very gentle voice, spoke as follows:

'I am sorry, friend, to see you in this situation, and am very ready to give you any comfort or assistance within my power.'

'I thank you kindly, doctor,' said the man. 'Indeed, I should not have presumed to have sent to you, had I not known your character: for though I believe I am not at all known to you, I have lived many years in that town where you yourself had a house. My name is Robinfon. I used to write for the attorneys in those parts, and





and I have been employed on your business in my time.

'I do not recollect you, nor your name,' said the doctor; 'but consider, friend, your moments are precious, and your business, as I am informed, is to offer up your prayers to that Great Being, before whom you are shortly to appear. But first, let me exhort you earnestly to a most serious repentance of all your sins.'

'Oh! doctor,' said the man: 'Pray, what is your opinion of a death-bed repentance?'

'If repentance is sincere,' cries the doctor, 'I hope, through the mercies and merits of our most powerful and benign Intercessor, it will never come too late.'

'But do not you think, Sir,' cries the man, 'that, in order to obtain forgiveness of any great sin we have committed by an injury done to our neighbours, it is necessary, as far as in us lies, to make all the amends we can to the party injured, and to undo, if possible, the injury we have done.'

'Most undoubtedly,' cries the doctor; 'our pretence to repentance would otherwise be gross hypocrisy, and an impudent attempt to deceive and impose upon our Creator himself.'

'Indeed, I am of the same opinion,' cries the penitent; 'and I think farther, that this is thrown in my way and hinted to me by that Great Being; for an accident happened to me yesterday, by which, as things have fallen out since, I think I plainly discern the hand of Providence. I went yesterday, Sir, you must know, to a pawnbroker's, to pawn the last moveable which, except the poor clothes you see on my back, I am worth in the world. While I was there, a young lady came in, to pawn her picture. She had disguised herself so much, and pulled her hood so over her face, that I did not know her while she staid, which was scarce three minutes. As soon as she was gone, the pawnbroker, taking the picture in his hand, cried out, "Upon my word, this is the handsomest face I ever saw in my life." I desired him to let me look on the picture, which he readily did, and I no sooner cast my eyes upon it, than the strong

resemblance struck me, and I knew it to be Mrs. Booth.

'Mrs. Booth! what Mrs. Booth?' cries the doctor.

'Captain Booth's lady, the captain who is now below,' said the other.

'How!' cries the doctor with great impetuosity.

'Have patience,' said the man, 'and you shall hear all. I expressed some surprize to the pawnbroker, and asked the lady's name. He answered, that he knew not her name, but that she was some undone wretch, who had the day before left all her clothes with him in pawn. My guilt immediately flew in my face, and told me I had been accessory to this lady's undoing. The sudden shock so affected me, that, had it not been for a dram which the pawnbroker gave me, I believe I should have sunk on the spot.'

'Accessory to her undoing! how accessory?' said the doctor. 'Pray tell me; for I am impatient to hear.'

'I will tell you all, as fast as I can,' cries the sick man. 'You know, good doctor, that Mrs. Harris of our town had two daughters, this Mrs. Booth and another. Now, Sir, it seems the other daughter had, some way or other, disobligered her mother, a little before the old lady died, therefore she made a will, and left all her fortune, except one thousand pounds, to Mrs. Booth; to which will Mr. Murphy, myself, and another who is now dead, were the witnesses. Mrs. Harris afterwards died suddenly; upon which it was contrived, by her other daughter and Mr. Murphy, to make a new will, in which Mrs. Booth had a legacy of ten pounds, and all the rest was given to the other. To this will, Murphy, myself, and the same third person, again set our hands.'

'Good Heaven! how wonderful is thy providence!' cries the doctor. 'Murphy, say you?'

'He himself, Sir,' answered Robinson; 'Murphy, who is the greatest rogue, I believe, now in the world.'

'Pray, Sir, proceed,' cries the doctor.

'For this service, Sir,' said Robinson, 'myself and the third person, one Carter, received two hundred pounds

each. What reward Murphy himself had, I know not. Carter died soon afterwards; and from that time, at several payments, I have by threats extorted above a hundred pounds more. And this, Sir, is the whole truth, which I am ready to testify, if it would please Heaven to prolong my life.'

'I hope it will,' cries the doctor; but something must be done for fear of accidents—I will send to counsel immediately, to know how to secure your testimony. Whom can I get to send?—Stay, ay—he will do—but I know not where his house or his chambers are—I will go myself—but I may be wanted here.'

While the doctor was in this violent agitation, the surgeon made his appearance. The doctor stood still in a meditating posture, while the surgeon examined his patient. After which, the doctor begged him to declare his opinion, and whether he thought the wounded man in any immediate danger of death. 'I do not know,' answered the surgeon, 'what you call immediate. He may live several days; nay, he may recover. It is impossible to give any certain opinion in these cases.' He then launched forth into a set of terms, which the doctor, with all his scholarship, could not understand. To say the truth, many of them were not to be found in any dictionary or lexicon.

One discovery however the doctor made; and that was, that the surgeon was a very ignorant, conceited fellow, and knew nothing of his profession. He resolved therefore to get better advice for the sick; but this he postponed at present, and applying himself to the surgeon, said he should be very much obliged to him, if he knew where to find such a counsellor, and would fetch him thither. 'I should not ask such a favour of you, Sir,' says the doctor, 'if it was not business of the last importance, or if I could find any other messenger.'

'I fetch, Sir!' said the surgeon very angrily. 'Do you take me for a footman, or a porter? I do not know who you are; but I believe you are full as proper to go on such an errand as I am;' (for as the doctor, who was just come off his journey, was very

roughly dressed, the surgeon held him in no great respect.) The surgeon then called aloud from the top of the stairs, 'Let my coachman draw up;' and strutted off without any ceremony, telling his patient he would call again the next day.

At this very instant arrived Murphy with the other bail, and finding Booth alone, he asked the bailiff at the door, what was become of the doctor. 'Why the doctor,' answered he, 'is above stairs, praying with——' 'How!' cries Murphy. 'How came you not to carry him directly to Newgate, as you promised me?'—'Why, because he was wounded,' cries the bailiff. 'I thought it was a charity to take care of him; and besides, why should one make more noise about the matter than is necessary?'—'And Dr. Harrison with him?' said Murphy. 'Yes, he is,' said the bailiff; 'he desired to speak with the doctor very much, and they have been praying together almost this hour.'—'All is up, and undone,' cries Murphy. 'Let me come by, I have thought on something which I must do immediately.'

Now as by means of the surgeon's leaving the door open, the doctor heard Murphy's voice naming Robinson peevishly, he drew softly to the top of the stairs, where he heard the foregoing dialogue; and as soon as Murphy had uttered his last words, and was moving downwards, the doctor immediately sallied from his post, running as fast as he could, and crying, 'Stop the villain, stop the thief.'

The attorney wanted no better hint to accelerate his pace; and having the start of the doctor, got down stairs, and out into the street; but the doctor was so close at his heels, and being in foot the nimbler of the two, he soon overtook him, and laid hold of him, as he would have done on either Broughton or Slack in the same cause.

This action in the street, accompanied with the frequent cry of, Stop thief, by the doctor, during the chase, presently drew together a large mob, who began, as is usual, to enter immediately upon business, and to make strict inquiry into the matter, in order to proceed to justice in their summary way.

Murphy, who knew well the temper of the mob, cried out, 'If you are a bailiff,

‘bailiff, shew me your writ.—Gentlemen, he pretends to arrest me here without a writ.’

Upon this, one of the sturdiest and forwardest of the mob, and who, by a superior strength of body and of lungs, presided in this assembly, declared he would suffer no such thing. ‘Down me,’ says he, ‘away to the pump with the catchpole directly: shew me your writ, or let the gentleman go; you shall not arrest a man contrary to law.’

He then laid his hands on the doctor, who still fast gripping the attorney, cried out, ‘He is a villain! I am no bailiff, but a clergyman; and this lawyer is guilty of forgery, and hath ruined a poor family.’

‘How!’ cries the spokesman; ‘a lawyer: that alters the case—’

‘Yes, faith,’ cries another of the mob, ‘it is Lawyer Murphy. I know him very well.’

‘And hath he ruined a poor family? Like enough, faith, if he is a lawyer. Away with him to the justice immediately.’

The bailiff now came up, desiring to know what was the matter; to whom Doctor Harrison answered, that he had arrested that villain for forgery. ‘How can you arrest him,’ cries the bailiff, ‘you are no officer, nor have any warrant? Mr. Murphy is a gentleman, and he shall be used as such.’

‘Nay, to be sure,’ cries the spokesman, ‘there ought to be a warrant; that is the truth on’t.’

‘There needs no warrant,’ cries the doctor. ‘I accuse him of felony; and I know so much of the law of England, that any man may arrest a felon without any warrant whatever. This villain hath undone a poor family; and I will die on the spot before I part with him.’

‘If the law be so,’ cries the orator, ‘that is another matter. And to be sure, to ruin a poor man is the greatest of sins. And being a lawyer too, makes it so much the worse. He shall go before the justice, down me if he shan’t go before the justice. I says the word, he shall.’

‘I say he is a gentleman, and shall be used according to law,’ cries the bailiff. ‘And though you are a clergyman,’ said he to Dr. Harrison, ‘you do not shew yourself as one by your actions.’

‘That’s a bailiff,’ cries one of the mob; ‘one lawyer will always stand by another; but I think the clergyman is a very good man, and acts becoming a clergyman to stand by the poor.’

At which words the mob all gave a great shout, and several cried out: ‘Bring him along; away with him to the justice.’

And now a constable appeared, and with an authoritative voice, declared what he was, produced his staff, and demanded the peace.

The doctor then delivered his prisoner over to the officer, and charged him with felony; the constable received him; the attorney submitted; the bailiff was hushed; and the waves of the mob immediately subsided.

The doctor now balanced with himself how he should proceed; at last he determined to leave Booth a little longer in captivity, and not quit sight of Murphy, before he had lodged him safe with a magistrate. They then all moved forwards to the justice; the constable and his prisoner marching first, the doctor and the bailiff following next, and about five thousand mob (for no less number were assembled in a very few minutes) following in the procession.

They found the magistrate just sitting down to his dinner; however, when he was acquainted with the doctor’s profession, he immediately admitted him, and heard his business. Which he no sooner perfectly understood, with all it’s circumstances, than he resolved, though it was then very late, and he had been fatigued all the morning with public business, to postpone all refreshment till he had discharged his duty. He accordingly adjourned the prisoner and his cause to the bailiff’s house, whither himself with the doctor immediately repaired, and whither the attorney was followed by a much larger number of attendants than he had been honoured with before.

CHAP. VII.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY DRAWS
TOWARDS A CONCLUSION.

NOTHING could exceed the astonishment of Booth at the behaviour of the doctor, at the time when he sallied forth in pursuit of the attorney;

ney; for which it was so impossible for him to account in any manner whatever. He remained a long time in the utmost torture of mind, till at last the bailiff's wife came to him, and asked him if the doctor was not a madman; and in truth he could hardly defend him from that imputation.

While he was in this perplexity, the maid of the house brought him a message from Robinson, desiring the favour of seeing him above stairs. With this he immediately complied.

When these two were alone together, and the key turned on them, (for the bailiff's wife was a most careful person, and never omitted that ceremony in the absence of her husband, having always at her tongue's end that excellent proverb of 'safe bind, safe find;') Robinson looking stedfastly upon Booth, said, 'I believe, Sir, you scarce remember me.'

Booth answered, that he thought he had seen his face somewhere before; but could not then recollect when or where.

'Indeed, Sir,' answered the man, 'it was a place which no man can remember with pleasure. But do you not remember, a few weeks ago, that you had the misfortune to be in a certain prison in this town, where you lost a trifling sum at cards to a fellow prisoner.'

This hint sufficiently awakened Booth's memory, and he now recollected the features of his old friend Robinson. He answered him a little furiously, 'I know you now very well; but I did not imagine you would ever have reminded me of that transaction.' 'Alas, Sir!' answered Robinson, 'whatever happened then was very trifling, compared to the injuries I have done you; but if my life be spared long enough, I will now undo it all; and as I have been one of your worst enemies, I will now be one of your best friends.'

He was just entering upon his story, when a noise was heard below, which might be almost compared to what hath been heard in Holland, when the dykes have given way, and the ocean in an inundation breaks in upon the land. It seemed indeed as if the whole world was bursting into the house at once.

Booth was a man of great firmness of mind, and he had need of it all at this

instant. As for poor Robinson, the usual concomitants of guilt attended him, and he began to tremble in a violent manner.

The first person who ascended the stairs was the doctor; who no sooner saw Booth, than he ran to him, and embraced him, crying, 'My child, I wish you joy with all my heart. Your sufferings are all at an end; and Providence hath done you the justice at last, which it will one day or other render to all men. You will hear all presently; but I can now only tell you, that your sister is discovered, and the estate is your own.'

Booth was in such confusion, that he scarce made any answer; and now appeared the justice and his clerk, and immediately afterwards the constable with his prisoner, the bailiff, and as many more as could possibly crowd up stairs.

The doctor now addressed himself to the sick man, and desired him to repeat the same information before the justice which he had made already; to which Robinson readily consented.

While the clerk was taking down the information, the attorney expressed a very impatient desire to send instantly for his clerk; and expressed so much uneasiness at the confusion in which he had left his papers at home, that a thought suggested itself to the doctor, that, if his house was searched, some lights and evidence relating to this affair would certainly be found; he therefore desired the justice to grant a search-warrant immediately, to search his house.

The justice answered that he had no such power. That if there was any suspicion of stolen goods, he could grant a warrant to search for them.

'How, Sir!' said the doctor, 'can you grant a warrant to search a man's house for a silver tea-spoon, and not in a case like this, where a man is robbed of his whole estate?'

'Hold, Sir!' says the sick man, 'I believe I can answer that point; for I can swear he hath several title-deeds of the estate now in his possession, which I am sure were stolen from the right owner.'

The justice still hesitated. He said title-deeds favoured of the reality, and it was not felony to steal them. If, indeed, they were taken away in a box, then it would be felony to steal the box.

'Savour

‘Savour of the reality! savour of the fatality,’ said the doctor. ‘I never heard such incomprehensible nonsense. This is impudent, as well as childish, trifling with the lives and properties of men!’

‘Well, Sir,’ said Robinson, ‘I now am sure I can do his business; for I know he hath a silver cup in his possession, which is the property of this gentleman, (meaning Booth) and how he got it but by stealth, let him account if he can.’

‘That will do,’ cries the justice with great pleasure. ‘That will do; and if you will charge him on your oath with that, I will instantly grant my warrant to search his house for it.’—And I will go and see it executed,’ cries the doctor. For it was a maxim of his, that no man could descend below himself in doing any act which may contribute to protect an innocent person, or to bring a rogue to the gallows.

The oath was instantly taken, the warrant signed, and the doctor attended the constable in the execution of it.

The clerk then proceeded in taking the information of Robinson, and had just finished it, when the doctor returned with the utmost joy in his countenance, and declared that he had sufficient evidence of the fact in his possession. He had indeed two or three letters from Miss Harris, in answer to the attorney’s frequent demands of money for secrecy, that fully explained the whole villainy.

The justice now asked the prisoner what he had to say for himself, or whether he chose to say any thing in his own defence.

‘Sir,’ said the attorney, with great confidence, ‘I am not to defend myself here. It will be of no service to me; for I know you neither can nor will discharge me. But I am extremely innocent of all this matter, as I doubt not but to make appear to the satisfaction of a court of justice.’

The legal previous ceremonies were then gone through of binding over the prosecutor, &c. and then the attorney was committed to Newgate; whither he was escorted amidst the acclamations of the populace.

When Murphy was departed, and a little calm restored in the house, the justice made his compliments of con-

gratulation to Booth; who, as well he could in his present tumult of joy, returned his thanks to both the magistrate and the doctor. They were now all preparing to depart, when Mr. Bondum stepped up to Booth, and said: ‘Hold, Sir, you have forgot one thing; you have not given bail yet.’

This occasioned some distress at this time; for the attorney’s friend was departed; but when the justice heard this, he immediately offered himself as the other bondsman; and thus ended the affair.

It was now past six o’clock, and none of the gentlemen had yet dined. They very readily therefore accepted the magistrate’s invitation, and went all together to his house.

And now the very first thing that was done, even before they sat down to dinner, was to dispatch a messenger to one of the best surgeons in town, to take care of Robinson; and another messenger to Booth’s lodgings, to prevent Amelia’s concern at their staying so long.

The latter, however, was to little purpose; for Amelia’s patience had been worn out before, and she had taken a hackney-coach, and driven to the bailiff’s, where she arrived a little after the departure of her husband, and was thence directed to the justice’s.

Though there was no kind of reason for Amelia’s fright at hearing that her husband and Doctor Harrison were gone before the justice; and though she indeed imagined that they were there in the light of complainants, not of offenders; yet so tender were her fears for her husband, and so much had her gentle spirits been lately agitated, that she had a thousand apprehensions of the knew not what. When she arrived therefore at the house, she ran directly into the room, where all the company were at dinner, scarce knowing what she did, or whither she was going.

She found her husband in such a situation, and discovered such cheerfulness in his countenance, that so violent a turn was given to her spirits, that she was just able, with the assistance of a glass of water, to support herself. She soon, however, recovered her calmness, and in a little time began to eat what might indeed be almost called her breakfast.

The justice now wished her joy of what

what had happened that day; for which she kindly thanked him, apprehending he meant the liberty of her husband. His worship might perhaps have explained himself more largely, had not the doctor given him a timely wink; for this wise and good man was fearful of making such a discovery all at once to Amelia, lest it should overpower her; and luckily the justice's wife was not well enough acquainted with the matter to say any thing more on it than barely to assure the lady that she joined in her husband's congratulation.

Amelia was then in a clean white gown, which she had that day redeemed; and was, indeed, dressed all over with great neatness and exactness; with the glow therefore which arose in her features from finding her husband released from his captivity, she made so charming a figure, that she attracted the eyes of the magistrate and of his wife; and they both agreed, when they were alone, that they had never seen so charming a creature; nay, Booth himself afterwards told her, that he scarce ever remembered her to look so extremely beautiful as she did that evening.

Whether Amelia's beauty, or the reflection on the remarkable act of justice he had performed, or whatever motive filled the magistrate with extraordinary good-humour, and opened his heart and cellars, I will not determine; but he gave them so hearty a welcome, and they were all so pleased with each other, that Amelia, for that one night, trusted the care of her children to the woman where they lodged, nor did the company rise from table till the clock struck eleven.

They then separated. Amelia and Booth, having been set down at their lodgings, retired into each other's arms; nor did Booth that evening, by the doctor's advice, mention one word of the grand affair to his wife.

C H A P. VIII.

THUS THIS HISTORY DRAWS
NEARER TO A CONCLUSION.

IN the morning early Amelia received the following letter from Mrs. At-

kinson. 'The surgeon of the regiment to which the captain my husband lately belonged, and who came this evening to see the captain, hath almost frightened me out of my wits, by a strange story of your husband being committed to prison by a justice of peace for forgery. For Heaven's sake, send me the truth. If my husband can be of any service, weak as he is, he will be carried in a chair to serve a brother officer, for whom he hath a regard, which I need not mention. Or if the sum of twenty pounds will be of any service to you, I will wait upon you with it the moment I can get my clothes on, the morning you receive this; for it is too late to send to-night. The captain begs his hearty service and respects; and believe me, dear Madam, your ever affectionate friend, and humble servant,

F. ATKINSON.

When Amelia read this letter to Booth, they were both equally surprised, she at the commitment for forgery, and he at seeing such a letter from Mrs. Atkinson; for he was a stranger yet to the reconciliation that had happened.

Booth's doubts were first satisfied by Amelia, from which he received great pleasure; for he really had a very great affection and fondness for Mr. Atkinson, who, indeed, so well deserved it. 'Well, my dear,' said he to Amelia smiling, 'shall we accept this generous offer?'

'O fye! no certainly,' answered she. 'Why not,' cries Booth, 'it is but a trifle; and yet it will be of great service to us?'

'But consider, my dear,' said she, 'how ill these poor people can spare it.'

'They can spare it for a little while,' said Booth; 'and we shall soon pay it them again.'

'When, my dear?' said Amelia. 'Do, my dear Will, consider our wretched circumstances. I beg you let us go into the country immediately, and live upon bread and water, till fortune pleases to smile upon us.'

'I am convinced that day is not far off,' said Booth. 'However, give me leave to send an answer to Mrs. Atkinson, that we shall be glad of her company immediately to breakfast.'

'You

'You know I never contradict you,' said she; 'but I assure you it is contrary to my inclinations to take this money.'

'Well, suffer me,' cries he, 'to act this once contrary to your inclinations.' He then writ a short note to Mrs. Atkinson, and dispatched it away immediately; which when he had done, Amelia said, 'I shall be glad of Mrs. Atkinson's company to breakfast; but yet I wish you would oblige me in refusing this money. Take five guineas only. That is indeed such a sum as, if we never should pay it, would sit light on my mind. The last persons in the world from whom I would receive favours of that sort, are the poor and generous.'

'You can receive favours only from the generous,' cries Booth: 'and, to be plain with you, there are very few who are generous that are not poor.'

'What think you,' said she, 'of Dr. Harrison?'

'I do assure you,' said Booth, 'he is far from being rich. The doctor hath an income of little more than six hundred pounds a year; and I am convinced he gives away four of it. Indeed, he is one of the best economists in the world; but yet I am positive he never was at any time possessed of five hundred pounds since he hath been a man. Consider, dear Emily, the late obligations we have to this gentleman; it would be unreasonable to expect more, at least at present; my half-pay is mortgaged for a year to come. How then shall we live?'

'By our labour,' answered she. 'I am able to labour, and I am sure I am not ashamed of it.'

'And do you really think you can support such a life?'

'I am sure I could be happy in it,' answered Amelia. 'And why not I, as well as a thousand others, who have not the happiness of such a husband to make life delicious? why should I complain of my hard fate, while so many, who are much poorer than I, enjoy theirs. Am I of a superior rank of being to the wife of the honest labourer? am I not partaker of one common nature with her?'

'My angel,' cries Booth, 'it delights me to hear you talk thus, and

for a reason you little guess; for I am assured that one who can so heroically endure adversity, will bear prosperity with equal greatness of soul; for the mind that cannot be dejected by the former, is not likely to be transported with the latter.'

'If it had pleased Heaven,' cried she, 'to have tried me, I think, at least I hope, I should have preserved my humility.'

'Then, my dear,' said he, 'I will relate you a dream I had last night. You know, you lately mentioned a dream of yours.'

'Do so,' said she; 'I am attentive.'

'I dreamt,' said he, 'this night, that we were in the most miserable situation imaginable. Indeed, in the situation we were yesterday morning, or rather worse; that I was laid in a prison for debt, and that you wanted a morsel of bread to feed the mouths of your hungry children. At length (for nothing you know is quicker than the transition in dreams) Dr. Harrison, methought, came to me, with cheerfulness and joy in his countenance. The prison-doors immediately flew open; and Dr. Harrison introduced you, gayly, though not richly, dressed. That you gently chid me for staying so long; all on a sudden appeared a coach with four horses to it, in which was a maid-servant with our two children. We both immediately went into the coach, and taking our leave of the doctor, set out towards your country house: for yours I dreamt it was. I only ask you now, if this was real, and the transition almost as sudden, could you support it?'

Amelia was going to answer, when Mrs. Atkinson came into the room, and after very little previous ceremony, presented Booth with a bank-note, which he received of her, saying, he would very soon repay it: a promise that a little offended Amelia, as she thought he had no chance of keeping it.

The doctor presently arrived, and the company sat down to breakfast, during which Mrs. Atkinson entertained them with the history of the doctors that had attended her husband, by whose advice Atkinson was recovered from every thing but the weakness which his distemper had occasioned.

When the tea-table was removed, Booth told the doctor that he had acquainted his wife with a dream he had last night. 'I dreamt, doctor,' said he, 'that she was restored to her estate.'

'Very well,' said the doctor; 'and if I am to be the Oniropolos, I believe the dream will come to pass. To say the truth, I have rather a better opinion of dreams than Horace had. Old Homer says, they came from Jupiter; and as to your dream, I have often had it in my waking thoughts, that some time or other that roguery (for so I was always convinced it was) would be brought to light; for the same Homer says, as you, Madam, (meaning Mrs. Atkinson) very well know,

Εἴπερ γάρ τε καὶ αὐτίκ' Ὀλύμπιος ἐν ἑτέροισιν,
Ἐκ τε καὶ ὅψ' ἐτελεί· σὺν τε μεγάλῳ ἀπέτισαν
Ἰνδοφῆσιν κεφαλῇσι, γυναιξὶ τε καὶ τεκέσσιν*.

'I have no Greek ears, Sir,' said Mrs. Atkinson. 'I believe I could understand it in the Delphin Homer.'

'I wish,' cries he, 'my dear child, (to Amelia) you would read a little in the Delphin Aristotle, or else in some christian divine, to learn a doctrine which you will one day have a use for. I mean, to bear the hardest of all human conflicts, and support with an even temper, and without any violent transports of mind, a sudden gust of prosperity.'

'Indeed,' cries Amelia, 'I should almost think my husband and you, doctor, had some very good news to tell me, by your using, both of you, the same introduction. As far as I know myself, I think I can answer, I can support any degree of prosperity; and I think I yesterday shewed I could: for I do assure you, it is not in the power of fortune to try me with such another transition from grief to joy, as I conceived from seeing my husband in prison and at liberty.'

'Well, you are a good girl,' cries the doctor, 'and after I have put on my spectacles I will try you.'

The doctor then took out a newspaper, and read as follows:

'Yesterday one Murphy, an eminent attorney at law, was committed to Newgate, for the forgery of a will, under which an estate hath been for many years detained from the right owner.'

Now in this paragraph there is something very remarkable, and that is—that it is true: but *opus est explanatum*. In the Delphin edition of this newspaper, there is the following note upon the words *right owner*: 'The right owner of this estate is a young lady of the highest merit, whose maiden name was Harris, and who some time since was married to an idle fellow, one Lieutenant Booth. And the best historians assure us, that letters from the elder sister of this lady, which manifestly prove the forgery, and clear up the whole affair, are in the hands of an old parson, called Dr. Harrison.'

'And is this really true?' cries Amelia.

'Yes, really and sincerely,' cries the doctor; the whole estate: for your mother left it you all, and it is as surely yours, as if you was already in possession.'

'Gracious Heaven,' cries she, 'falling on her knees, I thank you.' And then starting up, she ran to her husband, and embracing him, cried, 'My dear love, I wish you joy: and I ought in gratitude to wish it you; for you are the cause of mine. It is upon yours, and my children's account, that I principally rejoice.'

Mrs. Atkinson rose from her chair, and jumped about the room for joy, repeating,

*Turne, quod optanti divum promittere nemo
Auderet,volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro*.*

Amelia now threw herself into a chair, complained she was a little faint, and begged a glass of water. The doctor advised her to be blooded; but she refused, saying, she required a vent

* If Jupiter doth not immediately execute his vengeance, he will however execute it at last; and their transgressions shall fall heavily on their own heads, and on their wives and children.'

* What none of all the gods could grant thy vows,
That, Turnus, this auspicious day bestows.

of

of another kind. She then desired her children to be brought to her, whom she immediately caught in her arms, and having profusely cried over them for several minutes, declared she was easy. After which, she soon regained her usual temper and complexion.

That day they dined together, and in the afternoon they all, except the doctor, visited Captain Atkinson; he repaired to the bailiff's house to visit the sick man, whom he found very cheerful, the surgeon having assured him that he was in no manner of danger.

The doctor had a long spiritual discourse with Robinson, who assured him that he sincerely repented of his past life; that he was resolved to lead his future days in a different manner, and to make what amends he could for his sins to the society, by bringing one of the greatest rogues in it to justice. There was a circumstance which much pleased the doctor, and made him conclude that, however Robinson had been corrupted by his old master, he had naturally a good disposition. This was, that Robinson declared he was chiefly induced to the discovery by what had happened at the pawnbroker's, and by the miseries which he there perceived he had been instrumental in bringing on Booth and his family.

The next day Booth and his wife, at the doctor's instance, dined with Colonel James and his lady, where they were received with great civility, and all matters were accommodated, without Booth ever knowing a syllable of the challenge even to this day.

The doctor insisted very strongly on having Miss Harris taken into custody, and said, if she was his sister, he would deliver her to justice. He added besides, that it was impossible to screen her, and carry on the prosecution, or, indeed, recover the estate. Amelia at last begged the delay of one day only, in which time she wrote a letter to her sister informing her of the discovery, and the danger in which she stood, and begged her earnestly to make her escape, with many assurances that she would never suffer her to know any distress. This letter she sent away express, and it had the desired effect: for Miss Harris having received sufficient information from the attorney to the same purpose,

immediately set out for Pool, and from thence to France, carrying with her all her money, most of her clothes, and some few jewels. She had, indeed, packed up plate and jewels to the value of two thousand pounds and upwards. But Booth, to whom Amelia communicated the letter, prevented her, by ordering the man that went with the express (who had been a serjeant of the foot-guards recommended to him by Atkinson) to suffer the lady to go whither she pleased, but not to take any thing with her except her clothes, which he was carefully to search. These orders were obeyed punctually, and with these she was obliged to comply.

Two days after the bird was flown, a warrant from the lord chief justice arrived to take her up, the messenger of which returned with the news of her flight, highly to the satisfaction of Amelia, and consequently of Booth; and, indeed, not greatly to the grief of the doctor.

About a week afterwards, Booth and Amelia, with their children, and Captain Atkinson and his lady, all set forwards together for Amelia's house, where they arrived amidst the acclamations of all the neighbours, and every public demonstration of joy.

They found the house ready prepared to receive them by Atkinson's friend, the old serjeant, and a good dinner prepared for them by Amelia's old nurse, who was addressed with the utmost duty by her son and daughter, most affectionately caressed by Booth and his wife, and by Amelia's absolute command, seated next to herself at the table. At which, perhaps, were assembled some of the best and happiest people then in the world.

C H A P. IX.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY IS CON-
CLUDED.

HAVING brought our history to a conclusion, as to those points in which we presume our reader was chiefly interested, in the foregoing chapter; we shall in this, by way of epilogue, endeavour to satisfy his curiosity, as to what hath since happened to the principal

principal personages of whom we have treated in the foregoing pages.

Colonel James and his lady, after living in a polite manner for many years together, at last agreed to live in as polite a manner asunder. The colonel hath kept Miss Matthews ever since, and is at length grown to doat on her (though now very disagreeable in her person, and immensely fat) to such a degree, that he submits to be treated by her in the most tyrannical manner.

He allows his lady eight hundred pounds a year, with which she divides her time between Tunbridge, Bath, and London, and passes about nine hours in the twenty-four at cards. Her income is lately increased by three thousand pounds left her by her brother Colonel Bath, who was killed in a duel about six years ago, by a gentleman who told the colonel he differed from him in opinion.

The noble peer and Mrs. Ellison have been both dead several years, and both of the consequences of their favourite vices; Mrs. Ellison having fallen a martyr to her liquor, and the other to his amours, by which he was at last become so rotten, that he stunk above ground.

The attorney, Murphy, was brought to his trial at the Old Bailey; where, after much quibbling about the meaning of a very plain act of parliament, he was at length convicted of forgery, and was soon afterwards hanged at Tyburn.

The witness for some time seemed to reform his life, and received a small pension from Booth; after which he returned to vicious courses, took a purse on the highway, was detected and taken, and followed the last steps of his old master. So apt are men, whose manners have been once thoroughly corrupted, to return, from any dawn of an amendment, into the dark paths of vice.

As to Miss Harris, she lived three years with a broken heart at Boulogne, where she received annually fifty pounds from her sister, who was hardly prevailed on by Dr. Harrison not to send her a hundred, and then died in a most miserable manner.

Mr. Atkinson, upon the whole, hath led a very happy life with his wife, though he hath been sometimes obliged

to pay proper homage to her superior understanding and knowledge. This, however, he cheerfully submits to, and she makes him proper returns of fondness. They have two fine boys, of whom they are equally fond. He is lately advanced to the rank of captain, and last summer both he and his wife paid a visit of three months to Booth and his wife.

Dr. Harrison is grown old in years, and in honour; beloved and respected by all his parishioners, and by all his neighbours. He divides his time between his parish, his old town, and Booth's; at which last place he had, two years ago, a gentle fit of the gout, being the first attack of that distemper. During this fit, Amelia was his nurse, and her two eldest daughters sat up alternately with him for a whole week. The eldest of those girls, whose name is Amelia, is his favourite; she is the picture of her mother, and it is thought the doctor hath distinguished her in his will; for he hath declared that he will leave his whole fortune, except some few charities, among Amelia's children.

As to Booth and Amelia, fortune seems to have made them large amends for the tricks she played them in their youth. They have, ever since the above period of this history, enjoyed an uninterrupted course of health and happiness. In about six weeks after Booth's first coming into the country, he went to London, and paid all his debts of honour; after which, and a stay of two days only, he returned into the country, and hath never since been thirty miles from home. He hath two boys, and four girls; the eldest of the boys, he who hath made his appearance in this history, is just come from the university, and is one of the finest gentlemen and best scholars of his age. The second is just going from school, and is intended for the church, that being his own choice. His eldest daughter is a woman grown, but we must not mention her age. A marriage was proposed to her the other day with a young fellow of a good estate, but she never would see him more than once: 'for 'Doctor Harrison,' says she, 'told me 'he was illiterate, and I am sure he is 'ill-natured.' The second girl is three years younger than her sister; and the others are yet children.

Amelia

Amelia is still the finest woman in England of her age. Booth himself often avers she is as handsome as ever. Nothing can equal the serenity of their lives. Amelia declared to me the other day, that she did not remember to have

seen her husband out of humour these ten years: and, upon my insinuating to her, that he had the best of wives; she answered with a smile, that she ought to be so, for that he had made her the happiest of women.

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